

TO  
THE UNDERGRADUATES  
AND  
SCHOOL BOYS  
OF  
THIS COUNTRY



सत्यमेव जयते





Praying Mantis and Moth. From a Drawing School Book.

*H. C. Brown*

# LIFE IN THE INDIAN CIVIL SERVICE

BY

EVAN MACONOCHIE

K.C.I.E., C.S.I., I.C.S. (retired)

WITH FORTY-TWO ILLUSTRATIONS



CHAPMAN  
AND HALL<sup>LD</sup>



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# CONTENTS

CHAP.	PAGE
I. PRELIMINARY . . . . .	I
II. EARLY DAYS, 1868-1889 . . . . .	8
III. AHMEDABAD, 1889-1890 . . . . .	18
IV. SURAT, 1890-1891 . . . . .	28
V. THE PANCH MAHALS, 1891-1894 . . . . .	35
VI. SOME PLACES AND PEOPLE OF INTEREST . . . . .	45
VII. SETTLEMENT WORK, 1894-1895 . . . . .	56
VIII. SETTLEMENT WORK ( <i>continued</i> ), 1895-1897 . . . . .	70
IX. SIMLA, 1897 . . . . .	85
X. WITH THE GOVERNMENT OF INDIA, 1898-1900 . . . . .	96
XI. LORD CURZON, 1899-1905 . . . . .	110
XII. GUJARAT AFTER THE FAMINE, 1900-1901 . . . . .	123
XIII. THE MAHARAJA OF MYSORE, 1902 . . . . .	134
XIV. MYSORE, 1902-1909 . . . . .	147
XV. MYSORE, 1902-1909. TOURS, VISITS AND FESTIVITIES . . . . .	161
XVI. KATHIAWAR, 1910-1911 . . . . .	178
XVII. KATHIAWAR, 1910-1911 ( <i>continued</i> ) . . . . .	192
XVIII. THE DHARWAR DISTRICT, 1911-1914 . . . . .	204
XIX. DIVISIONAL COMMISSIONER, 1914-1915 . . . . .	220
XX. KATHIAWAR, 1915-1921 . . . . .	229
XXI. CONCLUSION, AND SOME REFLECTIONS . . . . .	248
APPENDIX A.—THE BALLAD OF LELY . . . . .	258
APPENDIX B.—GLOSSARY. . . . .	259
INDEX . . . . .	265



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# LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

NOTE.—Of the illustrations, three, relating to the elephant kheddah, are from photographs by Sardar M. P. Subramanyai Urs, A.D.C. to H.H. the Maharaja of Mysore. The remainder, with the exception of two portraits, are from the author's own photographs.

	FACING PAGE
PRAYING MANTIS AND MOTH . . . . .	<i>Frontispiece</i>
PIERCED STONE WINDOW, MOSQUE OF SIDI SAIYAD, AHMEDABAD .	19
SOME AHMEDABAD DUCK . . . . .	26
RELIGIOUS MENDICANT WITH PYTHON, 1893 . . . . .	38
THE ASSISTANT COLLECTORS' CAMP . . . . .	42
GORGE OF THE MAHI, KADANA . . . . .	42
DETAILS OF TOMB, CHAMPANER . . . . .	45
NAIKDAS, CHAMPANER . . . . .	46
UZRA, 1895 . . . . .	52
MY BUNGALOW, SURAT, 1894 . . . . .	60
TOMB OF SAIYUD MUBÁRAK, MEHMADABAD . . . . .	72
STEP-WELL, ADALAJ . . . . .	78
SIR DENZIL IBBETSON, K.C.S.I., LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR OF THE PUNJAB . . . . .	92
MAHARAJA SIR KRISHNA RAJA WADIYAR, G.C.S.I., G.B.E. .	134
THE SANDAL-WOOD CARVING OF SHIMOGA . . . . .	149
THE NEW PALACE, MYSORE—UNDER CONSTRUCTION . . . . .	154
MY GARDEN, BANGALORE . . . . .	157
THE KAVERI FALLS . . . . .	158
AFTER THE MAHARAJA'S MOTOR . . . . .	160
CROSSING THE KAVERI, T. NARSIPUR . . . . .	160
TIPPU'S CLIFF, NANDIDRUG . . . . .	164
THE MEKHA DATU, MYSORE . . . . .	166
STATUE OF GOMATISHVAR, SHRAVAN, BILGOLA . . . . .	168
THE GERSOPPA FALLS . . . . .	170

	FACING PAGE
THE WILD HERD IN THE OUTER STOCKADE . . . . .	172
ROPING-UP IN THE STOCKADE . . . . .	174
COW ELEPHANT CHARGING . . . . .	174
THE STATE ELEPHANT, MYSORE . . . . .	176
JAIN TEMPLES, SHATRUNJAYA HILL . . . . .	190
MANGROL HARBOUR . . . . .	200
A CORNER OF PORBANDAR . . . . .	200
VITHALSWAMI TEMPLE, HUMPI . . . . .	204
ENTRANCE TO TEMPLE, GADAG . . . . .	204
IN CAMP, DHARWAR . . . . .	208
BULLOCK DHAMNI, DHARWAR . . . . .	208
A TEMPLE AT LUKKUNDI . . . . .	212
TEMPLE AT DAMBAL . . . . .	214
GRASSHOPPER AND LACE-WING FLY . . . . .	216
THE SHAHI BAGH, 1915 . . . . .	224
THE TERRACE, SHAHI BAGH . . . . .	226



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## NOTE

THE common spelling of proper names has been followed throughout this volume, only the long á, as in "father," being accented in each case where the name occurs for the first time, but not subsequently. The same system has been followed as regards Indian words and terms, which are italicised and explained in the text or in a footnote once only. Generally, in the case of Indian names or words :

a without an accent has the sound of <i>a</i> in woman.	
e has the vowel sound in	grey.
i has the sound of <i>i</i> in pin or of <i>i</i> in	intrigue.
o has the sound of <i>o</i> as in	bone.
u has the sound of <i>u</i> as in bull or in	rural.
ai has the vowel sound in	briar.

A full glossary is appended for reference : Appendix B.





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# LIFE IN THE INDIAN CIVIL SERVICE

## CHAPTER I

### PRELIMINARY

“ Farewell, Romance ! ” the Cave-men said ;  
“ With bone well carved he went away,  
Flint arms the ignoble arrowhead,  
And jasper tips the spear to-day.  
Changed are the Gods of Hunt and Dance,  
And he with these. Farewell, Romance ! ”

KIPLING.

**T**HE Anglo-Indian bore is an established character in fact and fiction, and it is with a due sense of risk incurred that, four years after retirement, I set out to add, it may be, to his number. Little attempt will be made to discuss, otherwise than incidentally, the more serious problems facing the British Administration in India. That is being done by men better equipped for the task, who either are still in harness or have held the highest offices in the Empire. Much has been written of India from the point of view of the statesman, the historian, the biographer, the man of science and the sportsman, but little in recent years, so far as I know, of the career of the Indian official of ordinary ability and opportunities. In fiction the latter appears too often, either as a superman or as a pompous fatuity. Mr. Kip-

ling's characters must be always and honourably excepted, but many of them belong, apart from their eternal humanity, to a day and an India that are gone.

The question of recruitment for the Indian Civil Service has of late given more than passing anxiety to those responsible for the peace and good government of India. The Service has been through hard times, doing unpleasant work, in a hostile atmosphere, under discouraging conditions. Men connected with India for generations, accustomed to regard Indian service as their birthright and India as their second home, have returned disgusted, shaking the dust from their feet and vowing, that no son of theirs shall be subjected to the like experience. A people suffering from war reaction was peculiarly susceptible to the resulting impressions, as the entries for the examination soon proved. And there were substantial grounds for the prevailing discontent. To some the prospect of serving under Indian superiors was distasteful, to others the growing bitterness of racial and political feeling was a real affliction. These considerations appealed more particularly to the older men who had known other and happier days. The former, though human enough, was unreasonable, and has rapidly lost any force that it may have had, for nowhere is a more loyal or considerate "chief" to be found than in the person of an educated Indian gentleman. As to the latter, it was disconcerting and humiliating to men accustomed to be welcomed in the village and treated with respect in the town, to be met with a passive surliness in the one and to be hooted in the streets of the other. Many again found it difficult to reconcile themselves to the steady democratisation of the system, to the gradual extinction of the District Officer in his traditional form of

earthly Providence, the father and mother of his people, responsible for his acts to Government alone; to his reincarnation as the servant of a Legislative Assembly, to the boredom and, from a hard-worked official's point of view, waste of time entailed by attendance at the said Assembly and to the loss of personal influence for good resulting from the transfer of the chief offices of local bodies to non-officials. But the main trouble and one that received far less attention than it deserved from Secretaries of State, judged by their public utterances, was economic. To the wisdom of its founders, who placed a carefully selected body of men in a financial position beyond the reach of daily care and of temptation to venality, the Indian Civil Service largely owes the reputation that it has enjoyed. Few Englishmen would belittle the attractions of a career that offered no more than daily occupation to suit every taste, the opportunity of service to the Empire, adventures to the adventurous and the chance of the highest personal distinction. All of these played their part, in many cases a decisive part, in attracting to the Service a substantial share of the brains and character of the country. But, at the back of it all, in the mind of the average candidate, and still more in the minds of those responsible for starting him in life, there was the assurance of a reasonable competence for himself and a family during active service and after. Apart from the call of adventure, it is the hope of fame or fortune that leads men to face separation from home and family and all that service in a far-off tropical country implies. While failure to achieve distinction may be accepted with equanimity, penury is another matter. Official worries and personal discomfort are all in the day's work. It is the daily and hourly grinding anxiety

as to ways and means that robs a man of his sleep and takes the heart out of his work. This has been the reward of too many members of all the Indian Services of recent years, and if, three or four years ago, a feeling of disappointment and dejection prevailed, it was not unnatural.

Happily, that is not the position to-day. Times are not what they were, but to that complaint there is the old reply. The passing of the years and the failure of the Swarajist party to achieve anything beyond disturbance have taken much of the edge off political and racial animosity and have brought to the ordinary law-abiding mortal, that is, to the bulk of the Indian community, some sense of the realities. The District Officer once more goes about his work in a friendly atmosphere, while in the Secretariats the relations of Englishmen with their Indian departmental chiefs are of the happiest. From the first the Service accepted the Reforms, if not without misgiving, at least in a generous spirit and with the determination to make them work if practicable. The new generation has discovered new interests in what to their elders seemed a weariness of the flesh, and men are now to be found who take pleasure in the proceedings of the Assemblies and the moves of the political game.

On the economic side, as a result of Commissions, matters have been materially improved. Overseas allowances, free passages to officers and their families and the funding to their credit of contribution towards pension have done much to ease the situation. These concessions bear little relation to the increased cost of living, but the restoration of the Civilian to the position that he enjoyed even at the close of the last century was, clearly, impracticable. A little more courage might have been displayed, especially in favour of the senior men holding

headquarter appointments, who are often burdened with extravagant rents and cannot avoid expenditure on entertainment and social trappings. But, in the nature of things, any proposal to enhance the "bloated" salaries of the Service is a target for the politician and the Press that no Government will offer, until compelled by dire necessity. Again, the problem of how to meet the claims of one service without creating grievances in the rest is always delicate and, to a Government bent on docking the already slender pay of the Regimental Officer might well seem insoluble. Be that as it may, the seniors have some reason to feel that they have received scant sympathy and may be pardoned for the impression, that Government were more concerned with attracting men to the Service by improving immediate prospects than with helping those who could exercise no choice in the matter. But such things adjust themselves in course of time, and those who have entered the Service since hard times began are in a better position to conform to new conditions than those accustomed to a more lavish way of life.

At the present time, the Indian Civil Service would seem to offer to the class, from which it has been mainly recruited in the past, a sufficiently honourable and attractive career. He who chooses it is unlikely ever to be a rich man, but there is no reason why he should not be a happy one. Though the phrase : the "unchanging East" has now lost such meaning as it ever had and some of the glamour, in itself essentially deceptive, has departed, much remains to attract. The unfailing interest of strange races, in number and variety beyond all Western experience, the daily spectacle of great religions and ancient social systems in being, the wide horizon of the plains, the awful grandeur of the hills, the high adventure of the

frontier, the peaceful joys of life in camp, the solemn beauty of the relics of a venerable and historic past, the turmoil of the great commercial cities, the pageant of the seasons, the birds, the beasts, the fruits of the earth and ample and absorbing work, that well done is its own reward; these are not small things and they do not change. That there never was a time when India had greater need of the best that this country can give is a truism, which has gained no weight from reiteration on the part of eminent persons, who have not been through the Indian mill. Stated baldly, at any time other than one of national crisis, it has a strictly limited appeal. In these days of disillusion our sons, like their sisters of the shingled head, are a shrewd folk with a keen sense of the realities of life. The least they ask of their elders is that we shall clear our minds of cant, and the mere statement that their King and country want them, is likely, in their own phrase, to leave them cold. How should it be otherwise with a generation that has seen officers and men who gave their all for England, wearing out soul and body in the vain search for employment or peddling their pitiful wares by the curbstone? Rather, offer them the reasonable prospect of a full, useful and happy life, and trust to the deep-rooted hereditary instinct for adventure in the cause of Empire to do the rest.

It is, then, to the "generous youth" of this country that I submit, before memory is dimmed and before the closing day has wrapped the scene in the rosy mists of illusion, this plain tale, in the hope that here and there one of the right sort may be helped in the choice of his career. To contemporaries it may serve to pass an idle hour and recall half-forgotten memories. For the rest, a description of scenes and actors other than those with

which they are familiar, is not without its interest. I make no apology for the use of the first person. The circumlocutions of a mock humility are tedious alike to the writer and his victim. And, after all, if personality and point of view are obtrusive or objectionable, the reader has his remedy, the offender, poor soul, has none !

*a well written introduction  
only work is an old one.*



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## CHAPTER II

EARLY DAYS, 1868-1889

Early Surroundings—A Servant of John Company—Cologne—Mr. Scoones and his Staff—London in the 'Eighties—Oxford—Attendance at the Law Courts—Examinations—Outfitting—Journey to Naples—Mr. R. H. Vincent.

**B**ORN into a family which, on either side for a century or more, had always been represented in the Indian Services, I grew up in an Indian atmosphere. Great-uncles who had served John Company were familiar figures, and the visits of the next generation on leave were a recurring source of interest and excitement. Bookshelves yielded their stores of Eastern fighting, sport and romance and old marble-backed portfolios, stowed in mysterious cupboards, their lithographs of Indian scenes and characters, and, most thrilling of all, coloured pictures of Mutiny battles. In little old sketch-books were to be found delicate pencillings of Indian landscapes, varied by poems transcribed in a day when sentiment and a neat Italian hand were the recognised equipment of a young lady of refinement, whilst boxes of ivory and sandalwood were things of amazing craft and beauty when closed, and, when open, yielded odours of *attar*\* and spice entrancing alike to childish nostrils and imaginations. Of such surroundings the idea of service in India was the natural consequence, and when my eldest brother passed in to the Civil Service

\* *Attar* = aromatic essential oil, of roses, etc.

and went to the Bombay Presidency, just as I was entering my Public School, ambition to be numbered of the elect, should fate prove kind and brains sufficient, was stimulated and confirmed. My brother was and still is a fine classic and was exceptionally well read for his age. He was further gifted with a memory that nothing escaped, zest for life, the health to enjoy it and a ready pen. His letters to his father during the next two years gave a glowing picture of the young Civilian's life and were, to my schoolboy mind, nothing short of an epic. They were an unfailing source of delight and steadily deepened the conviction that Eastward lay the path of happiness.

On my father's death I came under the guardianship of a great-uncle. A survivor of the race of "Behauders" and a man of unbending rectitude and dignity of demeanour, he had hitherto impressed me only as a family portent of alarming dimensions. He was, in fact, as I was soon to learn, the kindest and most generous of men, within the family an unfailing resort in time of trouble, and without, a devoted worker in the cause of charity. He had joined the Bengal Civil Service in 1827, when George IV. was king, Lord Amherst was Governor-General, and the first Burmese war was in progress. He retired five years before the Mutiny and lived to draw his pension for fifty years. His memory was unclouded, and, had youth but known, what a wealth of recollections that would now be of absorbing interest was to be had for the asking! But most of us in early years are too little educated and too much absorbed in our own affairs to take advantage of such an opportunity, and I was no exception to the rule. He would recall how, in 1837, he was magistrate of Aligarh, the sole British officer in the district, when famine raged with a fierceness that the

administration, as then equipped, was powerless to mitigate. Wolves mauled the dead and dying in the streets and hundreds of under-trial prisoners were dealt with by a procedure that would horrify the tribunals of to-day. His views on the great men of those days were the candid opinions of a contemporary. Mr. Thomason, the venerated father of Revenue Settlement, was "that beast Thomason"; John Lawrence, "a rough and ill-mannered person," for whom he had no liking; while Macaulay, as Law Member, was "a vulgar fellow who talked incessantly"! His hero was Lord Dalhousie, who had "known him well" and described him, to his abiding complacence, as "a most uncompromising fellow." Uncompromising he was indeed towards everything mean and unworthy. A splendid figure of a man, erect of bearing, with the Roman dignity of profile and the firm, composed mouth so characteristic of the gentleman of the Regency, he left on all who knew Parry Woodcock well the ineffaceable impress of a virile and commanding personality.

From this excellent old man my hopes of an Indian career received the warmest and most practical encouragement. I left school early, as my headmaster declined to "turn the School into a crammer's," or, in other words, to allow me to devote to modern languages the time wasted on mathematics, for which I had no sort of aptitude. It was the kindest thing he could have done, though at the time it grieved me to lose the best year of school life, for it led to six months in Cologne and many pleasant experiences. The Rhinelander of those days was a genial soul, with a cultivated taste in music, Rhine wine and beer, and a joy in life, which found unrestrained expression in the annual riot of the Carnival. He had no

great opinion of Berlin and its ways and, at a time when the old Emperor William still reigned and his trusty pilot was yet on the bridge, viewed with instinctive apprehension the boyish pranks of his grandson. I took away a very useful command of the language and the recollection of much warm-hearted hospitality, of walking tours along the Rhine, of music of the best, of warm summer evenings in the gardens where the bands of the garrison played, of the stately mass of the Cathedral and the incense-laden mystery of historic churches, and, with much else that has been helpful in life, an appreciation of the fact that the British point of view is not the only one. I never saw Cologne again till last summer. Beyond the Union Jack floating over the modest G.H.Q. of the "Army of the Rhine," the sentries at its door, an occasional officer or orderly in uniform, and the complete disappearance of the German army from the streets, there was little to mark the occupation. Even apart from those who have reason to hold the old city and its people in kindly remembrance, most Englishmen will be glad that we never "rubbed it in" and that the British soldier of all ranks is leaving with the citizen of Cologne the memory of a very gallant and courteous gentleman and a solid foundation for mutual esteem in the future.

The next two years were spent in cramming with Mr. Scoones in Garrick Street. From a dismal background of overwork, haunted by the spectre of possible failure, the figures of Mr. Scoones and his staff stand out in grateful relief. Dawson Clarke, who tempered an inhuman grasp of mathematics with a genial wit and a very human taste in cigars; "old" Rowe, whose excellent discourses on history were enlivened by amusing eccentricities of

manner and appearance ; Churton Collins, a personality in the world of literature not yet forgotten, and W. L. Hetherington, polished scholar and courteous gentleman, a teacher of infinite sympathy and patience, whom to know was to love and whose classical lectures were an inspiration. As for Mr. Scoones himself, there must be some still in the Services, and many others, who remember his mastery of his business, his robust common-sense, his shrewd estimate of our various capacities, his merry eye, and the welcome and good company to be enjoyed at his home in Chelsea. He specialised in the Home Civil and Diplomatic exams., but was always glad to have a few men to run for the Indian Civil Service, and his delight when, in 1887, we gave him a record year—five of us passing out of eleven entered—added greatly to the joy of success.

The London of that day was, in every sense, a grubby place compared with the present, and the amusements within reach of the average boy's purse were, as a rule, neither wholesome nor edifying. Mr. Wren and the crammers of militia candidates were in the heyday of their success, and many a man has reason to remember them with gratitude. But a system that turned loose in the streets of London hundreds of healthy young animals, free of all restraint, at the silliest and most impressionable period of their lives, stood self-condemned, and no one can regret its passing. Our sisters had little share in our lives, the sisters of others still less, and there is no more cheering feature of modern life, none for which the older of us have more reason to envy our successors, than the frank comradeship now admitted between them and the sisters of both degrees. If the great city is still in some respects very much what it was, and in others probably

more so, our sons have now at their command alternatives to riot altogether innocent and delightful.

The regulations of those days provided for a probationary period of two years, to be spent at one or other University, before we joined the Service, and in due course I was fortunate enough to be admitted to one of the most distinguished of Oxford Colleges. I make no attempt to record any impressions beyond those relating to the Indian career. I got out of the two years all that I had the wit and the will to absorb and a store of delightful memories. The arrangements for the moulding of future administrators were, on the whole, well and kindly devised, but in practice fell, as it seems to me now, somewhat short of perfection. At Balliol, thanks to the wide outlook of Jowett and his colleagues, the future Indian civilian was welcomed and encouraged, but at my own College the attitude of the Dons was one of more or less benevolent neutrality. Unless we were athletes or scholars who could add to the glory of "THE COLLEGE," we were of little account. My own tutor concealed with complete success any interest that he may have had in my progress, and I never saw him except at the formal Freshmen's breakfast and once or twice on business, which, to the best of my recollection, was unpleasant. My experience was, very possibly, singular and troubled me little at the time but I have never been able to forgive the spirit of absorption in the institution and Olympian indifference to the average individual which characterises a certain type of Don, of either sex. We were under the general supervision of the Reader in Indian Law, a kindly but not very stimulating old gentleman. Of our other special instructors honourable mention may be made of our tutor in Marathi, one of the principal

languages of the Bombay Presidency to which I had been posted. He possessed a pleasant if somewhat dyspeptic humour and an amazing faculty for imparting his own very elementary knowledge of the language and the additions to it that he picked up as we waded through the text-books. The result was that, though the Cambridge Class had the advantage of learning from an Indian scholar, teaching his mother tongue, we usually beat them at the examinations. Nor will any of us forget the evenings spent in the rooms of the present Provost of Oriel, whose lectures on political economy resolved themselves into a comfortable chat over the fire, in the course of which we learnt much besides the immediate subject and experienced a warm-hearted interest in ourselves and our ambitions as refreshing as it was, in my own case at least, unusual.

Of the course of study prescribed, the part most interesting and, perhaps, most useful to the magistrate and judge of later years was the report of a certain number of criminal, civil and police-court cases. In the Queen's Bench and at the Old Bailey we were duly impressed with the majesty of the Law, and gained a sound elementary knowledge of the principles of procedure and the Law of Evidence ; while at Marylebone and Bow Street we realised how the most sordid cases and creatures could be handled with the good sense, sympathy and humanity for which the Metropolitan Magistrate is renowned. The personalities of Bench and Bar soon became familiar and were a source of never-failing interest.

Less grateful memories remain of the periodical and final examinations. Some sort of test to prove that we were not altogether wasting our time was, doubtless, required. But some of us were no more than tired

schoolboys, who badly needed a rest and took it, with the consequence that, while the periodicals were vexatious, the final was a veritable nightmare, which in my own case haunts a restless night to the present time. For failure in the final entailed loss of appointment and the refunding of the University allowance, penalties out of all proportion to the default. It is difficult to recall with patience the stupidity and lack of imagination that could, as happened in the year preceding our own, plough an Arabic prizeman for the defect of a few paltry marks in Roman Law, most futile of subjects to any but the specialist. The victim passed first for Sandhurst at the next examination, but the Service lost a man of exceptional possibilities.

To the class of my year fate and the examiners were kind, and the time came when we could turn, with a gasp of relief, to the unalloyed enjoyment of a glorious summer and the collection of an outfit. The latter experience is in itself a romance, and, thanks to the generosity of my uncle, I could enjoy it to the full. The masterpieces of Holland and Holland conjured up visions of jungles, tigers, and unheard of bags of duck and snipe, while Mr. Peat's creations, of equal perfection, foretold Homeric battles on the polo ground or with the mighty boar. What decent boy can regard unmoved his first long boots, fresh from the hand of the master, or resist the charm of new and well-cut clothes? The minor details suggested pleasant meals, well served in spacious bungalows and the light-clad comfort of tropical evenings, when the day's work should be done. In fact, it was all very jolly and many of the visions did come true!

In the early autumn of 1889 I set out with a friend of my year, who was bound for the Central Provinces. We sauntered through Paris, Florence and Rome to

Naples, where we caught an Italian liner for Bombay. Paris was in the throes of the great exhibition marked by the advent of the Eiffel Tower, but of the exhibition I retain no more than a hazy impression of acres of statuary, of the dainty grace of little Javanese dancers and of the ingenuous delight of the crowd in a rather elementary display of fireworks and illuminations. For the rest, our tastes were congenial ; we were both respectable classics and had the mind to appreciate, however imperfectly, to our own content, the glories of the Cinque cento and of ancient Greece and Rome. We took things leisurely and revelled in the beauty of Italy aglow under an Autumn sun. Nor were the body's claims to share in the adventure forgotten. We explored strange vintages and stranger foods and narrowly escaped the proverbial end of a view of Naples, for an Anglo-Italian friend of our year gave us, on the eve of our sailing, what he described as " a typical Neapolitan dinner." It is sufficient to add that, neither of us commanded a typical Neapolitan digestion !

One would gladly linger over the impressions of the first voyage, but I will do no more than recall one fellow-passenger, Mr. R. H. Vincent, of the Bombay Police. He had had the most interesting life. A German by birth, he ran away from school to don the red shirt with Garibaldi and, after an acquaintance with the feel of Austrian bayonets more intimate than agreeable, landed eventually in Newcastle, where he enlisted in what is now the Durham Light Infantry. He went with his battalion to Bombay, where success in passing the High Proficiency test in Hindustani brought him to the notice of Sir Frank Soutar, at that time Commissioner of Police for the city. In later days he would tell how, as he played in the regimental band on the Apollo Bandar, he would, with

admiring envy, watch "Sir Franz" on his prancing charger and wish himself in his place. His ambition was fulfilled, and that was, in fact, the place from which he eventually retired. He was a fine policeman and a most lovable friend.



## CHAPTER III

AHMEDABAD, 1889-1890

The Indian Scene—Ahmedabad—Architecture—Sir Evan James—Mr. W. H. Probert—Lord Reay—Sir James Campbell—Christmas in Camp—Mr. C. W. Waddington—Departmental Examinations—Beginning Work—The Rains—First Charge—Shikar—Income Tax Appeals.

ON arrival in Bombay I found myself, to my great content, placed under the orders of the Collector of Ahmedabad. My brother had spent the first years of his service in that district and I looked forward eagerly to enjoying in the flesh so much that was already familiar to the spirit. The dreams were coming true ! I awoke one morning at Baroda to see the dome of the College flushing in the rays of a cold weather sun, and there followed, as the train sped through the "*Charotar*," one of the many "gardens of India," a vision of mango trees, monkeys and peacocks, of well-tilled cotton and tobacco fields, of storks and water-fowl and of a smiling, well-wooded landscape relieved, here and there, by the dome of mosque or tomb or the spire of some immemorial temple. There it all was, very much as fancy had painted it, altogether satisfying and entrancing !

No better station than the Ahmedabad of those days could be selected as the training ground of the junior Civilian. The one-time capital of the Mahomedan Sultans of Guzarat and seat of Mughal Viceroys, it boasts a wealth of architectural remains which, if less impressive than the more famous monuments of Northern India,

have their own peculiar charm and interest. Though there are not wanting in the city and its neighbourhood good examples of pure Hindu art, the characteristic Ahmedabad buildings are those which were constructed by the Hindu mason for his Mahomedan conqueror, and display all the former's mastery of decorative detail applied to outlines inspired by the severer temper of the latter. Those, who have spent their boyhood at the foot of some grey Abbey or have sat in the stately chapels of the ancient foundations need no reminder that such things are good for the soul. Though recently reduced from its status as headquarters of a Brigade, the cantonment still housed a battery of field artillery, a company of British Infantry and an Indian battalion. At their hospitable messes the civilian cub learnt to "behave mannerly at table," with all that that implies, along with the lesson that brains are not always the same thing as sense, and, that consideration and respect for older men are not only good manners but good policy. There was glorious riding, with jumping to suffice a glutton, and a good-natured sandy Mother Earth to catch us when we fell. Duck, snipe and quail abounded, and bags of 100 brace to a couple of guns were nothing out of the way. Last and not least, a district which had for its headquarters a city of rapidly increasing industrial importance, within the Presidency second only in size to Bombay, which covered a large area and produced a substantial revenue, usually commanded the services of a picked Collector on his way to higher things.

Of such quality was my first Collector, Mr. (later Sir Evan) James, a man of wide interests and tireless energy, explorer, naturalist and sportsman and a tiger for work. Most hospitable of men, he gave me a warm welcome to

his house, and I settled down to work at Hindustani, as the first step towards magisterial powers. My *Munshi*\*, Saiyad Abdulla, was a handsome old man with a fine presence, the dignity of which was completed by a venerable white beard and spotless flowing garments. The son of a *Munshi* famous in his day, he was a good scholar in spite of an amiable weakness for discoursing on the qualities of the "labial D-3," and, as the instructor of many generations of subalterns and civilians, knew his job, none better. After a couple of months I passed the test and was gazetted a Third-Class magistrate. Shortly after my arrival we were inspected by the Commissioner, Mr. W. H. Propert, better known to his friends and the countryside as "Raja" Propert. He had entered the Service in the days of the Company, and, to the end, maintained much of the pomp and circumstance of that time. As a young man he had made his name in the Páñch Máhals, a district acquired from Sindhia in the 'fifties, and later, in Khandesh, at a time when the name and tradition of Outram were still great in the land. In the course of this particular tour he visited, after many years, the first-mentioned scene of his early labours. The whole countryside turned out, the men in new turbans, the women in their best clothes and ornaments, and gave him a welcome that would ordinarily be reserved for a Ruling Prince, the full significance of which can only be appreciated by those who have known the country. The impression that he made on the younger of us was summed up by one gallant officer, who, leaving his camp, full of good cheer, exclaimed: "Well that's the biggest man, and he's got the biggest tent and the biggest dog and gave me the biggest dinner that ever I've seen!" H.E. the

\* *Munshi* = translator, teacher or clerk.

Governor and Lady Reay also visited the city, just before Christmas, and stayed with Mr. James. Lord Reay's multifold activities and exceptional qualities of brain and heart are still fresh in the minds of men. Of his merits as a Governor I am not competent to speak. But I collect, that he and the Services never quite understood one another. Born abroad and nursed in the school of continental diplomacy, his methods and point of view always appeal to the latter, though no one questions his good intent. I remember him only as a guest and a kindly host, who read family his household every morning in the verandah vernment House with pious and engaging simplicity. staff was of a quality to be expected, with Colonel General the Right Hon. Sir Neville) Lyttelton introduced as Military Secretary, and, under their guidance, initiated into the mysteries of the Warrant of office and taught how to lay out the plan of an dinner table, with many other tips that were on.

Christmas in camp with my brother in the Máhals, and, on the way, enjoyed meeting the or, Mr. (later Sir James) Campbell, a notable ality of those days. The sometime editor of the mental *Bombay Gazetteer* of the 'seventies, he was ger student of the folk-lore of the country. His shment were all out to gratify his taste, and, on one as he told us, his *Jemadár* \* came to him full of that he had found a man who could summon at will. A séance was at once arranged, and, after night had fallen, the magician pro-

subordinate officer, in this case, head orderly.  
or ghost.

duced the goods, in the shape of two sufficiently alarming apparitions, gleaming with ghostly phosphorescence. The establishment dithered, and even the Collector Saheb was puzzled, when a bright thought struck him and he called out : " Those are not Bhuts, their feet are not turned the wrong way "—the characteristic of every self-respecting Bhut ! The chase that followed ended with the capture of two rascals smeared with phosphorus who doubtless had their reward at the hands of the incensed Jemadár. Mr. Campbell's conversation, that of a cultivated scholar, and the charm enhanced by a shrewd Scottish humour and the tenderness for humanity that is born of a kind heart and wide experience. It is a matter for lasting regret that he did not live to put his accumulated notes into a form that would have had a general appeal.

Then followed the first delightful experience of camp life. Of a morning we shot the tanks and covered the neighbourhood, at mid-day rested, in a tent suggestive of the best kind of English summer's day, in the evening, after a dinner inspired by " the great master of the culinary art in India, sat over a camp fire. We sang our old songs—it was the banjoes—recalled old memories of our Devonshire, brought our respective adventures up to date, and then reclined back in our long Indian chairs, gazed up at a starless sky, till the steady climb of Orion warned us that the pleasantest day must have an end and sent us off full of anticipations of more of the same kind. Indian camp life has been the theme of many a story since the days when " The Old Forest Ranger " the jungles of Mysore and Dr. McPhee's

\* " The Old Forest Ranger," Major Wal

his peck o' maut, but it does form one part of Indian experience, which, to the mind of the normal outdoor English man or woman, never palls, and many of us owe it a great measure of such health and happiness as we have enjoyed. There is, of course, another side to the picture, such as fever-stricken jungles, the poison of which many a man has carried to his grave. Again, there is always the chance of minor troubles, appreciation of which will vary with temperament. Camped a year or two later on the scene of my first Christmas under canvas, I had my horses stampeded, a fat sheep killed, and a night's rest spoilt by a prowling panther, and shortly after, yet again in the same grove, the District Forest Officer saw his camp he'd up by a swarm of angry jungle bees. Some of his servants were badly stung, his ponies temporarily blinded, and one at least of his greyhound pups killed. Nor is any one, who, after rubbing himself with a towel or putting on a vest crawled over by a certain small hairy caterpillar, has felt some of the pangs of Nessus, likely to forget the maddening irritation of the experience. But such incidents are part of the game and give relief to more agreeable memories.

On return to Ahmedabad, I shared a house on a city wall suggestive of Biblical adventure, with C. W. Waddington, then Principal of the Guzarat College. Head boy of Charterhouse, Scholar of Oriel, Soccer Blue, a mighty hunter of the boar and equally accomplished with pen and pencil, he was an ideal companion and we lived very happily together for the best part of a year. Examinations still pursued us, and I set to work to prepare for the first departmental exam : in Guzarati—the vernacular of that part of the country—Indian Law, Treasury procedure and Revenue accounts. Of such unalluring

subjects, with my head full of much more interesting matters, my first horses, my fox terrier pup, the right range at which to down a quail and so on, I was, I fear, an indifferent student and I failed at the first trial. I scraped through in the autumn, and, in the following spring passed the second departmental, and said good-bye to examinations for ever. And here, a word to the wise of generations to come ! It is thoroughly bad policy to bungle your departmental exams. Seniority throughout your service is regulated by their results and the loss of a place may mean the loss of opportunities that may never recur and—a consideration that appeals with increasing force as the years go by—many thousands of rupees in pay. In the first year or two of your service the powers that be have no other guide to your qualities, and it is inevitable that the man highest on the list, who first establishes a tangible record, should get the first chance of proving his worth. And that is—that !

I put in the prescribed period of attendance at the Treasury and exercised my prentice hand as a magistrate on Municipal offenders and such poor folk as *Vághris*,\* charged with cruelty to animals, in that they had carried live fowls to market trussed upside down on a stick, who doubtless wondered in dull amazement what all the fuss was about. The Subdivisional and District Magistrates kept an eye on one's returns and corrected obvious mistakes—at least, I hope so ! These occupations were varied by short tours in camp with the senior Assistant Collector, in the course of which one picked up some idea of the day's work of a Revenue Officer and learnt the meaning of *bandobast*, an invaluable word covering every

\* *Vághris* = a depressed class claiming Rajput descent, fowlers, labourers and beggars.

kind of arrangement, from the marshalling of armies to securing the arrival of the picnic basket at the psychological moment. After some hot weather experience of pig-sticking from headquarters and a tour in May in the wilder part of the district, where I saw my first panther, we settled down for the rains and, in spite of prickly heat and flying and creeping things innumerable, a very pleasant time it was.

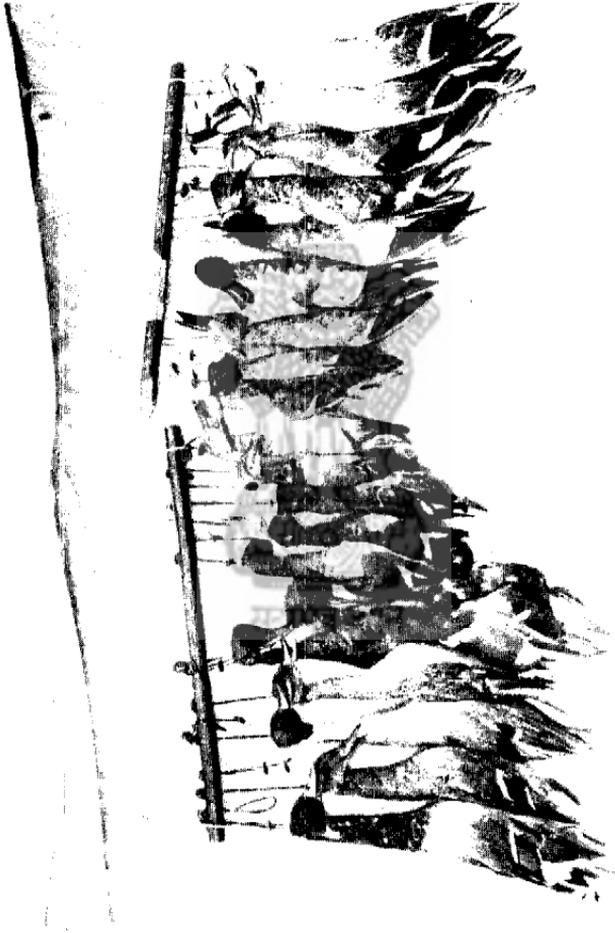
Now and again in the early morning one would jog out on a camel to a neighbouring *bid* (grass reserve and scrub jungle) and return with a few florican and, perhaps, a black buck or *nilghai*,\* one's nostrils full of the scent of lemon grass and the less attractive odour of *nim* fruit soaking under the fresh-fallen rain. When weather permitted, there were glorious paper-chase gallops across country or morning picnics by some historic ruin, excuse for a pleasant ride in gentle company. The day brought its not over burdensome work, the evenings, so long as the light held, cricket, polo, tennis or, now and again, a mounted gymkhana and, after dark, much cheerful hospitality. Some of my brother's friends were still in the station, and many other acquaintanceships were made, to ripen, as often as not, into something warmer. Among many memories comes back that of a young Captain of Gunners, Horne by name, in officiating command of the Battery. We did not then discern in the genial companion and kindly mentor of clumsy novices at polo and in the hunting field the future leader of armies and one of the inspired artillerymen of the age.

In the autumn I passed my exam, was gazetted Second-Class magistrate, and was posted to the charge of the Sánand and Dholka sub-divisions. It was a delightful

\* *Nilghai* = *Portax pictus*, the largest Indian antelope.

job, as my brother before me had reason to know. Many square miles of lake and swamp provided feeding ground for myriads of geese, duck, snipe, pelicans, flamingoes and lesser fowl innumerable. Since the great famine of 1899—1900, when the tanks were excavated to provide work for the famine-stricken, swamps were drained, and the weed and silt of ages were removed, there has never been the same show of cold-weather migrants. But in those days a first morning on some famous ground was a wonderful experience. At the first shot the air was filled with a multitude that literally veiled the sun, with the sharp rustle of powerful wings and with dissonant cries of alarm, and for so long as the cartridge bag held out the barrels of your gun were never cool. And at this point I may disclaim all pretensions to have been a great *shikári*.\* I had neither the eye nor the physical aptitude, nor the zest of which such are made, and though throughout my service I took all the sport which came in my way and thoroughly enjoyed it, I never went far afield in its pursuit. The Indian Official for whom field sports have no appeal loses much. Nowhere are confidential relations so easily and firmly established as under the conditions attending their enjoyment. Many a clue to what the villager is thinking is gained over a chat between beats or while watching one's float by some quiet pool. The man like Outram, or, to come to my own time, Digby Davies, whose wild henchmen will follow him into the tightest place, secure in the knowledge that neither nerve nor eye will fail, has gathered a store of loyalty and simple trust that may one day stand him in good stead. Read once again Kipling's ever-delightful "Tomb of his Ancestors" and, if you cannot boast a John Chinn as

\* *Shikári* = hunter.



SOME AHMEDABAD DUCKS.

forebear, found a dynasty or, at least, a legend of your own, for—every—single—word of it—is right !

My first job of work was to dispose of a list of Income Tax appeals of alarming length. Large and well-fed gentlemen of the moneylending persuasion, clad in garments of inconceivable antiquity, flung their turbans on the floor, and themselves at my feet, and besought me, with tears and lamentations, to save them and their starving families from ruin. They produced piles of leather-bound Guzarati account books, which only served to increase my bewilderment. The whole thing was, of course, ludicrous, but it was some years before Government appreciated the need of a change of system. Income Tax assessments and first appeals are now entrusted to a special establishment of stony-hearted Accountants, with whom rags and tears avail not, and the Revenue has benefited accordingly. I was still wrestling with these matters when I received orders transferring me to Surat.

## CHAPTER IV

SURAT, 1890—1891

Surat—Sir Frederic Lely—Surat People—District Work—Sir John Harrington—System of District Administration—The Commissioner—The Collector and his Subordinates.

**S**URAT is a pleasant old city and lies on the left bank of the Tapti River, some ten miles from the sea. Once famous as the chief port in Western India for the trade of the Mughal Empire and as the scene of the first successful attempts by English merchant adventurers to establish trade relations with India, it has now fallen on less prosperous days. The first English factory in India was established there in 1612, and for the next seventy-five years remained the chief seat of the Company's Government in Western India. The history of the Settlement is an amazing story of dogged persistence in the face of every conceivable discouragement and hardship. Harried at sea by the Portuguese, bullied and at times imprisoned by the Mughal Governor, besieged by the Marathas, and living under climatic and dietary conditions which limited the average life of the individual to two monsoons, the handful of Englishmen hung on until the close of the Maratha wars brought peace to the land. It was, as I knew it, still a busy place with a large population of merchants and craftsmen. The latter include the weavers of gossamer fabrics and fine silks for Arabia and cunning workers in sandalwood and ivory. Thence come the familiar sandalwood and ivory *marque-*

*zerie* boxes, and it was sad to watch the old-time beauty of workmanship and design being steadily wrecked by the insatiable demand from Europe and America for the cheap and nasty.

In the Collector, Mr. (now Sir Frederic) Lely, the young civilian found a wise and kindly guide. He was known as an able and experienced Revenue Officer, and his relations with the people in his charge are best summed up in the then current Guzarati jingle : "Lely, Lely, raish na beli !" —Lely, the protector of the people ! A few years earlier, as Administrator of the State of Porbandar in Kathiawar, he left his mark, and he enjoys the singular distinction of being the hero of a song that is sung to this day, forty years after, by the village women at the well.\*

I was given charge of the Chorási Taluka, adjoining the City, and of Jalálpur further south, and met an entirely new set of people and conditions. It was in this District that the Zoroastrian refugees from Persia landed in the eighth century and lit the sacred flame, that burns to this day, in the fire-temple at Udwáda. The Parsee whom one had hitherto known only as the respectable merchant or Government official, appeared here also in the novel guise of cultivator or family servant. The villages along the Tapti were the home of a sturdy race of Lascars who got their living on the Seven Seas, while from the villages at the river mouth came every morning a stream of high-girt fisher girls, trotting in their nine or ten miles to market with a head-load, with limbs and figures that would rejoice a sculptor, "and did me good to look upon them." In many villages the best land was owned by *Anávolas*, a caste of Brahman cultivators, an unusual

\* App. A.

phenomenon in Guzarat. They must have sterling qualities to have gained them their position, but their manners are not ingratiating and it was difficult to get into sympathetic touch with them.

I had my first experience of a Municipality, as President of the Board of Rander, a thriving town of some 11,000 souls and the home of an enterprising Mahomedan community trading with the ports of Africa, Mauritius, and the Persian Gulf. Perhaps the most interesting part of the charge was the management of the wealthy little State of the Navab of Sachin, which was temporarily under the care of Government. A number of public works was in progress, and their inspection, with the aid of an excellent Overseer, taught me much of the qualities of masonry and earthwork. Then there was the task of rescuing from drifting sand and encroaching sea the Navab's seaside resort of Dumas, in which my predecessors had taken much effectual interest. I had to spend some time at headquarters, undergoing a further course of instruction at the Treasury and attending to the preparations for the decennial census, which was in those days a considerable undertaking. There I shared a house very pleasantly with J. L. (now Sir John) Harrington of the Bombay Grenadiers, who later made his name in Abyssinia. He had not had the best of luck and, at that time, saw little prospect of future distinction. But he knew how, when his time came, to take occasion by the hand and turn the unpromising position of Subaltern in charge of a lonely detachment on the African coast into the starting-point of a brilliant diplomatic career. I spent part of the hot weather with my brother, then engaged on Settlement work in the Baroda State, at Naosári, a pleasant little tidal port within reach of the

sea breeze, and, while there, received orders transferring me to Godhra the headquarters of the Páñch Máháls District.

It seems desirable at this point, for the benefit of those who do not know India and for the avoidance of tiresome explanations, to give a brief sketch of the system of District Administration that obtains in Bombay and over the greater part of India. The Bombay Presidency consists of four Divisions, Northern, Southern, Central and Sind. In charge of each Division is a Commissioner, who exercises a general supervision over its six or seven Districts, and, as the channel of communication between the latter and Government, passes on to one or other, with such observations as may be needed, all communications requiring attention. He collates innumerable statistical returns and submits them in a form that the overburdened Secretariat digestion can easily assimilate. Next below him comes the Collector and Magistrate in charge of a District. His title is, to the uninitiated, suggestive of a gentleman with a receipt book who calls at regular but inconvenient intervals. In India he is a very important person indeed, for on his efficiency largely depends the peace and administrative well-being of an area that may extend to 5,000 square miles or more, with a population that is sometimes reckoned in millions. He is the "collector" of the Land Revenue and, as Chief Magistrate of the District, is responsible for law and order and the supervision of the subordinate magistracy. This is, however, only the beginning of his labours, for he must further busy himself, not only with every department of the administration, education, local self-government, hospitals, sanitation, factories, jails and police, but with everything that concerns the daily

welfare of the people entrusted to his charge. The Land Revenue is that share of the produce of the soil which, by immemorial custom, the Government takes to defray the expenses of administration. It may be collected from the cultivator direct or from a landlord. The former system is known as "Raiyatwári" (raiyat = cultivator), the latter as "Zamindári" (Zamindár = landowner). The first is in force in Bombay, Berar and most of Madras, and the second in most other parts of India. Both systems have their merits and defects, but we, of the Raiyatwári Provinces like to believe, that we are brought, by means of the annual process of adjustment and collection, into closer contact with the man who tills the soil than are those who deal with a landlord.

Next below the Collector come the Assistant and Deputy Collectors. The former is an Indian Civilian, with anything from one to fifteen years' service to his credit, the latter is, as a rule, an Indian officer who has risen from the subordinate ranks but their duties are identical. They hold charge of a subdivision of the District, comprising two or more *Tálukas* or sub-*Tálukas*, the latter being known as *Máháls*. In a smaller sphere and subject to control, they are responsible for the supervision of all matters within the cognizance of the Collector and, when full-fledged, are subdivisional magistrates with appellate powers.

A step lower comes the *Mámlatdár*\* in charge of a *Táluka*. He is the principal Indian Officer within his charge, collects the revenue, controls the *Táluka* and village establishments, is the chief local magistrate and has, accordingly, immense powers for good or evil. A

\* In Upper India and elsewhere = *Tehsildár*.

good one is the Assistant Collector's trusted right-hand man and adviser, a bad one is the pest of the countryside. Below him, again, come the village Accountants or *Taláti*s and the *Pátels* or village headmen. These collect the revenue from the cultivator and bring it to the Taluka Treasury, keep the village accounts and other statistical returns and, if they are efficient, have much useful influence. If they are the wrong kind, what was said of Mamlatdars applies equally to them. Their office is either hereditary or stipendiary, but throughout the greater part of the Presidency the *Taláti*s and many of the *Pátels* are now of the latter class, the chief reason being that the brains and education of hereditary officers do not necessarily vary in proportion to the quantity and quality of the work demanded of them. At the bottom of the scale come the village menials, of whom, perhaps the most important is the *Dhed*. Although of the un-touchable class, he occupies a substantial position. He is the accountant's orderly, carries his books, which, being leather bound, were, in old days, a defilement to the orthodox, is the trusted authority on field and village boundaries and makes himself generally useful. He is a hereditary official, and it is his class that provides the *Surati* servant, familiar to Bombay residents and cold weather visitors, and, at his best, a very good servant too. When visiting a village in the Surat District I have known the local *Dhed* turn up in a well-cut blue serge suit, a grey felt hat and shoes that would do credit to a "Nugget" advertisement. He informed me that he was the servant of a Bombay business man, from whom he had taken two years' leave, and was putting in his turn of village service in order to maintain the family claim to the office. The designations of the village officers vary with the language

spoken in different parts, but the system is the same throughout.

Such is the structure of the administrative machine, a machine which, properly manned, is highly efficient and well adapted to the country's needs. Much is heard, and probably always has been heard, of Government red tape, and it is inevitable that as administration grows more complex and closer and more rapid communications impose an increasing uniformity, laws and rules should multiply, to the vexation of the District Officer. But here, as in every other business in life, personality is the dominating factor, and to this day a sensible man, who knows his job, can enjoy all the independence that is good for him. The subordinate who is always looking upwards for trouble is a fool, who deserves all that he gets. On the other hand, the fussy superior who wants to do every one's work is a calamity, and should be treated as such. Show me a good Collector, who knows his work and how to do it, who can impress his personality on his staff and District, who knows when to praise, when to blame and when to be silent, who is regarded by the rich as confidant and friend and by the poor as a refuge in time of trouble, and I will show you as contented a bit of country as is to be found in an imperfect world, and a team of workers not to be excelled. Something to think about, my sixth form boy !

## CHAPTER V

THE PANCH MAHALS, 1891-1894

The Panch Mahals—Godhra—Mr. H. T. Ommanney—The Rains at Godhra—Books—Rudyard Kipling—Gardening—Office Hours—Interviews—Petitions—Camp—The Cartmen—Mounted Police.

**T**HE Panch Mahals, or five sub-divisions, compose a District lying to the South-East of Ahmedabad and to the North-East of Baroda. It was handed over to British rule in 1853, in the course of a rectification of boundaries, and for some years was treated as a backward tract, subject to special regulations adapted to the needs of a simple community. Bounded on the North by some of the wilder parts of Rajputana, and on the East by the Central India Agency, it partakes of the character of both. It is separated into two distinct portions by the intervention of the Báriya State, and each division has its own peculiar features. The Eastern Mahals of Dohad and Jhálod are populated largely by *Bhils*, who, in a country of low rocky hills varied by pockets or more extensive tracts of rich black soil, still lead a primitive existence and raise crops of Indian corn, *gram*, and the inferior millets. The Western Mahals, Godhra, Kálol and Hálol, are rather more advanced, and present a pleasing variety of landscape and people. Wild and hilly in the North, with the cultivation much broken by teak jungles and piles of granite boulders, the country gradually softens towards the West and South till it melts imperceptibly into the Guzarat plain. The out-

standing feature is the noble hill fort of Páwágadh, which, rising in splendid isolation to a height of nearly 3,000 feet, dominates the countryside. Such was the domain in which Raja Propert hunted his tigers, spanked his wild children with paternal hand and ruled with untrammelled authority. When I joined the District in June, 1891, it was still regarded as "jungly," something of a backwater, and offered many attractions to the young and inquisitive. Here again my brother had preceded me, and many a village headman or humble "client" of one class or another was ready to welcome me as friend or protector. On my part, I was eager to carry a stage further projects initiated by him which we had discussed over the camp fire or by the quays of Naosari.

Godhra, the headquarters of the District, was in those days a small town, with a population of about 12,000. A considerable trade in teak poles from the local jungles was in the hands of a well-to-do community of Shiah Bohorahs, originally Hindus forcibly converted by the Mahomedan conqueror. A rather attractive people peculiar to the place were the Ghánchi Shaikhs, oil pressers and cartmen, with an occasional weakness for opium smuggling. The Bohorahs were split into two factions, and their differences at times culminated in riots. Both were on equally bad terms with the Ghanchis, with similar results. But shortly before my arrival in the District the Bohorahs received a severe lesson at my brother's hands, and there was peace in my time. The town boasted an old fort and a fine tank with masonry steps, but was otherwise insignificant. The civil station, where the District Officers lived, was separated from it by a small unbridged river, which for the greater part of the year was dry, but sometimes in the monsoon

would cut us off for a day or two at a time. There were but four bungalows, allotted to the Collector, his Assistant, the District Superintendent of Police, and the District Forest Officer, with their respective Office buildings. The Civil Surgeon lived across the river, and was usually an Indian. While I was in the District we were all bachelors, so that during the five months of the monsoon each of us was dependent for company on three other people, or less, and his own resources.

The Collectors under whom I had hitherto served were in charge of heavy Districts and, for that reason and by inclination, were wholly absorbed in their work. In my new Collector, Mr. H. T. Ommanney, I met with a different type. Here was not only an able and respected chief, but also a playmate, who excelled at every sport and on a festive occasion could go one better than the youngest of us. His tastes were mainly practical. He took up photography shortly after my arrival, and fired me to do the like. He was an enthusiastic gardener, and we were always in competition over the trim perfection of our privet hedges, our roses, and all the rest of it. He had been one of Mr. Probert's young men in Khandesh and was known among the Bhils as "the Saheb who never tired." I always look back on him as the best of Collectors, physically and mentally as hard as nails, genial and friendly with his juniors, but not one to tempt the most foolish to a liberty. Generally good tempered, he rarely exploded, and then with convincing effect! Shortly after I had taken charge he gave me a word in season, which I have often since passed on to my own Assistants and venture to commend to over-anxious Collectors. It was somewhat as follows: "Look here, young man, you are not to come running to me or writing

me demi-official letters whenever you are in doubt what to do. When I was your age I was always king in my own country, and I expect you to be the same in yours. When you are in a difficulty, do the best you can, and if you go wrong, you will hear from me fast enough !”

The rains passed very pleasantly at Godhra, which stands rather higher and is slightly cooler than places further West. The early mornings were spent, in the absence of any special work, in exercising the horses, tent-pegging and the like, in the garden or with a camera. The day's work occupied the middle hours from eleven to five, and, after that, a game of tennis and a chat in the Collector's verandah carried us on to dinner time. We usually dined together at each others' houses in turn, and the day ended with a rubber of whist. Between times, and living so much alone, we found ample leisure for reading and were able to make up lost ground and read many solid books for which the average boy has neither time nor inclination. Our Forest Officer was a great bookman, and many good biographies and histories were to be found in the town library. I think that the biggest job that I tackled was the whole of the “Comédie humaine,” in the unabridged original, which I consumed in the course of two years. If you do not know what that means, try it and see ! At that time Stanley Weyman, Anthony Hope, and H. S. Merriman were at the height of their powers, and each new volume of theirs was eagerly awaited. And there was another, mightier than these. When I landed in India there was appearing in the *Pioneer* a series of letters of travel, written by one of whom little was known outside a limited Anglo-Indian circle, and on the Railway bookstalls were to be seen slim booklets in grey paper covers, impressed with rough litho-



RELIGIOUS MEDICINE WITH PYTHIAS, 1893.

*(Facing p. 38.)*

graphs of deodars, rickshaws and British Tommies. All India that could appreciate and understand quickly answered to the spell. In England the reviewer was soon writing of him : " We have been told that he has the great fortune to be young, and if this be so, he should do good things before he grows old " ! At this time of day it would be an impertinence for any but a master to attempt an appreciation of Rudyard Kipling, but, though the whole world claims him now, he is for ever the peculiar and priceless possession of the District Officer wherever the Flag flies, and the humble tribute of one of them will not be misunderstood. How often in the watches of a tropic night has he taken us away from our fever and our troubles into his magic world, and sent us forth again cheered and refreshed and with a clearer vision of the humour and the pathos of the life about us ! For, if some of it never happened, it is all so essentially true, and, leaving alone the genius that commands at will that one right word which illumines and vitalises the whole scene, we stand amazed at the man who, in the short span of one busy life, has gained such mastery of the details of every trade, such insight into the hearts and motives of men of all conditions. So short is life, so long is art ! We bow our heads and, in the words of a noble dedication, " give thanks to God for the life and work of His servant. . . . "

My brother had started a garden, sunk a well, and planted mango and other trees. I laid out a flower and vegetable garden and planted more trees. Men and women ether garden because they cannot help it or they do not garden. I was lucky enough to belong to the former class, and for the next thirty years, with a few short intervals, took much comfort from my garden. Personal enjoyment apart, much more is to be got from a visitor

if you can put him in an easy chair under the shade of a tree, with nothing but beauty about him and secure from rash intruders, than by seating him in the best room in a house. This applies particularly to humble folk. The villager is perfectly happy squatted on the grass or on a sandy path, and will open his heart as he never would amid the strange and disturbing surroundings of your office. All very trite to those who know, but worth thinking about at the beginning of your service !

One matter which the young Assistant is apt to overlook is the need for regular office hours. It is impossible for a District Officer, in view of the variety of his work and the extent of country that he must cover, to be always in office up to time. But in his own interest, for the quick and methodical despatch of work, but far more for the sake of his subordinates and the public, he should use his best endeavour to that end. His Brahman clerk has his worship and ablutions to attend to in the early morning, and his evening is fully occupied with family affairs. Inconsiderate demands in those hours, if constantly repeated, upset his whole life and injure his health. Senior men have often in conversation with me recalled with horror the time when some thoughtless superior would keep them waiting all day in his verandah and, eventually, begin work at a late hour of the evening. Again, it is well to remember that subordinate officials, pleaders, and the general public are often just as busy men as you are, and, further, that, while you draw your pay whether you are in office or not, waste of their time may mean loss of their money. Interviews are more debatable matter and must be arranged according to the nature of your work. But the golden rule is, so far as possible, to be freely and quickly accessible to all classes.

Quickly, because every minute spent in your verandah by a visitor exposes him to the venal approaches of your Jemadar and his minions. One matter more—petitions. The general and proper practice is to fix an hour at which petitioners will be heard and to attend to the matter in person. Too often little can be done to help, but if the poor man knows that his petition has been heard and understood, he goes off comforted in some degree. Never neglect your petitioner's hour. Have the petition read out, not always by your head clerk, but by any member of the establishment called up at random. Better still, read it aloud yourself, if you can ; you will be discussed under the village "peepul" tree and your name will be great in the land. In my Surat days Sir Theodore Hope was remembered with veneration, not because he built the Hope Bridge or was a model of administrative efficiency, but because he heard his petitioners every evening himself and chatted freely with them.

But we must get on into camp. In Bombay the Assistant Collector is expected to spend seven months in camp, starting out on November 1st and returning to headquarters on June 1st. During that time he moves leisurely through his charge, shifting camp every four or five days, staying nowhere longer than ten. During his halts he inspects of a morning as many villages as possible in the neighbourhood, settles, so far as may be, disputes on the spot, and attends to land records, boundary marks and all the other matters to which orders or inclination direct his attention. From noon onwards he conducts his regular office routine and magisterial cases. The evenings are occupied first with petitioners, and then, so far as time and light permit, with sport or anything else that interests him. It is an admirable system and brings the Bombay

Civilian into touch with his villagers to an extent that is impossible in Provinces where tours are restricted by physical conditions to a month or two of hasty marching or to short excursions from headquarters. It certainly does stoke up in April and May, but then the hot winds blow and it is possible, by the use of screens of scented grass roots or aromatic plants kept soaked with water, to bring down an outside temperature of 105 degrees and upwards to about 80 degrees inside the tent. It must be admitted that on a hot-weather afternoon, after a long morning round and a hearty breakfast, the effort to keep awake while recording evidence or listening to the reading of vernacular papers amounted almost to physical pain.

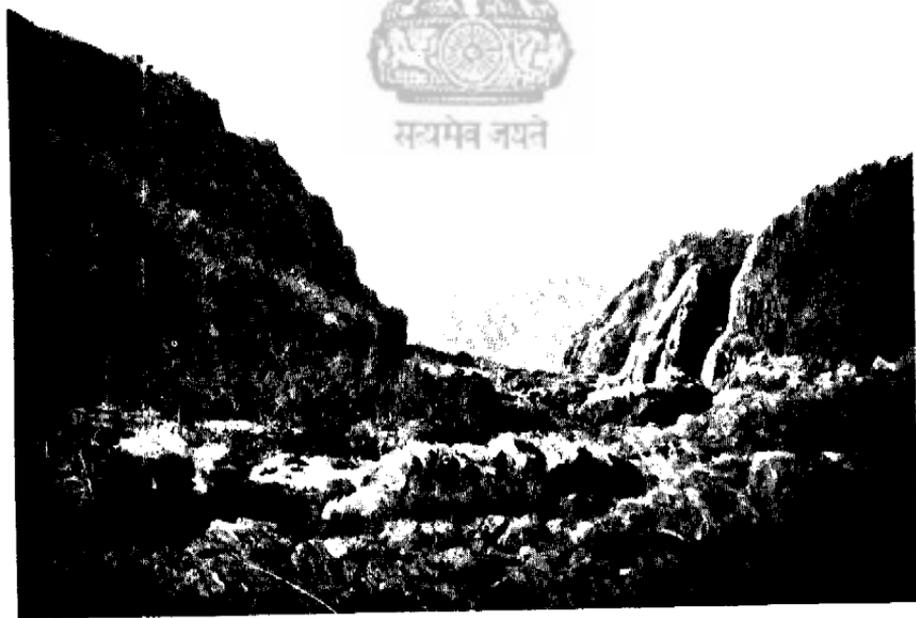
Imagine, then, the young Assistant setting forth on horseback on a crisp November morning, after a good monsoon. The dew is on the grass and dripping from the trees, the air smells of a pleasant autumnal moisture, the tanks \* are full and water is standing in the hollows. The rice fields have turned to gold and, on the higher ground, the raiyat is busy harvesting his millet crop. Flights of duck are in the air or blackening the surface of the ponds, and here and there from under the horse's feet a couple of grey quail or partridge will whirr away into the scrub, all telling of good shoots to come. He has few cares, his heart is light, and it must be a dull soul that does not respond to the vision. On the way there will be villages to inspect, perhaps, if time admits, a quiet shoot. The tents, the household, the spare horses and the dogs have started off the night before, and by the time camp is reached the tents are pitched and furnished in the shade, and breakfast needs only a shout to materialise.

But the first thing that demands attention is the pay-

\* In India tank = lake or pond.



THE ASSISTANT COLLECTOR'S CAMP.



GORGE OF THE MAHIL, KADANA.

[Facing p. 42.]

ment of the cartmen. The impressment of carts to carry the official's kit is an immemorial and hitherto unavoidable custom. But even when enforced with such consideration as is possible, it is necessarily the cause of much hardship. The theory is that carts are collected from the starting place and its immediate neighbourhood according to a roster. But Taluka menials and policemen are only human, and the temptation to take the first empty cart that comes is great. A cart that has come to market from miles away may be seized and sent still further from home, and, at the best, no cultivator will appreciate having his cart and bullocks removed for two days or more at the height of the harvest. The least the official can do is to keep a sharp look-out for cases of undue hardship, pay the driver, for obvious reasons, with his own hand, and let him get away as quickly as possible. If only some beneficent motor genius can devise a cheap and effective cross-country trolley, the raiyat, the harassed Taluka official and menial, and the District Officer will rise up and call him blessed. When I first started out none of my office staff, but few of the Mamlatdars, and no one else in the Talukas, spoke English, and I rarely met another District Officer. For seven months I scarcely spoke English and was thrown very much on my own resources. So one learnt the language imperceptibly, and for the rest, with gun, camera, books, and every sight and sound a novelty, I was perfectly happy. In other words, I was still at the age :

. . . When meadow, grove, and stream,  
 The earth, and every common sight  
 To me did seem  
 Apparell'd in celestial light,  
 The glory and the freshness of a dream.

My establishment consisted of three clerks, a corporal's guard of armed police to look after the cash chest and under-trial prisoners, a couple of mounted-police *sowárs*,\* and three or four *Pattawálas*, or Government messengers, better known by the Upper India designation of *Chaprási*. The armed police still wore the light infantry bugle badge of the old Bhil Corps, and the party could generally furnish one or two good shikaris. The *Pattawála* is an indispensable person who sits at your door to attend to visitors, runs messages, pitches your tents, and makes himself generally useful. The Collector of the Panch Mahals is also the Political Agent for the Rewa Kántha Agency, which comprises a scattered group of States in the neighbourhood of the Rewa or Narbada River. I was Assistant Political Agent for the purpose of supervising two small States then under Government management, Kaḍána and Nárukot. Hence the unwonted luxury of two sowars from the Agency mounted police, who kept me within reach of the post and were otherwise useful. In British Districts the numbers of mounted police have been ruthlessly curtailed on the score of economy, and with some idea that the extension of railways has rendered them superfluous. But every District Officer knows that in a riot one sowar is worth twenty men on foot until it comes to shooting, and that, in all but extreme cases, a handful of them will render that last lamentable resort unnecessary. They are also the only instrument for dealing quickly and effectually with swiftly-moving robber gangs, as has time and again been proved.

\* *Sowár* = mounted man.

## CHAPTER VI

### SOME PLACES AND PEOPLE OF INTEREST

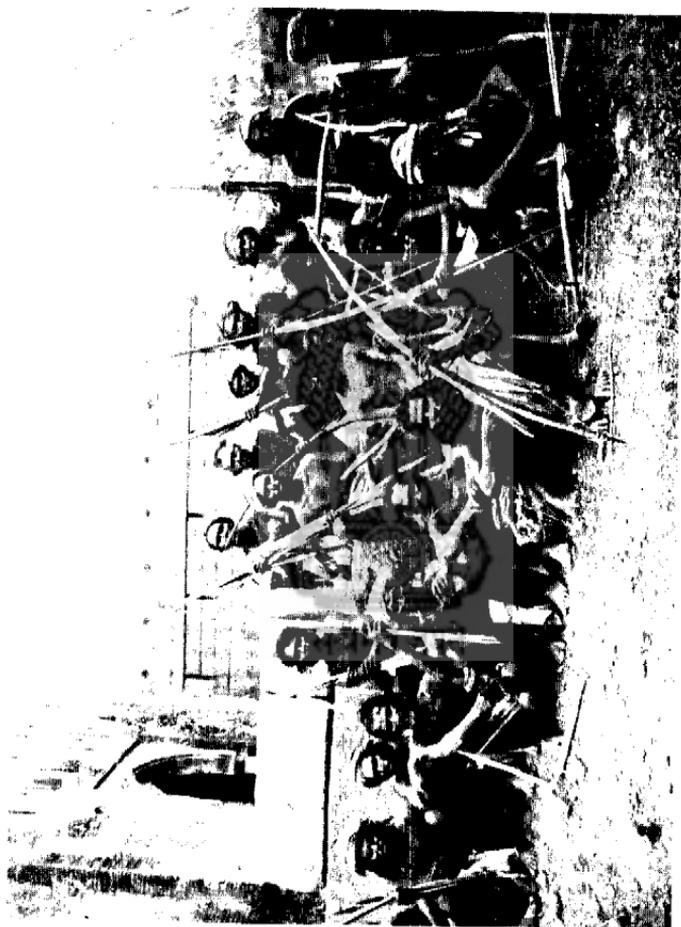
Pawagadh—Chámpaner—The Hot Weather Scene—Kadana—A Minor Expedition—A Border Court—A Bhil Dance—Uzra—Dohad—Privilege Leave—Dr. John Pollen—Transfer to the Survey Department.

**I**T is impossible to do more than refer briefly to one or two of the places of interest in the District and Agency. Foremost comes the hill fort of Pawagadh—"the fort of the winds," according to the more picturesque derivation—and, at its foot, the remains of what was once a capital and is now the insignificant jungle village of Chámpaner. Pawagadh was the scene of much stout fighting in the olden days, and its tiers of massive stone fortifications and remains of palaces, granaries, and many other buildings still convey some idea of its former strength and magnificence. The fort was captured from the Chohán Rajputs in 1484 by Mahmud Begaða, greatest of the Ahmedabad Sultans. The place pleased him so much that he built there a new city, which for the next fifty years displaced Ahmedabad as the capital. A successor removed the Court once more to Ahmedabad, the fort was captured by the Mughals under Humáyun in 1535, and the proud city crumbled and was devoured by the jungle. As I knew it, there were many splendid remains, including perhaps the finest mosque in Guzarat and numerous tombs, all in the Ahmedabad style. The grievous fact is, that the builders of those days worked after the methods of Wren's contractors and filled a

beautiful stone facing with rubble. So when the city was deserted, a crack in the outer face let in the rain, the seed of some fig found lodgment, and the building was rapidly torn asunder. Little effort was made in those days by Government in the way either of repair or maintenance, but now, thanks to Lord Curzon's inspired zeal, much has been done to preserve what is left. One grand old masonry tank at the foot of the hill is ascribed to the charity of a wealthy courtesan of imperial days, and I remember one of my Pattawalas exclaiming, "Ah, what a good woman was that, who built such a tank for us poor people!" And so, according to her lights, no doubt she was. In addition to historical attractions, there was jungle fowl shooting all round the village, and I had many a good evening with the local shikaris, Kumán and Gándhia Naik. The *Naikdas* are a small pre-Aryan tribe, living a primitive life, sustained by jungle fruits, roots, small animals and the coarser grains, and were, as I knew them, quiet enough, poor souls, and useful shikaris. They had given trouble in 1868, when a *Bhagat* or holy man arose from among them in the Narukot State, who promised to turn the bullets of their enemies to water and lead them to victory. There was an engagement between his following and a detachment of the 6th Native Infantry from Baroda. The bullet expert was the first man killed and the meeting broke up in disorder. Naikdas were very fond of monkeys, which they called "tree sheep," and the story was, that when a Naikda came in at one end of a village the monkeys left at the other.

The country to the East of Pawagadh is undulating and pleasing, dotted with stately *Mhowra* \* trees and tall Palmyra palms. The fleshy white flowers of the former

\* *Mhowra* or *Mhowa* = *Bassia Latifolia*.



NARAYAN CHAUDHARI

are eaten by the more primitive tribes, and from them is distilled the evil-smelling spirit which is drunk by the poorer classes throughout Guzarat and other parts of India. The harvest involves the burning of the leaves at the foot of the tree for the cleansing of the ground. Many forest fires are thus started, to the vexation of the Forest Officer, but the charm of the hot-weather landscape is much enhanced. The mhowra trees are then putting forth the copper red of sprouting leaves, many other trees have donned their new garment of lettuce green, the "flame of the forest" is a blaze of scarlet, here and there is a cassia wrapped in a glory of laburnum gold, and the whole scene is softened and beautified by a thin blue haze from the burning leaves. At the same time the sap is rising in the palm trees with less picturesque results. The villagers are busy tapping them for toddy, which, for a month or two, is their meat and drink. At one village I heard that the Forest Officer was camped a mile or two away. But the country was close and broken and I needed a guide. After much search one man was found, sufficiently master of his legs to show me the way. His progress is best described with the aid of Mr. Wells. His style, like Hoopdriver's, was generous and opulent. He used the whole footpath, and, not content with nibbling, bit off chunks of the adjoining jungle. But he got me there!

A two days' trek northwards from Godhra, through the States of Lunawáda and Sunth brought one to Kadana, the capital of a small Rajput State on the Udaipur border, where the Máhi River bursts through the hills on the way to the plain. The gorge of the river is most impressive, with its lofty cliffs of red marble and its flood-torn bed, strewn with boulders hurled and piled into fantastic

heaps. The Thakore was a child, and the State under management. Shortly after my arrival, I paid a formal visit to his mother and had a pleasant and informal chat through a curtain with a very nice, sensible young woman. In the intervals of conversation my fox terrier, Dinah, who had accompanied me by request, went through her tricks, while a bunch of little servant girls sat round the room and giggled. Mr. Ommanney arrived shortly after, and one day we walked across the hills and explored the upper part of the gorge. It was the wildest scene imaginable, and, at one point, the men carrying our cameras and tiffin basket put down their loads, lifted up their voices and wept. Their fathers and grandfathers had never been there, and why had we brought them? They would surely be devoured by bears, and what would happen to their children?—with much more to the same effect. We comforted them as best we could and got some good pictures. But the day had a tragic ending, for poor Dinah, the inseparable companion of three years, got astray in the jungle and must have fallen a victim to a panther, as, in spite of a general hue and cry, nothing more was heard of her. Only a few weeks ago the late Political Agent informed me, that the incident is talked of in Kadana to this day. This and many similar experiences throw a rather pathetic light on the monotony of existence in a quiet Indian village. To the raiyat the visit of a " saheb " or a casual meeting with one has some of the qualities of excitement, which a great statesman once attributed to a circus, in the case of his English counterpart. It will be talked of for days over the village fire and remembered for years. The white man will be sized up shrewdly and frankly. So take heed unto your manners and your habits! The day is fast approaching

when many villages will have their wireless set, and the Patel and his family will drive off in their bulging Ford to the nearest cinema, and then the villager will have more to think about and be far less attractive to meet.

One other memory of Kadana. A couple of Bhil villages fell into arrears with their land revenue, and eventually claimed to be exempt from its payment. The State records proved that they had no such privilege, but when the Manager went in person to collect the dues they turned out and beat the knave full sore. So the Political Agent directed his Assistant to take order with them. On my next visit I spent a morning arguing with the headmen and warning them of the results of contumacy without avail. They were quite civil, but swore that they had paid nothing for seven generations and were not going to begin now. Next morning I appeared on the scene before daybreak, with such force as could be mustered on the spot and a train of carts, with a few clerks and grain dealers armed with scales and account books. Luckily we were able to capture the headmen before they knew what was up, but the rest of the villagers cleared away into the country with their bows and arrows, driving their cattle before them. I managed, with the help of my two Agency sowars, to round up one herd, which we put into an enclosure, while the Manager proceeded to empty the village grain jars and weigh the contents into the carts. An emissary was sent out to the villagers who were exchanging the shrill "u-lu-lu" of the Bhil war cry on the hill-tops, and, when he came back with one wrist badly gashed by a sword, things began to look funny. But we had our headmen all right and by four o'clock had got bonds for the whole of the arrears signed by the local moneylenders. I was much relieved,

for the Bhil, when frightened or excited, was still an awkward customer, as was proved no longer than a dozen years ago, when a military force was required to cope with a disturbance in the same part of the country. Twenty years after I met the Thakore in the train, and he expressed his gratitude for the action taken, and said that there had been no trouble since.

In the spring of 1892 I was directed to attend a Border Court to be held in Bānswāda territory, a few miles across the Northern Boundary of Jhalod. One evening on the way up, at the edge of the Jhalod plateau, I had the best quail shoot that I remember. The gram crop was well forward and the surrounding banks of the small enclosed fields carried high grass, which was alive with the excellent little birds. The Assistant Political Agent from the Udaipur side was an old family friend, Major A. F. (later Sir Alexander) Pinhey, and with him and his wife I spent a pleasant and amusing ten days. A Border Court is a primitive Assize, held in the wilder tracts, at intervals of two or three years, for the settlement of all the wife and cattle thefts that have occurred during the period, in which parties from both sides of the Border are concerned, and for the trial of serious offences, such as murder and gang robbery. The minor offences are dealt with by Bhil Panches, or Courts of five elders, who squat in a ring all day, apparently say nothing and hear no evidence, but, none the less, arrive at a decision. The reason is, of course, that all concerned are fully aware of the facts, but one worthy predecessor had thought fit to record that his "judicial sense received a severe shock when he witnessed this travesty of justice"! The damages are assessed in money terms according to a recognised scale; at the end a balance is struck, the

debtor States pay up, and every one goes off with honour and pocket satisfied. Meanwhile the two political officers try persons accused of heinous crime according to the ordinary law and procedure. I remember that we had some most attractive witnesses, for the young Bhil woman is often nice-looking, fair, with good, rather angular features, eyes slightly tilted at the outer corners, and shapely limbs. Washed and decked in her best clothes for the occasion, she made a very pretty picture. A scarlet petticoat is bound tightly between her legs, leaving the inside of the thigh bare ; her upper garments consist of a closely-fitting bodice and a dark blue *sári* \* draped over her head and shoulders ; her forearms are covered with pewter and silver bracelets, and the legs, from the knee downwards, with well-fitting brass rings, while from her neck hang necklaces of beads and coins.

On the closing day, at the end of business, we went off to shoot what our informants described as " a big jungly tiger with stripes," which was asleep in a nullah close by. After some throwing of stones, forth came a large hyena ; we both fired, and the honours and the skin went to Banswada. He was a really fine beast, with a long cold weather coat. The proceedings ended with a Bhil dance. Take 500 Bhils, a roaring bonfire, barrels of country liquor in quantity to taste, and the dance begins in a widening circle round the fire. Each man has a stick in either hand, representing the sword of former days, which he clashes alternately with the stick of the man in front and behind. The dance starts slowly to the rattle of broad, shallow drums, and as the dancers warm up goes quicker and quicker. The women tread a stately

\* *Sári* = the cloth which constitutes the main part of a woman's dress in most parts of India. One end, wrapped round the waist and tucked in, forms a petticoat, the other is thrown over the head and shoulders.

measure of their own in groups outside the circle. As the evening grew longer and the contents of the barrels shorter, the fun waxed fast and furious, the two political officers joined in and Pinhey's Parsee Head Clerk was moved to do the like and had to be rescued from an untimely end in the bonfire. Then, at a word from the Saheb, these good souls closed down the whole uproar, and "silence, like a poultice came, to heal the blows of sound." To this day one hears their quaint marching song, dying away in the distance, as each band took its different road home by the light of a brilliant moon.

I took away from that camp the best pony that I ever owned, a stout little dark bay Arab of 13.3, the polo height of those days, who for the next nine years was my trusty friend and companion. The sort of horse that one dreams of but rarely meets with, his accomplishments were universal. Tournament polo player, tandem lead, bold fencer, and perfect gymkhana pony, he had the stoutest of limbs and hearts, in districts needed no shoes for his sound black feet, and was never sick or sorry but once, when his *syce* \* went on leave, and he fretted for him. He would follow me about like a dog, up my front steps and into the house. The first time that he ever saw a pig, the boar crossed under his forelegs as I speared, and next moment we were all flat on our backs, I with the wind knocked out of me. The pig got up first and, having been well speared, to my great relief, for I was still helpless, trotted off. "Uzra" picked himself up next, waited for me to mount, and then went straight for him with his mouth open! He was nine when I bought him, lived to the good old age of twenty-four and was in harness to the end.

\* *Syce* = groom.



Figure 1.10

Figure 1.10

On the way back to my charge I halted at Dohad, and had some good snipe-shooting with the Engineer in charge of a section of the Godhra-Ratlám Railway, then under construction. There is a fine old Serai in the town, containing a tomb, wherein was deposited a membrane intimately connected with the birth of a Mughal Emperor. The story was that, when the Emperor Shah Jahán was camped on the spot, his wife was seized with the pains of childbirth. The astrologers announced that the child, if born after a certain hour, and only then, would be a mighty Emperor. The method adopted for delaying matters was barbarous but, apparently, effectual; Aurangzeb was born, but at the cost of the poor mother's life.

In the spring of 1893 I took three months' privilege leave, the delights of which experience are well worth a few years of exile. The old home was not yet broken up, a small company of College friends were reading for the Bar in rooms in London, April and May were glorious months and the sun shone as it rarely would again. After seeing Isinglass win his Derby, along with a jovial coach-load from the Club, I set out again and crossed the Indian Ocean during the first burst of the monsoon in a 3,000 tonner and much discomfort. Soon after my return Mr. Ommanney was transferred, and I acted for a couple of months as Collector in addition to my own duties. During that period the total service of the three District Officers amounted to rather less than six years, and it was great fun. I addressed letters to myself in two capacities, had the honour to be my own obedient servant, and confirmed or reversed the worm's decisions with much solemnity. We only had one scare, when some misguided person threw into the Bohorah mosque a paper inscribed

with reflections on the twelve *Imáms* \* calculated to stand the pious Shiah's hair on end. Fortunately the trouble blew over without a row.

Towards the end of the rains, I was relieved of my superior post by Dr. John Pollen, one of the characters of the Service. A clever, warm-hearted Irishman, he was a very efficient officer, but certain amiable eccentricities always rendered him somewhat suspect at headquarters. He, too, had served under Mr. Propert, and had many yarns to tell of those heroic days. He was well known in Khandesh, under the name of "Jahán Pahlán"—nourisher of the world—for his interest in the affairs of his flock, and it was said that a raiyat, on meeting him, would reel off his family history without waiting to be catechised. He had the histrionic sense strongly developed, and, like Disraeli, would double the parts of actor and audience, to his own appreciative amusement. He loved receiving the Rewa Kantha Princes with all the state at his command. In order to give them their due salutes, he collected all the ancient cannon lying about, and, at nine o'clock at night, would blow us out of our chairs at dinner with an evening gun. Indians found some difficulty in fathoming what was going on in what was clearly a very shrewd head, behind that benevolent smile. His principal Indian Assistant one day compared him to the *Bagala* † who walks along, "looking this side and then that side, very kind—too kind," and concluded: "Suddenly he catch fish—I that fish!" He had always some absorbing interest of the moment. At that time it was Russia and the Russian language, later it was Esperanto, of whose mysteries he was one of the High Priests. He had served

\* The twelve *Imams* were twelve successors of Ali, cousin and son-in-law of Mahomed, whom the Shiahs reverence as his true successor.

† *Bagala* or paddy-bird—a small bird of the heron family.

as Collector of Salt Revenue, and, in that capacity had been "owner" of a smart lateen-rigged yacht with an appropriate Biblical name. He was fond of telling how he had once dispatched from up-country a "service" telegram for his head clerk in Bombay, bidding him send "Lot's Wife" to meet him at Surat. The telegraph Master returned it with the remark that, as the contents were obviously of a domestic character, he did not feel justified in sending it as a Service message! I won his heart by taking him through the town the morning after his arrival for a ride, for which he appeared in full Moujik costume, and by being able to tell him all about most of the people that we met. He was later Commissioner of Customs in Bombay, and there, while dispensing a generous hospitality to his many friends, was specially the father and mother of all newly-joined Civilians. Many a man who arrived without a friend in the country must remember him with gratitude. Those of us who knew him intimately think of him with lasting affection and like to believe that, in the dramatic mystery that attended his passing, his genial spirit finds food for humorous reflection on another plane.

In April, 1894, I was placed under the orders of the Deputy Superintendent of Revenue Survey, for the purpose of writing up overdue Settlement Reports, and made my way once more to Surat.

## CHAPTER VII

### SETTLEMENT WORK, 1894-1895

The Bombay System of Land Revenue and Settlement—A Crocodile Episode—Surat—An Old-time Bungalow—Surat in the Rains—A Visit to Poona—The Ganpati Procession—Mr. E. C. Ozanne—Borsad Settlement—Thásra Settlement—Khandesh—Nandurbár Settlement—The Banjásras—Guzarati Hospitality—Navápur—The Maochis—A Cobra—A Monsoon in Poona—A Regimental Mess—Mr. Muir Mackenzie.

**A** VERY brief account of the Bombay Land Revenue and settlement system is necessary to give an idea of the work on which I was engaged for the next three years. When the Peshwa fell in 1918, the Bombay Government inherited a vicious system, under which an excessive assessment, amounting to over half the gross produce, was realised, so far as it was possible to realise it, through the agency of farmers. The Revenue farmer depended for his remuneration, not on a share of what he collected but on what he could extort in addition, with results that can be imagined. The first effort of Government to improve matters ended in failure. An attempt was made, with the help of an ignorant and venal subordinate agency, to estimate the value of the out-turn of each field and the cost of cultivation and to base the assessment on the resulting net produce. The system was foredoomed, and by 1835 had broken down completely. Many thousands of acres had gone out of cultivation and a fresh start was necessary. According to the method then adopted, each field was accurately measured and delineated, not only on the map,

but also on the ground, by means of boundary marks. No attempt was made to estimate the out-turn, but the soil of each field and each part of a field was classified according to its physical properties and situation, by means of the general Indian scale of relative value, in terms of annas of a rupee.\* The raiyat was taken into confidence, the relative importance of qualities and faults, as affecting the fertility of different soils, was determined and 16 annas being taken to represent the ordinary best soil, annas were added or subtracted as required. As time went on and experience was gained, great accuracy was attained, and, before very long, the difference between the estimate of the subordinate classer and that of the testing officer was found not to exceed half an anna and was generally less. Each Taluka of a District was taken in turn, and, by the time the field work was completed, every inch was mapped, the total soil value of each field was ascertained, and the totals for each village and Taluka were readily calculated.

At this stage the Settlement Officer came on the scene. After a survey of the economic condition of the Taluka, as indicated by carefully gathered statistics and his own observation, he decided the amount of increase or decrease on the existing assessment that was justifiable. He next divided the villages of the Taluka into groups suggested by general considerations, such as physical conditions, accessibility to markets and facility of communication, and applied to the classification totals of each group a maximum money rate calculated to produce the result that he required. The maximum rate represents the assessment of 1 acre classed at 16 annas, or any other

\* 16 annas = 1 rupee. It is the common practice in India to estimate relative values in annas, e.g., a full normal crop is termed a 16-anna crop, a half crop is an 8-anna crop.

area of which the total classification value amounts to 16 annas. Thus, supposing the total classification annas of a group amounted to Rs. 5,000 and the Settlement Officer applied a maximum money rate of Rs. 2-8, the resulting revenue would be Rs. 12,500. He submitted his report to Government through the various authorities concerned, who all had their say; he published his proposals in the villages and the villagers had their say, and Government, after considering the views of all parties, gave their final decision. The rest of the process was a matter of simple arithmetic, and the assessment was worked out by the subordinate staff with the aid of ready reckoners. Thus if a field were classed at 12 annas in a group carrying a maximum rate of Rs. 2, the assessment would amount to Rs. 1-8. In this way a total assessment arrived at empirically, on ascertainable facts, was distributed proportionately, on a scientific system, over every field in the area concerned. For a raiyatwari Province, where it is impossible for the overlord (*i.e.*, Government) to have the ordinary landlord's intimate acquaintance with the capabilities of each holder and holding, it would seem difficult to devise a more practical and equitable system. Checks were applied at each stage, such as the results of crop tests and the actual rates of land sales, mortgages and rents as shown by registered documents. Safeguards were further provided for individual cases of hardship, whether relating to Talukas, groups, villages or individuals, and large enhancements were worked up to gradually over a series of years.

In Bombay the work of survey and settlement was entrusted to a special department. In Central and Northern India, that is, speaking generally, in the Zamindari tracts, it was carried out by a Revenue Officer

through the agency of the ordinary district and village staff. He was given a whole district to settle, spent several years over it, and during the process acquired a knowledge of the tract and the condition of its people of inestimable value to himself and Government. The defect of the Bombay practice was that, except in rare cases, the Indian Civilian missed this most valuable part of a Revenue Officer's experience. The Bombay Survey Department boasted many able and devoted officers from the days of Goldsmid, Wingate and Anderson, who did their work with all the efficiency of specialists, but survey and settlement work tended inevitably to become a departmental mystery and, apart from what he could pick up during a week or two's training with a Survey Officer, the average Civilian knew little about it. Now that the field work is complete and arrangements have been made for the maintenance of the record, revision settlement is a simple matter and is usually carried out by an Assistant Collector in addition to his ordinary work. In Bombay the term for which rates are fixed is ordinarily thirty years. As the term drew to its close a partial revision of measurement was made, and of classification, in the light of experience gained. In Guzarat the revision was extensive, as a large portion of the original record had been destroyed in a fire, commonly attributed to the natural anxiety of subordinates, who saw their work coming to an end. I came in at the Settlement stage. The statistics were all ready, but the Deputy Superintendent of Survey had not the time to cope with the mass of material, and I was deputed to help him. Before writing a report it was necessary to see as much of the Taluka concerned as possible. There was no time to do much before the monsoon, so I spent the remains of the hot weather of

1894 with the Deputy Superintendent, learning what I could. One morning, while he was announcing the new rates at Mátar, in the Kaira \* District, I was sitting on the bank of the Wátrak river watching some fishermen throwing circular cast nets, balancing themselves the while on small floating bundles of reeds. The crocodiles about there are well known for their man-eating propensities, so I asked one man if he were not afraid of them. He replied that it was quite safe, for as long as they were throwing their nets the *muggers* † would keep clear, so I thought that I would take a turn. Of course, I soon over-balanced and swam quietly to the bank. Just as I got to the shore I heard some shouting, and, looking round, saw a huge head and two evil eyes within a few feet of me. I did a "16-anna" sprint up that bank and do not recommend the Watrak for hot-weather bathing !

On return to Surat I secured a fine old house near the city wall, a relic of the days ‡ when the city was the seat of the chief civil and criminal courts of the Presidency. The ground floor was occupied as an office by one of the Survey parties, and I had the upper story, with a drawing-room 50 feet long and other rooms to match. Owing to the depth of the black soil, which turns to the consistency of a pudding in the rains, foundations are always a difficulty in Surat, so the old houses are merely timber frames filled in with brick. There was not a horizontal or perpendicular line in the house, the floors were at all angles, and on one occasion a small modern addition fell off with a crash. The ceilings were of cloth and the space above was the haunt of civet cats, with whom my terriers

\* One of the Districts of Guzarat, directly south of Ahmedabad.

† *Mugger* = crocodile.

‡ 1820-1828.



MY BUNGALOW, SURAT, 1894.

[Facing p. 60.]

had royal battles. An occasional snake would wriggle across the canvas, which would catch fire if one took a shot at the intruder. A night at the beginning of the rains was usually spent in distributing baths and buckets to catch the drips and in shifting one's bed to avoid them. All the same, it was a very nice house, much to be preferred to modern erections, with their skimped dimensions and absence of protection from the heat. There was nothing to be done in the way of a garden, as in those days the fresh water supply was obtained from one well by the waterman and his buffalo. All other wells were full of salts, and even the drinking water had properties that produced alarming internal effects when stirred up by the first rains.

In those days the English community at Surat was considerable, and it was pleasant to see something of one's own kind again. We could turn out an all-white eleven and had much good cricket, making expeditions to Broach, Baroda and Ahmedabad. In the mornings there was badminton, target-shooting and tent-pegging and other gymkhana sports, at which one or other of us would be "at home" and provide refreshments. Several Indian gentlemen used to turn up at the mounted sports. The old Bukshi Saheb, hereditary commander of the armies of the Navábs of Surat, a courteous and hospitable Mahomedan gentleman, was a regular attendant, and, though past his riding days, had no foolish prejudices on the subject of refreshments. Another, Saiyad Zain el Edrus, a well-educated and public-spirited man, was, as head of a religious sect, a person of much hereditary sanctity. He was always dressed in the flowing robes that became his position, and the sight of them flying in the wind as he took his tent-peg or cut a lemon with the

best of us was most impressive. The Deputy Sanitary Commissioner, who had lived with me for three months at Godhra the year before, and his wife were great allies. They always had a number of good horses and dogs, and I had two or three of both. We did a lot of driving, putting our ponies together in different combinations, and had much good riding. A fine gallop was always to be had on the further bank of the river, and, after the first rain had filled up the cracks on the black soil and before the latter got too soft, there was plenty of fun to be had in coursing jackals. Some cross-bred Rámpur and English greyhounds did the running, and a pack of terriers, coming up behind in full cry, did the rest. A nine miles drive to Dumas took us to the seashore and memories come back of Sunday afternoons by the sea and of pleasant tandem drives home, the leader, with his nose towards his stable, well up to his bit and a blaze of stars overhead.

I had very little work and was mainly occupied with odd jobs, including a monograph on the pottery of the Presidency. The rupee was at that time in a parlous condition, and we all submitted representations on our blighted hopes. One friend gave much comfort to himself and amusement to others by describing himself in his memorial as placed by the caprice of an Eastern despot in the position of that unfortunate class who, in Macaulay's words, are excluded from the pleasures of love and the hopes of posterity ! I paid a short visit to Poona, where Mr. Ommanney was now Collector, and came in for the first of the Ganpati processions, which owed their revival to B. G. Tilak's misguided ingenuity. His object was to revive religious and racial enthusiasms in the Deccan with their natural consequences, and trouble was anticipated. I accompanied the Collector to the city, mounted

on a steady old trooper from the ranks of the 2nd Bombay Lancers. Everything passed off most peaceably, partly as a result of certain preliminary precautions, but I was much struck by the orderly good humour of the Maratha crowd. I also saw something of my new Chief, Mr. E. C. Ozanne, I.C.S., Commissioner of Survey and Settlement and Director of Agriculture. Besides possessing a very charming personality, Mr. Ozanne was one of those men that our old Empire has the happy knack of throwing up whenever there is a special job of work to be done. He was one of the first Indian Civilians to take the agricultural course at Cirencester, in 1883 was put at the head of the newly-formed Bombay Agricultural Department, and during the next few years did yeoman's work. To his zeal and knowledge the Presidency owes a fine system of experimental farms, a flourishing dairy industry, the introduction of many improved staples and methods of culture, and a department that in efficiency and enterprise is second to none of its kind in India. His services received scant recognition at the time and are now well-nigh forgotten. He took over the Survey Department and brought to its many problems an exceptional knowledge of its practical work and of the daily economy of the cultivator's life. If my settlement work had any value, it was mainly due to his kindly guidance.

Borsad, a Taluka of the Kaira District was first on the settlement programme, and thither I repaired at the beginning of the cold weather. Situated in the heart of the Charotar, a tract of fertile alluvial loam, it produced magnificent crops of millet and the coarser grains, and, at that time, carried a population of 750 to the square mile, of which 75 per cent. was agricultural. The Lewa and Kadwa Pátidars or Kunbis, who form the chief agri-

cultural class, have little to learn from any other cultivator in the world. About 7 per cent. of the cultivated area was under tobacco, which, owing partly to the presence of nitre in the irrigation wells, flourished amazingly. Better leaf could scarcely be grown, but, owing to the intense dry heat in the hot weather, curing was always a difficulty, and it has never been found possible to produce a tobacco that would appeal to any but Indian taste. It is a beautiful country, covered with splendid mango, mhowra, tamarind and other trees, and the fields are enclosed by tall euphorbia hedges. The shady camps were most grateful, the Pátidars hospitable and friendly, and the time passed pleasantly till Christmas. The settlement presented no difficult problems and my proposals were in due course accepted, pretty much as they stood. The next Taluka was Thásra, in the same District, a more open and less fertile country. In parts much broken, especially towards the Mahi River, which forms its Eastern boundary, and exhibiting a great variety of soil and physical conditions, it gave me a much more difficult job than Borsad. However, Mr. Ozanne came up, we went through my proposals, and, with his help I was able, early in March, to submit an acceptable report. I was then transferred to the Deccan Survey, with headquarters at Poona, to take up some of the Khandesh Talukas, and, in the middle of the hot weather, after a day or two in Poona and a sixty miles march from Dhulia, found myself at Nandurbár, the chief town of the Taluka of that name.

The Khandesh District had not then been divided, and, covering an area of over 10,000 square miles, was almost a Province in itself. Stretching from the Narbada River in the North to the Deccan in the South, and

bordered on the West by the Sahyádrí Range, it included every variety of country and soil. Nandurbar lies on the Southern bank of the Tapti River, and its Northern half consists of a belt, ten miles or so in width, of fertile black soil plain. To the South the country was broken by low rocky ridges running East and West, increasing in height towards the *Ghát*s.\* From the South-west the level sinks gradually through the Navapur Mahal towards the Guzarat Plain, and through it runs a main line of communication between that Province and Central India. The Tapti Valley Railway was not then constructed, and long *Banjára* bullock-trains carried corn and seeds in packs from the high country to the coast and returned with salt. The Banjaras are a picturesque people of gipsy type who, before the coming of metalled roads and railways, were the chief carriers of India. The women are very striking. Tall and often well-featured though weather-beaten, their hair neatly braided, they wear numbers of chryns and pendants of silver and pewter, elaborately embroidered bodices and petticoats and saris draped over a slip of bamboo standing up and back from the head with the effect of a fourteenth century hennin or steeple head-dress, and move in a long, balanced swing with much grace and dignity. The cultivators of Nandurbar were mostly Maratha Kunbis, a stout and loyal folk, as their war record was to prove, but lacking the ready friendliness of the Guzarati. I was never long enough in parts where Marathi was spoken to get a real grip of the language, so could not get into close touch with them. There were also a number of villages of Guzarati Kunbis, locally known as Gujars, who had

\* The Western *Ghát*s is the name commonly used for the Sahyádrí Range. *Ghát*=flight of steps.

emigrated from their own home some hundreds of years before and kept up no communication with it, but maintained their own language and customs. In their villages it was pleasant to find oneself at once on easy terms, to be invited into the Patel's best room, offered *bidis* \* and other available hospitality and introduced to the family and as many neighbours as the room would hold. For their part, accustomed to Marathi-speaking officials, they were delighted to meet a Saheb, who knew their ways and their language, or, as they politely put it, "knew everything." Guzarati hospitality is apt to be embarrassing when it takes the form of milk strained into a brass pot through the tail-end of your host's loin-cloth, tea filled with cinnamon and sugar stirred up with a forefinger, sections of oranges peeled to the pulp by an unwashed hand and offered on its palm, odorous curds, butter or toddy in a cup of green *palās* † leaves, or, worst of all, reeking attar, which, smeared down the front of your clothes, if you are caught napping, haunts you for weeks. But it is all well and kindly meant, and, given that essential qualification for Indian service, a sound digestion, can be suffered up to the point of requisite politeness. The chief crops were cotton, wheat and oil seeds, and the settlement was not difficult. In the open plain there is scarcely a tree, and, if one is to be seen, it is well to avoid camping near it, for it will be the roosting place of every parrot, crow, minah ‡ and sparrow from miles around, who for a couple of hours about sundown carry on a scrimmage for the best place to a deafening accompaniment of chattering and squeals.

The Navapur Mahal was a more primitive and interest-

\* *Bidis* = cigarettes of country tobacco, rolled in the leaves of the Bauhinia.

† *Palās* = the bastard teak, *Butea frondosa*, in Guzarat : *Khdkra*.

‡ *Minah* = the Indian starling, a most talkative person.

ing country, rather like the wilder parts of the Panch Mahals, with low, rocky hills, much teak jungle and picturesque little valleys and nullahs. It is the home of a humble aboriginal people, the Maochis, the people of the sunset or the West. They are woodmen and cultivators, quiet and peaceable, though, like all dwellers in malarious tracts, somewhat given to liquor. Their women wear little above the waist beyond a pile of necklaces of white grass beads and perhaps a few coins, and not much below, and though homely of feature at all ages, in youth have pretty enough figures. At one camp, I found my tent pitched under a fine banyan tree, and was finishing my breakfast in much comfort when a deputation arrived from the village. They explained that my beautiful tree was the home of the village cobra, evidently a sort of tutelary deity. They fed it with milk every day and hoped that I would on no account injure it. As I did not want to hurt their feelings or to share my tea-table with a five-foot *nág*,\* I had the tent shifted to a tree where the social resources went no further than red ants. At the beginning of June I returned to headquarters.

Poona, sometime capital of the Peshwas, now the seat of the Bombay Government during the rainy season, stands on the Deccan plateau at a height of some 1,400 feet, and, while sheltered by the Western Ghats from the full force of the monsoon, gets the benefit of the Western breeze and has a mild and equable climate. Few better stations can be found in India in which to work or play. A large civil population and military garrison of all arms provide abundant society; sport of all kinds, hunting, rowing, racing, cricket, polo and tennis, is to be had at

\* *Nág* = cobra.

moderate cost under the best conditions, while the Club of Western India, affectionately known as the "Best in India," and an excellent Gymkhana Club provide the evening resorts so dear to the heart of the Englishman abroad. With only the Nandurbar report and the further study of settlement to occupy me, I set out to enjoy myself and spent a delightful rains. With three useful ponies, two Arabs and a stud-bred mare, in a country of rocky downs and boulder-strewn nullahs, interspersed with heavy plough, which demands cleverness and stamina rather than size, I was able to see all that I wished of hounds. I played polo, so far as my limited stable would allow, and there was always the river. Nor was gardening to be despised in a spot where roses and the English annuals flourished side by side with the wealth of the sub-tropical flora. Lord Sandhurst was Governor, General Nairne Commander-in-Chief of the Bombay Army, and General Blundell commanded the Brigade. The great men and the Regiments were all most hospitable, and, with dances at the Gymkhana and "shows" of all kinds, there was plenty of gaiety. The scene that perhaps stands out most vividly now is that of the Mess of that distinguished Regiment, the King's Own Yorkshire Light Infantry. On a guest night the long table laden with crystal and trophies of regimental silver, set off by the scarlet uniforms about it, made a brilliant picture of well-ordered amenity. While good manners and respect for seniority were strictly observed, there was no suspicion of stiffness, no lack of ease. Everything was, in fact, just right. The description applies equally to any good Regimental mess, but I never, at any other, recaptured quite the same sense of fitness and well-being.

Towards the end of the rains, Mr. J. W. P. (later Sir

John) Muir-Mackenzie succeeded to the charge of the Survey and Agricultural Departments. He, too, had been through the Agricultural course, and had served at Simla under Sir Edward Buck, the father of Indian Agricultural Departments. He was a clever and accomplished man, played the violin delightfully, and knew the work of both departments. He had not served in Guzarat, and was, I thought, inclined to pitch assessments too high. He thought that I underestimated the ability of the raiyats to pay. But I found in him a kind and considerate chief and owe him much.



## CHAPTER VIII

SETTLEMENT WORK (*continued*), 1895-1897

Khandesh—Dhulia—Mr. Cumine—Tom the Barber—Dhulia Settlement—Patasthal—Mehmadabad—Tomb of Saiyad Mubarak—Taloda Settlement—The Satpura Bhil—Taloda Market—Pavras—Surat once more—The Adalaj Step-well—A Mad Jackal—Plague—Chikhli Settlement—Wagra—Transfer to Simla.

**A**T the beginning of the cold weather I was back in Khandesh for the settlement of the Dhulia Taluka. I put in some time at Dhulia, the headquarters of the District, and saw something of Mr. A. Cumine, the Collector. A delicate man and something of a recluse, he was a good officer and an admirable host. He was also a keen shikari and, thanks to that qualification and an almost fantastic generosity, was much beloved by the Bhils. During the previous rains there had been a Hindu-Mahomedan riot in the town, the cause of trouble being, as usual, the playing of music by Hindus passing in procession before a mosque. The Collector went down to see to things and was roughly handled, but some unauthorised firing by the Police settled matters. Mr. Cumine, while lying in his verandah at dusk a few evenings later, was suddenly aware of a man standing by him, who had crept in without a sound. He asked him who he was, and this was the reply : “ I am a Bhil, Saheb. We hear that these swine in the town have been beating you, and —— Naik ” (giving the name of one of the hill Chiefs) “ has sent me to ask how many men you want ! ” A truly enviable experience ! Dhulia has been the abode

of many striking personalities from the time when Lieutenant James Outram, of the 23rd Native Infantry, to be known later as "the Bayard of India, sans peur et sans reproche," was placed at the disposal of the Collector and Political Agent to command a Bhil Corps.\* A quaint old "Tom the Barber" was full of stories of the brave days of old. His principal heroes were Mr. Propert and Major Oliver Probyn, some time Commandant of the Bhil Corps, and his standard of merit was, it seemed, the volume of their voices. He would tell how, during the great famine of 1876-77, when the Baniyas closed their shops and refused to sell except at outrageous prices, Mr. Propert went down to the bazaar and, with the aid of a stick and, of course, his voice, got the grain shops opened and the hungry fed. As for Major Probyn: "When he called for his horse, you could hear him on the other side of the Pánjhra River, *k-á-i-sa áwáz!*" What a voice!

The Dhulia Taluka consisted of rolling, well-cultivated country, broken by ranges of steep rocky hills, rising to over 2,000 feet. Cotton is the principal crop, but along the Pánjhra and other rivers there are extensive tracts of irrigation, which carry fine crops of sugar-cane and other garden produce. The system of irrigation is known as *pásthál*, that is, by flow from a canal. Low masonry dams, often of great age, wander across the rivers on the sinuous line of the rock foundation. As the water supply was inconstant and the amount impounded small, the cultivation was, except in specially favoured positions, precarious. It was therefore the practice for the Settlement Officer, after personal inspection, to assess the water

\* Outram's headquarters were at Dharangáon. V. Goldsmid's "Biography of James Outram," a book that should be read by every aspirant to Indian Service.

facilities of each individual field himself and to calculate the assessment with the aid of *jantris* or reckoning tables, on which the Survey Department had expended much ingenuity. Not long ago a Devonshire farmer, who had been watching me trying to lure an Axe trout with a dry fly, observed, "Worritin' sort of a job that, sir. Sooner do a bit o' rabbitin' meself!" which precisely expresses my feelings with regard to pátasthal assessment. The rest of the settlement was easy enough. I spent a day or two camped on Laling Hill, where there were the remains of a fort of some strength whose history goes back to the fourteenth century, and of a bungalow, built in former days by Mr. Propert, for rest and refreshment from the heat of Dhulia. There were plenty of *chinkára* \* about, but they were very shy and I had no luck.

I spent Christmas with friends near Mehmádábád, in the Kaira District, had some excellent snipe and duck shooting, and secured some good photographs of the tomb of Saiyad Mubárak, one of the Ministers of Sultan Mahmud Begada. This tomb is, perhaps, the most beautiful building of its kind in Guzarat, and dates from 1484. The double arcade, of singularly fine proportions, crowned by massive stone eaves in the Hindu style, which encloses the central chamber, gives an effect of great dignity and peace. The tomb at Batwa, near Ahmedabad, which dates from thirty years earlier, is in the same style, and, had it been finished, would have been even more impressive. But, unfortunately, it never was, and it has suffered much damage from earthquakes. The Mehmádabad tomb was completed and, but for the absence of the eaves on the river side, which may have been replaced by now, was in a perfect state of preservation.

\* *Chinkára*— the Indian Gazelle—*Gazella Bennettii*.



TOMB OF SAYYID MUḤAMMAD, MEHSARABAD.

[Facing p. 72.]

Having disposed of Dhulia, I moved to Taloda, directly North of Nandurbar, on the further side of the Tapti. The major portion of the Taluka is occupied by the massive belt of the Satpura Range. Rising abruptly from the plain of the Tapti to a height of from 2,000 to nearly 4,000 feet, its summits enclose a broken tableland, known as the Akráni Pargana, which stretches back to the Narbada River, to which the descent is as precipitous as the Southern scarp. This mountainous tract had neither been surveyed in detail nor settled, and I was concerned only with eighty-one villages lying between the hills and the river. In the East the plain was very like that of Nandurbar, with an industrious population of Gujars, but towards the West and near the hills it was thickly covered with jungle, and Bhils formed a large proportion of the inhabitants. Tiger and panther were plentiful, and traces of the latter were often to be seen in the shape of skeletons of dogs and calves, which had been dragged into the forks of trees to be eaten. The man-eater was not uncommon, and one learnt for the first time something of the terror which such a brute can inspire. One panther had been responsible for the death of over thirty women and children—they usually confine their depredations to these—and I made attempts to get him, but he covered much country and moved quickly, and I had no success. J. H. (now Sir James) Duboulay, of my year, was Assistant Collector in those parts, and we made several camps together. With him I got my only tiger, a nice plump female, who strolled out like a lamb during the first beat, fell to one shot, and gave no trouble. This shoot had one unfortunate sequel, for my *Bhisti's*\* bullock, a sturdy young ginger skew-bald, took fright at the pegged-out

\* *Bhisti* = waterman. Lit. : the man of Paradise.

skin, flew into the jungle, and was never seen again. There was loud lamentation and Master had to pay up.

The Satpura Bhil is a most attractive creature, as will have been gathered by any one who knows his Kipling or has, at any rate, taken the advice given in a previous chapter. Under Maratha rule he was either a predatory pest or a terror-stricken fugitive, as was natural when the recognised method of reducing him to order was to entice him to a feast, which ended in a wholesale massacre. It took years of the patient work of such men as Outram and Probyn to inspire confidence and wean him to a peaceable existence. The first approaches were made by means of irregular Rifle Corps, in the ranks of which the Bhils were taught the meaning of discipline and the fact that their new rulers meant well and kindly. They gradually settled down, and as I knew them in Taloda were cultivators and woodmen, ordinarily law-abiding, but quite unable to resist the temptations of the liquor shop. Their idea of a really satisfactory drink was three bottles or so of Mhowra spirit, which would lay them out senseless for a day or two. They stoutly maintained that in a climate notoriously unhealthy and reputed deadly for strangers liquor was their only salvation. There is probably something in it. Just South of Navapur lies a mountainous tract of fever-stricken jungle known as the Dángs. Its valuable teak forests are leased from the local Bhil Chiefs and managed by Government. It was said that for a week after the annual payment of the rent there was no ditch in the neighbourhood but held its Raja. Things are no doubt better now, thanks to the work of devoted Forest Officers who know and love their Bhil. He was still a simple soul, and an ordinary murder case presented no difficulty, for the culprit would admit the facts in detail

and explain his motives. Dr. Pollen used to tell how he once had half a dozen of them under trial for dacoity. On arriving at a new camp he could find no trace of either the prisoners or the Bhil Corps guard. In the course of the afternoon a couple of carts were seen approaching with some men on foot. In the former were the guard, helplessly drunk ; the latter were the prisoners, acting as escort ! It is difficult to be hard on children of this kind, and a distinguished officer admitted to me that on one occasion, after he had convicted a fine young Bhil of some act of depredation, he was so much overcome by his feelings that he tore up the record, squared the police, and let the man go. The Taloda Bhils, thanks no doubt to the fertility of the soil and the employment afforded by the timber trade, were a good deal ahead of their brethren elsewhere. Many of the headmen were industrious and substantial cultivators, who could borrow money at 6 per cent. The majority, however, looked on cultivation as a side show and depended mainly on their axe and the timber trade, while the most primitive subsisted mainly on jungle produce. Though always ready to turn out for a beat, they were not skilful shikaris unless they had been trained in the Bhil Corps. Their women were well clothed, but neither as picturesque nor as good-looking as those of the Rajputana Bhils, who no doubt have a strain of Rajput blood in their veins. Like many other primitive tribes, they gave depreciatory names to their children in order to avert the jealousy of the Gods, and names such as Kutro (dog), Bhangio (sweeper), and Dhedio were common. Their language was a patois of Marathi and Guzarati imposed on an indigenous base, and they seemed to understand Guzarati better than Marathi.

In olden times Taloda had been a flourishing and

populous country—witness Buddhist remains and the ruins of forgotten cities. Under the Mughal Empire it was the home of a prosperous Mahomedan community. But with the break-up of that Empire it fell on evil days. It was ravished in turn by the armies of Holkar and Pindári hordes, and the great famine of 1803 completed the work of destruction. It was, as I knew it, being slowly reclaimed from the jungle. Much of the cultivation was carried on in rough clearings, between stumps of trees left to rot in the ground. The main cause of sickness was drinking water drawn from sources poisoned by rotting vegetation, but the latter were being gradually replaced by stone wells, with appreciable results. It must have advanced greatly during the last thirty years, and it is to be hoped that the studiously moderate settlement which Government were pleased to accept has played its part in restoring prosperity to this delightful bit of country.

A market was held at Taloda every Thursday and Friday. On the first day transactions were confined to timber and carts, which were of specially good quality and found a ready sale. The Friday market may be described in the words of my own report : On Friday transactions are of a miscellaneous nature, when every article of utility or ornament which can appeal to the villager, whether Kunbi, Bhil or Pavra, is exposed for sale. Almost everything, except grain and vegetables, is imported, cloth and ready-made clothes from Nandurbar and Ranála, and metal pots from Songir. A good number of bullocks change hands on market day, as accidents on the road are not infrequent and cattle have to be replaced. Horses and ponies are also brought for sale. No more picturesque scene can be imagined. On one side are piles of sugar-cane, onions, chillies and

vegetables of different kinds, with heaps of wheat, gram, linseed and other grain ; the main road is fringed by dealers on the smallest scale, from copper money-changers to vendors of whiffs of tobacco, whose stock-in-trade can be reckoned in pice.\* In the main market place, under white canvas booths, are clothes of all kinds and colours, brass and copper vessels, stone and glass beads, brass and tin bracelets, armlets, anklets and all the other rings with which the Bhil damsel adorns herself, kerosine oil and the hundred and one trifles into which the tinsmith's ingenuity twists its tin cases, cheap cutlery, looking glasses, and Birmingham toys. The crowd is as varied as the wares. Guzars, Marathas, Guzarati Baniyas, Marwádís, Bhils of the plain, Pavras from the Akrani with their quaintly bedecked womenfolk, and that village Shylock the Rohilla, besides coppersmiths, potters and the other artisans, jostle one another, haggling and bargaining in three languages and as many patois, and raising a dust and an atmosphere as difficult to describe as to forget. Considerable numbers of Pavras attend the market, bringing grain and jungle produce, such as charoli seed, mhowra flowers, honey, beeswax, lac, gum and resin. As there is no cart track from the Akrani, produce of all kinds has to be brought down on bullocks or by head-loads. Like the Bhil of the Panch Mahals, the Pavra seems to prefer a fire to warm clothing, and in cold weather a head-load of wood, to keep him warm at night, takes the place of a blanket as part of his outfit for market.—I might have added that this model of thrift would carry back up the hill for home use any remains that were left of his head-load !

The Pavras were an interesting people, of the stock of

\* 4 pice = 1 anna.

Rajputs driven out of Udaipur. They were dark of complexion, but of the neat, wiry Rajput build. Living in a pleasant climate, they were skilful and industrious cultivators. Their little dusky ladies were slim and prettily built and most picturesque in appearance. Their chief article of attire was a home-woven *sári* of goats' hair, quaintly striped; the rest consisted mainly of ornaments. I heard much of the Akrani, of its hill fort of Turan Mal, its delightful climate and the big game shooting to be had there. I was anxious too to see more of the Pavras, and had made all preparations for an Easter camp up there, when orders arrived appointing me Deputy Superintendent of the Guzarat Survey. So I turned my back on the Satpuras and my face once more towards Surat and marched down through Nandurbar, Navapur and the Baroda Mahals of Songadh and Vihára.

Having charge of the Survey, I saw a good deal more of the technical work than I had done hitherto, visited all parts of Guzarat, and took the opportunity of photographing many of the Ahmedabad buildings. One particularly beautiful monument of Hindu piety is the step-well at Adálaj, a village about seven miles North of Ahmedabad, built by a Rajput lady in the last years of the fifteenth century. A plain masonry coping-wall of modern construction, which is all that appears on the surface, conveys no suggestion of the beauties beneath. A broad flight of steps leads to a fine octagonal chamber, pillared, beamed and carved in the best Chalukyan\* style, and from there further flights lead to the water and end in a richly-carved octagonal well. Beyond this again

\* A style of architecture named after the Chalukyan dynasties that flourished in the Peninsula from 500-1000 A.D., which attained its greatest perfection between the eleventh and thirteenth centuries under the Hoysala Ballála kings of Mysore, and extended its influence to many parts of India.



SRI-SRI, AYALAL

is a plain stone well with the usual village water-lift. The whole length is open to the sky, and is supported and held together by massive stone cross-beams, pillars and brackets, all finely chiselled and decorated. Small balconied recesses were evidently intended as cool retreats from the summer heat, and, round the top story of the further octagon, runs a spacious gallery. On a scorching day the sudden change from the furnace blast of the wind and from mid-day glare to this temple of shade and refreshment is indescribably grateful, and the picture of the brightly-clad women, as they move up and down the steps with their vessels of red earthenware or polished brass, bringing life and colour to a noble setting, is a delight to weary eyes. All honour to Rudra Ráni, and on her soul be peace! There is about the Indian decoration of the best periods a spontaneity and essential rightness of design, which the modern craftsman seeks in vain to recapture. I have seen to-day's carver in wood or stone at work in many parts of India, and the only one that I know, who has retained in some measure the hereditary gift of spontaneous design, is the Gudigar, the Mysore worker in sandal wood. But then, he is richly endowed with the artistic temperament, knows no law of time or obligation, works when and as he chooses, and devotes the rest of his waking hours to wine and the other proverbial allurements!

The rains passed much as two years before, but we were a smaller community and there was less doing. One day a mad jackal invaded my backyard and was driven by my servants into the next compound. Two bachelor friends lived next door; one saw the jack under a half-door and called for his gun. The other hearing the noise, ran downstairs, putting his cartridges into his gun. The

jack got him before he could put in a shot, bit him badly on the hand and was then polished off by my *Dhobi*,\* but not before the latter had been bitten in the thigh. As there were then no Pasteur Institutes in India, my friend went off to Paris and is well and hearty to-day. The *Dhobi* declined all remedies but his own, and in the event was none the worse either. He was a great character, the handy-man of the camp, always ready to catch a loose horse or do any odd job. One night in camp I was roused from my slumbers by a disturbance in my tent, and saw a dishevelled figure jumping about and gesticulating in the moonlight. I nipped out and collared what proved to be the *Dhobi*, who, incensed at being omitted from a dinner given by the Patel of the village, had invaded the feast, been chucked out, and, after seeking consolation at the liquor shop, betook himself to my tent with his grievance. I fear I was unsympathetic, and he ended the night pegged out under a tree. But he was a good soul and could wreck my clothes on a stone as well as any of his kind !

Towards the end of the rains of 1896, I was spending a week-end in Bombay with the Port Surgeon. I went with him on board a ship that was waiting for clearance in the stream. My friend was in some doubt as to the wording of his bill of health, but eventually wrote : " No cholera, no plague, but a suspicious fever accompanied by bubonic symptoms has made its appearance during the last few days and is being watched." The state of doubt was soon changed to one of certainty that the plague had indeed arrived. The pest spread through the city like a flame, with a mortality that was soon reckoned in thousands. A funeral was to be seen every few yards, and the Queen's

\* *Dhobi* = washerman.

Road, along the length of the burning ground, was wrapped in a cloud of pungent smoke. All who had another home to which to go fled panic-stricken, carrying the infection to every part of the Presidency. For the District Officers of my standing that time marked the end of happy irresponsible days. In the years that followed, they were rarely free from the haunting anxiety attendant on pestilence and famine. Nothing was known at that time of plague, its origin or the channel of infection, and the authorities set to work in the dark to fight it as best they could. Cordons were posted, inspection and detention at Railway Stations arranged, the Assistant Collectors and other District Officers were turned into foremen of scavenging gangs, who cleared out whole quarters of towns and villages into temporary sheds and poured floods of whitewash on the walls of the houses and of perchloride of mercury on their treasured contents. Little help was to be got from the general public, who merely regarded these activities as an added scourge. Whole families were wiped out and many others fled, locking the house and leaving corpses to be pulled out and burnt by the District staff. And for many months, though the life of every one was made a burden to him, still the plague was not stayed. In the spring the dawn of better things came with Dr. Haffkine's discovery of a prophylactic serum. But further disappointment was in store. It had been hoped that with the advent of the hot weather the heat of the sun's rays would have effect. On the contrary, in some places, the epidemic seemed to grow more virulent as the heat increased. We were all in the dark, and the experiences of one month were contradicted by those of the next.

As a Survey Officer I was not employed on plague duty,

but I saw something of it. A bad epidemic broke out early in the hot weather at Bulsár, a town of some 8,000 people in the Surat District, a mile or two from the coast. Major Dyson, of the Indian Medical Service, was sent down to take charge and, with his wife, did splendid work. Half the population fled, and, of those remaining when he arrived, sixty were dying every day. A large proportion consisted of Mahomedans, who bury their dead, and the resulting conditions can be imagined. I was doing settlement work in the neighbourhood and spent one or two week ends with them. One of the unpleasant features of plague work was the swarms of fleas, and, had we known then the part that they play in communicating the disease, we should have been even more uncomfortable than we were. Some men of the Dublin Fusiliers were sent up to help and did great work. Though they knew nothing of the language they were on excellent terms with their cooly gangs and the people generally, seemed to have no difficulty in making themselves understood and were always cheerful and contented. Among the consoling features of a tragic time was the intimacy of relations established between the British Officers and men and the suffering people. Another was the pluck generally displayed by Indian officials and servants, who had no reason to suppose that they shared the immunity which seemed to attach to Europeans, but nevertheless stuck manfully to their posts and often died there. Of the English men and women, it is sufficient to say that officials and volunteers behaved as their country would expect, and they too had their roll of honour. The following experience threw an interesting light on the sort of ideas that the ignorant get hold of at such a time. I was duck shooting one morning on a creek near Bili-

mora, at the time when Haffkine's vaccine was first coming into use, when one of the boatmen asked me if I had seen the shed at the Railway Station and knew what was in it. I said that I knew the shed well, that it was used for the examination of passengers, and that there was nothing in it. "Oh, yes, there is," said he, "there is a big machine in it, and they take people out of the train and put them in it and squeeze all the oil out of them and send it to Bombay and put it into other people, and then they get plague too!" I tried to explain matters, but left him unconvinced.

In the course of the cold weather I took up the settlement of the Chikhli Taluka of Surat. The country and conditions were new to me and most interesting. The chief feature was the tracts of rich red alluvial loam along the banks of the rivers, which were extraordinarily fertile and carried a heavy assessment. The whole of this soil had been reclassified on a system which carried the classification annas up to 56 instead of the ordinary 16, and gave a very undesirable discretion to the classer. Even this failed to give the requisite assessment if the ordinary maximum rate was applied, so special maximum rates were necessary. The whole thing was complicated and had to be explained at length in my report to Government, and I was still busy with this when I was sent up to the Wágra Taluka of the Broach District for some special work. The gradual silting up of the Gulf of Cambay, owing to the action of the Indus, had seriously affected the natural drainage of the coast Talukas of Kaira and Broach. Large stretches had become sodden with water, which brought destructive salts to the surface. Much land had gone out of cultivation and more was unable to pay the assessment imposed at the last settle-

ment. So I was to report on the situation and make proposals. Wagra is not an attractive country in the hot weather. An absolutely flat plain of deep black cotton soil is broken only by a few scrubby neem and *bábhul*\* trees. Near the coast the cultivation melts into flats of black mud, covered at high tides by the sea. The only sight of interest was the herds of black buck, which roamed the plain in thousands. But few can have the heart to shoot one more of these beautiful little beasts than is required for the pot, or, occasionally, to furnish a specially fine trophy. The best that I got carried very heavy horns, measuring just over 24 inches, and its skin, which was of a bright brown colour, measured 4 inches more in width and breadth than the best black skin that I secured. One morning, on my return from a long round, hot and tired, I found awaiting me a telegram from the Chief Secretary, desiring me to finish my Chikhli report before proceeding to Simla. Here was a thrill ! There was no explanation till next day, when a letter from my chief informed me that I had been selected to officiate for three months as Under-Secretary to the Government of India in the Department of Revenue and Agriculture. Apparently a man was required who understood the Bombay Settlement system, and Mr. Muir Mackenzie had recommended me. There was, in fact, under the circumstances previously explained, no other Civilian of the right standing who knew the job, so I was fortunate. I hurried off to Surat to complete my report, finished it by the middle of June, and by the 20th of the month was on my way North, full of excitement and eager anticipation.

\* *Bábhul* = a thorny tree of the *Acacia* species, with a flower similar to that of *mimosa*.

## CHAPTER IX

SIMLA, 1897

Journey to Simla—First Impressions—The Work of an Under-Secretary—Mental Atmosphere—Lord Elgin—Sir James Westland—Sir John Woodburn—Mr. Ibbetson—The Social Side—Leave to England—Fellow-passengers, Sir Robert Reid and Others.

**T**HE journey across Rajputána by the narrow-gauge railway in the latter part of June is too hot to be enjoyable. Delhi had had its first fall of rain and was sweltering in a saturated atmosphere under a blazing afternoon sun. The cool shade and swinging punkahs of Kellner's refreshment room were more than grateful, and a long iced draught of the "wine of Devon" seemed to me the drink of my life. In the train to Kálka I was lucky enough to make the acquaintance of a postal official, who kindly offered me a lift up the hill in his carriage. At that time the journey of fifty-eight miles from Kalka was by road, for the ordinary passenger in a *tonga*,\* for the more luxurious in a landau. Only postal officials were allowed on the road at night, so when we pulled out of Kalka about midnight I had reason to feel that I was in luck. That journey up and the first few days in Simla were a dream of delight. We got to Solon as the first flush of dawn was reddening the sky, and early tea in the verandah of the *Dák* † Bungalow in the fresh morning air was most enjoyable. As we got

\* *Tonga* = a two-wheeled cart, drawn by two ponies harnessed curriple fashion.

† *Dák* = post or posting stage.

higher the pines began to scent the air, but it was not till Simla was almost reached that the stately *deodár* took the place of the *cheer*, the humble relation of the lower ridges. The Secretary of my Department, Mr. (later Sir Denzil) Ibbetson, had invited me to stay for a day or two, and I found him and his family at breakfast. After seven years of somewhat lonely life, to find oneself in the midst of a cheerful English family and the refinements of home life was a delightful experience, which for the next three days, while finding my way about, I enjoyed to the full. When you first go to Simla even the houses smell of fresh pine wood, and the air is full of the scent, which reaches intensity near the carpenters' shops of the Lakkar Bazaar, with their fresh-sawn planks, cedar shavings and heaps of sawdust. Simla was crowded at the moment with personages of both races, attending the celebrations of Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee, and after an early shower or two was looking its best. To eyes still red with the dust and glare of the Guzarat Plain, the cool green of the deodars and the subdued tints of the hills fading away into the distant snow line were very grateful. Nor was the human element less attractive to one fresh from the somewhat drab monotony of Districts in the hot weather. Apart from the sight of picturesque hill folk, it was pleasant to find one's own kind once more turned out tidily in English clothes, and still pleasanter was the crowd of pretty, well-dressed women. Yes, young woman, you may shake your trim head and display your brazen knees, but your mother, though she endured a waist, shared a tragic disability with the Queens of Spain, and perched an impossible hat on the crown of her unshorn locks, managed to look very charming and gladdened your absurd father's eye !

I was shortly installed in rooms at the United Services Club, and got down to work. The R. and A. Department in those days occupied part of one of the military offices below the Mall, about ten minutes' walk from the Club. I was at first somewhat alarmed at the volume of work and my own inadequacy, but under Mr. Ibbetson's unequalled guidance soon got the hang of things. It is impossible to imagine a better training than the young Civilian obtains as Under-Secretary in one of the great Departments of the Government of India. He has first to learn the relative importance of cases, what he can dispose of himself and what he must submit to higher authority ; how to get rid of routine work quickly and so make time for cases which he must tackle seriously and think about. I had very little idea of what work meant, for in Districts there is no one to teach you. Your seniors have little time to spare, and you pick up the work as you go, thoroughly or otherwise, according to temperament, but rarely systematically. I had naturally taken trouble with the substance and the language of my settlement reports, but, so far as ordinary correspondence went, was prepared to sign anything put up by the office, so long as it expressed with reasonable clearness what I wanted to say. That was not good enough for Simla, with a chief who missed nothing, whether it was bad English or want of thoroughness. Drafting was at first " a sair business." The first big draft that I sent up, relating to the reorganisation of the Civil Veterinary Department, drew from the Secretary : " This is absolutely the worst draft I have ever seen in my life. Who is responsible for it ? " The old Superintendent of the Branch, whose involved production I had edited according to my lights, was had up and reduced to tears. Those who knew Mr. Ibbetson

do not need to be told that a kindly word sent both of us off comforted, determined for the future to do or die. The notes on the file required equal care, for, apart from one's chief, there were the young lions of the other Departments to which the case might be sent, waiting to spring on any doubtful fact or argument. Under such conditions it is not long before you appreciate the dangers of a light hand with a file and learn to avoid the literary pitfalls that await the unwary, to co-ordinate your facts, marshal your arguments, and to drive home your point in the fewest words possible. As a result your work is halved for the rest of your service, and it is a great pity that more District Officers cannot be put through the mill. Most of the complaints about overworked Collectors and their submersion under a flood of papers are simply due to the fact that they have never learnt to separate the wheat from the chaff, and waste a wholly unnecessary amount of time on the latter.

The mental atmosphere of Simla is most refreshing. Contrary to once prevalent ideas, headquarters are not manned by favouritism and log-rolling, and one of the first things that struck me was the infinite trouble taken to find the right man for any particular job. Apart from the picked body on duty, the men on leave had, more often than not, been somewhere and done something. I remember how at one of my first dinners at the Club, having recently read Knight's enthralling book, "Where Three Empires Meet," I found myself sitting at a small table with Aylmer, who had blown in the gates of Nilt, and Bower, who had chased Afzul Khán, the murderer of an Englishman in the Himalayas, up and down Central Asia, run him to earth in Russian territory, got him hanged, and thereby proved for all time to those regions

the length of the British *Sarkár's* \* arm. And so it would happen on any evening. After being for years concerned only with the conciliation of seniors, you rubbed shoulders with your contemporaries and pitted your brains against theirs, often keener than your own. In office you saw the work of men in all parts of India and learnt that there were more ways of doing a thing than that recognised in your own Province, and, outside, you met the men themselves. You realised, perhaps for the first time, that you were not merely an individual of no importance, in whom want of industry and ambition seemed pardonable, but part of a great machine, to whose efficiency you were in honour bound to contribute, according to the measure of your ability, your humble part. The whole thing was most stimulating, and in a hill station which had not yet outgrown itself and become crowded and unhealthy life seemed worth living.

Lord Elgin was Viceroy at the time. A shy man apparently, little was seen or known of him by any outside the small official circle that did daily business with him. The social round of Simla had for him few attractions, and he seemed to be happiest enjoying with his family the simple life on the slopes of Mahásu. Though he gave little indication of a strong initiative, his minutes were the embodiment of sound common-sense and were written in good, terse English with that felicity of expression which seems to be the hereditary gift of his class. He was one of those who, with nothing in the world to gain from high office, are content, at the call of duty, to exchange a life of privileged ease for one of overwork, harassment and subjection to the infinite boredom of the ritual of State. In England such men are never wanting

\* *Sarkár* = Government.

when the call comes. They are true pillars of the Empire, and happy is the country from which they spring.

Sir George White was Commander-in-Chief, who as a soldier needs no placing. But he would also give a very useful opinion on questions other than military, and appealed to us particularly by his knowledge of Irish land problems and the light that he could throw on their Indian parallels. The most forceful personality in Council was that of the Finance Member, Sir James Westland. A retired Civilian, he had been recalled at a time of some financial anxiety, and did valuable work. He combined robust sense with a somewhat limited view of the requirements of a progressive administration, and the extraction of a few rupees for the benefit of the Minor Scientific Departments, who were our peculiar charge, was always a matter of difficulty. "Jimmy's" ways were a constant source of interest and amusement, verging sometimes on exasperation. A Secretary once asked his head *Bábu*\* what view the Honourable Member was likely to take of a particular case. The reply was: "Sir, God knows what view the Honourable Member is likely to take of *any* case!" When the file came up to him, he had first to prove to his own satisfaction that every one who had noted on it already was a born fool. He would then get down to business and, if tackled personally with discretion, might prove unexpectedly generous. But his stubborn guardianship of the public purse at a critical time had notable results and cleared the path for a successor of greater imagination. Though his official manners and methods were, as Lord Curzon described them, somewhat truculent, he was at home the most

\* *Bábu* = originally an honorific term, corresponding to esquire, applied to Bengali gentlemen; now means a Bengali clerk.

genial of men, and was particularly kind to young people. Many of us recall with pleasure cheery Sunday evening dinners at "The Yarrows" with him and his wife and daughters.

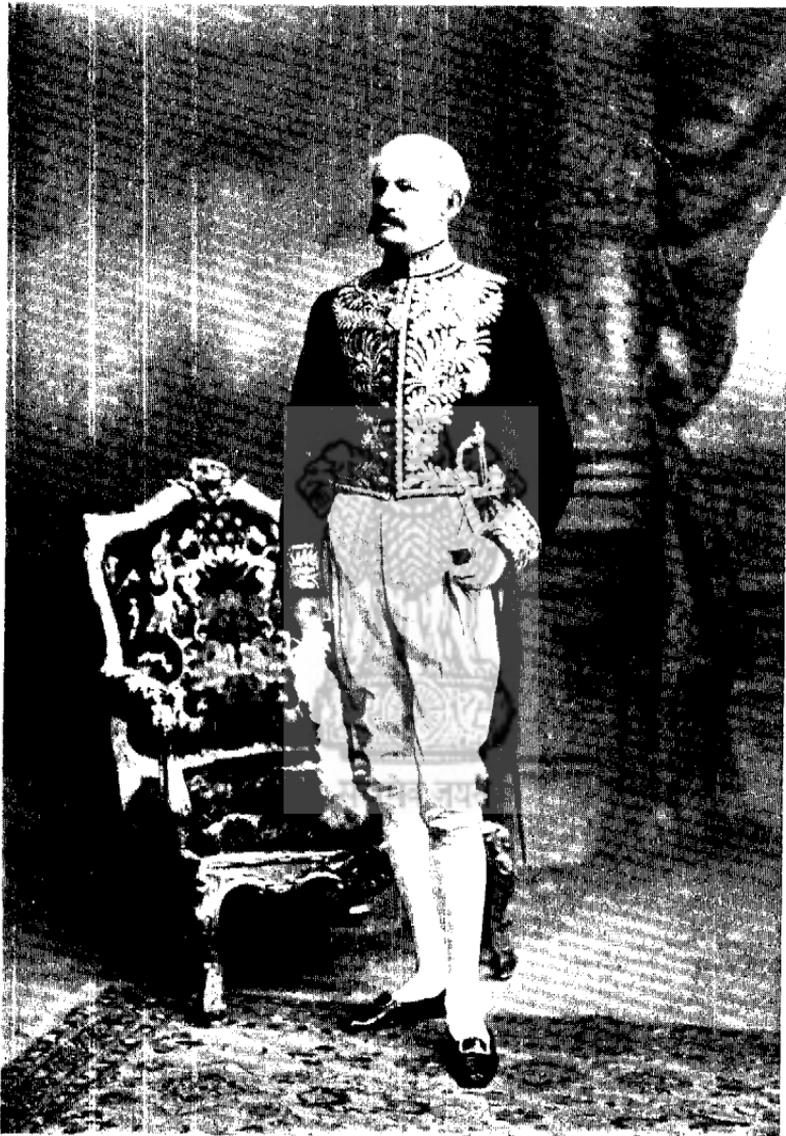
The Member in charge of the Home and R. and A. Departments was Sir John Woodburn. He was not abnormally clever, but had good sound sense, was a very great gentleman, and afterwards made a strong and successful Lieut.-Governor of Bengal. Of the Secretaries, Mr. (now Sir John) Hewitt was at the Home, Sir William Cunningham at the Foreign, and Mr. Ibbetson at the R. and A. Office. The last had gained a high reputation in the Panjáb as Settlement Officer, Superintendent of Census, Director of Public Instruction and Financial Commissioner. His report of the Census of 1881 was a monument of industry and research. The chapter dealing with the "Races, Castes and Tribes" of the Panjáb is to this day the recognised authority on the subject, and was reprinted ten years ago by the Local Government. Service under him was a great education. The only criticism that I ever heard of his work was that he wrote too much, and he would admit it himself. But it was all part of his passion for thoroughness. Any subject with which he dealt was explored to its beginnings, brought up to date, and disposed of for years to come. By his untimely death, a year after he had succeeded to the Lieut.-Governorship of the Panjáb, his Province, his service and all India sustained an irreparable loss. The closing words of the preface to the reprint mentioned above are the tribute of a distinguished successor, Sir Michael O'Dwyer, a man after his own heart :—

"No one to whom Sir Denzil Ibbetson was known can ever forget his personality : his tall and commanding presence, his vivacious and original

conversation, his constant sense of humour, his quick indignation and his equally quick sympathy. For the thoroughness of his erudition in many directions he was unsurpassed in India, and as an administrator there are not a few who hold him to have been the greatest Indian Civil Servant of our time. His character and career are admirably summed up in an inscription placed by the Viceroy, on whose Council he served, on the walls of the Simla Church, which runs as follows :—

UNTIRING IN ADMINISTRATION,  
FEARLESS IN DOING RIGHT,  
A SCHOLAR AND A MAN OF AFFAIRS,  
LOYAL IN COOPERATION, DEVOTED IN FRIENDSHIP  
HE GAVE TO INDIA HIS LOVE  
AND HIS LIFE."

Under such a chief and in the bracing atmosphere described, work was as never before an absorbing interest, and for the unsophisticated the social side of Simla had great attractions. At the Club there was good cheer and good company and the hospitality of private houses was unbounded. At "Ava Lodge," on a Sunday afternoon, Mr. and Mrs. Ibbetson were generally to be found, surrounded by Panjab friends of all standings as well as other interesting people, and their pretty garden was the scene of hospitable teas, at which good talk and good things were to be enjoyed in a charming setting. They also had a retreat on the Mahasu Ridge, about seven miles North of Simla and a thousand feet higher, with a glorious view of the snows, where I spent with them more than one pleasant week-end. There is a sparkle about the air of Mahasu, that Simla, facing the plain and exposed to its dust, does not afford, and the hillside walks, the deodar forests, the wild flowers and the ferns, whether gleaming in the sun or wrapped in monsoon mists, are wonderfully refreshing. In the R. and A. Department we were ordinarily free from the blue slips, which indicate that



SIR DENZIL IBBETSON, K.C.S.I., LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR OF THE PUNJAB.

[Facing p. 92.]

the case submitted must be dealt with at once, at any hour of the day or night, and could get away from office for a day without a qualm. In the Home or Foreign Department such a slip may mean an emergency in any part of India requiring instant orders from His Excellency, or a question of life or death for a condemned criminal, and the Under-Secretary must be on hand to deal with the file and pass it on. Mr. Ibbetson, too, took a generous view of the requirements of discipline, and, so long as the work was done punctually, did not insist that it should always be done in office. Then there was the Annandale Sports Ground, the scene of races, polo, cricket matches and mounted sports, and of a great event of the season, the horse and dog show. On this occasion all Simla, dressed in its best, shared the hospitality of the Viceregal Staff and an afternoon's respite from office. On the day of a cricket match, the Home Secretary, who did more work of the highest quality with less apparent effort than any man in Simla, could be seen in the pavilion disposing of his papers in the intervals of play. Another familiar figure on the cricket ground was Howard Hensman, the representative in Simla, for many years, of the great Allahabad daily, the *Pioneer*. He had been war correspondent with Lord Roberts in Afghanistan, and besides being the most interesting and genial companion, had a reputation for absolute discretion and was the trusted repository of many a secret of State. A picturesque touch was added to the little rivulets near the racecourse by the swaddled hill babies, lulled to sleep by a tiny trickle of water directed on to the forehead, a curious practice that is supposed to make them strong and apparently does no harm. The Amateur Dramatic Society, among the most famous of its kind, provided many a good evening's

amusement, and the "Most Hospitable Order of the Black Heart" cheerful and well-run dances. But those who are interested in Simla will find the whole story recorded in Mr. E. J. Buck's excellent book: "Simla Past and Present."

Towards the end of the rains of 1897 we were thrilled by the news of the rising of the Frontier tribes and the investment of the Malakand, and, shortly after, of the Mohmand rising. When I left Simla that portion of the North-West Frontier was in a blaze, the Tirah expedition was in preparation and Regiments and individuals were tumbling over each other to get to the front. About the same time I learnt that I was to be confirmed in my appointment, was given three months' leave and set off home. On the way down, I was unwise enough to sit in the front seat of the tonga without glasses. The curricula bar of this vehicle as it bangs away downhill gives off a stream of iron filings, a fact of which I was unaware. I arrived at Kalka with my eyes full of them and spent a most uncomfortable night on the way to Delhi. I pulled up there, and at the hospital got some relief, but it was a week or more before my eyes were clear. I spent a day or two in Agra and Delhi seeing what I could, but will only submit that the great Mosque of Delhi and the Táj Mahál are among the few wonders of the world, a first sight of which conveys no suggestion of disappointment. After a few days in Bombay I sailed for England and spent two happy months renewing old ties and my acquaintance with London. I set out again in December, spent Christmas in the Red Sea and a few days later reported myself in Calcutta. I met a number of interesting people on the way out. Sir Robert Reid, later Lord Loreburn, was on his way to Egypt, and I had some

pleasant talks with him. It was a happy chance to meet on board o' ship terms the man who in Oxford days had always seemed to me to have, with the possible exception of Sir Frank Lockwood, the most attractive personality among the great leaders of the Bar. His geniality and confidential manner captured the jury at once, and fractious interruptions from the Judge only made the beam of his smile broader and more benevolent. I never had any doubt that if I wanted to win a case that was the man for me. Another was Sir William Preece, one of the fathers of electricity in England, an old friend at whose house I had as a boy listened to the gibberings and squeakings of Edison's first phonograph. A party of Astronomers, headed by Dr. H. H. Turner, Savilian Professor at Oxford, was on its way to the Central Provinces to view the total eclipse of the sun of January, 1898. Of Dr. Turner's scientific attainments I am not qualified to speak, but he sang a right good North Country song !

## CHAPTER X

WITH THE GOVERNMENT OF INDIA, 1898-1900

Calcutta and the Government of India—Clubs—Hospitality—Climate—Work—Sir H. Cotton—Dr. Watt—Work of the R. & A. Department—Mr. J. B. Fuller—Mr. M. Finucane—Simla again—Mr. T. H. Holderness—Mahasu—A Christmas Camp—Appointment and Arrival of Lord Curzon—Marriage—"Foswell"—Viceregal Lodge—Colonel Stuart Beatson—Lord Curzon's Secretariat Minute—Mr. Clinton Dawkins—Industrial Policy—Famine of 1899-1900—Scientific Departments—Dr. Lingard—Mr. Holland—Mr. Ibbetson officiates as Home Member.

**A**T that time the Government of India still spent five months in Calcutta, from the beginning of November to the end of March. The subsequent transfer of winter headquarters to Delhi, the capital of the Mughals and of many earlier dynasties, was a striking act of State that appealed to the imagination and had solid administrative reasons to commend it. The new capital has been designed on spacious lines, and the Supreme Government will be housed in buildings and amid surroundings not unworthy of the Empire that it represents. As in every progressive business, so in that of Government, the volume and variety of work and of the men that do it swells with ever-growing rapidity, and in New Delhi it will, for many years to come, be possible to meet the demand for the accommodation of new or expanding departments, unhampered by considerations of space or of the cost of acquisition. But it is not to be denied that, in one respect, the Government of India lost much by the transfer. Society in Simla is almost entirely

official, and the same may be said of its point of view. In Calcutta, officials of all grades entered a new atmosphere. They met at their Clubs and in their own houses the men who count in industry, trade, commerce and the professions, on a footing unattainable when the latter are mere visitors to the seat of Government, to the great benefit of all concerned. It seems scarcely possible that these conditions can ever be reproduced in Delhi, though no man can say what the future holds in the way of increased facility of communication. For some time to come, at any rate, the official will meet at Delhi exactly the same people that he has been meeting all the summer in Simla and will miss much that in former days tended to widen his angle of vision.

All this leads to the point, that life in Calcutta for the Government of India officials was a great change from that of Simla, in many ways stimulating and beneficial. For those with solid or scientific interests outside their work there were the Asiatic Society, the Museum, the Photographic Society, the noble Botanical Gardens, and all the men of learning and science connected with these and the like institutions. For the horseman there was the weekly paper-chase, which for those competing for the Cup meant a steeplechase on a thoroughbred, polo and other riding to suit all tastes. The Calcutta Turf Club provided the best racing for the best horses in India, and an afternoon's outing of a Saturday, the charm of which was by no means confined to the business in hand. For nowhere could be seen a more brilliant spectacle of frocks and beauty, lawns and flowers, and all the other amenities of a well-managed and popular meeting. Excellent snipe shooting was to be had within easy reach by those who could find the time and knew where to go. There were

two famous Clubs, the Bengal Club, resort of merchant princes, of the leaders of the professions and of such others as could afford it and gain admission, and the United Service Club, run on more modest lines, which did for most of us, and did it very well. Tennis of the best was to be had at Clubs and private houses, on grass courts such as in India are only possible where the water level is within a foot or two of the surface. The round of dances and other amusements seemed unceasing, and in a country the home of hospitality, Calcutta stood pre-eminent. The climate is far from perfect. Early November is still muggy and is the time of the green fly, a tiresome little pest that smothers everything but fortunately does not smell or bite. December and January are bracing enough, and often of a night or early morning the whole country is wrapped in a dense white mist. It gradually warmed up from the beginning of February, in March the *pankahs*\* were hung, and by the end of that month one was thankful to depart to the cool heights of Simla. Since those days electric fans and motor cars have wrought a revolution in life in the plains, and Calcutta in the hot season must be infinitely more tolerable than it was twenty-five years ago.

In the matter of an office we had no cause for complaint for we were far better housed than at Simla, but work was never quite so pleasant. Apart from the heat, interruptions were constant, and, as it grew hotter, a really heavy file was an object of dislike, to be marked if possible, "Put up at Simla." The interrupters were, of course, often interesting. I remember Sir Henry Cotton, then Chief Commissioner of Assam coming in for some information and grievously wounding my provincial

\* *Pankah* = fan.

susceptibilities by assuring me that in Bombay we knew nothing about our people in comparison with the Civilian of Bengal. It may be observed that Bengal has a permanent Zamindari Settlement, and that the main business of the District Officer is magisterial. I saw a good deal of Dr. (now Sir George) Watt, a man of amazing energy and knowledge in his own line. The Museum of Economic Products organised by him, and for which he had ransacked all India, was a remarkable piece of informed and methodical work. An untiring worker, he was always busy accumulating information, and his encyclopædic "Dictionary of the Economic Products of India" has an intrinsic and now a rarity value that makes it a coveted possession. The assemblage of several Departments under one roof made a tiffin club possible, so we all met for lunch and conversation which, with Sir James Westland, Mr. Chalmers, the Law Member, and Mr. Fuller at the head of the table, was always full of rumour and interest.

The work of the R. and A. Department was both varied and interesting. In Land Revenue matters it was the final controlling authority for all the Provinces except the three Presidencies of Bengal, Bombay and Madras, who dealt directly with the Secretary of State. It handled all questions relating to Tenancy Laws, to plantation labour and to licensed emigration to British possessions. It was the administrative authority for the following Imperial Departments : Forests, Geology and Mines, Agriculture, Horticulture, Civil Veterinary, Survey of India, Archæology and Meteorology. The personalities of the officers of these departments were as varied as the subjects with which they dealt. Some were businesslike men of the world with whom it was easy to work ; others, including,

it may be whispered, some of the scientific specialists, were not always businesslike, and were occasionally temperamental. In early days it had been necessary to indent for specialists on Germany and elsewhere, and a few of the men thus recruited, including two very competent Heads of Department, still survived. A departmental budget was apt to be a weary wrestle with enthusiasts, who were unable to grasp the fact that no new items of expenditure could be included which had not received administrative sanction and took the opportunity, as they viewed it, to press their favourite schemes. Perhaps the most disconcerting person was a member of the Archæological Department, of Teuton extraction, who unearthed what he claimed to be undoubtedly a tooth of the Lord Buddha. We received indignant letters from the Lieut.-Governor of Burmah, stating that pilgrims were flocking in thousands from all parts of the Buddhist world to view the relic and asking what on earth our man was up to. The tooth was, according to expert verdict, that of a nilghai. In response to inquiries this imaginative gentleman first bluffed, later submitted explanations more ingenious than convincing, and was finally advised to seek a safer field for the exercise of his talents. It was all valuable experience, and one learnt a good deal of human nature.

Towards the end of the cold weather Mr. Ibbetson went on leave and was succeeded for a time by Mr. (now Sir Bampfylde) Fuller, another most stimulating chief. The principal author of the revised Settlement in the Central Provinces, than which there is no better in India, a man whose knowledge of Land Revenue questions and experience of Districts and Secretariats was unsurpassed, philosopher and humorist, it was a real pleasure to serve

under him. After a month or two he was relieved by Mr. M. Finucane, of the Bengal Service. He was a great authority on the Bengal Tenancy Law, but had not the general knowledge of either of his immediate predecessors. He rather alarmed me by usually passing my drafts as they stood, and by asking me what cases were all about, just before taking them up to the Viceroy in accordance with the practice which gives the Secretary of a Department direct access to His Excellency once a week, without reference to the Member. But he was a genial, kindly man, and work with him was enjoyable.

We returned in due course to Simla, and on the way I spent a day or two sight-seeing in Delhi and the neighbourhood. In Simla I again found quarters at the Club and spent another pleasant and profitable summer, in the course of which I became engaged to Mr. Ibbetson's elder daughter. Simla is a propitious setting for that particular exploit, for there are hosts of friends to sympathise with both parties, and the gaiety, the walks and the rides in beautiful and friendly surroundings all add to the joy of that bit of life. Mr. (now Sir Charles) Rivaz, of the Panjab Service, had succeeded as Home Member, and Mr. (later Sir Thomas) Holderness, of what is now known as the United Provinces, took over permanent charge of the Secretaryship. He was a kindly man, and the position and influence which he afterwards attained at the India Office are the best proof of his sterling character and abilities. But he had a shy manner, encouraged no intimacy on the part of his junior, and the unemotional and complete efficiency of his work was, from the latter's point of view, apt to be monotonous. A great deal of his work was done after personal discussion with the Honourable Member, which no doubt saved

much time and paper, but to learn, as happened in nine cases out of ten, that the Member agreed with Secretary, and His Excellency likewise, did not add to the diversions of life. From the standpoint of superiors there probably never was a more adequate Secretary, for he saved them all trouble and was absolutely reliable. His blame was as rare as his praise, and I would at times recall with sympathy the heartwring exclamation of a soldier friend in command of a carefully picked and immaculate guard of honour, which had been inspected by the Governor in stony silence : “ He might at least have said, ‘ What a d——d dirty lot of men you have got there ! ’ ” But it was all part of one’s education ; he was absolutely straight, and when the time came for parting was generous in his acknowledgments.

That year I shared with a friend of the Bengal Service the use in alternate weeks of “ Alice’s Bower,” the house at Mahasu that I had known the year before. It was said to be haunted, and one night, when I was sleeping in the haunted room, my collie awoke me with the most lamentable howls to a cold perspiration and extreme discomfort. But it was a delightful place and the scene of many cheery parties. I was in due course admitted to the order of the Black Heart, the qualifications for which were worthiness and bachelorhood,—as some cynic put it, you must not be living in open matrimony ! I spent Christmas in camp in the Hoshangábád District with Mr. Ibbetson, who was now Chief Commissioner of the Central Provinces. We had several beats for panther, bear and *sámbar*,\* but one panther was the total bag. But long elephant rides and hours in a cramped *machán*,† ordinarily

\* *Sámbar* = the commonest Indian stag, Rus-a Aristotelis.

† *Machán* = Shooting platform, usually of branches, tied in a tree.

a weariness of the flesh, had their charm in then existing circumstances.

The most notable events of that time were the appointment and arrival of Lord Curzon. The selection as Viceroy of so notable a figure in English society and politics created unbounded interest. The "stunt" papers demonstrated after their kind, special correspondents were sent out, and in India the prospects of a strenuous and inspiring *régime* were eagerly discussed. Lord Curzon took charge early in January, and I was present at the brief ceremony in the Council Chamber at Government House when the Home Secretary read the Warrant of his appointment. The scene impressed me deeply at the time, and, as it comes back undimmed after twenty-six years, along with the memories of all the labours, the triumphs, and the disappointments of the years to follow, rekindles many emotions. The new Viceroy, a stately figure in the full prime of his manhood, stood erect below the picture of Warren Hastings, with shoulders thrown back and an upward tilt of the head expressive of the eager soul within. Near him, on his left, was the young Mâhârâja Sindhia, clothed in the old-time splendour of cloth of gold and pearls, who was to prove himself of a spirit much akin to that of the man whom he had come to honour. Lord Curzon was not yet forty, and the old head officer of Chaprasis had been heard to exclaim on his arrival the evening before : " The Lât Saheb looks like a boy ! "

With a new Viceroy work was fairly quiet for the rest of the season, and at its close I took two months' leave in India. Part of this I spent in getting married at Pachmarhi, the summer retreat of the Central Provinces administration. The prettily wooded grassy plateau on

the heights of the Satpuras, which, as Mr. Kipling put it, the people of those parts "call a hill station," though unable to boast the height or freshness of Himalayan resorts, has a great charm of its own. A short walk takes you to the haunts of tiger and sambar, a scramble of a few hundred feet to delightful glens, through which dash sparkling streamlets, bedewing as they go a luxuriant growth of overhanging tree ferns. And the rich red loam of the plateau is a joy to gardeners. The rest of my leave we spent in settling down in our Simla home. "Foswell," a little sunny house of old-fashioned cob, festooned with honey-suckle, roses and the purple and white solanum creepers, stood on the Kasumpti spur, and for the next two seasons was a pleasant halting place on life's journey. A pretty garden and good tennis court appealed to both of us, and below there were walks on the open downs and a spacious view of "deep romantic chasms" slanting down the green hill, with here and there a flat-topped village of mud houses, and, in the distance, on the one hand the bold outline of the Chor peak, and on the other the plains wrapped in a haze of dust or, later in the season, sparkling with the silver of newly filled tanks and rivers. The opening of the rains was very impressive as the oncoming torrent of cloud flooded through the Tára Devi gap, accompanied by thunderstorms of an intensity only to be experienced in the hills. It was a cheerful season, that of 1899. Entertainments at Viceregal Lodge took on a new brilliance with a beautiful and gracious hostess and a host who appeared to enjoy himself as much as the lightest-hearted there. Few who saw him then, at his cheerful best, realised that the strenuous evening was but the prelude of hours of solid work, often prolonged far into the morning. We lived some three

miles from Viceregal Lodge, and to-day recall pleasant memories of the long run home in *rikshas* with the moonlight flooding a blanket of snow-white cloud, from which the peaks and ridges of the lower hills stood up like islands in a peaceful sea. The business of the day began with a canter to office, and on the way one would join others bound in the same direction, often interesting people, of whom I call to mind Colonel (later Sir Stuart) Beatson, Inspector-General of Imperial Service troops, who lived close to us. He was a beautiful horseman, had with Sir Pertáp Singh in Jodhpur shown the way to the Ráthors at polo and after pig, and was a cultured man of many accomplishments. I usually got away from office in time for tea and some evening exercise. And there was always the garden and dear old "Nanda" *Máli*,\* a simple, good soul, who always assured me that he was a cultivator, not a gardener, was content to do what he was told—the rarest virtue in a gardener—and did it with complete success. Happy days!

Lord Curzon was not slow to give us a taste of his quality in the shape of an admirable minute on the Secretariat system. In humorous vein he described the wearisome journey of a file through the various departments, the extravagant noting and the inter-departmental game of battledore and shuttlecock, laid it down in unmistakable terms that this sort of thing must stop, and indicated clearly how this could be effected. Excessive paper work is the curse of all Indian administrations, and is, up to a point, unavoidable. Under conditions in which the *personnel* of permanent officialdom is constantly changing and the Members of Council, the Viceroy or the Governor serve for five years and depart for ever, a

\* *Máli* = gardener.

full written record of policies and the grounds on which they are based cannot be dispensed with. But the tendency for writing to exceed all bounds is always there, and can only be checked by determined and persistent pressure from the top. Lord Curzon's efforts had immediate results, but for how long they prevailed I am not in a position to say, probably for the duration of his term of office. There should, under modern conditions, which provide opportunity for the public discussion of all important questions, be less need than of old for volumes of manuscript eloquence. It may here be observed that the system of record in use at the Government of India was highly efficient. As soon as a file began to attain awkward dimensions it was, after careful weeding out of unnecessary notes and papers, sent to be printed up. It returned in the form of a thin foolscap booklet in which every paper required was readily available in its place and could be found and read without effort. Consequently the understanding of a case, which might cover many years, presented little difficulty. High officials were not always kind to the printer in the matter of handwriting, and I remember that the first proof of an early essay of one of my temporary chiefs brought up the Government Printer, a little stout man of great character and immense deportment, with tears in his eyes. When it is remembered that the Indian compositor of that time had little or no English, the difficulties of Mr. Jones's task may be imagined. But composing machines worked by educated men have changed all that.

The next demonstration by His Excellency that I recall related to industrial and, in particular, to mining enterprise. The Burmah Ruby Mines Company had for years struggled along under a crushing load of royalties

and the latest of many appeals for relief came up soon after the new Finance Member, Mr. (later Sir Clinton) Dawkins, had taken his seat. Hitherto the attitude of the Government of India towards men anxious to invest their brains and their capital in Indian ventures had been that of the bulldog towards the burglar, and many such, after wasting months and years in the endeavour to do business on terms worth considering, had packed up and departed in disgust. Mr. Dawkins, who possessed a wide knowledge not only of Government finance, but also of the great business world, pleaded strongly for a more liberal policy, and this attitude was warmly welcomed by the Viceroy in a vigorous and characteristic minute. The Ruby Mines were given a fresh start, and from that day it has at least been possible, if not always satisfactory, for the pioneer miner or industrialist to do business with the Government of India.

But there was trouble brewing which might well have absorbed the whole energies of a smaller man. The rains of 1899 failed to fulfil their early promise. Over a tract with an area of 400,000 square miles and a population of 60 millions not a drop fell after the middle of June ; by the middle of October all vegetation except trees had disappeared, and by the end of October it was evident that India was faced with a famine of unprecedented severity. The distress was further aggravated by the fact that a large portion of this tract had not yet recovered from a scarcity, little less intense, of the last season but one. Lord Curzon faced the situation with an energy and courage all his own and, while the volume and quality of the rest of his work seemed unaffected, found time to direct the whole campaign. Not content with direction from headquarters, he visited from time to time

many of the most afflicted districts, saw things for himself, and heartened and encouraged the men on the spot, officials, missionaries and volunteers, as only he could do who never spared himself. Though he never was nor could be secretariat-ridden, and was always accessible to the District Officer, it was then that he learnt to know the latter, his work, and his point of view, and thereafter never failed, when occasion permitted, to pay generous tribute to his services. Personally I had little touch with famine, as Mr. Holderness took over all the work connected with it, while I attended to current departmental papers.

At that time I saw a good deal of the officers of the various scientific departments. An interesting institution was the research laboratory at Muktesar, in the Kumaon Hills. The officer in charge was a learned and laborious worker, who was then engaged in the investigation of rinderpest, a disease that yearly took a heavy toll of cattle in all parts of India. The Head of the Veterinary Department was an excellent officer, who knew more about the points of a horse or a bullock than the ways of pathogenic organisms, and the professor's cautious methods and endless accumulations of data, productive often, as must always be the case, of merely negative results were to him a perpetual exasperation. A committee was held, presided over by the Secretary, to hear the Doctor's report of his progress. The gallant Colonel sat and snorted through the proceedings, and when the Doctor, after detailing the successful results of his prophylactic serum, announced that he had secured as good with a culture of melon seed, fairly exploded! I never heard that this particular line of research was further pursued, but Dr. Lingard's work was of inestimable

value, for he produced a vaccine which has made it possible to control effectively this dreaded pest, and must have saved the lives of many thousands of cattle, and their owners from embarrassment if not ruin. Among others, one recalls Sir John Eliot, Meteorological Reporter, some time Senior Wrangler, and a man of wide culture and great personal charm, his assistant, Mr. Dallas, and Mr. (now Sir Thomas) Holland, of the Geological Survey, who afterwards, as President of the Indian Industrial Commission and Board of Munitions, did priceless work during the war, was later a Member of Council, and is now Rector of the Imperial College of Science and Technology at South Kensington, with a world-wide reputation and influence. Dr. Watt, enthusiast as ever, had many schemes for economic development, but the times were not propitious for expenditure that could be avoided. He would emerge deflated from the Secretary's room, dripping from an icy stream of unanswerable common-sense, and had much of my sympathy !

At the end of the season Mr. Rivaz went on leave, Mr. Ibbetson was appointed to officiate as Home Member, and it was arranged that my wife and I should share a house with him for the Calcutta season.

## CHAPTER XI

LORD CURZON, 1899-1905

Mr. Ibbetson as Member—Lord Curzon's Address to the Asiatic Society—Indian Monuments—Social Life in Calcutta—Mr. R. C. Dutt and Land Revenue Policy—Lord Curzon's Work—His Personality and Gossip—His Moral Courage—His Industry—Internal Reforms—External Policy—His Tours—His Accessibility—His Humanity—His Relations with the Princes—Policy of Centralisation—The Partition of Bengal—His Influence on Changing India.

**T**HEN followed a season of intense interest. Mr. Ibbetson's position as a Member of the Executive Council and his own personality brought to his house the leading men in all walks of life, and it was inevitable, in view of our new and intimate relation, that I should hear a good deal that was not public property. Mr. Ibbetson had given his life to India, had taken little leave, and was not in close touch with English politics or personalities. I remember him wondering at the time of Lord Curzon's appointment, "what all the fuss was about." He was soon to learn. From the time of their association a bond of sympathy was established between the two which ripened into a warm mutual regard and admiration, and was severed only by the death of the elder man. With files returning from hands which rarely dealt with a case without adding to it a touch of originality, work took on a new interest. In February Lord Curzon's address to the Asiatic Society of Bengal, on the duty and privilege of Government with respect to beautiful and famous monuments of the past, stirred all

imaginations and breathed new life into the Department of Archæology. How often as a District Officer had one lamented the spirit of soulless apathy that was permitting noble buildings to crumble to decay or leaving them at the mercy of utilitarian vandalism. Great individual work had been done in the way of excavation, cataloguing, and appreciation by such men as Burgess, Cunningham, Bhandarkar, Cousens, Cole and Fergusson. But they were voices crying in the wilderness, and the money required for conservation was not to be had. Lord Curzon altered all that. In the United Provinces, under Sir Anthony Macdonnell's forceful guidance, the marble dreams of Shah Jahán and the other master builders were restored to their original perfection, amid surroundings as fitting as the skill of the landscape gardener could contrive, and at the present time there is scarcely a monument of beauty or interest in any part of India that does not bear witness to the great Viceroy's animating ardour. In many cases the havoc wrought by tropical conditions, bigoted iconoclasts, or by scarcely less destructive departmental obtuseness, was irreparable, and in other cases the remedy involved expenditure which could not be justified. But much has been done to rescue the name of our administration from the righteous obloquy that a few more years of neglect would have brought upon it.

In time of famine, as in that of a minor war, though there is at the back of every one's mind a haunting shadow of depression and anxiety, the social life of a great capital proceeds unaffected on the surface, and that of Calcutta was no exception. We had a good hunter or two, rode, without competing, in the weekly paper-chase, hacked on the racecourse, and of a Sunday morning would join a

cheerful party over the paper-chase course of the preceding week, to finish with breakfast at the Tollygunge Club. The entertainments at Government House and "Belvedere," the Lieut.-Governor's residence, where Sir John Woodburn now reigned, were brilliant and hospitable. Many will recall the Sunday lunches at Barrackpur, the trip up the river by launch, the fine old house, and the stately, well-timbered park and gardens, for ever associated with the long line of Governors-General, their private lives, their joys and their sorrows. I remember one dinner party at the house of Mr. Simpson, partner in a leading firm, and his clever wife, daughter of a famous Scotsman, Norman McLeod. My father-in-law and other eminent people were present, and after the ladies had risen our host invested us all with grotesque half masks of gauze. The sight of a number of grave and reverend heads thus travestied was irresistibly comic and as we joined the ladies reduced us all to hysterical helplessness. We spent Christmas in Darjeeling, and were fortunate in getting glorious views of the peaks of Khinchinjunga glowing with the rosy flush of dawn and sunset. There is surely nowhere else in the world, accessible within a few hours' journey from a great city, a panorama of such magnificence. From Darjeeling the highest peak towers 20,000 feet over the spectator's head at a distance of no more than fifty miles, and conveys an impression of incomparable height and grandeur. The change from the sultry stickiness of Calcutta to the conditions of an English Christmas under snow was very refreshing.

The next Simla season was my last with the Government of India. I was much occupied with one most interesting piece of work. Mr. R. C. Dutt, once an

Acting Commissioner of a Bengal Division, but later identified with the activities of the National Congress, had addressed to the Viceroy a series of open letters, subsequently republished in book form, in which he discussed at length the land policies of the various Governments in India, and sought to draw the conclusion that they were largely responsible for recurring famines. Lord Curzon welcomed the opportunity for a comprehensive review of the Land Revenue policy throughout India, and the first step taken was an examination by the department concerned of Mr. Dutt's allegations and arguments. Mr. Holderness took up the Zamindari Provinces and handed the Raiyatwari over to me. The Bengal Civilian has, as already hinted, little opportunity of acquiring an extensive knowledge of Land Revenue problems, and Mr. Dutt was no exception to the rule. As to other parts of India, his statements were generally based on ill-informed and unverified hearsay ; his essay, however laudable its intention, was a dead horse, which no amount of flogging could revive, and had no other value than as the occasion of an authoritative pronouncement. Whatever the use to Government of my investigations, their pursuit was an education to me, and when I left Simla I knew more than most of a subject which Lord Curzon described as " the be all and end all of millions of the population, and . . . the mainspring of our internal administration." \* In the meantime, Mr. Dutt's criticisms were forwarded to the Local Governments and their replies invited. The final result was the Resolution of the Governor-General in Council, No. 1, dated January 16, 1902, which, with its appendices, contains a complete exposition of the policy of Government. Shortcomings

\* Speech at the Guildhall, July 20th, 1904.

were admitted where proved and immediate steps were taken for their remedy.

It is with some diffidence that I now attempt to describe the great personality which for the next five years was to dominate the Indian scene. A measure of justice has in the past year been done to Lord Curzon's memory by publicists, by personal friends, and by those who shared with him the burden of office, the heat of the political fray. But the Services, in accordance with habit and tradition, have remained silent. A man must be judged by his peers, and Lord Curzon's public life and reputation may safely be left to the verdict of history. But the impressions of one who, though not within his immediate circle, saw much of his work, heard more, and served under and near him in more than one capacity may be recorded without offence. If they have no authority and little present value, they may at least have an interest at some future time, when all the actors on the stage on which he played his part have passed away. Even now, so short is the memory of man, appreciation of what he wrought for India is rapidly fading in that country, while in England but few ever realised it. To the British public generally he was, as Viceroy, at best a rather picturesque and splendid figure, a man who had done imperial work—few knew exactly what—which brought him fame and honour. To the uninformed and thoughtless he was a master of pageant and display who was not over popular either with Indians or his own countrymen, who made war on an inoffensive Thibet, and finally fell out with Lord Kitchener and had the worst of the encounter. Those who would know the truth need go no further than Sir Thomas Raleigh's collection of his speeches.\*

\* Macmillan, 1906.

But who reads speeches, except in a newspaper, as an adjunct to the morning tea or to while away the tedium of the daily journey to business ?

The personality of one whose advent had been trumpeted by an active Press was inevitably the object of much idle curiosity on the part of Anglo-Indian society. His appearance, his manners, a hasty word or momentary impatience, a petty addition to Viceregal formality or the faintest indication of a superficial vanity, were eagerly seized upon as food for the gossip of the tea-tables and, with the thoughtless and many who should have known better, were allowed to obscure the real greatness of the man behind. He was, too, in early days, the victim of an unfortunate incident, and his handling of it alienated the sympathies of a great body of public opinion. Much had been heard in recent years of assaults on Indians by British soldiers. Many lamentable cases had occurred, which usually terminated in the acquittal of the accused. Each one was taken up by the Indian Press as the text of an outcry against the essential brutality of Europeans and the unjust discrimination of our Courts in their favour. The Viceroy determined that this state of things must cease, and when a particularly flagrant case came to light, in which the actual offenders were never identified, but the evidence placed before him left no doubt in his mind that a very distinguished regiment was concerned, he took disciplinary measures with the whole regiment. Whatever opinion may be held of the merits of the case, which no one unacquainted with the evidence is in a position to judge, it was, on the part of a man so acutely sensitive to popular estimation, an act of supreme moral courage. He at once antagonised as he must have known was inevitable, his own caste in

England, from which the officers of the regiment were drawn, and the whole of British Army society in India. And the immediate results were sufficiently deplorable and galling to national pride. For the next year or two the British soldier was constantly exposed to provocative insult from the scum of the bazaars. Harassed Commanding Officers were further worried by orders that every case of assault, however petty, was to be made the subject of a special report to Army Headquarters, and had their time wasted, as they saw it, in sending urgent telegrams announcing that Pte. Blank had kicked cook Ramaswamy on the leg. But—from that day forth the trouble ceased, and in these times such a case is rarely, if ever, heard of. In general society he was too often lightly charged with being pro-Indian or anti-British, the plain fact being that, apart from his passion for equal justice between man and man, he realised, as the crowd failed to do, the infinite injury caused by the least instance of apparent partiality to the moral strength of our position in India.

Of the volume of the work that he accomplished, and its nature, some idea may be gained from his Guildhall speech of 1904. In his own words : “ Epochs arise in the history of every country when the administrative machinery requires to be taken to pieces, overhauled, and readjusted to the altered necessities or the growing demands of the hour. . . . I agree with those who inscribe on their administrative banners the motto ‘ Efficiency.’ But my conception is to practise as well as preach it.” Accordingly he took up each department in turn, beginning with the Secretariats. In some cases he would take over for a time the portfolio of the Member in charge in order to familiarise himself with the practical

work of the department. After a preliminary survey, he would communicate with the Local Governments, and perhaps convene a conference at which he would himself take the chair, or he would appoint a Commission to tour round and gain a direct acquaintance with local facts and sentiment. As a result, when he left he had equipped with a new or amended policy, and in some cases with a remodelled organisation, the departments dealing with Land Revenue, Irrigation, Famine, Plague, Education, Archæology, Police, Mines, Industry, Commerce and Railways, had infused into them something of his own spirit, and had given to their work an impetus the momentum of which is not yet exhausted. With respect to internal administration alone, he did, in six years, work which a lesser man might well contemplate with pride as the fruits of a lifetime. And, coming to his office equipped as Viceroy never was before by travel and a profound study pursued on the spot of frontier and Central Asian questions, he devoted to external and frontier affairs as well the fullest measure of attention. He recast the North-Western Frontier policy, took over that frontier from the Panjab Government, rightly, but in the face of a strenuous and indignant opposition, and at the cost of a small, well-organised and well-conducted expedition, which imposed an inappreciable burden on the Indian tax-payer, stabilised relations with Thibet and its neighbours and gave peace to the North-East. And in each case his policy has been proved sound in essentials by the acid test of time and experience.

With all this he found time for tours that extended to every corner of India and as far as the Persian Gulf, conducted with requisite state or a minimum of formality, according to the conditions prevailing at the time ; for

shooting trips in the jungles of Central India and Hyderábád, for the wearisome and exacting demands of social entertainments, and for the topographical diversions recorded in his latest book. At the same time, no Viceroy was ever more accessible or more given to direct communication with all classes of men. A year or two ago he provoked a smile by proclaiming himself the most democratic man alive. But it was essentially true. If at times he gave signs of intellectual arrogance, it was surely not unnatural in one who stood in intellect so immeasurably above the crowd. But though proud of his family and acutely sensible of the dignity of his high office, no man in his dealings with his fellows presumed less upon birth or station. He had little use for pretentious ineptitude, but every one, whatever his rank or condition, who knew his job and had something to say worth saying was assured of his courteous attention. I well remember his enjoyment, when visiting the Kolar Gold Field, of the company of an old Cornish mining "Captain," who opened the acquaintance by smacking him on the knee as he sat by him in the carriage and informing him that he knew he would "ask a lot of damfool questions," handed him a typewritten paper containing the answers, and addressed him all day as "Sonny" ! He appreciated men not for their position in life, but for what they were worth, and, unlike some smaller men, never failed to recognise and welcome an old College friend or travelling companion and recall the memories of earlier and less magnificent days.

So exuberant and commanding a personality could not fail to impress itself rapidly on Governments, officials, communities and individuals throughout the length and breadth of the land. And if this is true of all India, what

of the Secretariat, the daily witness of his labours? One of his earliest orders was to the effect that every officer who noted on a case should sign his name in full. This transformed us at once from clerical shadows into actual beings, with bodies to be kicked when necessary and souls, as it might happen, to be saved. Nor was it long before the startling conception of an Under-Secretary's view being preferred to that of his chief was, once in a glorious moon, realised in fact. He showed from the first that he meant to know his men, who they were and what they could do, and on the rare occasions of personal contact the latter realised in the kindly recognition and the word or two of sympathetic interest that they had their place in his thoughts. What could be more stimulating and gratifying to an Under-Secretary than to see his Chief's English amended with a blue pencil, with perhaps a marginal note: "The Honourable Member will forgive me, but I am a purist in these matters!"? But, being human, he was not himself guiltless of occasional lapses in the matter of style, which all added to the charm and interest of his personality. With what eagerness we awaited the return of an important case—never retained until the interest had departed—and the minute written, without pause or correction, in the clear, bold hand, sometimes benignant, sometimes scarifying, but never dull! He was not always "merciful to the absurd," but could be so on occasion. A departmental subordinate had got into trouble and was charged with demanding a bribe. His defence, which failed to carry conviction, was, that he was only trying to be funny. He appealed against the order of dismissal to His Excellency, who noted: "What strikes some people as humour is often a source of profound amazement to the rest of

mankind !” and gave him the benefit of the doubt. What perhaps appealed most to those who knew him was his simple and never-failing humanity. Five years after he left India I met on the Calais boat the man whom I had last seen surrounded by the splendour of office. He recognised me at once, and we spent the crossing chatting at the bar over beer and sandwiches. The last that my wife and I saw of him on that occasion was as he ran down the long Calais platform to say good-bye to the daughter of his old friend and colleague.

I had later the opportunity of observing the way in which he impressed the Ruling Princes. Speaking generally, it may, I think, be said that they never quite understood each other. No one was more fully sensible than he of their great position and significance in the Empire and their claim, by virtue of treaty and the historic splendour of their ancient dynasties, to the due recognition of the prerogatives of their Order. But he never forgot nor ceased to emphasise the corresponding claims of public duty. His speeches show that he realised their difficulties, but at times, perhaps, he made insufficient allowance for them, and his attitude was, to their mind, too often suggestive of the schoolmaster. His characteristic attack on the easements enjoyed by Political Officers resident in the States, justified as it was by occasional abuse, wounded their hospitable instincts, and was in some cases strongly resented. One great Ruler frankly declined to pay any attention to the advice tendered or to accept payment of any kind for what he regarded as elementary courtesies. An inexhaustible interest in their personal affairs, which was no more than the expression of an ardent desire for stable rule by personalities above reproach, was disconcerting to proud

and sensitive men. But the high standard of service that he set had its effect, and the work that he did in re-organising and improving the Chiefs' Colleges is not forgotten. Still there was, with many of them, at the close of his term of office a feeling of soreness, which was happily alleviated by the personal charm and tact of his distinguished successor.

In other matters he was, of course, not always right. His own powers of work and organising ability led to an excessive centralisation, which had all the merits and defects of "one man" rule. Perhaps his most conspicuous mistake was the partition of Bengal on the particular lines selected by him. Partition was an obvious administrative necessity, but he failed to take sufficient account of the probable effect on Hindu sentiment of an act which severed a considerable Hindu population from its natural home and created a new Province, in which the Mahomedan element predominated. I was in the South of India at the time, and was surprised at the bitterness excited in the minds of educated Hindus, whose sympathies were ordinarily with the British *Raj*.\* They discerned in the act a deliberate attempt to play off Mahomedan against Hindu, and asked, where was our boasted neutrality and aloofness from communal bias. But it is easy to be wise after the event, and his countrymen need no assurance that the motives attributed to Lord Curzon had no part in his calculations. It has at times been suggested that his tireless activity was largely responsible for the unrest of the years that followed. No half truth could be more superficial or misleading. It may be admitted that he set the brains of all communities working with a new vigour and,

\* *Raj* = rule.

to that extent, may have given an impetus to certain developments. But the growth of the nationalist sense and of the desire for self-determination is not the work of one man, and he a foreigner, however dominant his personality. In the conditions of our Indian Empire the coming of unrest was inevitable, and the only wonder was that, when it came, it was not more violent.

Such, as I saw him, was the greatest Indian Viceroy of our times—possibly of all time—fearless, creative, ardent, human. He came at a period when the old order was changing, and left an India different in outlook and temper to that which he found. An enquiry as to his share in the process of development would need a volume to itself. But it may safely be asserted that when he left the country, no department, no community, no individual that had come within the range of his far-flung influence was quite the same as when he arrived. The house had been swept and garnished, the efficiency of its service improved, and men had been set to think who never thought before. His were great days, and to us who knew and served under him they are a treasured memory.

and I saw him  
 his "mission" at the hands of  
 the "mountain" his "mission" however, but  
 by an "mission" of "mission" "mission"  
 "mission" "mission" "mission" "mission"

## CHAPTER XII

### GUZARAT AFTER THE FAMINE, 1900-1901

The Simla Road—Agra—Fathepur Sikri—Guzarat Revenue Enquiry—Mr. Goculdas Parekh—The Death of Queen Victoria—Guzarat after the Famine—Mr. P. J. Mead—Famine Policy and Conditions in Guzarat—Famine Work of Officials and Others—The Ahmedabad District after the Famine—Cattle—Remissions and Suspensions—The New Land Revenue Policy—Leave—The Journey from Brindisi.

**T**OWARDS the end of the Simla season I was informed that, on my return to Bombay, I should be posted to act as Collector of Ahmedabad, and, shortly after, that, before taking up that appointment, I was to conduct an enquiry as to alleged malpractices on the part of Revenue subordinates of the Districts of Broach and Surat in the matter of the collection of Land Revenue in the preceding year. I had now eleven years' service, had taken no long leave, and should have been glad of furlough, but the claims of the men who had been through the famine necessarily took precedence. At the end of October my wife and I started off down the hill on our last journey by road to Kalka. The Kalka-Simla Railway was then approaching completion, a notable bit of engineering, which has greatly simplified the journey to the summer capital. But it was not without regret that we took leave of the old road and its familiar incidents : the bearded Panjabi drivers, strong and reliable if not finished whips ; the galloping ponies, rarely much to look at, but good 'uns to go ; the little wayside villages, with their shelter of ilex, walnut or

mango trees ; the prattling hill burns, the wild flowers, the terraced patches of cultivation, and the never-failing interest of the humbler traffic ; strings of camels and bullock carts and the single-horse *ekkas* packed with their incredible burden of clerks, shopkeepers or servants—one more fading item of the romance of leisurely times. We stayed a few days at Agra, and spent one of them at Fathepur Sikri, that amazing epitome in stone of the life of a single man, in wisdom and magnificence the Solomon of his age.\* After a day or two at Ahmedabad I took my wife to Bombay and saw her off home, and opened my enquiry at Ankleswar, in the Broach District.

It would be unprofitable to rake up in detail past errors and shortcomings of policy and execution. But it may be said in brief that the Local Government were still obsessed with the idea, based on Deccan experience, which had no application to Guzarat, that the Land Revenue was pitched so low that it could be recovered in bad years as well as in good, with the result that, at the beginning of the famine, District Officers were pressed to recover the revenue from all who were in a position to pay. In the Northern Districts, which were most heavily hit, the Collectors took matters into their own hands and saw to it that nothing was collected. But South of the Narbada the position was somewhat less serious and an endeavour was made to carry out orders. Complaints were soon heard of the ill treatment of cultivators by the lower subordinates, and a series of letters written by a Parsee landowner of the Broach District appeared in the *Times of India*, giving names and details. The matter was taken up by Mr. Goculdas Parekh, a Guzarati solicitor of repute resident in Bombay, a man of much public spirit,

\* Akbar the Great, 1556-1605.

and one of the leaders of moderate liberal opinion, and eventually Government ordered an enquiry. Mr. Parekh represented the complainants throughout the proceedings, while the District Deputy Collectors appeared for the defence. It was an unsatisfactory business. Little help was to be expected from the District authorities who were on their trial, and witnesses were naturally apprehensive of the wrath to come in the event of their statements being held not proven. After a hearing that lasted for three months, I was satisfied that the allegations had been to some extent substantiated and that the accuser, whom I should not ordinarily have selected as a typical philanthropist, had on this occasion performed a notable public service. I submitted my report and made certain recommendations. Government were most complimentary and disagreed with most of my conclusions. Little else was to be looked for from an authority which was itself the real accused, but the ultimate effect of the enquiry was good, as a warning to over-zealous subordinates and as paving the way for a wiser and more generous Land Revenue policy. One scene comes back that brought home vividly the feelings of love and devotion that Queen Victoria had inspired in her Indian subjects. One morning, in the course of the proceedings, a telegram was put into my hand which conveyed the news of the passing of the great Queen. Mr. Parekh stood up and said a few words. He was followed by the Mahomedan Deputy Collector, who, after a few broken sentences, burst into tears. It was with something more than a choke in my throat that I adjourned the Court.

After submitting my report I turned Northwards, with a sigh of relief, and took over charge of the District in which I had spent my first happy, irresponsible year in

the country. It was not long before I realised the extent of the havoc wrought by the famine. The once beautiful Charotar was a wreck, and its luxuriant groves were replaced by mutilated trunks stripped of leaves and bark, which stood up gaunt and naked from derelict fields. Such is the vigour of tropical reproduction that when I returned to Guzarat thirteen years later little trace remained of this desolation. The countryside smiled once more and the raiyat sang again to his bullocks as the well wheel creaked under the shade of trees that might well have represented the growth of a century. Mr. P. J. Mead, an old friend, who had served in Ahmedabad throughout the famine as Assistant Collector, was posted as my personal assistant, and was, as always, invaluable. A keen and able officer, beloved by Englishmen and Indians alike, he was marked for the highest distinction, and his death four years ago deprived the Service of an exceptional personality. Mr. Lely was Commissioner, and from these and many others I learnt something of what they and their charge had been through. The famine of 1899-1900 was the first of any intensity endured by Guzarat since 1813, and found the people and the Government wholly unequipped with the experience to meet it. The latter was manned by officers whose brief district service had been passed in the Deccan and was dominated by Deccani ideas and preconceptions. In that less kindly tract famine, or at least scarcity, is the experience of one year in every three or four. The sturdy Deccan Kunbi knew how to meet it, provided for or disposed of his plough cattle, and at an early stage rode off with his family to the nearest relief work. It is not, perhaps, surprising that the despair and consternation of the Guzarati cultivator in the face of calamity were not

at first appreciated. Possessor of a famous and beautiful breed of cattle, his first idea was to try to save the life of his working bullocks. He clung to his home until the leaves and even the bark of the trees had been consumed as fodder and the vitality of himself and his family had been reduced to the danger point. The idea of famine camps, with their repulsive promiscuity, their hard work and short commons, inspired in them nothing but terror, and when at length they submitted to the inevitable they fell ready victims to intestinal and other disorders and died in thousands. It would seem to have been a time, if ever there was one, for the exercise of some imagination and for relaxing the hard and fast administration of a rigid famine policy and code. But the representations of the men who knew, like Mr. Lely and Mr. Gibb, the experienced Collector of Ahmedabad, fell on unwilling ears, and it was not till Lord Curzon came down and took the matter in hand in person that a new spirit was displayed, and by that time infinite mischief had been done. As the hot weather wore on and eventually the first showers fell, cholera made its dreaded appearance. In many cases the crowd on a big work fled panic-stricken in all directions, and the country was strewn like a battlefield with the dying and the dead. The work during this time of the District Officers and subordinates, of the regimental officers recruited to assist, and of the missionaries and other volunteers, can only be described as heroic. Their wives and sisters stood by them nobly, nursed the sick, fed the hungry and rescued the babies. It is difficult for those who know not India to realise what the strain must have been on delicately-nurtured women, whose hearts were wrung and their sensibilities harrowed by what one of the toughest of District Officers described

as, scenes of unimaginable horror. The members of the Government, too, though it is easy enough in the light of experience to criticise their policy, worked devotedly under the leadership of Lord Northcote, himself the kindest-hearted and most generous of men. If they failed in some degree to meet the situation, it was due not to want of sympathy or of the desire to do the right thing, but to an unhappy combination of circumstances, the meaning and effect of which they were not in a position to appreciate.

The scene that the district presented when I returned was sufficiently melancholy. In many villages the roofs of half the houses were off, and beams, rafters and door-posts had been used for cooking or funeral fires. Whole families had disappeared, and where a child or two survived they could often be traced only after a long search through the various orphanages. The famous Guzarat breed of cattle had been practically wiped out. A few bulls and cows had been saved and, thanks mainly to Lord Northcote's generosity, were collected at the cattle farm which bears his name, to form the nucleus of a new stock. A few other bulls and a few hundred heifers had been saved by the piety of Jain merchants in the *Pinjrapols*, institutions ordinarily intended for the maintenance of crippled or superannuated animals, which are favourite objects of the charity of that community. In this case they had rendered useful as well as pious service. These animals were bought up with money available from charitable funds. The bulls were placed with reliable Patels in different parts of the district, and the heifers were distributed by lot among selected families of *Rabáris*, the professional breeders of those parts, who had lost their all. The scenes that took place at the Collector's bungalow at the time of distribution were most touching. Every

Indian loves a lottery, and in the circumstances the gathering was strung to the highest pitch of emotion, The lots were drawn to an accompaniment of tears of joy or disappointment and of hysterical laughter, and when as would happen, the best youngster fell to the lot of some poor widow, the applause was enthusiastic. My right-hand man in this enjoyable piece of work was my Head Clerk, Mr. Krishnalál Occhavrá. A Nágár Brahman of good family, he had all the brains and breeding of his aristocratic caste, was a keen rider, and owned a very nice little bit of Kathiawar "blood." We had many a pleasant gallop in the course of our hunts for surviving heifers, and I learnt much from him. It may be noted here that the Guzarati bullock had proved even less fitted than his owner to adapt himself to famine conditions. What seemed a simple and obvious measure of relief was the despatch of some thousands of them to the grass reserves of the Western Ghats. But the poor beasts, stall-fed for many generations and accustomed to the stoneless level of the Guzarat plain, did not know how to graze in rough country, broke their legs on rocks, the properties of which they did not understand, and but few ever returned. For the next few years the cultivator had to carry on as best he could with inferior cattle, which were imported in thousands from Central India and other less affected tracts. For those who had neither money nor credit cattle were provided from the charitable funds that had poured in from many countries, but notably from England and the rest of the Empire and from the ever-generous United States. Those who contributed would be well rewarded if they could realise the "merit" that they earned in this direction alone, for to the Indian cultivator his cattle are his life-blood. As a result of the efforts of

those days the Guzarati breed has been completely re-established and, if possible, improved.

At the same time we were occupied with a task less grateful than the administration of charity. The Local Government, Deccan-ridden as ever, could not bring themselves to adopt the obvious and generous policy of remission and suspension of Land Revenue by tracts. Every individual case must be considered and decided on its merits by the Collector and his Assistants. This entailed the examination of thousands of accounts and enquiry into the condition of a like number of cultivators. The officers concerned were of necessity largely dependent on the reports of subordinates, and the gates were opened to a flood of venality and extortion. The only reply to representations was that it had always been found practicable before, and must be done now. In one Taluka I heard universal complaints of the Mamlatdar's activities. It was alleged that he had toured his charge accompanied by a confidential clerk, and had let it be known that suspensions and remissions were imminent, but that the share of any village in these mercies would depend on what he himself got out of them. He was believed to have taken an amount estimated in lakhs out of the Taluka. I suspended him and ordered an enquiry, the result of which left no doubt in my mind as to his guilt. He was criminally prosecuted in due course and, thanks to some process of reasoning on the part of the Court that was beyond my comprehension, was acquitted. He was, however, dealt with departmentally and dismissed, a broken man, relieved by the lawyers of his ill-gotten gains.

It is pleasant to be able to record that most of these famine troubles are things of the past. Sir Anthony Macdonnell's Famine Commission resulted in a much



MAHARAJA SIR KRISHNA RAJA WADYAR, G.C.S.I., G.B.E.

[Facing p. 134]

improved famine Code, and the findings of that Commission and sad experience induced in the Local Government a novel receptivity which enabled it to respond to the reforming stimulus of Lord Curzon and his Revenue Member, Sir Denzil Ibbetson. There have been severe scarcities since those days, but liberal advances to cultivators at an early stage and effective arrangements for the import of grass from tracts where the rains never fail have kept distress within manageable limits. Landless labour, too, has attained great mobility, and at such times takes itself off to factories and public works in all parts of India. In the autumn of 1911, when the situation looked grave, the Commissioner presided over a meeting held at Ahmedabad to consider measures of relief. He expressed the hope that the local Cotton Masters would keep their mills running to provide labour during the bad times, whereupon an old Kunbi Patel got up and bluntly announced that he would like to see every mill closed, so that he might have a chance of getting his land into order again ! An incident vividly significant of an altered outlook. A complete and carefully maintained record of all degrees of rights over each individual field enables the District Officer to keep his finger, as never before, on the economic pulse of the countryside, and rules providing for generous suspensions and remissions by tracts in time of scarcity have given reasonable elasticity to the process of collection.

A number of village relief works, with a daily attendance of some 50,000, managed by the village officers, were still open, and it was somewhat depressing to find that neither the Patel nor the village accountant could, as a rule, be trusted to see either that the due toll of work was exacted or that the labourer received the full amount of his daily

pittance. It is somewhat remarkable, in view of the fact that in normal times no people in the world are more charitable to the poor and needy, that, during a famine, half the energies of the supervising officers are consumed in the attempt to prevent peculation by the clerical subordinates at the expense of the starving. I toured up to the end of the hot weather, and camped for a few days in Gogho, an ancient port on the Kathiawar Coast of the Gulf of Cambay. The damp sea air affords some relief from the burning land winds, but the atmosphere is relaxing and the wind is mainly off-shore, and warm accordingly. A curious effect of refraction is produced every day for an hour or two, when the opposite coast, ordinarily invisible owing to the curvature of the earth, is raised above the horizon, and villages, trees and even moving objects are seen with great distinctness. Gogho was in the throes of a plague epidemic ; the whole town was evacuated, and I lost my Portuguese cook from the disease. The North-Western Talukas of Ahmedabad are in the month of May no Garden of Eden. The country is bare and treeless, and from two in the afternoon till nine o'clock at night a dust-storm from the Rann of Cutch, which at its height develops the density of a London fog, blows day after day. Like every one else at that time I was tired and stale, was anxious to get home to make the acquaintance of my son, who had put in an appearance at the end of March, and altogether got little pleasure out of that hot weather. So that when leave materialised in August it was very welcome. I travelled home by Brindisi for the last time, as about then Marseilles was made a regular port of call for the P. & O. boats. I always enjoyed the journey from Brindisi, the long stretch up the Adriatic coast ; on the left the kindly

Italian landscape of waving fields, vineyards and olive gardens, rising towards the distant Apennines, dotted with white villages and the domes and campanili of church and monastery ; and on the right the blue of the sea, intensified by contrasting sails of flaming ochre. Ancona would be glowing in the morning or evening light, and there followed the delicious exhilaration of the Alpine passes and the lovely scenery of Aix and Chambéry, all most refreshing to jaded senses.



## CHAPTER XIII

### THE MAHARAJA OF MYSORE, 1902

Appointment of Private Secretary to the Maharaja of Mysore—Bangalore—The British Resident—Ootacamund—Mysore—Investiture of His Highness—White Antelope—A Mutiny Veteran—Mr. S. M. Fraser—The Constitution—Work of the Private Secretary—H.H. the Maharaja—H.H. the Máharáni, late Regent—The Dewan—Colonel Robertson—The Comptroller—The Mysore Administration—Early Difficulties.

I HAD been about six months in England, and we were making plans for the spring and summer at home, when a telegram arrived from the India Office informing me that I was offered the post of Private Secretary to the Maharaja of Mysore. I went to London and saw Sir William Lee-Warner, one of the most distinguished of Bombay Civilians, who was then at the India Office. He had been Resident in Mysore for a few months and strongly advised me to accept. My own inclinations were all the same way, for a host of historic and romantic associations clung to the name. Was it not the scene of Hyder Ali's audacity and Tippoo's infamies, of the exploits of the Duke of Wellington and of David Baird, and of the adventures of the "Old Forest Ranger" and of that less known heroine "The Surgeon's Daughter"? So, with the permission of the higher domestic power, I gladly closed with the offer. The young Maharaja was approaching the end of his minority and would shortly be invested with his powers. A succession of strong and able *Dewáns* \* had gradually gathered an

\* *Dewán* = the principal minister of a State.

undue share of authority into their own hands. Lord Curzon was anxious that this state of things should cease and that the Maharaja should be the actual ruler of his people and master in his own house. The latter had been carefully educated in his own home under the supervision of an Indian Civilian, Mr. S. M. (now Sir Stuart) Fraser. It was thought that a private Secretary drawn from the same service and equipped with the requisite experience would be able to relieve His Highness of drudgery, show him something of our methods of disposing of work and, while suppressing his own personality, exercise some influence in the direction desired. The appointment was for a year in the first instance, and it was clearly and very properly laid down that the officer selected would have nothing further to look for in Mysore. The Land Revenue system of the State is identical with that of Bombay, and the Survey and Settlement had been carried out by officers of the Bombay department. The Resident wished, therefore, to obtain the services of a Bombay Civilian who understood these matters. As it happened, the Irrigation Commission was at Bangalore when the matter was under consideration. My former chief, Mr. Muir Mackenzie, was a member of the Commission, and put forward my name, which was in due course approved by Lord Curzon. So, once again, as a direct consequence of the Settlement appointment of eight years before, which had been declined by at least one of my seniors, the lines were fallen unto me in pleasant places—which shows the luck of things and points a moral.

It was arranged that we should join His Highness' party at Ootacamund towards the end of April, so that I could pick up some of the threads before taking charge of my office. In due course we arrived at Bangalore one

evening with our small boy, and were met by the Resident, Colonel (now Sir Donald) Robertson, who, knowing that my wife was not very strong at the time, sent us off to our hotel in his landau and pair and bicycled home to his Residency. This kindly act impressed me much at the time, and later experiences have often led me to wonder, to how many First-Class Residents it would occur to put themselves to a like inconvenience for strangers of no importance. We went on the next evening to Ootacamund, and the day after found ourselves in a pleasant house with a glorious view, extending down the Avalanche Valley to the distant peaks of the Kundahs. I spent the next month making the acquaintance of my future Chief and learning what I could about him and his State from gazetteers and histories, from the Resident, and from the State officials. Ooty is the summer headquarters of the Madras Government and the chief health resort for the whole of Southern India, and it was interesting to meet Madras officialdom and much of the general society of that Presidency. Lord and Lady Amphill were at Government House and the season was cheerful, as it always is in those delectable surroundings. I saw something of the hunt, and we enjoyed the air and scenery, and had a very pleasant time. We went down to Mysore about the middle of May, and into temporary quarters pending Mr. Fraser's departure. Mysore stands about 2,500 feet above the sea and has a delightful climate. From the middle of April onwards thunderstorms occur at intervals of a few days, and by the middle of May, when most of the rest of India is parched and sweltering, the countryside is green, while the temperature is kept at a grateful level by cool breezes from the sea.

His Highness returned from Ooty early in June, and

on August 8th, 1902, was invested with his powers by Lord Curzon with all the circumstance and ceremonial of State. A Viceregal escort consisting of the 4th Hussars, a battery of Artillery, and a battalion of the Warwickshire Regiment from Belgaum added much to the dignity of the proceedings. The crest of the Warwicks is a white antelope, but these are hard to come by, and the reigning mascot was a young black buck. The officers of the Regiment were anxious to procure a white one. White specimens are to be found in Kathiawar, and more rarely in Guzarat, and the Maharaja of Bhavnagar had collected a number of them. In later years I ventured to make a suggestion to him, but though in some ways a very generous man, he had a curious sentiment about parting with this particular possession, which precluded my pressing the matter, and it was not until the Palace live-stock was reduced during the present minority administration that I was able to supply the long-felt regimental want. His Highness sent some specimens to the Maharaja on the occasion of his investiture, and could have given no more significant token of personal good-will and esteem. They are beautiful animals, pure white, with white horns, not albinos, for their eyes are coloured, and the way in which they breed, throwing back to the normal colouring and again reverting to white at regular intervals, offers an interesting study in Mendelism. Among the deputations from other States that came to offer congratulations was one from Kápurthala, in the Panjab. One of the members was a tall old *Sikh* of distinguished appearance, Nihál Singh, a Colonel in the Kapurthala army, who had served through the Mutiny in, I think, Hodson's Horse, had been Nicholson's orderly, and was at his side when he was mortally wounded under the walls

of Delhi. He was a charming old man, and I pleased him by placing my little son in his arms to give him a link, however slight, with the heroic past.

In the meantime I naturally saw as much as possible of Mr. Fraser. He had had previous experience of the education of Princes, as he had been entrusted with the care of the minor Maharajas of Kolhapur and Bhavnagar, and, in addition, brought to his task a profound interest in his charge and an ability and force of character that were afterwards to be displayed in the highest Political appointments. Any pupil of his had a strenuous time, and His Highness would, it was whispered, be driven at times to console himself with the proverbial reflection of the Indian bride with respect to her mother-in-law, "Your turn to-day, mine to-morrow!" But, *si monumentum . . . look at Mysore to-day!* His parting assurance to me was that in any contingency His Highness could be trusted to "go four annas better" than could be reasonably expected, an assurance that was to be most amply fulfilled. I was allotted a room in the Palace for my office, and His Highness lost no time in getting to work. A constitution had been framed on the following lines. With the Dewan were associated three Members of Council, and the charge of the several departments was divided between the four. The work was scheduled in two classes, cases requiring the Maharaja's orders and those which could be disposed of by Council. I used to get to office about ten, prepare the files for submission, and attend to correspondence. His Highness would come to his own office with unfailing regularity at any time after eleven, when I would take his orders, and he would remain till the business of the day was disposed of. In the afternoon I would attend office or not, as occasion

required. The burden of office work was not heavy, but in a personal appointment work is never finished, and I found ample occupation. The tradition of the Mysore House is one of generous hospitality, and though the burden of the Department and of the hard work connected with entertainment fell on the capable shoulders of Colonel R. G. Jones, the Secretary in the Military Department, correspondence and arrangements for European guests took up much of my time.

Happily, His Highness is to-day ruling wisely a contented people, and it is sufficient to say that I found in him a kind and considerate chief and a loyal friend. On young shoulders he carried a head of extraordinary maturity, which was, however, no bar to a boyish and wholehearted enjoyment of manly sports as well as of the simple pleasures of life. He rode straight to hounds, played polo with the best, and a first-class game of racquets. He was devoted to animals, particularly his horses and the terrier that would be his constant companion, and he never failed to attend stables of a morning, to watch the training, supervise the care and gratify the taste for lucerne and carrots of a stable of carriage horses, hunters and polo ponies that ran well into the second hundred. It was at such times or on a morning ride that confidential matters could be most easily discussed, and so we did much business out of office. He had the taste and knowledge to appreciate Western music as well as his own. So my violin came out of its case, after many years, and we would have musical evenings at my house, with quartets and the like, in which His Highness would take the part of first violin. A word of tribute is due to Her Highness the Máháráni, late Regent. A certain clinging to power would have been more than excusable

on the part of a lady of character and education, who for the six years of her son's minority had ruled the State. But I can say that never, during the seven years that I spent in Mysore, was I aware of the faintest indication on her part of a desire to intrude, even in minor personal matters, upon her son's domain. Dignity and good sense could no further go.

Of other personalities of the time, Mr. (later Sir P. N.) Krishnamurti was the Dewan. The grandson of Purnaiya, Tippu's famous minister, who, on the fall of the latter, did notable service for the State during the minority of the Maharaja, he was the owner of the fine *Jāghir*\* of Yelandur conferred upon his ancestor in recognition of his services. Though not a man of marked ability, he had many good qualities and was a very respectable representative of local opinion and ambitions. The interposition between himself and his Chief of a comparatively junior British officer could scarcely have been welcome to him, but he never allowed any feeling that he may have had in the matter to influence our personal relations. I experienced nothing but kindness and courtesy at his hands, and though His Highness' views and his own were often in conflict, we were always good friends, and, I think, he realised eventually that I had my uses. His methods of work were marked by an Oriental leisureliness which, though exasperating at times to one fresh from service under Lord Curzon, had in it an element of safety. I remember him remarking to me once, when I was trying to extract from him a case long overdue for disposal: "You know, Mr. M., I find that so many letters answer themselves if you only keep them long enough!" and the drawers of his office table con-

\* *Jāghir* = an estate conferred as a reward for service, usually military.

tained voluminous evidence of his belief in the wisdom of his view. He once nearly let us down badly. The Maharaja had consented to preside at the opening of an exhibition of arts and crafts to be held at Madras under the auspices of the National Congress. A speech had been prepared with some care which, as a matter of courtesy, was sent to the Dewan for information. He returned it with some additions, which were so remarkably good that I showed them to a friend as an example of what Mysore could do when it chose. He at once said : " But that is all out of the Prince Consort's speech at the opening of the great Exhibition of '51 ! " and so, indeed, it was. In reply to enquiries he explained with many apologies that he had handed the speech over to a nephew fresh from College, who would, he thought, have ideas, and the additions were the work of this ingenious young gentleman. The position of a Dewan, especially if he is a native of the State, is no easy one. Every individual who has a grievance or wants a job for himself or a relative considers that he has a claim on his time and goodwill and a substantial portion of his time, unless he has unusual powers of resistance, is frittered away on petty personal questions. He must keep in the good graces of his Chief, conciliate public opinion and maintain amicable relations with the Resident, and the middle path of wisdom often takes some finding. He can call neither his time nor his soul his own, and one distinguished Minister of another great State was heard to exclaim, in the fullness of his heart, that he would sooner be a Dhobi's donkey !

It was natural that in the early days of His Highness' administration we should see a good deal of the Resident, Colonel Robertson, who, as chief author of the new

constitution, was keenly concerned in its success. A Political officer of great experience, he had done notable work in Central India, and, as Resident at Gwálor had been closely associated with the late Maharaja Sindhia during his minority. Most genial of men, in the matter of policy he knew his own mind, and, when necessary, could express it in unmistakable terms. One of his cardinal objects was to get financial affairs placed on a sound footing and to ensure, that no financial commitment should be entered into without the Maharaja's full understanding and approval. He pressed for the appointment as Comptroller, of an Indian officer of the Government of India Finance Department, with adequate freedom to express his opinion on any matter involving substantial expenditure or departure from financial rules and the right of direct access to His Highness in the last resort. The first two attempts to secure the right man were not very successful. Officers trained in the school of Sir James Westland, accustomed to having the Secretary of State at their back, and, in the case of an argument with Government, the privilege of the last word, expressed with considerable freedom, found it difficult to realise that in a State, the government for the time being and His Highness must have the final say, and, after exhausting and not always dignified struggles, threw up the fight and their appointment in disgust. The right man was secured in Mr. G. S. Chakravarti, a well-bred Bengali gentleman. He knew what was due to a Ruling Prince as well as himself, opened proceedings by presenting to His Highness, at their first interview, a scholarly Sanskrit poem in his honour, of his own composition, handled the Dewan with tact and the consideration that was his due, and for a number of years did admirable work for the

State. The Dewan, as inheritor of an autocratic tradition in the matter of financial control, did not accept the new position without a struggle, and I recall one or two discussions between the Resident and himself when the proceedings assumed "a certain liveliness." But with the consistent support of the Maharaja the point was gained and peace and financial order were early achieved.

During the first year or two the internal relations of the Council were not always harmonious and the Maharaja was frequently placed in the position of having to decide between the view of the Dewan and that of a dissentient Councillor, who was as often as not in the right. It was essential, for every reason, to support the Minister as far as practicable, and it was not always easy to reconcile that policy with the interests of efficiency and progress. As to the administration generally, if it could not claim the right to fly Lord Curzon's banner of efficiency, it was in all essentials far ahead of any other Indian State of that day. And if a very complete body of rules and regulations was often regarded as embodying no more than counsels of perfection, how many administrations are qualified to cast the first stone? His Highness set to work to tighten things up, and very wisely took in hand his own house first. During a minority administration, Palace affairs suffer inevitably from the absence of the master's eye. The trappings of State ceremonial become tarnished, individuals and classes acquire undue influence and the machine tends to run down. During his first year His Highness put things to rights, patiently and with a minimum of disturbance, but effectually. I had no concern with Palace affairs, which fell within the province of the Assistant Private Secretary, Mr. P. Raghavendra Rao, a well-educated man of much character,

with whom it was a pleasure to be associated. He had been Assistant Tutor under Mr. Fraser and eventually retired as a Member of Council.

In State matters, the reorganisation of the Secretariat early occupied the Maharaja's attention. The system was efficient enough, but the working had grown slack and cases were submitted in a muddled and repellent shape, which offered every obstacle to speedy comprehension. A clever young Assistant Secretary was deputed to Simla to study, in my own Department, the Government of India system. He spent two or three months there, in the course of which he did with his own hands the work of each grade of official in turn, and brought back the material for a comprehensive office manual which he lost no time in bringing out. It was decided that no Secretariat subordinate would get promotion until he had passed an examination in the manual. An examination was held without delay and immediate enhancement of pay was promised to the successful. The results were most gratifying, all but a few passed at the first attempt, and thereafter cases came up in a shape that, so far as externals and ready accessibility of papers were concerned, would have done credit to any Secretariat in India. His Highness next proceeded to deal with the Civil Service. The cadre was revised, prospects were improved, and admittance was restricted, generally, to those who were successful in a stiff competitive examination, conducted by a Committee, which included one or two Professors of the Madras University. A certain number of places was reserved for Mysoreans, and the rest were offered to open competition. There is no brain in the world that surpasses in quickness and subtlety that of the Brahman of the Madras Presidency and that of his

Mysore brother is little, if at all, inferior. The best type of recruit was at once forthcoming to the great benefit of the Service.

The Maharaja's path at the beginning of his reign was not all easy going. On the one hand, any display of reforming zeal which affected the vested interests or ambitions of any class of his subjects was attributed by the latter to the malign influence of the Residency or myself and to corresponding weakness on the part of His Highness. On the other, as he pursued the only right policy for an Indian Ruler of giving his own people the chance of showing what they were worth and of substituting an Indian for an Englishman whenever a vacancy occurred, he injured the feelings of the surviving members of the Mysore Commission and their friends, and of others who had received appointments in the time of his father. His simple dignity and reserved manner were often misinterpreted and contrasted with the more patent geniality of his father. As a matter of fact, no Indian Prince ever showed greater attachment to the English friends of his choice, though his powers of discrimination were remarkable. I never knew him make a mistake as to the quality of the English men and women that he admitted to his friendship. As to his own people, he sized up each individual with an intuition amazing in one of his years. In some respects he was and always will be an older man than myself, and he will forgive my recalling how he once watched with silent amusement a process extending over some months, in the course of which I was successfully humbugged by a cleverer man than myself, and only let me into the joke when the individual concerned was put up for advancement and promptly turned down! Through all initial difficulties the

Maharaja pursued his placid way, undisturbed by the criticism of the thoughtless, the uninformed or the dissatisfied. He arrived at decisions with deliberation, but his mind, once made up, was unalterable, and the unforgivable sin in his eyes was inconsistency or facile change of front on the part of a responsible officer. Himself absolutely reliable, he found no excuse for vacillation in others. His patience was inexhaustible, he was never the young man in a hurry, but, as the years rolled by, one scheme after another of his own planning was realised with a completeness that was impressive and with an entire absence of fuss or disturbance that was not less remarkable. Since I left Mysore in 1909, the State has ever been in the van of progress and is now equipped as no other with works and institutions of public usefulness or amenity. An account of the experiences of the seven years that I spent with His Highness and of the work that was done would be interminable. Sufficient has been said to indicate that the task was of absorbing interest, and, in conditions of association with a man of singular depth and strength of character, was a labour of love.

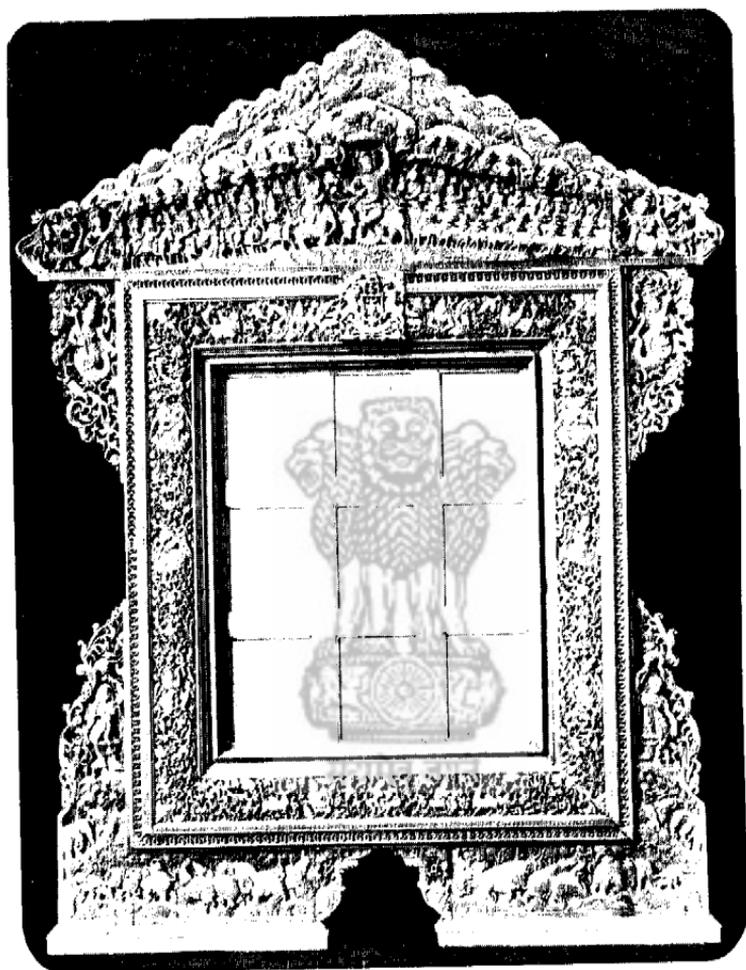
## CHAPTER XIV

MYSORE, 1902-1909

The Mysore State—Historical Sketch—The Mysore Commission—The Rendition—Maharaja Chámrajendra Wadiyar—Mysore City Improvement—The New Palace—Mr. Ravi Varma—Mr. W. R. Colton, R.A.—Residence at Mysore—Bangalore—Gardening in Bangalore—The Káveri Falls—Hydro-electric Scheme—The Kolár Goldfield.

**T**HE Mysore State covers an area about equal to that of Scotland and twenty-five years ago had a population of some five millions. Lying between the Western Gháts and the Madras Deccan, bounded on the North by the British Districts of North Kanara, Dhárwár and Belláry, and in the South stretching to the foot of the Nilgiri Hills, it presents a picturesque variety of scenery. It may be described roughly as an elevated plateau, varying in height from 2,000 to 3,000 feet above the sea, and, though distant no more than from 12 to 14 degrees from the Equator, enjoys a mild and equable climate. The Western mountainous tract is known as the Malnád, subject to an annual rainfall that runs into hundreds of inches, a country of rice fields and of gardens of areca nut, cocoanut, nutmeg, cardamom and pepper, and it is here that the famous Mysore coffee is grown. The Malnád, though malarious, has a great charm of its own and, except at the height of the monsoon, the climate is delightful. In the North and East of the state the country is flat or undulating, broken by rocky

hills and piles of granite boulders, with a reddish soil that produces good crops of cotton and millet. The central portion is much broken by hills, and Southwards the surface flattens out again towards the Káveri Valley, to rise again in the South-East into the Biligarangan Hills, and again in the South-West merges into the jungles of the Wynáad. It enjoys the benefit of two monsoons. The South-West blows from June to September, bringing, after the first burst, light drizzles, whilst the North-East provides heavy tank-filling storms in October and November. The country is watered in the North by the Tungabadra, and in the South by the Káveri, with their respective tributaries. From the latter an extensive system of canals waters a large area of rice and garden land, much of which has been insured from failure by the Krishnaságar Dam, recently completed, just above Seringapatam. In addition the whole country is covered with tanks, owed to the industry of past ages, which in all but the worst years provide water for a large area of irrigation. In every valley where conditions are favourable embankments have been thrown across, resulting in a series of reservoirs of gradually increasing size. In the Kolár District the number of tanks in a single series will reach a thousand, and when, in an autumn storm, one is breached at the head of the valley, the results are apt to be disastrous, as each tank breaches in succession. This beautiful country offers unending interest to every taste. Noble forests, the haunt of elephant, bison, tiger and the lesser beasts, appeal to the big game hunter ; small game shooting of the best is within easy reach, and for the fisherman there is always the chance of a mahseer, which may top the hundred pounds. No country of the same area has a greater wealth of beautiful monuments



THE SARDAR ARCH CARVING OF SHIMOGA.

and historic traditions. For the adventurer there are gold, iron, manganese, and many other valuable minerals ; while the local industries—the sandalwood carving of Shimoga, the lacquer of Channapatna, the brass work of Nágamangalam, and the ivory inlaid in rosewood of Mysore—produce examples not unworthy of the palmy days of Indian handicrafts.

A country so blessed by Nature has been from the dawn of history the seat of dynasties famous for warlike prowess and the humanities. The State as it exists at present emerged from the ruins of the great Hindu Empire of the South, after the sack of Vijayanagar by the Mahomedans of Bijapur in 1565. With the rise of the usurper Hyder Ali, in the latter part of the eighteenth century, it fell on troubled times, which ended only with the fall of Seringapatam and the death of Tippu in 1799. Hyder Ali, though *de facto* ruler of Mysore, maintained the ancient dynasty in name, but his son Tippu proclaimed himself Sultan and kept the ruling family in durance. The heir, a small boy of five, was rescued from the ruins of Seringapatam and placed on the throne of his ancestors. During his minority the administration was entrusted to Purnaiya, who served him faithfully and well and at the end of twelve years handed over to the young Maharaja a well-ordered State and a handsome cash balance. Maharaja Krishnarája Wadiyár was, according to all accounts, a man of amiable qualities, but he was no financier and had expensive tastes. Purnaiya's savings were quickly dissipated, a substantial portion of the State lands was bestowed on favourites, and, in 1831, the exactions required to replenish an exhausted treasury led to a rebellion in the North of the State which needed the aid of British troops for its suppression. The Governor-

General, Lord William Bentinck, decided that it was necessary to entrust the management of the State to a British Commission. The Commission was recruited from Officers of the Army and members of the old Anglo-Indian families, and for the next fifty years was a happy family party, which served the State, and incidentally itself, extremely well. Living was cheap and money plentiful accordingly. Chief Commissioners, such as Sir John Malcolm and General Sir Mark Cubbon, maintained much state, and service in the Commission must have been most attractive. The Maharaja accepted the position with dignity and, being a gentleman and a sportsman, while he never ceased to press his claims to restoration and evinced a lordly disregard for the sordid limitations of a fixed Civil list, maintained the most friendly relations with the Supreme Government and with the Englishmen serving in his State. His hospitality was unbounded, Mysore was the scene of frequent festivities and sport of all kinds, while the Mysore Cup was a trophy coveted by all racing men. With the broad tolerance of the best type of Hindu, he encouraged Christian missionaries, Protestants and Roman Catholics, to the lasting benefit of his State ; for though in a stronghold of Brahmanical orthodoxy Christianity has made little headway except among the lower castes, the influence of the missionaries on the education and moral outlook of all classes is very striking.

The Maharaja was never blessed with a legitimate son, and in his later years pressed for the acquiescence of the British Government in the adoption of a son and successor. This implied the restoration for a second time of the ruling House, and though this may seem, at this time of day, an act of elementary justice, the decision was not,

in fact, a simple matter. To hand over a population which for forty years had enjoyed under the British Raj tranquillity, justice, and personal liberty to an autocracy which might prove benevolent, but, judging by past experience, was likely to be the reverse, called for some power of imagination and faith in ultimate good on the part of the statesmen of the day. For a year or two the question was hotly debated in India and in Parliament, and in 1867 the Secretary of State, Sir Stafford Northcote, was able to announce a decision in favour of the Maharaja, which had been arrived at during the time of his predecessor, Lord Cranborne, a decision the wisdom of which has been amply justified. It is possibly fortunate for the Mysore House that the case did not come up for decision in the days of Lord Dalhousie, for there can be little doubt as to the course that would then have been chosen. The Maharaja lived to a good old age, and died in 1868. In the meantime a successor was adopted from among the collaterals of his family, who was installed on the death of the Maharaja and, after a careful education, was invested with his powers in 1881, and the Commission came to an end. In order to safeguard so far as was possible the people of the State, the rendition was made the subject of an "Instrument of Transfer," which provided a certain measure of control by the Government of India. The circumstances which called for this exceptional measure had long since disappeared when, in the time of Lord Minto, it was replaced by a Treaty, which placed the State on the same footing as the other great States of the Indian Empire. I never knew Maharaja Chámrajendra Wadiyar, but all agree as to his goodness, the charm of his personality, and his command of the affection and respect of all classes of men. His

Ministers were selected with wisdom, and the reputation of the State leapt at once to the pre-eminence that it still holds as a model of enlightened and progressive administration. His untimely death in 1894 was a tragic blow to his family and the State and was universally deplored.

Shortly after my arrival a committee was called to consider the improvement of Mysore City. It was composed of all the leading officials of the State and was too large to be of any practical use. I ventured to suggest that if they would appoint a small sub-committee and place at its disposal a competent surveyor, it would be possible to submit definite proposals. This was agreed to and we got to work. The committee included the Civil Surgeon, a Mysorean, who, besides possessing high professional qualifications, was the most genial and kindly of men and was much beloved by my children. Another was the Editor of the *Mysore Herald*, the organ of the local Opposition. He devoted much ink and eloquence to attacks on our early efforts towards a new efficiency, and on my unworthy self, and preached "Mysore for the Mysorean" with much vigour. But his intentions were good and we always got on very amicably. We were fortunate in the officer of the Public Works Department placed at our disposal. Mr. J. E. A. D'Cruz was not only a good all-round engineer and an exceptionally competent surveyor, but an untiring and devoted worker. The committee went over every part of the town, a not very appetising business before breakfast, for though the late Maharaja had effected immense improvements in the way of magnificent roads and had opened new quarters laid out on the grand scale, much of the town was congested, and some portions were no better than slums. In

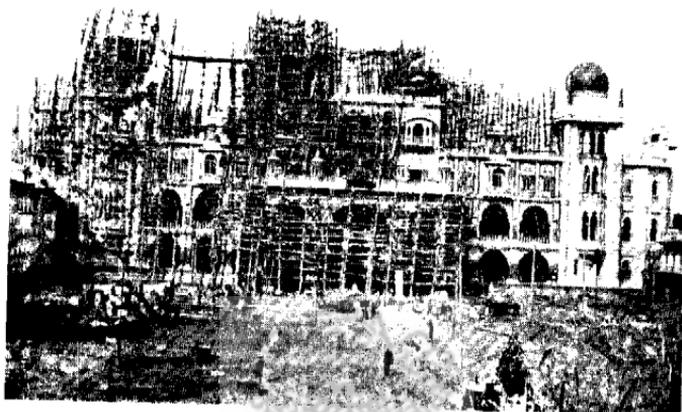
something over six months Mr. D'Cruz, with a diminutive staff, mostly trained by himself, and at trifling cost, had completed an admirable City survey, giving every holding in detail to scale. Knowing something of City surveys, their cost, and the time that they occupy under ordinary conditions, I always regarded it as a remarkable bit of work. We submitted our proposals and suggested the formation of an "Improvement Trust" to carry them out, with a substantial allotment from Government Funds. The proposals were accepted and the Trust was constituted, composed of a few officials and some leading citizens, with a senior Executive Engineer as Chairman. We got to work, cleared out the slums, straightened and widened the roads, put in a surface drainage system leading into main sewers that discharged into septic tanks, provided new quarters for the displaced population, and tidied up generally. I understand that, since those days, even more ambitious improvements have been effected, and that the City of Mysore will to-day challenge comparison for beauty, cleanliness, and general amenity with any capital of its size in the world. For the next six years this work gave me an absorbing interest and much valuable experience. My small boy, who was an enthusiastic engineer of the spade and bucket age, followed our proceedings with keen attention, and was once heard explaining to an admiring audience the theory of septic tanks, ending: "And then the little *poochis* \* eat up all the dirty stuff in the water, and it is put back into the pipes and you have it in your bath!"—a statement that, I am thankful to say, went somewhat beyond the facts!

During the minority the Palace had been the scene of a disastrous fire, which destroyed the ceremonial portion.

\* *Poochi*: the term generally used in Southern India for insects and bugs of all kinds.

The rebuilding was entrusted to the well-known Madras architect, Mr. Henry Irwin, who had built Vicarage Lodge in Simla. When we arrived in Mysore the first story was rising, and, before we left, the building was completed. The Palace is somewhat in the style of the Chandragiri Palace,\* and though possibly open to the criticism of purists, is impressive and well suited to its purpose. It is built throughout of massive stone, including fine granite, porphyry and marble, all from local quarries, and its construction led to the assemblage of a large number of skilled craftsmen—masons, carvers in wood and stone, and marble inlayers from Agra. Much of the detailed carving is admirable, and though it suffered to some extent from the misdirected influence of our schools of art, is in design and execution much in advance of most modern Indian work, and its progress and the work of the craftsmen were to me an inexhaustible interest. The decoration of the Darbár Halls was entrusted to the Travancore artist, the late Mr. Ravi Varma, and I saw much of him and of his brother, Rájá Varma. The elder had, so he told me, learnt his technique from a French artist who was spending some time in India, and he could both draw and paint. His subjects were mainly drawn from Hindu mythology and the Hindu Epics; his pictures were cheaply reproduced in colour, enjoyed a wide popularity, and gave much pleasure to all classes of Indians. But an indifferent reproduction of the French academic style was ill suited to his themes, and it is sad that so much enthusiasm and artistic feeling should have been directed into wrong channels. His treatment of the Darbar Hall with brilliant paint and gilding was effective and well suited to the scenes that it was to frame.

\* V. Havell's "Indian Architecture," p. 213 (Murray, 1913).



THE NEW PALACE, MYSORE—UNDER CONSTRUCTION.

[Facing p. 154.]

He was good enough to paint for me a very successful portrait of my small boy. He and his brother would paint together, and when one tired, the other would pick up his brushes and carry on. They were both charming men, who lived for their work, and we had much good talk. About this time the modern Indian school of Calcutta, which owes its inspiration to the original genius of Abanindra Náth Tagore, was seeking a better way, and when I discovered a rather exceptional talent in the fourteen-year-old son of a Palace painter, His Highness had the boy taught English and Hindustani and sent him off with a scholarship to Calcutta. I saw some of Venkattappa's earlier work, but have never heard whether he fulfilled his early promise.

I saw a good deal of the late Mr. Robert Colton, R.A., the sculptor, who spent some months in Mysore, making studies for a statue of the late Maharaja. He prepared a portrait bust to the satisfaction of the family and did some other work, including a very successful statue of Sir K. Sheshádri Iyer, the late Dewan, which now stands in the Cubbon Park at Bangalore. He was a great master of his craft and I greatly enjoyed watching him at work, for in this respect he was most good natured.

We spent the larger portion of the year at Mysore and grew much attached to the place. We were most comfortably housed and a good garden provided for my wants in that direction. Across the road was the Summer Palace, used by His Highness as a club, with a good racquet court that was in daily use, and just beyond were the Zoological Gardens, which contained a fine collection of animals from all parts of the world, were the object of His Highness' special care, and were a perpetual joy to the children. Adjoining the Summer Palace again were

the Palace stables, which had been built on a generous scale by the late Maharaja and were all that stables should be. The country round was picturesque, the principal feature being the Chámund Hill which rises about 1,000 feet above the plateau and dominates the city and the country round. The temple on the summit is dedicated to the Goddess Chamundi, a manifestation of Káli as slayer of the buffalo demon, and an object of special veneration in Mysore, which is said to derive its name from Mahish (buffalo) Asura (demon). There was always a certain amount of English society in Mysore, including at times the Deputy Commissioner, the Durbar physician, professors at the Colleges and the staff of the Wesleyan mission. A pleasant little club provided a game of bridge or billiards of an evening, and there were excellent tennis courts.

Bangalore, the headquarters of the Mysore Government and of the British Resident, lies about ninety miles North of Mysore and 500 feet higher, and is another delightful place. To the North of the city is the Civil and Military station and cantonment, which is ceded to the British Government, on terms, for such period as the use of it may be required. The garrison included two cavalry regiments, British and Indian, a Brigade of Artillery, a regiment of British Infantry and several Indian Infantry Battalions, including the 2nd Queen's Own Sappers and Miners, a most distinguished and bemedalled regiment, officered from the Royal Engineers. This last is a striking example of what can be made of unpromising material by the right stamp of officer, for though the rank and file are drawn from the lowest and least warlike classes of Southern India, there is rarely fighting to be done in which they do not share, and they



My Grammar, Pine Street.

June 19, 1877.

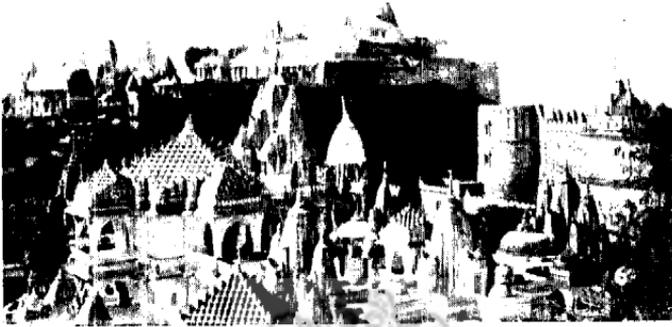
have never failed. The climate of Bangalore is very pleasant, and there is rarely a day in the year on which real tropical discomfort is to be endured. With a large European society, every kind of sport and an excellent club, life there is very enjoyable. Aided by a kindly climate and a rich red soil, the flowers and shrubs of the tropical and temperate zones flourish side by side with amazing luxuriance. The shows held twice a year at the Lál Bágh, the well-managed public garden of the State, are the occasion for displays of flowers that could scarcely be bettered in London, while the foliage classes, including palms, ferns of all kinds, crotons, caladiums, alocasias and the like, are far superior to anything to be seen in this country. The Maharaja has a beautiful garden attached to his Bangalore Palace, and had in charge of it one of the best gardeners that I have ever met. The latter had served in a Madras battalion, and when Lord Beaconsfield moved Indian troops to the Mediterranean in 1878, accompanied it to Malta, where he learnt a lot. For a man of limited education, he was a marvel, and with him things rarely failed. He was always at work hybridising, and I remember his pride and delight in a new croton seedling, a dream in flaming reds, carmine and gold, and his sorrow when it died before it could be reproduced. The Bangalore malis generally are keen and skilful within their limits, and pig-headed after their kind. Their main interest is the show and to demands for flowers before that event the invariable and annoying answer is that things are being kept for it. Outside the Palace grounds and the professional establishments, gardening is mostly carried on in pots, a system which defeats the white ants and makes the disposal of the garden on leaving the station a simple matter. The malis are clever with roses, and

their treatment is drastic but effectual. In the spring, and again in the autumn, the pot is half emptied of earth and turned on its side, while the plant is allowed to dry off till the leaves fall at a touch. It is then removed, the crown and roots are heavily pruned, and it is replaced in fresh soil. The mali knows to a day the time required to bring each variety into full bloom and treats each plant accordingly with, of course, an eye on the show. I tried this treatment in the North, but in a fiercer climate it proved too severe. The making of a Bangalore garden lies in the judicious use of the slabs and stone beams running to a length of 12 feet or more, which are cleverly chipped and cracked out of granite boulders. Besides serving many other purposes, they make cheap and excellent stagings for pot plants, and the most brilliant effects may be obtained by careful massing and arrangement. Flowering creepers were a great feature, among many others alamanda with its golden trumpets, several varieties of bignonia and bougainvillea in three shades, one cherry coloured one that used to grow by the Residency guard-house being specially brilliant and uncommon.

During the first rains we paid a visit to the Káveri Falls and the new hydro-electric installation at Sivasamudram. Just above the falls the river separates into two branches and falls over a precipice 400 feet high into the gorge below. Either fall would by itself constitute one of the finest spectacles in the world, and each has its peculiar beauty. The sight of the two, only a few minutes' walk apart, when the river is in flood is inexpressibly beautiful and impressive. The idea of turning some of this waste power to the service of man had long appealed to the speculative, but it was not until the practical knowledge



The Kaveri Falls.



JAN. TEMPLES, SUWASENJA HILL.

[Facing p. 195.]

and imagination of a young Canadian officer of Royal Engineers was allied with the statesmanship and courage of a great Dewan that the dream was realised. Major Joly de Lotbinière, whose services had been lent to the State, was the one, Sir Sheshadri Iyer, perhaps the greatest Indian statesman of the last forty years, was the other. The former knew what had been done in his own country, had the ability to frame a practical scheme and had further the gift of a persuasive tongue; the latter had the imagination to appreciate the potentialities of the project and the courage to see it through in the face of a clamorous opposition from the timid and the factious. The Resident gave a consistent support, which was particularly helpful while the matter still hung in the balance. At the time of our visit, the first installation to produce 2,500 horse-power was practically complete, and was, in fact, set in motion by Lord Curzon a few days later. A market for far more power than would be available for some years was ready to hand in Bangalore and the Kolár Goldfield, fifty-seven and ninety-three miles distant respectively. The transmission line to the latter was, I believe, at the time, the longest in existence, though the output of power was, of course, exceeded at Niagara and elsewhere in America. The initial output was strictly limited by the flow of water in the river, which ran very low in the hot weather and kept the officers of the Public Works Department running up and down the river, nursing and directing the supply with sandbags. All their efforts could not prevent an occasional shut-down at Kolár, which would cause loss and inconvenience, though the mining companies had retained their steam plant as a stand-by. All that has been altered by the Krishnasagar Dam, which impounds sufficient water during the flood

season to provide a steady flow throughout the year. At the present moment the State is the owner of an installation that produces over 24,000 h.p., a Revenue of Rs. 48,00,000, and a net profit of 16 per cent. per annum. We also visited the Kolár Goldfield, the management of which is in the capable hands of John Taylor & Sons. The mining area is one of the most orderly and well regulated of its kind in the world. The management has generally succeeded in maintaining amicable relations with the State, a fact that does great credit to the good sense of both parties. Opinions naturally differ as to the share in the profits to which the State is entitled, and the presence in an Indian State of a wealthy British corporation, with its own police, its own Railway and its own special Laws and regulations, must always give rise to difficult and delicate questions, the settlement of which calls for liberality of view as well as diplomacy.





ATOMIC MOTOR



• CROSSING THE KAVERI, T. NARSIPUR.

[Facing p. 160]

## CHAPTER XV

MYSORE, 1902-1909. TOURS, VISITS AND FESTIVITIES

The Delhi Darbar—Hardwár—Ootacamund—Hunting—Sir Afsur-ul-Mulk—The Maharaja of Baroda—Madras—Bombay—Tours in the State—The Goat's Leap—Nandidrug—Shrávan Belgola—Belur—Halebid—The Gersoppa Falls—Visit of the Prince and Princess of Wales—An Elephant *Kheddah*—Ajmer—Bikaner—The Birthday Week—The Dasera Celebrations—Departure from Mysore.

**D**URING these years I made many tours with His Highness under the most enjoyable conditions. Our first trip outside the State was to the Delhi Darbar. A fine camp had been pitched at a distance of about six miles from the Fort, and a large party of State Officials and other guests were entertained there on a scale in keeping with Mysore traditions. The Darbar has been often described, and I will not repeat the tale. The orderly assembly and dispersal of so vast a concourse was a masterpiece of organisation which, together with the spectacular displays and the exhibition of arts and crafts, was inspired and controlled throughout by the Viceroy. The most stirring incident, which none who witnessed it can ever forget or recall without emotion, was the entry of the Mutiny veterans into the Darbar arena. The whole great assembly rose as one man, and with what voice it could control cheered till it could cheer no more. At the review I met dear old Nihal Singh, my Mysore acquaintance, who sat himself by me on the grass. I could imagine him, as he watched the march of a splendid army of 40,000 men, contrasting it with the worn handful

of less than 10,000 which, thinned by daily losses in action and stricken by fever, dysentery and sun, clung all those months to the historic ridge and contained a rebel army of 30,000 until the crowning day of the assault. Did his thoughts go back to the heroic leader, struck down by his side at the moment of victory? I cannot tell, for the old man said little, but to me his presence and all that it implied had a profound appeal. On the journey home we spent a day at Hardwár, a famous place of pilgrimage which lies where the Ganges emerges from the hills. As one gazed into the blue water of crystal clearness one could appreciate the sanctity that in a country of drought attaches to the waters of Mother Ganga. We also spent a day or two at Agra and had a glorious view of the Taj Mahal with the moon at its full.

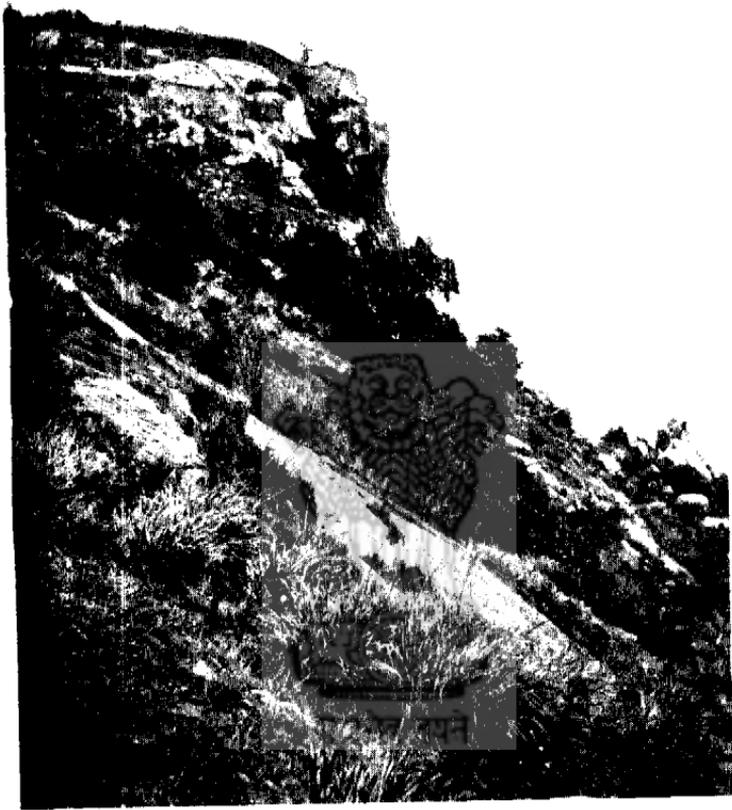
Every year at the beginning of April the Maharaja would move to Ootacamund, and remain there till the end of May. His fine house, "Fernhill," was the scene of much hospitality, and one of his first acts was to add a ballroom, which was much appreciated by dancing folk. The opening meet of hounds would be held there, and was a pretty sight with the setting of lawns and flower beds, of pine trees and eucalyptus. Ooty has all the merits of a hill station without the usual drawbacks of limited space, narrow roads, and dangerous precipices. Near home, open rolling downs provide glorious gallops and a golf links which, if on the rough side, gives an excellent game. At an altitude of 7,000 feet the climate in the hot months is that of an English summer's day, and frequent thunderstorms lay the dust and keep everything green and fresh. Conditions seem to favour specially the Australian flora, and in those days the planting of eucalyptus had been rather overdone, resulting in unnecessary

dampness. Whole hillsides are clothed with wattle, which in September is a blaze of gold. The original forest consists of stunted wind-swept trees and bushes, clinging to the shelter of the valleys. Gardening is a joy, and geraniums, carnations, and heliotrope grow to a great size. In our garden was a hedge of heliotrope 9 feet high, a mass of blossom from top to bottom, which on a sunny morning would attract swarms of brilliant butterflies. The English vegetables at the weekly market would have done credit to any show. The State had been good enough to spend a good deal on the house since our first visit. Trees had been removed and the view opened out, the garden and field below cleared of rank growth and terraced, the house improved and stables built, and altogether it was a "desirable residence." The hunting was most enjoyable, especially on the home downs. The out-country, dear to enthusiasts, never attracted me much, with the constant slithering up and down the side of a house and along greasy goat tracks at the edge of precipitous ravines. But there was always the air and the glorious scenery, and the worst day's hunting held great enjoyment. Hounds were sometimes confronted with something more dangerous than jackal. A boar or panther would be put up, tiger were not unknown, and hounds were constantly being whipped off sambar and the smaller deer.

Among many interesting people that we met at Ooty was Sir Afsur-ul-Mulk, of the staff of the late Nizám of Hyderabad. A subordinate officer in an Indian Cavalry Regiment, his prowess on the polo ground first attracted the notice of His Highness, who took him into his service, and he rapidly rose through the several grades of the Hyderabad nobility to be a power in the land. Sir Afsur

has great force of character and an attractive personality. He would bring his small grandchildren to tea with us, among them a pretty child of twelve or so, who had been at school at Eastbourne, wore the muslin frocks and long black stockings of the day, and had the clear brunette complexion of Southern Europe. As Hyderabad offered no great choice of eligible husbands, Sir Afsur was much exercised as to her future, and more than once discussed it with me. In course of time all ended happily, as will be seen in a later chapter. Another personality was the Maharaja Gaekwár of Baroda. His Highness, besides being an experienced and enlightened Ruler, has travelled far and wide, and has met most of the great men of his time. His views on men and current events are marked by exceptional sanity and breadth of mind, and I never met any one whose conversation was more enjoyable. I remember breakfasting with him one morning intending to be in office at eleven, and suddenly realising that it was half-past two. I met him afterwards at Mysore and Simla, and renewed a very pleasant experience.

I accompanied His Highness to Madras on several occasions, once when he went as the guest of Lord and Lady Ampthill. I remember being much struck with the attitude of the crowd as we drove in state from the railway station. On such occasions an Indian crowd is impassive, and the progress of a Governor usually excites no more than a dull curiosity. With a Maharaja the scene is very different. To gaze on his auspicious countenance brings good luck ; every face is eager, animated and smiling, and the babies are held up in their mothers' arms to share in the blessing diffused by the divinity of his presence. Though in his own capital and other places where his person was familiar little notice was taken, in the



Tipu's Cliff, Nanded.

[Facing p. 161.]

outlying towns and villages the Madras scene would be reproduced with even greater demonstrativeness. In the villages the cultivators, dressed, more or less, in new white clothes and turbans, would throw themselves on their faces, and everywhere the women donned their best for the occasion. In the early days of motors the new marvel added to the excitement, and would be followed for hundreds of yards down the road by an enthusiastic and breathless crowd. There is no pleasanter place in India than Madras in December and January. It is a city of magnificent distances, of broad roads shaded by stately trees, and wide, open turf-clad spaces. The older houses, in the pillared Colonial style, stood in the dignified seclusion of compounds covering several acres, and the public buildings were worthy of a Presidency town and often beautiful. The Madras Club is famous and claims, with some reason, to be the best in India, and I know no more delightful country club than the "Adyár," with its fine old eighteenth-century mansion, its green lawns sloping to the river, its pretty little links, and the sailing to be enjoyed at the river mouth. The city is admirably equipped with hospitals, museums, and other public institutions, and the dancing Shiva and other masterpieces of the ancient brass collection at the Museum, and the Maratha carved steel, will alone repay the seeing eye for a pilgrimage to the city. In what answers to the cold weather of the North, the climate is delightful, society was, twenty years ago, sufficiently small to enable one to make something more than acquaintanceships, and hospitality was unbounded.

We visited Bombay more than once, and it was pleasant to meet old friends and the Indian friends of the Maharaja and his father. But the most enjoyable tours were in the

State itself. On one occasion we had a motor trip of about a fortnight, during a break in the rains, through the Eastern portion of the State. At each town or village of any size the car would be halted ; while the local Brahmins recited appropriate Sanskrit *slokas*, cocoanuts, limes—representing offerings of gold—flowers, and fruit would be presented, and, after a chat with the headmen and others, we would proceed on our way. At places where we halted for the night His Highness would hold a Darbar, receive an address of welcome, including the presentation of local needs and grievances, and would reply in a short Kanarese speech. When possible, local difficulties would be settled on the spot, but more often no more than careful consideration could be promised. The first place visited answered to the quaint name of Tirumakudulu Narsipur, situated at the junction of the Kaveri and Kabbani Rivers. In India “*sangams*” \* are regarded as places of special sanctity, and the local temple attracted many pilgrims. As it was necessary to cross the river, an awning had been constructed on a barge and decorated with plantain † trees, marigolds, and jasmine. A crowd of several thousands had collected ; the tow-ropes were seized by eager hands and the party was hauled across the river surrounded by the splashing multitude, cheering, laughing and shouting like school-boys—a most cheerful and animated scene. We also visited the famous temple of Somnâthpur close by, one of the best specimens of Chalukyan art in Mysore. Lower down the Kaveri we visited the falls and the power-house, and, a few miles further on, the “*Mekhe Dâtu*,” or goat’s leap. At this point the river bed narrows

\* *Sangam*= river confluence.

† Plantain= in India, banana.



THE MUKHA-DANT, MYSORE.

for some distance to a rocky cleft no more than 20 feet wide at the narrowest part. The river was in flood at the time, and the roar and turmoil of the pent-up waters was most impressive. To the best of my recollection, the mathematician of the party estimated the depth of the channel at 150 feet. We passed through a hilly country suggestive of parts of Scotland into the North-East of the Kolar District, and ended at the famous Hill Fort of Nandidrug, a fortress of considerable strength captured by assault by a British force under General Medows in 1791. It was one of Tippu's strongholds, and a cliff is pointed out from the top of which he used to dispose of superfluous prisoners. Rising to a height of 4,800 feet, it was in pre-railway days the hill station for Bangalore society, and an imposing mansion built by Sir Mark Cubbon and several other bungalows are still used by visitors. At one town in Kolar I noticed some gold coins, which were obviously not Indian, hanging on the necks of the schoolgirls. In answer to enquiries I was told that they were coins of the toddy-drawer Raja. It appeared that, in answer to prayer, a toddy-drawer was made King for a day and struck these coins, in witness whereof the coin bore a representation of a palm tree. The palm tree looked to me like a cross, and a reference to the Madras Museum showed that they were Venetian sequins. There were large numbers of them in that part of the country, mostly local copies of the original coins, which probably came to India in the days when the Vijayanagar Empire had a thriving trade with Europe through the Portuguese.

Another delightful tour was through the Western part of the Mysore District, Hassan, part of Kadur and Shimoga to the Gersoppa Falls. We visited Shráwan Belgola, the most famous shrine of the Jain religion in

Southern India. The feature of the place is a colossal statue of the Jain Saint Gomatesvara, dating from the first century B.C., which, clothed in an elementary garment of branches of the Tree of Life, stands up 68 feet from the courtyard of the temple, carved out of a single boulder. Further North we saw the famous Chalukyan temples of Belur and Halebid, dating from the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, which are covered with a wealth of decorative carving of wonderful richness and beauty. In point of imagination, intricacy combined with freedom of design, and perfection of execution the decoration of these two temples is the last word of the Hindu craftsman at the height of his powers. The Gersoppa Falls, in the North-West corner of the Shimoga District, take high rank among the great waterfalls of the world. The Sharávati River plunges over a sheer precipice of 800 feet in four branches, each with a grandeur or delicate beauty of its own. A chasm a thousand yards in width separates Mysore from the Bombay District of Kanara. When the river is in flood a dense mist of spray veils the whole scene, while in seasons of drought the volume of water is reduced to a trickle. We saw the falls at their best at the end of a moderate monsoon. When the sun is at its height the rainbow formed in the spray is a complete circle low down in the chasm, which is gradually broken and rises up as a bow as the day draws on. The country round the falls is covered with dense jungle, which in the morning hours is bright with gorgeous butterflies. I had started collecting to amuse my small boy, and soon carried on for my own satisfaction. A hobby of the kind adds much to the interest of life and, apart from any scientific object, quickens one's eye to see a host of beautiful things that would otherwise pass unnoticed. Not an original thought,



STATUE OF GOMATESHWAR, SIVALAYA, BILGOLA.

but worth remembering ! We climbed to the foot of the falls, and also visited the Bungalow on the Bombay side which is noteworthy for a visitors' book, containing the effusions of generations stimulated by the beauty and grandeur of the scene. It is also reputed to be haunted, and a Bombay friend told me of some remarkable manifestations in the way of noises, stone throwing, and levitation experienced by his parents while camped there. In such a lonely spot in the depths of the forest, miles from human habitation, such demonstrations must have been sufficiently eerie.

At Mysore and Bangalore we had many interesting visitors of all sorts and conditions, and I did a good deal in the way of showing them the local sights, particularly Seringapatam, which is only nine miles from Mysore. I may record without comment that the only visitor, except Mr. Colton, who ever acknowledged after leaving Mysore what I was able to do for him was a German, a young Hessian officer of Jägers. He twice visited Mysore collecting specimens for German Museums under "all highest" auspices. He proved a most charming guest, and his first Christmas letter to me was accompanied by a case of excellent hock from the paternal cellar !

The great event of those years was the visit of their Majesties, then Prince and Princess of Wales, in 1906. They received a royal welcome in Mysore, and, after the necessary State functions and formalities had been disposed of, spent a few days in camp at Käkankote, about forty miles distant, in order to witness an elephant *kheddah*.\* Elephants are carefully preserved by the State,

\* *Kheddah* = stockade. Here applied to the system of capturing wild elephants by driving them into a stockaded enclosure, introduced into Mysore from Chittagong by the late Mr. G. P. Sanderson.

and are sufficiently numerous to be at times a nuisance. The capture of a herd is a lengthy business, involving months of preparation. The preliminary beat occupies several weeks. After the herd is located it is moved very quietly, so that it may not be alarmed, a mile or two a day in the desired direction. At Kakankote a sharp bend in the river, with a low sloping bank on one side and high precipitous banks on the other, offers specially favourable conditions for the operation. On this occasion the herd was moved into the triangle formed by the river, and its retreat was cut off by an army of beaters. The beat took place at about seven o'clock one evening, under a low moon hanging in the Western sky. The beaters raised a pandemonium with guns, horns, drums and bamboo clappers, drove the herd into the river bed and lighted the jungle behind it. Escape up or down the river was closed by lines of *Kumkis*, or trained tame elephants, and the only way out for the terrified herd was up a ramp leading to the large stockade. Everything went like clockwork; as the last elephant entered the stockade the Princess released the gate and a herd of about thirty-five was captured.

The next process is the drive of the herd into a small stockade, 30 yards or so in diameter, in which the roping-up is effected. After being driven into the main stockade, which may enclose an area of 50 acres or more, the herd is left for a few days to settle down. A ditch 9 feet wide and as many deep has been dug all round, and an army of spearmen, who relieve each other in watches, keeps the herd from damaging the fence or the ditch. This is really the most interesting stage, for the great beasts are seen under natural conditions. Angry old cows who have mislaid their calves in the drive will charge at the



THE GIESORY FALLS

spectators only to be pulled up by the ditch, and an ordinarily uncomfortable experience may be enjoyed in perfect safety. A herd previously captured was in readiness for roping-up. The drive into the small stockade is always a ticklish business as the herd has lost its first terror of human beings and may give trouble. On this occasion one cow who had lost her calf, poor soul, turned particularly nasty, and as near as possible got a *mahout*\* who had fallen off one of the kumkis, and only escaped being rolled on by crawling under a clump of bamboos. She was left to be dealt with later, and the rest of the herd was safely caged. The roping-up is done with the aid of kumkis, who go about the business with cynical unconcern. It is a remarkable fact that the wild elephant takes no notice of the men on the kumkis, whom they seem to regard as part of the tame animal. The largest beasts are cut out first and pushed and prodded by the kumkis up against the stockade. Men crawl out from under the beams of the latter and get ropes fastened round the hind legs of the wild animals and fasten them to stumps of trees left in the ground for the purpose. Stout ropes are then fastened round the chest and round the fore legs if necessary, and the beast is then left to be led away later. The older animals usually accept their fate with resignation, but the youngsters protest vigorously, and their squeals and antics provide the comic element of the performance. The captured animals are first taken for a bath in the river. We saw one enormous beast that had been rounded up by himself, as he was suspected of having escaped from captivity and would have been dangerous in the stockade, hauling the five kumkis to which he was roped all over the place. The wild elephant feeds the

\* *Mahout* = elephant driver.

twenty-four hours round, except for a minute or two's sleep at intervals, he shows little of the loose skin of his brother in captivity, and his weight is enormous. Finally, they are placed in small cages or crushes, which prevent all freedom of movement, and are man-handled for months until the safety point is reached, when, after the State selection has been made, they are sent down to Malabar to be sold.

We once had a trip to Ajmer, the occasion of which was unfortunate. The Maharaja's brother, the Yuvaraja, got typhoid while studying at the Mayo College, and His Highness started off at a moment's notice with his mother and the Darbar physician. Happily, all ended well, and at the end of a few weeks we were able to take the convalescent home. I spent the time with my old Ahmedabad friend, Mr. Waddington, who was then Principal of the Mayo College, and his wife, and very pleasant it was. Ajmer is an interesting place, and the white marble pavilions of Mughal days were at the time being re-erected by Lord Curzon in their original beauty on the dam of the great tank. I got away for a day or two to Simla and also accompanied His Highness on a visit to Bikaner. The Maharaja of Bikaner had then been ruling his State for about six years, and had in that time done an extraordinary amount of work and given proof of his exceptional qualities. His Palace, of which the architect was Colonel Sir Swinton Jacob, was an admirable example of how the architecture of the country can be adapted to the requirements of an orthodox Hindu Prince, who is also an enlightened and progressive man of the modern world. His whole bandobast was a model of efficiency and his capital bore witness to the good taste and practical sense that had inspired all the improve-

ments. The splendid armoury in the old Palace contained many treasures, including several fine old blades marked with the bold lettering of Andrea Ferrara, which had apparently found their way to India as claymores of the officers of Highland Regiments. His Jail turned out carpets which in design and quality were the finest in India.

The two great events of the year at Mysore were the Birthday Week and the Dasera Festival. The Maharaja's birthday, being governed by the Hindu Calendar, is a somewhat moveable feast occurring during the first half of June, and in the same way the Dasera is celebrated some time in October. Both were made the occasion for entertaining a large number of English guests and for the exercise of the most generous hospitality. The Birthday week had been instituted by the late Maharaja, and His Highness lost no time in reviving it. The Mysore Races and Polo Tournament were set going again, and every owner of an entered racehorse or member of a polo team was invited as a guest. The Resident, the Generals and Commanding Officers from Bangalore, and many other personal friends of His Highness from there and Madras were entertained. The racing was of a very fair class, for Bangalore was the summer headquarters of several of the big Calcutta stables, while Colonel Desaráj Urs, cousin and brother-in-law of His Highness, a keen all-round sportsman and fine polo player in his day, owned a large stable with which he had carried off many classic events. His Highness did not care much about racing, but always had a few horses in training, including some of the best from the State stud at Kunigal. The polo tournament brought regimental teams from Bangalore, Secunderábád and Bolárum, and His Highness was

a keen and good player and captained a team of his own which won the Cup more than once. The guests were put up at Government House, once the Residency, a fine old building well fitted for entertainments. The great dining-hall was built by Sir John Malcolm, on a scale according with the lordly ideas of the time, as a present to his wife on the occasion of her return from a trip to England. A few of the principal guests stayed in the house, and for the rest a street of tents was pitched on either side of the drive. The Maharaja on his birthday rode in procession through the town, and would end up at Government House, where he welcomed his guests. The week was fully occupied with sport, sight-seeing and entertainment of all kinds. His Highness was extraordinarily kind to circuses and touring companies. The variety performances of the latter were sometimes more suited to the barracks than the drawing room, and a show at the Palace theatre during a "week" always kept me in a state of nervous apprehension as to what was coming next. Of course, I always had a word with the manager first, but on one occasion I was tackled by an indignant official, who assured me that if his wife had been present at the last performance he would have taken her out. All that I could do was to assure him that my wife had enjoyed it very much !

The Dasera is the great religious festival of the autumn, and in Mysore, in accordance with Rajput tradition, it is celebrated with much stately ceremonial. In the old fighting days it was the preliminary to the opening of the autumn campaign, when the King reviewed his troops and performed the requisite auspicious ceremonies. For ten days the Maharaja remains secluded in the Palace. Many religious ceremonies are performed and a Darbar

is held by His Highness morning and evening throughout the period, attended by the State Officials and all who are on the Darbar list or are specially invited. He sits on his throne within view of the public, and, in front, in the courtyard of the Palace, a programme of musical drills, wrestling and other displays is gone through. On the last evening but one a European Darbar is held, which is, I believe, peculiar to Mysore, and always struck me as a very dignified and suitable function, which enabled the Maharaja to receive his English friends once in the year with appropriate ceremony, and the latter to pay their respects to him in like manner. The Resident was seated in a chair of state on His Highness's right, while the other European guests were seated in long rows on the same side. On the left were the Yuvaraja and the other members of the ruling family and the State Officers. His Highness seated on the golden throne of Vijayanagar, dressed in cloth of gold and wearing magnificent jewels, was the gorgeous centre of a brilliant scene. At the close of the programme the guests passed in front of the throne and bowed and each lady was handed by the Maharaja a bouquet and a small bottle of scent. The next day the Maharaja went in full State procession to a garden about three miles outside the city, where certain traditional ceremonies were performed, ending in a display of fireworks, and returned again in procession at night. The journey occupied about three hours each way. The subjects of the State assembled in thousands in the great square near the Palace and along the route, and, if the effect was picturesque by day, it was much more so by night. The whole scene was lit up by flaming torches and the bright uniforms of the troops, the swaying elephants and the glistening arms, all leading up to the

central figure, the Marahaja seated in his golden howdah on a magnificent State elephant covered with trappings of solid gold, made up a picture of old world splendour not easily forgotten.

A large number of guests were entertained at the time of the Dasera, who found plenty of amusement, but there was an important business and official side to the week. The Representative Assembly, the first approach of its kind in the Indian States to a representative democratic body, was then held. His Highness would sometimes open the proceedings and then the Dewan would read the account of his stewardship for the year. After that the Assembly sat from day to day and discussed matters of current interest, grievances and suggestions of all kinds. It had no legislative or administrative power, but as an organ of public opinion served a useful purpose. Another annual fixture was an Industrial and Agricultural Exhibition, which was very well organised and has doubtless played an appreciable part in the economic development of the State.

I never had any big game shooting, as His Highness was too fond of animals to be interested in destroying them, and, at holiday times, the presence of officials and others, many of them having business with His Highness, kept me at headquarters. I had one trip home for six months in 1906-7, when we took the children to England as the elder one was getting too old for India. I left Mysore in March, 1909. His Highness was good enough to offer me a further term. But I had now reached the rank of Collector, and felt that, if I were not to lose touch with administrative work and my own Service, I must get back to the Presidency. I never regretted the days spent in Mysore. Apart from the



THE STATE ELEPHANT, MYSORE.

[Facing p. 176.]

climate, which enabled us to keep our children with us for four years, and the amenities and the interest of the appointment, the experience was invaluable. The association for seven years with a Ruling Prince and his Government gave me an appreciation of their point of view and their peculiar difficulties, while enabling me to visualise the Government of India, its methods and its policy, from a new angle. Intimacy with cultivated Indians inspired a new sympathy with their qualities, their disabilities and the problems and interests of their daily life, which few Englishmen have the opportunity of gaining under ordinary conditions. We made many friends of both races, saw many beautiful things, had much pleasure and some sorrow, and took away in our hearts a warmth of affection for the Ruler, his people and his country, that can never grow cold.



## CHAPTER XVI

KATHIAWAR, 1910-1911

Leave—Sir W. Lee-Warner—Lord Morley—Kathiawar—The Maratha Tribute—Colonel Walker's Settlement—Colonel R. H. Keatinge, V.C.—The Agent to the Governor—State and Agency Jurisdictions—Amreli—Jáfarábád—Diu—Civil Stations—The Ruling Houses—Rajputs—Káthis—H.H. the Maharaja Jam Saheb of Navanagar—Sir Claude Hill—R. B. Vithalrai—H.H. the late Maharaja of Bhavnagar—Palitána—Mr. and Mrs. Tudor Owen—The Thakore Saheb—The Shatrunjaya Hill.

I REACHED home in April, and spent the next eighteen months in England. For the first time we were long enough in England to be able to settle down, which we did at the pretty little village of Lindfield, in Sussex. We were looking forward to another six months at home when I was offered the officiating appointment of Agent to the Governor in Kathiawar. I again took the opportunity to see something of Sir William Lee-Warner, who was still at the India Office as a Member of the Secretary of State's Council. He had made a deep study of the political relations of the Government of India with the Indian States; his book on the Protected Princes is a recognised authority, and, as Political Secretary in Bombay, he knew his job as no other officer within my recollection. A man of strong and independent views, with a fine brain, while he fully appreciated Lord Morley's great qualities, he deeply resented the latter's autocratic methods at the India Office, his frequent disregard or dragooning of his Council, and his contemptuous attitude towards British

Indian officials generally. We set out again in September, and in due course reached our headquarters, Rajkot.

Kathiawar is the peninsula which projects from Guzarat immediately to the South of the Rann of Cutch. With an extreme breadth from East to West of about 180 miles, and of 150 miles from North to South, it covers an area of 23,500 square miles, and is rather less than three-quarters the size of Ireland. Washed on the North by the Gulf of Cutch, on the South and West by the Indian Ocean, and on the East by the Gulf of Cambay, it enjoys a decidedly more temperate climate than that of the adjoining districts of Guzarat. In the North and East, and generally in the neighbourhood of the coast, the surface is flat or undulating, but in the centre it is broken by rocky hills. In the South the highest peak of the Girnár group rises to 3,666 feet, and further South those of the Gir Range vary in height from 1,500 to 2,000 feet. Except in the more fertile valleys, the general aspect is somewhat bare and, at first sight, unattractive, but there is a great variety of scenery, and few who have served for any length of time in Kathiawar have failed to conceive a very warm affection for the country and its people.

The Political Agency includes about 180 different States, varying in importance from the great States of Junagadh and Navanagar, with annual revenues of fifty lakhs of rupees \* and upwards, down to the holdings of petty Talukdars whose income is reckoned in tens of rupees. Up to the year 1807 the state of the country was one of perpetual warfare. Every Chief fought with his neighbour, and the only time of comparative quiet was during the annual invasion of the Baroda *Mulukgiri* army, when local affairs of honour were suspended and

\* *A lakh* = 100,000, equal at present to about £7,400.

attention was devoted to the intruder. During the period of Maratha ascendancy the Peshwa of Poona had enforced a claim to levy an annual tribute, and this was later collected on his behalf by the Gaekwar of Baroda, with a substantial addition on his own account. A Maratha army invaded the country every year, and each Chief was forced to make such terms and get rid of it as cheaply as he could. The state of things was intolerable, and in 1807 the Bombay Government, in agreement with the Gaekwar, but, curiously enough, without reference to the Peshwa, deputed Colonel Walker, with a small British and Gaekwari force, to come to an arrangement with the Chiefs, and undertook to collect the tribute in future. Colonel Walker was most successful, and in the course of a season settled the tribute to be paid in perpetuity and took bonds from the Chiefs for the maintenance of peace and the punishment of the lawless. A Political Agency and some sort of order were established, and in 1831 a criminal court was instituted for the punishment of capital crime in States which had not the strength to do it themselves. But it was not till 1863 that Government, in accordance with a scheme framed by Colonel R. H. Keatinge, V.C., divided the States into classes and defined the jurisdiction to be exercised by each and the substituted jurisdiction to be administered by Government on behalf of those which had not the requisite means and equipment. At the same time the order of precedence was determined and salutes of guns were allotted to States of the first and second classes. The position is a curious one. Kathiawar was never conquered by any paramount power, and the Maratha Princes never claimed anything more than the right to exact tribute, or, in other words, blackmail. Our own position there we owe, in the first place,

to Walker's settlement with the Gaekwar and the Chiefs, supplemented by an agreement of 1820 with the former which transferred the exclusive management of his tributaries to the British Government, and, in the second, to our succession to the rights of the Peshwa on the fall of the latter in 1817. The British tribute amounts to Rs. 6,96,000, that of Baroda to Rs. 2,90,000, and the facts would seem to supply a very complete reply to claims put forward at one time or another by Baroda. For internal purposes, Walker's settlement holds good to this day, and political practice draws a hard and fast line thereat and declines to reopen any question of fact relating to any antecedent period.

The chief political officer was the Agent to the Governor, who, besides dealing with the more important political cases, and appeals, interstatal disputes and extradition, exercised in person or through his Judicial Assistant original and appellate jurisdiction in civil and criminal matters arising in States of limited jurisdiction, on the Railways, or in the Civil Stations. Under him were four Political Agents, in charge of the four divisions or *Pránts* of the Agency, assisted by Indian Deputy Assistant Political Agents. The States which exercised no jurisdiction were grouped in *Thánas*, corresponding to Talukas in the Presidency, each under a *Thándar*, an officer corresponding to a Mamlatdar. There were seven first-class States, enjoying full criminal and civil jurisdiction and a salute of eleven guns, and six second class, with a salute of nine guns, whose jurisdiction was practically the same, with certain minor restrictions. From the third to the seventh class the jurisdiction gradually diminished, and all below the seventh were grouped under the *Thanas*. Besides the Kathiawar States, there is a

considerable tract of Baroda territory in the Peninsula, known as the Amreli Mahal; the State of Janjira owns a tract known as Jáfarábád, ranking as a first-class State, and there is the diminutive Portuguese possession of Diu. The Civil Stations were four in number, being areas assigned to the British Government for so long as they may be required "for the purpose of assisting Government in the administration." They are the residential headquarters of the Political Officers, their staffs, and the *Vakils* or agents of the States, and in the case of Rajkot and Wadhván are substantial towns with a considerable non-official population. These areas are neither Native State territory nor are they part of British India. The jurisdiction exercised in them by the political officers is jurisdiction delegated by the assigning States, and the Courts are not British Indian Courts, but are established by the Governor-General under the Indian Foreign Jurisdiction Act. The inhabitant of a Civil Station who is not a British subject and, for one reason or another, is cut off from his original home in a State has, apparently, no nationality, and the position in general gives rise to many curious questions of law and policy. The Kathiawar Railways are owned and managed by half a dozen different States, but for convenience' and safety's sake jurisdiction on them is delegated to the British Government. A Kathiawar Railway may pass through a dozen jurisdictions in the course of a hundred miles, and the complications that would arise under any other arrangement are obvious. Sufficient has been said to indicate that in an Agency composed of so many units, varying widely in size and character, work was always voluminous, and often difficult. There was never less than a full day's work, and often a great deal more.

The Ruling Houses of Kathiawar are principally of Rajput or Káthi stock. The Navab of Junagadh, generally recognised as the premier Prince, is a Mahomedan, a descendant of Mughal Viceroys, and there are a few minor Mahomedan Chiefs. At this time of day the Rajputs call for little description. The proud inheritors of a martial and chivalrous tradition, they are loyal friends and worthy foes, though the British Government has never been called upon to face them in the latter character. Stout fighting men, good sportsmen, and the soul of generosity and hospitality, their appeal to Englishmen is never-failing, and no man need ask for a stauncher friend than a good Rajput. The Kathis are an interesting people and are said to be of Scythian origin. Often tall and well built, with fair complexions and good features, they, too, have a great fighting record, but certain queer, perverse streaks of character and humour do not add to their popularity with other races. The senior Rajput State is Navanagar, or Jamnagar, ruled by a Prince of the Jareja Clan. The present Maharaja, Jam Saheb Sir Ranjitsinhji, is best known in England as the famous cricketer. In his own country he is a very distinguished Prince, is entitled to a salute of fifteen guns, two of them personal, but permanent within his own State, for services rendered to the Empire during the Great War, and is an enlightened and progressive ruler. He has taken a leading part in connection with the Chamber of Princes and has more than once represented India at the Assembly of the League of Nations. He has developed his own State in many directions, has extended his railway, fostered the trade of his ports and stimulated coastal traffic, has greatly increased the water supply of his State by an extensive programme of tank construction, and by a well-

designed and well-executed city improvement scheme has made his capital the brightest and most attractive city in Kathiawar. The leading Kathi State is Jasdan, whose ruling family is one of the few of its race which has adopted the principle of primogeniture. Among the Kathis generally succession is governed by ordinary Hindu Law, which results in constant sub-division. As a matter of fact, owing to a low birth rate and high mortality, these sub-divided estates are always reuniting, and most of the larger jurisdictional estates continue to exist in much the same shape as they have done at any time in the last fifty years. The same system of sub-division prevails among the petty Rajput States, and the consequence is a steady multiplication of shares. In many cases the value of a share has been reduced to a rupee or two, and it would be impossible to locate the actual share on the ground. Some of the sharers have the sense to seek employment elsewhere, but a large number prefer to live in indigent idleness.

Mr. C. H. A. (now Sir Claude) Hill had been Agent to the Governor for a couple of years, and in that time had accomplished an immense amount of valuable work. He had inherited from a predecessor of generous views on the subject of leisure a heavy load of arrears. He soon cleared these off and proceeded to tackle a number of complicated outstanding political cases which had for many years been the joy of lawyers and a constant source of entertainment to the parties concerned. With the aid of Mr. H. D. Rendall, I.C.S., who had for some years held the office of Judicial Assistant, and had gained not only an exceptional knowledge of Kathiawar Law and political practice, but also the complete confidence of litigants of all classes, he succeeded in settling a con-

siderable number. At the same time he reorganised the office on Government of India Secretariat lines. So I was fortunate in taking over a clean table and a well-organised office system. On this occasion I spent a year in Kathiawar, and thoroughly enjoyed it. The position is dignified and carries with it a salute of thirteen guns within the Agency, a fine residence at Rajkot, and the use of a private Railway saloon on the Kathiawar system. Many of the Princes were enlightened, well educated and agreeable men, acquaintance with whom often ripened into friendship. Rajkot society was pleasant and life at headquarters was constantly relieved by visits, formal or otherwise, to States in different parts of the Province. The charge was one of considerable independence, and as the Political portfolio was in the hands of the Governor there was direct access to him, a privilege that in the case of one of the calibre of Lord Sydenham was stimulating and tended greatly to the despatch of business. Of course, the task of officiating for the permanent incumbent if, as in this case, he happens to be a man of ability with very definite views on individual cases and general policy, is never very easy, but, so far as I am aware, no injury was done during the time either to his "end" or my own feelings!

The Daftardár or chief Indian Assistant in the Agent to the Governor's office was Rao Bahadur Vithalrai Himatrám, a man of exceptional character and integrity. He had had thirty-seven years' service in the Agency, had been Daftardar for twelve years, had an unequalled knowledge of Kathiawar history, political practice and precedents, and was consequently invaluable. The only trouble was that he knew and did too much, and, though the work was supposed to be distributed between the

staffs of the various branches, the clerks sat at the feet of the "Bhai Saheb" and took instructions on every case, instead of doing the work themselves. He was as nearly impartial as it is possible for an Indian officer in his position to be, and only showed a certain bias in two directions. He was always on the side of the weak against the strong and was always very indignant with Politicals of the modern school like myself who declined to take the summary measures with oppressive or recalcitrant potentates, which had been admissible and practicable twenty years before, but were so no longer. Again, as a high-caste Brahman, he was apt to take the part of Brahman subordinates, or in political cases in which a religious foundation was concerned, to adopt the ecclesiastical view. On the other hand, I never heard the faintest disparagement from any quarter of his absolute integrity, and, considering the power that an officer in his position must inevitably exercise, that fact is no small tribute to his character. In the case of one like myself coming fresh to the work of an Agency, the decision in any particular case must often depend to a great extent on the way in which it is presented by the office. It is very easy to emphasise certain points and to omit others, and still easier to convey to the States and the public in general that things can be worked in any desired direction. A man of the gentlest nature, he was proud of the fact that during all his service he had never got any one into trouble, and his only reply to my assurances that this was a lamentable confession was a philosopher's smile! An untiring worker, a most loyal and devoted servant of Government, a man of irreproachable private life, he was a fine specimen of the old type of responsible subordinate that is fast disappearing.

Shortly after my arrival we paid a visit to Bhavnagar, in response to an invitation from the Maharaja to open his new branch railway from Sihore to Palitána. The Maharajas of Bhavnagar are Gohel Rajputs, and their State, which ranks in the first class, has for many years been administered on sound and progressive lines. Bhavnagar was a pioneer of railway enterprise in Kathiawar, and until the break-up of the Kathiawar system in 1911 was the headquarters of that system. His Highness, Sir Bhavsinhji, was a ruler of much strength and individuality. Wise in the choice of his Dewans, he was always unmistakably the one authority in his State, before whom ill-doers and the incompetent trembled. A well-educated man, he was an intelligent patron of arts and crafts, and, besides being a keen sportsman, was always busy with some wholesome interest of the moment. During seven years' service in Kathiawar I never once received a petition or a complaint from a Bhavnagar subject, and no State gave the Agency so little work. In view, as he assured me, of my Mysore experience, the Maharaja gave me from the first a large measure of his confidence, and in the course of evening drives would freely discuss the most intimate matters. He was a somewhat alarming whip, for his eyes and his thoughts were always anywhere but on his horses. Luckily the latter knew their job, and his syces also ! His wife, the Maharani Nandkunvarba, C.I., was a lady of exceptional character and education. The model mother of three most attractive little boys, she worked untiringly for female education and other good causes, and later for war hospitals and charities, and well deserved the honour conferred on her in 1911 of admission to that most exclusive Imperial Order, the Crown of India. The death of husband and

wife within a few months of each other in 1918-19 was more than lamentable.

From Bhavnagar we went on to Palitana, another Gohel State, ranking in the second class. The Thakore Saheb was then a minor and the State was under the administration of Mr. W. C. Tudor Owen, I.C.S. Owing to family factions the early days of the administration had been most difficult and called for exceptional qualities of firmness and courage on the part of the Administrator. By this time most of these had been got over, and though seasons had been poor and cash was consequently short, the administration was a sound going concern, which did much credit to the officer in charge. We stayed at the new Palace, designed on most sensible lines, for the time being as a residence for the minor Chief, his guardians and companions, but so arranged that additions could easily be made to meet the requirements of a Ruling Prince. We landed into the middle of what seemed, allowing for differences of dress and complexion, a typical English country house family party. The young Thakore Saheb was a boy of ten, and with two Rajput companions was mothered and educated by Mrs. Tudor Owen with the most admirable results. The boys had Indian religious and vernacular tutors and had as playmates a number of selected Rajput boys. With their guardians they rode, played games, worked at English subjects and acquired the ordinary healthy interests of well-bred English boys of their age. The Thakore Saheb was also fortunate in having his uncle, Kumar Sri Lakhdirji, the heir apparent of the Morvi State, living in Palitana, than whom no better friend and adviser could have been found.

The education of minor Chiefs or heirs apparent is one of the most difficult problems arising out of the conditions

of our Indian Empire. It is absolutely necessary to give them a better education, a wider outlook and more wholesome surroundings than they would ordinarily get in their own home, and the only means of attaining these objects is to associate them with Englishmen. On the other hand, there is always the danger of denationalising them or of producing undesirable hybrids, representatives of the best qualities of neither race. In this case, after the years spent at Palitana the Thakore Saheb and his companions were sent to school in England, where all did well. The first gained a respectable place in his public school and played very sound cricket for the Shrewsbury eleven. On his return to Palitana, with the help and guidance of Mr. Tudor Owen and his Uncle, he quickly settled into his proper place, and he is at the present moment one of the best rulers in Kathiawar, a wise and steady administrator, a man of healthy interests, a good Hindu and a good Indian. The two companions received King's commissions during the war, and one is still serving with much credit. The other took an agricultural course and is now doing useful service in Palitana. This admirable result is due in a great measure, no doubt, to the good dispositions of the young men concerned, but far more to the wise and wholesome training received in early days at the hands of the Administrator, and still more of his wife. Mrs. Tudor Owen has never received the recognition that should attend complete success, but if there were more like her to influence the early years of future rulers, there would be more happy and well-administered States and Government would be spared some disappointments. Experience brings home to Political Officers the difficulties attending the upbringing of members of the princely houses. Often

commanding ample means and unchecked by any strong public or communal opinion as to the moralities, they are further exposed to temptation at the hands of menials and even relatives, anxious to curry favour and obtain influence by providing the means of gratifying youthful appetites. Under the circumstances it is remarkable and in the highest degree creditable that, though some turn out badly, so many do so well.

The town of Palitana lies at the foot of the Shatrunjaya Hill, to the Jain community a most sacred place of pilgrimage. The double summit of the hill and the intervening valley are covered with Jain temples many hundreds in number, enclosed in *Tunks* or walled and embattled enclosures, forming what Fergusson describes as a city of temples. The general view of these temples is very striking; in detail they are generally less pleasing. The oldest existing temples date from the eleventh century, but this city of the gods goes back much further than that and has outlived many dynasties. In view of its ancient settlement, the Jain community, consisting largely of hard-headed and wealthy business men, has for many years put forward claims to rights which the State has never felt able to admit, and this perpetual wrangle, conducted with extreme tenacity, mainly by the Shethias of Ahmedabad, has been a constant vexation to the Rulers of Palitana.

The Palitana State is also famous for its paddock, which has been the pride of successive Thakores. The Kathi breed of horses is noted throughout India for shape and stamina. Compact, clean limbed, wiry little horses, they have been compared to those of the Parthenon frieze. Kathi tradition and ballads are full of the exploits of famous mares, and up to a few years ago most Kathi

households took pride in the possession of a few specimens of one or other noted family. But increasing poverty and the destruction wrought by famines have sadly reduced their number, and few are to be found outside the paddocks at Palitana, Junagadh and Jasdan. The Palitana stock is remarkable for bone and size. Some very useful animals are bred there from country mares crossed with good Arab and English blood, which furnish many winners at the Rajkot races. Thakore Saheb Bahadursinhji is as keen on a horse as his father before him, and has something to say about a generation of "chauffeurs"!



## CHAPTER XVII

KATHIAWAR, 1910-1911—*continued*

H.H. the Navab Saheb of Junagadh—The Girnar Hill—The Edicts of Asoka—Death of the Navab Saheb—Captain H. C. Kay—Captain H. S. Strong—Mr. H. D. Rendall—Early Days of the Junagadh Administration—A Sole Administrator's Work—Porbandar—An Ancient Dispute—Death of H. H. the Raj Saheb of Dhrangadra—H.H. Maharaja Ghan-shyamsinhji—His Dewan—Mángrol—The Sheikh of Mangrol—Failure of the Rains—Life at Rajkot—The Rajkumar College—Collector of Dharwar.

**W**E soon after paid a visit to His Highness the Navab of Junagadh. The city is picturesquely situated on rising ground at the foot of the Girnar Hill, and, with its many ancient remains, is full of historic interest. A somewhat forbidding town, of narrow streets winding between houses of massive stone, it is dominated by the imposing citadel, the Uparkot, whose grim walls have looked down on much battle, murder and sudden death. In the background towers the mighty mass of the Girnar, rising sheer from its foothills in precipices of tremendous grandeur. On a boulder near the foot is carved a copy of the edicts of Asoka\* dating from the middle of the fourth century B.C. About 600 feet below the summit is a Jain *Tirtha* or collection of temples, which, though not so popular as that of Shatrunjaya, attracts many pilgrims. And dotted all about the hill and at its foot are Hindu shrines and temples, the resort of devotees of many communities. The history of the

\* Asoka, King of Magadha or Behar, B.C. 350. Forty-two of these inscriptions exist in various parts of India.

Junagadh State has been a troubled one, and the Ruling House of the Babees has known many vicissitudes. The old Navab was an interesting survival of a picturesque past. He maintained the old practice of his family of wearing a painted smile on occasions of ceremony, so that his subjects might never behold him in other than auspicious mood. Though a man of little education he had considerable shrewdness, dignified and courteous manners, and was a kindly host. He was getting old and feeble and scarcely moved beyond Palace limits. The heir apparent was a delicate looking child of nine. We stayed a day or two, and on one of them were carried up the Girnar and down again in chairs slung on poles. The latter was quite a thrilling experience as the bearers raced down the precipitous path, often consisting of rough steps hewn in the face of the scarp, and round corners at which one seemed to be hanging over the chasm below. The Navab Saheb died in the following January, and, in view of the minority of his successor, it was necessary for Government to assume the management of the State on his behalf.

The first few days after the Navab's death were a time of considerable anxiety. The administration—if such it could be called—was chaotic; the city at all times included a turbulent element, and the presence of a number of up-country wrestlers and other foreign undesirables added to the possibilities of trouble. The relations of the late Navab were threatening claims to the succession, and the whole place was a hotbed of rivalries and intrigue. Fortunately, the Inspecting Officer of Imperial Service Cavalry, the late Captain H. C. Kay, of the 8th Cavalry, happened to be in Junagadh at the time, supervising the annual training of the local squadrons. On hearing of the

Navab's death he at once took charge of the situation and, loyally seconded by the Commanding Officer of the Lancers, replaced the police at all important points by officers and men of the regiment, wired for the Political Agent in charge of the Prant and, pending his arrival, maintained order and safeguarded the Palace and its contents. I was at the other end of the Province, but got down there without delay with my Personal Assistant, Captain H. S. Strong, discussed the position with the Political Agent, and, after seeing that every precaution had been taken, left Captain Strong to carry on pending the appointment of a permanent Administrator, with Captain Kay to stand by and help him if required. They were both junior officers, but during the next few weeks they handled a most difficult situation with a firmness and discretion that did them the utmost credit. In due course Mr. Rendall, the Judicial Assistant, was appointed Administrator, and though tired out with the strenuous work of the preceding years, set to work with characteristic thoroughness to tidy up.

The task was sufficiently exacting. At one time the chief power in the State had been the Vazir Bahauddin, a Mahomedan of strong personality, who had first established his position by rendering important services to the Navab of the day. But the brains of Junagadh have always resided with the Nágar Brahman community. The Vazir first worked with the Nagars, and as he grew older was worked by them. He accumulated a large fortune during his years of power by means which, though questionable in modern eyes, were entirely in accordance with the mediæval ideas prevailing locally as to the natural use to be made of a commanding position. Latterly his power had passed to the astuter community,

and at the time of the Navab's death the State was managed by a cabal of Nagar *Huzuris*, or Court Officials, who manipulated the finances as they chose, filled the State offices with their relations and adherents, sucked the State dry, and laid much of it waste. The Dewan for the time being was maintained to correspond with the Agency, manage Railway affairs and write ornamental administration reports based on a minimum of fact, and was allowed no real control of the State or its finances. There was no Treasury system, the State funds being distributed by the *Huzuris* among a number of shops in the bazaar, owned by their adherents, where they were handled without check. The latest Administration report showed a State balance of nine crores.\* All that Mr. Rendall could find after months of search was about twenty-five lakhs, including jewellery. The last was stowed away in all sorts of queer corners—in old unfastened boxes, tied up in rags, under beds or in odd cupboards. But for Captain Kay's prompt measures he would probably have found nothing at all. One of the first things to do was to get rid of the swarm of superfluous hangers-on, paid by the day. The sole duty of some hundreds of them was to keep a fighting-cock and appear with it under the arm on occasions of ceremony. One of them recalled the old story of the sentry over the rose, for he informed the Administrator that he was "the man who stood outside the window." It appeared that some years before the Navab Saheb had complained because, one day when he looked out of his Palace window, there was no one to salaam to him. A man had been stationed on the spot ever since ! But there was little that was humorous in the situation to lighten the strain.

\* Crore = 100 lakhs of rupees, about £740,000.

I have known officers who, observing the pay and the power of a sole Administrator, have cast envious eyes on the appointment. Where it is a question of taking over a well ordered and prosperous State the attitude is possibly justified, but there is another side to the position, and in Junagadh it was the material one. In the early days, the Administrator was never free from apprehension of possible disturbance or from speculation as to the next disloyal move of one or other interest or faction. There was scarcely a man in the place on whom he could rely, and most of his time was occupied in dealing with abuses of the worst kind and with the ungrateful task of bringing rascals to book. There was the usual unpleasant and invidious struggle with the Zenana over the person of the Minor and the arrangements for his wellbeing and education, and, when the point was gained, ever-present anxiety as to the health of a delicate boy, whose existence was the sole bar to unscrupulous ambitions. And, while thus subject to continuous harassment, he had to be devising a completely new organisation and to get the machine of Government running. An Administrator must not introduce too many outsiders or a system framed on the British model, but must make what he can of the material available on the spot, and must always have in his mind the day when the machine will be worked by local men with local ideas. To most men, perhaps, the most trying circumstance is his complete isolation. He rarely has another Englishman to share the responsibility, to cheer him with his society, or, most important of all, to help him to maintain his sense of humour and proportion. He can call no minute of his waking hours his own, and if he can get his proper allowance of sleep he is fortunate. He requires good health and good nerves, and

no one need envy what, to a sensitive and conscientious man, is an ordeal amounting to nothing less than penal servitude, without its amenities. When I left in the autumn of 1911 Mr. Rendall had surmounted the initial difficulties with marked success, but at a cost to himself and his wife that few could realise.

Our next visit was to Porbandar, a first-class State lying on the West coast, which was at that time also under minority administration. The Maharaja Rana Saheb is the only representative among the Ruling Princes of Kathiawar of the Jethva Clan of Rajputs, who trace their descent from no less a person than the demi-god Hanumán. We called on the Maharani and made the acquaintance of the Minor, then a boy of eight or nine. Porbandar is a historic port that dates from ancient times, and, with its gleaming white and coloured houses, its fringe of yellow sand, and its deep blue sea dotted with lateen-rigged craft, suggests a Mediterranean town. The State owns valuable quarries of milliolite limestone of great purity and even grain, which is easily worked and in great demand for building. The large quantity of waste chippings from the quarries and unlimited fine mud in the creek suggested to Messrs. Tata and others the starting of a cement industry, which when I left India was doing well. It is the seat of a thriving trade with the Persian Gulf and African ports, and also of a flourishing shipbuilding industry, which turns out ocean-going craft of 200 tons and over. A few years later, the war gave a great impetus to this industry, for the demand for freight was so great that a single voyage would replace the capital outlay. The occasion of my visit was the discussion with the Jam Saheb and the Porbandar Administrators of a typical old crusted Kathiawar interstatal dispute about

water rights that had been going on for seventy years or so. So, after a day or two at Porbandar, we joined His Highness in camp at Rával, in Jamnagar territory, and for a pleasant day or two combined business with shooting, with satisfactory results in both directions. A first sight of the file of such a case is sufficiently alarming, and the labour of wading through six solid feet or more of manuscript has given many a Political Agent a headache. The ground and water channels concerned were strewn with training walls and dams named after past Politicals, indicating successive stages in the dispute, and one result of this last conversation was a new and singularly hideous *bandh* \* bearing the name of their unworthy successor ! In view of local conditions, it was the sort of case that the misplaced zeal of subordinate officials or the pickaxe of a single cultivator can keep open indefinitely, but I gather that in recent years the good sense of the Rulers concerned has settled matters for the time being. There are many such cases in Kathiawar, some of them dating back a hundred years, and nothing but goodwill, which is often wanting on one or both sides, can settle them even temporarily. They are ordinarily carried on with obstinacy, but with reasonable good temper. And it was so in this case till a year or two later, when the two States happened to be represented for the moment by British Officers, who, in the ardour of the fray, came near to punching each other's heads !

We spent Christmas with a large party in camp in the North of the Jam Saheb's territory, and had much good duck shooting and pigsticking. The death of the Navab Saheb was followed soon after by that of another eleven-gun Chief, Raj Saheb Sir Ajitsinhji of Dhrangadra,

\* *Bandh* = masonry or earthwork dam.

recognised in Rajputana and Kathiawar as Chief of all the Jhálás, one of the most virile and individual of all the Rajput Clans. Both the Raj Saheb and the heir apparent were attacked by small-pox, but the latter happily recovered, and I had the pleasure of investing him on behalf of Government with his powers on March 3rd, 1911. The young Maharaja Ghanshyámsinhji was then twenty-two and had received an excellent education. After four years at the Rajkumar College at Rajkot, he had continued his education in England, under the guardianship of Sir Charles Ollivant, some time Political Agent in Kathiawar. At Rajkot and in England his father had associated with him, as tutor and companion, Raj Rána Mánsinhji, a *Bhayat*\* of the State. In the later years of Sir Ajitsinhji, misunderstandings had broken out between him and his Bhayats which resulted in Mansinhji leaving the State and taking service in the Bombay Police. He distinguished himself greatly at the Police School, and later as a Deputy Superintendent in several districts of the Presidency. Maharaja Ghanshyamsinhji's first act was to recall him to the State as his Dewan, and subsequent history has amply proved the wisdom of this step. His Highness succeeded to an inappreciable cash balance, a load of debt, a State generally deficient in up-to-date equipment, and a sullen, almost hostile, body of Bhayats, and in their first year he and his Dewan had to face a famine. Of their success in overcoming these difficulties I shall have something to say later.

We spent most of April and May at Mángrol, on the West coast, camped on the seashore. There was no shade for the tents, but at that time of year the South-West monsoon is blowing up, and except for an hour or

\* *Bhayat* = member of a cadet family of a Ruling House.

so in the morning, when the breeze dropped and we were usually out riding, it was always cool and pleasant. The Sheikh of Mangrol, the representative of a family that has ruled there for two hundred years, is a man of breeding and education, and has interests and hobbies not often cultivated by Indian gentlemen. He was a craftsman and expert with his lathe, and was as keen on a tool catalogue as myself. He had brought up a charming family with much good sense and given them an English education. A daughter who married the late Chief of Manavadar, a lady of much character, has, as Regent, administered her son's State during his minority with much success. He was a devotee of croquet, which some of us regard as a disease rather than a game, and all of Friday, the Mahomedan Sabbath, that was not given to religion was spent in an interminable battle, in which the leading officers of the State were expected to take part. The ground was laid out on any convenient open space, there were no boundaries, and the main object of the game was to send the opponent's ball as far as possible into the country. We occasionally chipped in about sunset, and darkness would often find the game unfinished. There was delightful bathing and a certain amount of sea fishing, excellent riding over firm sandy country, and the time passed very pleasantly. The coast line along the West and South-West of Kathiawar is formed of ridges of limestone, and, between and behind these ridges, there are belts of rich garden land of great fertility, producing three or four crops in the year. The water is within a few feet of the surface, and irrigation is effected by Persian wheels. The main crop at the time of our visit was onions, which are of excellent quality and are exported in thousands of tons from the picturesque little port, which was known

in the days of Ptolemy. We were joined there by Mr. Mayne, the Principal of the Rajkumar College, with his wife and children, which added much to the pleasure of our stay, and have every reason to retain the kindest recollection of the little State, its Chief, and his family.

The rains broke early that year with a heavy cyclonic storm at the beginning of June, but as often happens when that occurs, there was very little to follow, and the annually recurring anxiety as to the season, the trying experience of nearly all India, was prolonged into months. In such a season a thin wrack of clouds drives high over head, day after day, giving place at night to a brilliant sky. As the weeks go by and one sowing season after another is lost, Famine Codes and files come out and worries and preoccupations increase. Of all grateful sounds in the world, I know nothing to equal the drumming of the rain on the verandah roof and the deep croak of the bull-frogs in the fountain, telling of peace and plenty to come. But that was not one of our experiences that year, and when I left in October preparations to face a famine were in full swing. It was the first serious scarcity since the "*Chhapanio*"\* of evil memory, and it was impossible to foresee how the people would face it. But liberal advances were made to the poorer Talukdars, the Ruling Princes and Chiefs rose to the occasion, ample arrangements were made for the import and distribution of grass and landless labour obtained employment elsewhere. So, in the event, though there was some mortality of cattle, there was little human distress.

Apart from this ever present anxiety the season passed

\* *Chhapanio*: 56. The year 1899-1900 corresponded with 1956 of the Samvat Era.

very pleasantly. The Residency garden was delightful, and in "Bhavan" Mali I found the counterpart of my old Simla friend, another humble-minded enthusiast, always anxious to learn. He came and went with the sun and was always at work, he knew every tree and plant in the garden, by what Saheb or Mem-Saheb it had been planted, sometimes forty years before, and loved them all. In later years we were very successful with chrysanthemums, and four years after I had left the country, he sent me photographs of himself standing by his latest achievements. Last Christmas came the news of his death. Doubtless he has gone where all good gardeners go, and is happy in a garden such as he never dreamed of. A good gymkhana club, which owed much to the generosity of the Chiefs and of which many of them and of their Bhayat were members, provided a good cricket ground, tennis courts and a meeting place of an evening. I saw "Ranji" play cricket there for the only time in my life, as I had been in India all the years when he was delighting England and Australia, and though a good Bombay gymkhana team could not extend him, he gave us a very beautiful display. He stayed with us more than once, accompanied by his grey parrot, his companion since Cambridge days, a bird of great wisdom and accomplishment, and set us wondering, as we do to this day, whether he is more admirable as host or guest.

As Chairman of the Ráj Kumár College Council, I saw a good deal of that excellent institution and presided over the annual prize giving, which brings back many distinguished "old boys" and is always a cheerful function. The oldest of the Indian Chiefs Colleges, its foundation, like so many other Kathiawar institutions, is owed to the initiative of Colonel Keatinge, and it was opened in 1870.

It was intended to provide for the young Chiefs and their near relatives an education as near as might be on the lines of an English public school, and, in spite of many difficulties and some failures has, thanks to the loyal and practical support of the Ruling Princes and to a succession of capable Principals, exerted a great influence for good on the character of the latter generations of Rulers in the Bombay Presidency. It was singularly fortunate in its first Principal, Mr. Chester MacNaghten, a fine scholar and a man of much force as well as beauty of character, whose name is still a household word in Kathiawar. He was followed by Mr. Waddington, who with his successor, Mr. C. W. Mayne, carried on the tradition and won the confidence and affection of the Chiefs. The Kumárs, dressed in spotless white, with their brilliant Jodhpur *sáfas*\* or other distinguishing head-dress in all the colours of the rainbow, full of chat and laughter, but always well mannered, were a pretty and cheerful addition to any show, and could always be relied on to do justice to ices and the refreshment table.

Towards the end of what should have been the rains, we were much occupied with preparations for the Political camp at the Coronation Darbar to be held by His Majesty at Delhi. I was relieved by Mr. Hill early in October and was posted as Collector of the Dharwar District.

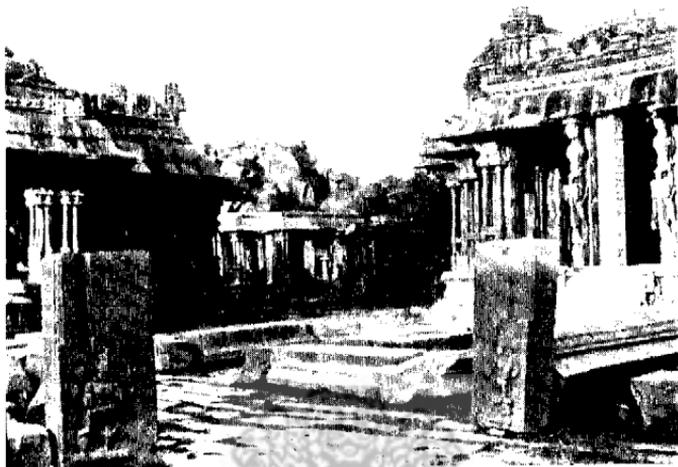
\* *Sáfa*= a long muslin cloth used for tying turbans.

## CHAPTER XVIII

### THE DHARWAR DISTRICT, 1911-1914

The Dharwar District—Collector's Work—Scarcity and the New Policy—Dispensaries—Plague—An Inoculation Campaign—The Sanitary Association—The District Darbar—An Indian Musician—Subordinate Magistrates—Crime in the District—Camp Life in Dharwar—Humpi—Badámi—Gadag—Lakkundi—Dambal—Colonel Wellesley—Hamgi—Galagnáth—The Navab of Sávanur—Life in the Rains—Fishing—Marmagoa—Lord Willingdon—Transfer to the Central Division.

**T**HE Dharwar District forms, along with Kanara, the Southernmost portion of the Bombay Presidency, and immediately adjoins the Mysore State and the Bellary District of Madras. It stands at much the same level above the sea as Mysore and has a similar climate with two monsoons, thunderstorms in April and May, and a generally pleasant temperature. It consists roughly of three belts running from the North-West to the South-East, the Western or *Mallád* tract of broken hill and forest with a constant rainfall, a transition tract partaking of the character of those on either side and an Eastern tract of flat black cotton soil of great depth and fertility, broken by a few isolated hills in the North and by hilly country between Gadag and the Tungabhadra River to the South and East. In the first two tracts there are many delightful camps and much good shooting, from tiger to snipe. The black soil country is less attractive, but not without its interest. The District has been a battleground for centuries down to the days of Hyder Ali and Tippu, of Colonel Wellesley and Dhundia Wagh,



VITTHALWAMI TEMPLE, HAMPÍ.



ENTRANCE TO TEMPLE OF VIRABHADRA.

and, in addition to these historic associations, is famous for its Chalukyan temples of the best period. The cultivators are generally well to do and industrious, more prosperous in the Central and Eastern tracts than in the rugged West, and belong mostly to the Lingayat\* community. Dharwar itself is a quiet old town of no particular note, but Hubli, fifteen miles to the South-East, besides being an important railway junction is the centre of the cotton trade of that part of the country and has a thriving commercial community and some busy factories. Gadag, the chief town of the Eastern tract is also a railway junction, and is of some commercial importance.

We reached Dharwar early in October and occupied the Collector's bungalow, a spacious old rambling house, standing on a hill overlooking the black soil plain to the North, with a garden that promised much and an extensive grassy compound of several acres, all very attractive. I had to collect tents, horses and camp equipment, and to pick up the threads of a Collector's work, for, except for the brief spell in Ahmedabad ten years before, I had done no revenue work for seventeen years. However, with an experienced Deputy Collector as Personal Assistant, a very competent office and a fairly wide and varied experience behind me, that presented little difficulty. The main trouble was the language, which is an impure Kanarese, mixed up with a lot of Marathi and Urdu. I should, of course, have learnt Kanarese in Mysore, where it is spoken in its original purity, but all my work there came up in English, I had plenty of other interests to occupy me, and the flesh is weak. However, I got down

\* Lingayats = a sect of Hindu "Protestants" who threw off the tyranny of Brahmanism in the twelfth century. Worshippers of Shiva, their name is derived from the Phallic emblem which they wear throughout life.

to it and soon learnt enough to follow a vernacular correspondence, carry on some sort of conversation with the villagers and understand their wants and troubles. Occasionally I would be absolutely defeated by a villager, when the only remedy was to tell him to come to camp and continue the conversation there. But I always felt rather ashamed of myself, and regretted the years that the locust had eaten. The District had fared better than Kathiawar in the matter of rain. But the whole of the Eastern tract, which should have been a waving sea of cotton, jowari and oil seeds, was a black waste, and for a time the situation was doubtful. As it turned out, no special measures were needed. I held up a lot of Local Fund works in case there should be a demand for work in the hot weather, and the result was that they were not done at all that year. Liberal advances were made in the worst tracts, which enabled the cultivators to clean a lot of their land, which suffers much from a deep-rooted grass that is worse than "couch" in this country. Twelve lakhs of revenue out of thirty-five were suspended under the new policy before referred to, and the district got through the year without any trouble at all. The rains of 1912 were good, and in the following season the whole of the suspended arrears were collected along with the current demand, with the exception of about Rs. 1000, the people liable for which could not be traced. And this was effected without a murmur of complaint from any part of the District, beyond the regret expressed by a few raiyats that they had not paid up the year before. From which it is fair to conclude, that the assessment was reasonable, that the cultivators were prosperous and that I had an extremely capable lot of Mamlatdars.

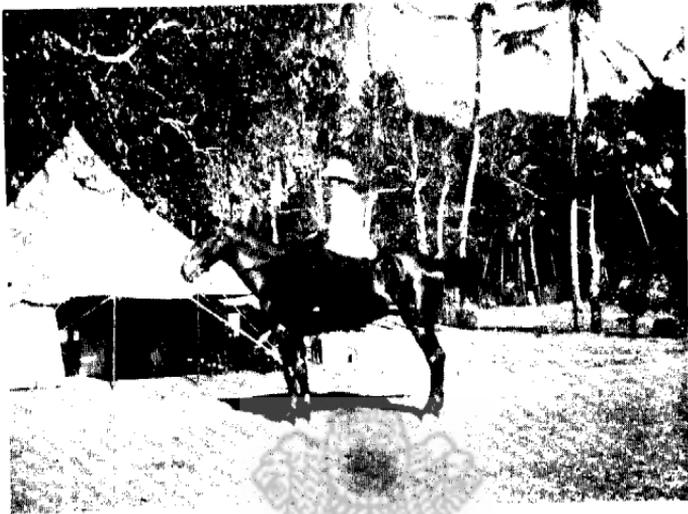
Dharwar, with an area of 4,500 square miles, equal in

size therefore to Devon and Somerset with a third of Dorset thrown in, is one of the largest and richest districts of the Presidency, and, before the days of Personal Assistants, must have been a heavy charge. But with the aid of that invaluable officer who took most of the drudgery off one's hands, I found that the current work occupied no more than three or four hours of the day, which left ample time for attending to things that really matter, such as urban and rural sanitation, District and village improvements, crime and the work of subordinate magistrates. In the first respect we were able to do a good deal during the next year or two. When I arrived, the District had just been through a severe plague epidemic, which literally decimated many towns and villages. This was the case at Nargund, one of the first towns visited. I found that, though there had been a Municipality there for thirty years, there was no dispensary and no attempt had been made to push prophylactic inoculation. When the city fathers waited on me at my camp, I told them exactly what I thought of them and declined to visit the town or accept any civilities, until they had got together a sum sufficient to warrant my approaching Government for a grant of the balance needed to build a dispensary. The result was immediate and an excellent dispensary had been built before I left the District. Three other Taluka or Mahal headquarters lacked dispensaries and the deficiency was made good in the course of the next three years. The local worthies were very fond of what they called *pánsupári* parties, which were somewhat depressing functions, held as a rule in the village schoolroom. The distinguished visitor was entertained, speeches were made, pan and supari, that is, crushed areca nut and spices wrapped in the leaves of the

aromatic betel vine, were distributed and garlands were placed round the necks of the company. I declined to attend any such, unless the would-be host had done something or spent a substantial amount for the public good. Generosity in the cause of benevolence was not a habit in Dharwar, but this apparent closeness was no more than a relic of old disturbed days, when no one could afford to admit that he had money to spare. Another idea, dating from the same period, which prevailed among the old-fashioned was that to wear new or smart clothes was thoroughly bad form. But when things were put properly to the well-to-do I always found a ready and generous response. Once at Ron, I asked a local personage who wanted me to attend a party, what he had ever done for the public good. "Sir," he replied, with a beaming smile, "I lend money and take interest." The crowded *Chora* \* saw the joke and shouted with laughter, and the gentleman concerned was afterwards a generous helper.

As plague was still hanging about, an inoculation campaign was started. At the beginning the mere sight of a man in European clothes, followed by a cooly with a box, was sufficient to send a whole village flying into the jungle. Much of the terror inspired by the idea of inoculation was due to the unfortunate description applied to the serum, of a "sterile vaccine," for the passive adjective was interpreted in the active sense. As the first duty of every Indian is to raise a family, the consternation excited may be understood. To forward the campaign a District Sanitary Association was started, on the suggestion of Colonel T. M. Hudson, the Civil Surgeon, and, thanks to the efforts of the district staff and of local

*Chora* = village office.



IN CASTLE, DUARWAR.



BULLOCK DRIVING, DUARWAR.

medical practitioners, it caught on at once. All the influential men, including village headmen, joined, and we soon had a membership of about 6,000, with an income of as many rupees. The subscription was left to the choice of individuals, with a maximum of Rs. 5 and a minimum of 8 annas. Government placed a couple of Hospital Assistants at our disposal ; we provided them with a magic lantern, suitable slides and a gramophone and sent them into the villages to preach. As a result, in 1912-13 we got 64,000 people inoculated against plague. Special inoculators were provided by Government, medical men of the Hospital Assistant class, out of employment, who did their work so well that, not only were the statistical results completely satisfactory, but not a single case of a septic wound was reported. The result was that, thereafter, as soon as rats began to die in a village, the first sign of plague, the villagers would come begging for an inoculator. The Association stored and distributed quinine, cholera remedies, and disinfectants, which it may be hoped did some good, and also effected great improvements in village sanitation. My Personal Assistant, Mr. G. R. Balekundri, devised a scheme by which each householder undertook to keep the road and the gutter in front of his house clean and in good repair. Under the influence of the members of the Association the idea was taken up with enthusiasm, and villagers would beg me to come and see their villages and how beautifully they had been " Balekundrifed " ! A District Darbar is held every year in October at headquarters, to which all the leading men of the district are invited. The Collector addresses them on subjects of current interest, and any one who wishes to talk about them or make representations has the opportunity of doing so. At

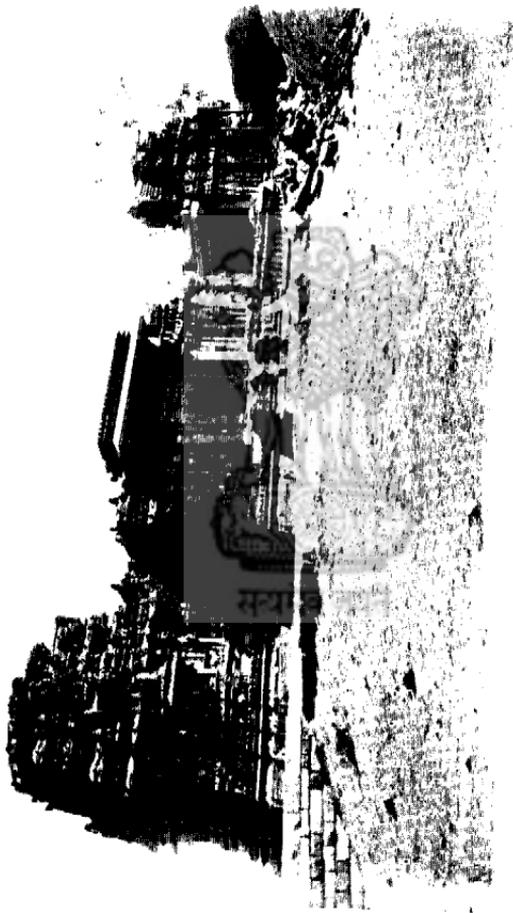
Dharwar this gradually developed into a "week," which was amusing and instructive. The various District Associations—Agricultural, Sanitary, and Co-operative—held their annual meetings and lectures, and we would wind up with a garden party at the Collector's. One year I got an old Mysore friend, Sheshanna, the head *Vina* player at the Palace, to come and play to the guests. The *vina* is an instrument of the lute type, of great beauty and delicacy, and, when properly played, appeals to the Western ear almost as much as to the Indian. Sheshanna, a handsome and charming old gentleman, was a great artist, and his instrument, which had been in his family for two hundred years or more, was a Stradivarius among *vinas*. Dharwar went into raptures over him, and for a week or two declined to let him go, so his visit was a great success from every point of view.

The supervision of the work of subordinate magistrates is important, if only for the insight that it gives into the mental calibre and judgment of the officers concerned. I always left the scrutiny of the returns, from the point of view of procedure, to the Personal Assistant, who was much better qualified than I to attend to it, and confined myself to the decisions, sending for the papers in any case that looked doubtful. My experience was, that few of the second-class magistrates showed any knowledge of the world or sense of proportion in the matter of sentences, and the third class, mostly elderly men who had risen from the ranks, were still worse. One specially fatuous performance comes to mind, the circumstances of which were as follows: The district is haunted by gangs of *haran shikaris* (deer hunters), a very primitive nomadic tribe, in appearance and culture about on a level with the Australian black fellow. Their ostensible means of sub-

sistence is snaring buck, but they are also petty pilferers, are regarded as a public nuisance by the countryside, and are always being moved on by the police. A party of these had got hold of a sheep, had hung it up on a tree by the side of the road not far from a small Hindu temple, and were proceeding to skin it and cut it up. A fussy police Sub-Inspector, coming along the road with his attendant orderly, directed the latter to take the names of the gang and charge them with committing an act likely to injure the religious feelings of another community. As he was writing the names, the old woman who was head of the party protested and caught hold of his wrist. The Sub-Inspector: "Charge her with obstructing a public officer in the performance of his duty." The old lady picked up a rope and announced her intention of hanging herself on the nearest tree. "Charge her with attempting to commit suicide!" And charged she was, with all three offences, convicted by the Magistrate, and fined Rs. 100, the whole gang being probably unable to raise 100 annas between them. I sent the case to the High Court, who put matters right, and had a heart to heart talk with the Magistrate, who informed me that nothing was left to him but to seek the banks of the Krishna and spend the rest of his life in meditation, which he proceeded to do. The District had a bad name for violent crime, as the Southern Deccan is preyed upon by a number of criminal tribes, and the Lingayat cultivator seems specially subject to sudden and uncontrollable fits of rage. I remember one cutting his brother's head off with a sickle over a petty land dispute. Another hit his wife over the head with an iron bar, because she did not pass the matches quick enough to please him. A queer custom, very common in the community, of maintaining, in addition to a wife, another

woman, often of curiously unattractive appearance, is the cause of much trouble, and of family feuds leading to passionate crime. We had some bad outbreaks of gang robbery, which were eventually brought home to a criminal tribe of the Bellary District. The favourite time for these professional operations was during heavy rain, when every one, including the police, was under shelter and the deep black soil was impassable for all except these wiry oil-besmeared ruffians, who covered an incredible amount of country in a single night. Even the black buck were rendered helpless at such times and were easily caught by the villagers on foot with their dogs. Much has been done to reclaim these criminal tribes by a special officer, Mr. H. O. B. Starte, of the I.C.S., who, endowed with the missionary spirit, much humanity, and a strong right arm that stood no nonsense, has, with the aid of certain special powers, worked wonders. But the Haran Shikaris had proved irreclaimable in my time. The others were most intelligent, and could work as well as any one when put to it. But the Haran Shikaris were hopelessly feckless and so lazy that the women would not even take the trouble to cook their husbands' meals, one of the first duties of every Indian woman.

Apart from criminal matters, the work of the district was most enjoyable, the people were friendly and amenable, and, at that time at least, the Brahman politicians only needed sympathetic handling. The Editor of the local paper was blacklisted on account of alleged seditious tendencies when I arrived. He seemed to me, when I got to know him, to be a very intelligent and reasonable person, so I restored to him the Government advertisements and access to official information, sent him down to Bangalore to learn from the capable Manager of the



A TEMPLE AT LUCKNOW.

Mysore Government Press how a Press should be equipped and run, and found him ever after a keen and reliable assistant in promoting any scheme for the public good. In most of the towns there were loyal and public-spirited men to take a lead in local and Municipal affairs, the meetings of the local bodies were orderly and business-like, and after a District Local Board meeting there would always be a friendly gathering round my wife's tea table. Thanks to the unfailing support of the Commissioner, Mr. W. D. (now Sir William) Sheppard, an admirable team of Mamlatdars was collected, with whom it was a pleasure to work, and I was always fortunate in my Assistants. Camping in Dharwar was delightful. We generally went through most of the Western tract before Christmas, getting plenty of small game shooting and some rough fishing. We had two cheery dogs, a bull terrier and a spaniel, who were allowed to come out shooting for the after-tea stroll, to their great delight. They would run themselves to a standstill after buck, and the latter sometimes entered into the spirit of the game. I have seen the two dogs stretched out breathless, and a black buck prancing about in front of them and shaking his head at them within a few yards. For Christmas we camped twice at Advi Somapur, and once at Hángal. The former was the ideal Christmas camp. A park-like country provided a perfect camping ground under fine old mango trees ; all round was good small game shooting, wet and dry, and, within a ten miles radius on the West, there were always several tigers on foot. I was unlucky in the matter of tigers, as the bamboo jungle died, as it does on the occurrence of the first dry season at intervals of about forty years ; the bamboos withered and fell in every direction and it was almost impossible

to get a line of beaters through them. Tiger shooting, too, is an expensive business in these days, even for the District Officer. We got a fine one the first Christmas, and one was missed two years later. A young Assistant got the shot, late in the evening, in a thick jungle, at a galloping animal, and his miss was more than excusable. But he endeared himself to me for ever by simply remarking that he had missed it and never referring to the matter again. Considering that it was his first tiger, and a big one at that, and the amount of chat that often ensues on a fozzled putt, it struck me as a remarkable exhibition of self-control.

After Christmas we would go through the black-soil country and work round to Gadag towards Easter. One year I visited Badámi, in the Bijapur District, a most picturesque place, with rocky precipitous hills of brightly-coloured red and yellow sandstone encircling a deep tank. The place is famous for its ancient Brahmanical temples, cut in the face of the rock, dating from the sixth century A.D. I also spent a day at Humpi, in the Bellary District, once the capital of the Vijayanagar Empire, which is little known to those who have not served in the Madras Presidency. A place of extraordinary interest, situated in a wild and rugged country of granite rock, its walls, seven miles in circumference, once held a population of three millions. It was sacked by the Mahomedans of Bijapur, most of it was rased to the ground, and, in two days, a great empire had ceased to exist. But there are many beautiful remains, testifying to the glory that was and to the wealth and taste of a past civilisation. Gadag is not an attractive town in itself, and was usually in the throes of plague, but its Chalukyan temples are beautiful, and still more so are a group at Lakkundi, seven miles



TEMPLE AT DAMBAL.

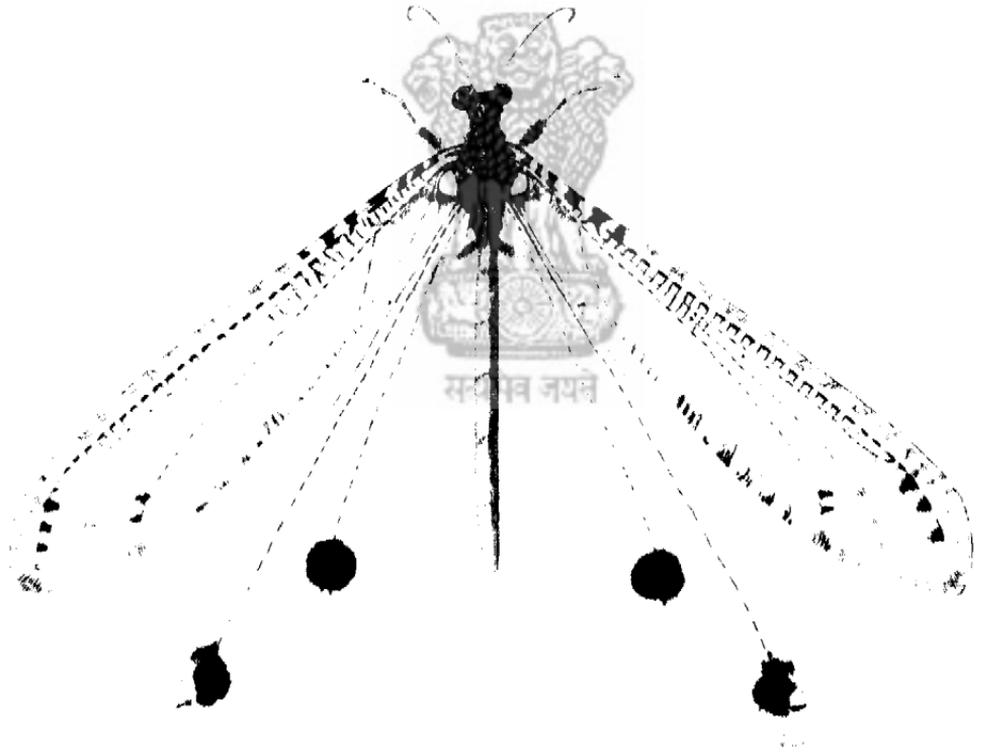
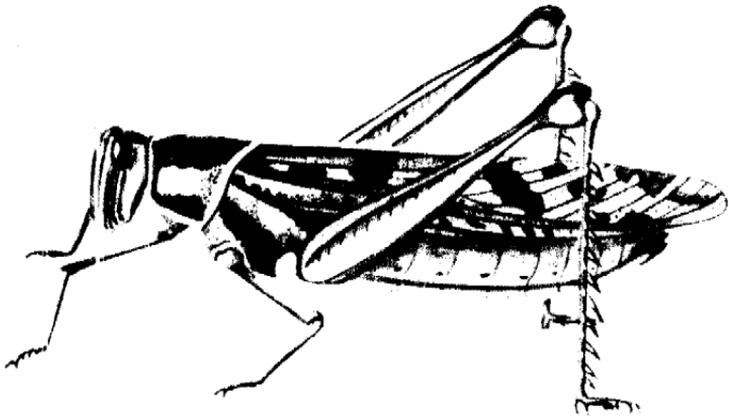
[Facing p. 214.]

to the South-East. From Gadag we would go to Dambal, where there is another remarkable temple and a fort. From this fort Colonel Wellesley was fired on when in pursuit of Dhundia Wagh in 1801. He halted, took it by storm, and hanged the Commandant. This summary measure has never been explained, and it seems pretty clear that in later years he disapproved of it himself. The whole district is full of memories of this period. It is told how Colonel Wellesley accepted the invitation of Bapuji Sindhia, the Commandant of the Dharwar Fort, to a tea-party, to which he went unarmed and unescorted. For the rest of his life it was a matter of amazement to the worthy Commandant that he ever let him go, for, as he was wont to say, "Am I not a Maratha?" From Dambal we would work down to Hamgi, a delightful camp at the point where the Gadag Hills touch the Tungabadra. There we would spend Easter, lazing about the river and its rocky islands and taking a rest. From there a double march took us to another pleasant camp by the river, Galagnáth, noted also for its temple, and then we would move up through Hubli back to headquarters in the latter part of April, by which time the thunderstorms had set in.

The little State of the Navab of Sávanur, an enclave in the District, for which the Collector was Political Agent, was under management, on account of minority, when I arrived. Soon after, the Navab Saheb, Abdul Majid Khán, came home from the Imperial Cadet Corps, in which he had spent a couple of years with much credit after leaving the Rajkumar College at Rajkot. We became great friends, and I asked him one day whether he was thinking of getting married. He said he had thought about it and would much like to marry into the

family of Sir Afsur-ul-Mulk. My thoughts went back at once to talks in our Ooty garden. The young lady proved to be disengaged, everything was arranged, and in the summer of 1912 we went off together to Hyderabad, where Sir Alexander Pinhey was now Resident, and everything, as promised in a previous chapter, ended well. The marriage has been singularly happy from every point of view, which, as this was the only occasion on which I ever ventured to intrude a finger into a family pie of the sort, is gratifying. I saw much of the Navab during the next two years, invested him in due course with his powers, and had the pleasure of meeting him and his wife again in London last year.

Dharwar during the rains was very enjoyable. The gardening recalled that of Bangalore and Mysore, and everything flourished. In the compound I gathered a new collection of butterflies, and in the rains of 1913 my wife found an interest for the hours when I was in office in making coloured drawings of the quaint or beautiful insects that I picked up of a morning. Our small daughter had informed her that she was keeping a nature diary and demanded a similar effort on her part. She had never drawn or painted in her life, but soon developed a faculty for accurate reproduction, and her Dharwar scrap-book is a treasured family possession. There was a good club and pleasant society, which included some railway officials and their wives, and all the usual games including golf were available. The railwaymen were keen fishermen and initiated me into the art. Mahseer were to be had just over the border in the Belgaum District and there was coarse fishing in most of the Dharwar rivers. We had one trip with friends to the Astoli bungalow, a pretty spot near Londa, the junction



GREY, HORTON & CO. ILLUSTRATED LAY-OUT BOOK — DRAWING SKETCH BOOK.

*Illustration 1010.*

of the Southern Maratha and Marmagoa Railways. The bungalow stood on high ground above the river, in the heart of the jungle, some of it giant primæval forest. The time for Mahseer there is when the river has partially cleared after the early floods and has not fallen sufficiently to send the fish down stream. A careful watch had been kept for weeks and the water was at length reported just right. As we got to the river bank and were putting up our rods, it started to rain and pelted solidly for the next two days. We had to fall back on bridge and, at the first break, packed up and went home. One of the party described a like disappointment that he had suffered on the Kála Nadi in Kanara. After similar preparations, he and a friend got to the river full of anticipations, to be told that, near by, the day before, the Forest Officer had wounded a tiger which had not been picked up. They started fishing, but every rustle in the jungle made them jump, and by the end of the day their nerves were in such a state that they had to give it up! If you are already a fisherman when you go to India, so much the better. In any case, study Thomas's "Rod in India," and see whether you have the root of the matter in you. There is nearly always fishing of some sort to be had, and I missed no end of sport by only taking to it late in my service. At Honkan in the West of the district there was a capital bungalow and a good river full of Carnatic carp running to 20 lb. I could not catch them till I consulted an old fisherman who brought us in a nice one. He told me to bring down my rod at one o'clock in the day and some bananas. He skinned one of these, pushed a big hook through half of it, weighted the line about 18 inches from the hook, and told me to throw it into the head of a run, where there were long ribbon-like weeds

on which the fish feed. He got one almost at once, and in a few minutes I had a nice twelve-pounder.

We once had a pleasant trip to Marmagoa, the harbour and railway terminus of the Portuguese possession of Goa, to stay with the Manager of the Railway. He had a delightful bungalow on a hill overlooking the sea, and we spent some lazy days, bathing in a sheltered cove in the morning and fishing for *Bahmin* or sea salmon in the evening. The *Bahmin* is a most sporting fish, running to over 20 lb., and takes a large spoon bait. But he is an uncertain individual. In a good season he takes greedily, but on this occasion, though there were plenty about, chasing the sardine shoals, they were not doing business. The pomfret, perhaps the best sea fish in Indian waters, and unquestionable oysters from an island out at sea, were a dream! So, in a different way, were the butterflies, king among them the gorgeous black and gold ornithoptera with a wingspread of 6 inches. We visited old Goa, the shrine of St. Francis Xavier and the other old churches, monuments of the zeal and magnificence of the Portuguese at the height of their power. The railway trip down and up the Ghat, through the evergreen jungle and past a beautiful waterfall, was alone worth the journey. The railway buildings and signal boxes at Castle Rock, the British frontier station, were protected by iron bars against tigers, and we were told how a bison had taken on an engine one day with disastrous results to itself.

Lord Willingdon became Governor in the spring of 1913, and took early steps to get to know his Collectors by asking us in turn to spend a week-end with him at Mahableshwar, the pretty little hill station on the Western Ghats, at which the Local Government spends the hot weather. He paid us a visit for a couple of days in the autumn. We

had had a good monsoon, the cotton was flourishing, the millet was 10 feet high with magnificent ears of grain, and the whole country was looking its best. The District was in great fettle, with every one keen, well disposed and doing his bit, and I was very proud of it. His Excellency was pleased and everything seemed for the best in the best of all possible worlds. In the following February I was appointed to act as Commissioner of the Central Division, of which Poona is the headquarters, and we left Dharwar with the deepest regret. Though I was fortunate in my appointments all through my service, I think, on looking back, that there can be no charge in India so enjoyable and altogether satisfactory as a Collectorate such as Dharwar. You are doing real work, not on paper, but right up against things and people. A Collector can still do much for his people and district, can help them in their troubles, and is not compelled, as in a Political Agency, to turn petitioners away with the barren advice to seek redress in their own State. The work is varied and not burdensome, the life is healthy and enjoyable, and a Collector who is on good terms with his charge has no one to envy in the world.

## CHAPTER XIX

DIVISIONAL COMMISSIONER, 1914-1915

The Central Division—Nasik—Ahmednagar—Sholapur—Mahabaleshwar—Satára—Rao Bahadur R. N. Joglekar—War—Lord and Lady Willingdon—Sir Stanley Reed—Transfer to the Northern Division—The Shahi Bagh—Harsol—Visit of the Governor—Champaner—District Inspection—Thána—Leave—Berkhamstead—Recall to India—The Voyage Out.

**T**HE Central Division comprises the Districts of Khandesh, Nasik, Ahmednagar, Poona, Satára and Sholapur, in other words, Khandesh and most of the Deccan. After taking charge at Poona I set out to complete the District inspection. We first went to Nasik and there had the pleasure of meeting the 20th (Brownlow's) Panjabis, a very distinguished Regiment, who were marching down to Poona from the North. Nasik is a popular place of pilgrimage on the banks of the Godavery, which, rising in the Western Ghats, crosses the Peninsula and empties itself into the Bay of Bengal. The town is not particularly striking, except for some fine old house fronts of carved timber, but the scene at the bathing ghats with their numerous temples and the variegated crowd of pilgrims is very picturesque. Nasik also has the best golf links in the Presidency, and, standing at a height of 1,600 feet above the sea, has a very pleasant climate. From there we went to the Ahmednagar District and after a day or two spent in the canal country, for the purpose of presiding at a conference of Revenue and Irrigation Officers, went on to Ahmednagar. This is another pleasant station and military cantonment,

and contains a splendid old fort dating from about 1655, which surrendered to Colonel Wellesley in 1803. There was also a fine remount establishment and stud, at which much good work had been done in developing the country-bred by scientific crossing with Arab and English thoroughbred stock. A strain of pure bred Kathis was also cultivated there with some success. As my tenure of the appointment and future movements were uncertain, my wife went home to England, and, after seeing her off, I visited Sholapur. This is a busy commercial town and has some very successful cotton mills. My brother had been Collector there for some years in the worst days of plague and famine and had got the District through its troubles with marked success, but had never got any thanks, except from his many Indian friends, who gave me a very warm welcome for his sake. I spent most of April and May at Mahableshwar, where I lived in great comfort at its excellent club. It is a pretty place, not overcrowded, and though only 4,500 feet above the sea is always cool and pleasant. A morning canter can be had, along rides cut through the jungle round the hills, and there is a very sporting little links with plenty of variety and traps for the unwary. A feature of Mahableshwar is the strawberries, which though not equal in flavour to English ones, are not to be despised. On the way back to Poona I stayed a few days at Satara for inspection. All these Deccan stations have a very pleasant climate. It is never very cold, but the hot weather is short, and with the first rains the country cools down at once.

Then followed the rains in Poona, during which I renewed many experiences of nineteen years before. The work was lighter than that of any appointment that I had recently held and there was a most capable office. The

Native Assistant to the Commissioner, an officer of the Deputy Collector grade, was Rao Bahadur R. N. Joglekar, I.S.O., an exceptional personality. A Chitpawan Brahman, and, as such, a member of the cleverest, most ambitious and, (by reputation) least scrupulous caste of the Presidency, he was a man of the most transparent loyalty and integrity. A large area of the Deccan is held on privileged tenure, by the descendants of those who received grants of land as a reward for services rendered to former rulers, and the "Alienation settlement," in the course of which these grants were scrutinised and regularised, created much consternation in the Deccan, resulted in extensive resumptions by Government, and is regarded as one of the many predisposing causes of the Mutiny. Mr. Joglekar had been in charge of the alienation record for many years and had stoutly maintained the rights of Government, to the great benefit of the revenue, an attitude that called for much courage on the part of one of his caste. He had some years before devised a card-index system of his own and had accumulated an extraordinary mass of information from books and newspapers, on every subject of current interest, politics, history, literature, science and sport, on any item of which he could instantly put his finger. He was a delightful person to work with and I more than once visited his house in the city and met his wife and a charming family of daughters, married and otherwise, who had the gentle gracious manners of well-bred Indian ladies without the nervous shyness often displayed in the company of an Englishman.

Towards the end of July we watched the clouds gathering in the West. On the Friday before war was declared I wired all that I had in the world to my wife and wondered



MEXICO HARBOUR.



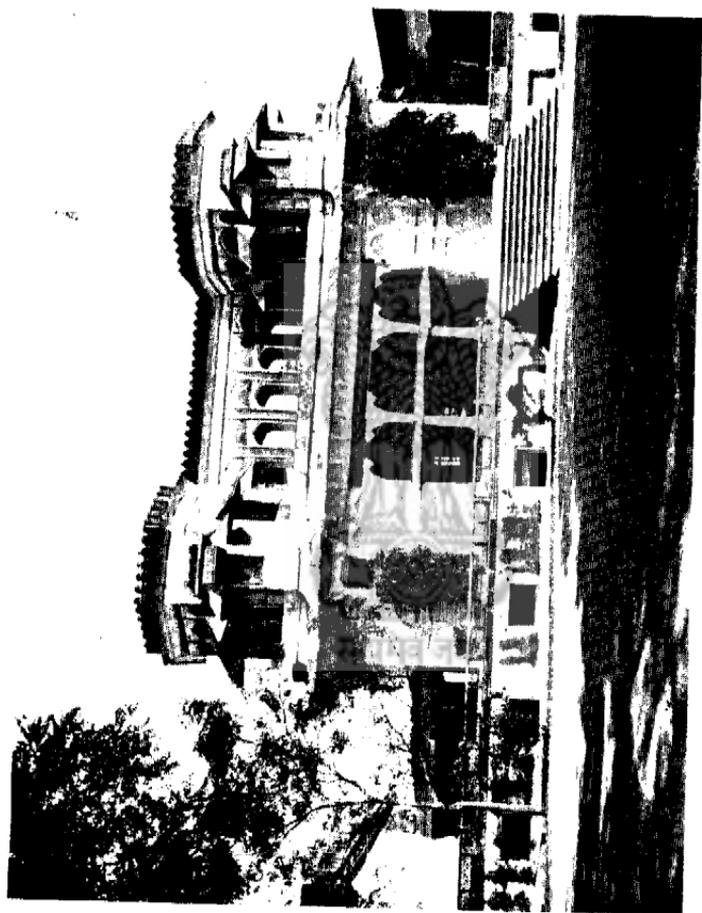
A CORNER OF PORT-BLAIR.

[Facing p. 209.]

what the end would be. On the declaration of war there was much the same rush on the shops as occurred in England, and the dealers in the bazaar proceeded to raise prices to a ridiculous extent. Mr. Mountford, the Collector, and I at once put up a bluff which was luckily never called. We posted notices all over the city to the effect that unless prices were put down to a proper level Government would take over stocks and dispose of them themselves. The result was immediate and prices came down to normal in a few hours. The Governor decided that social functions were to proceed as usual and, for the rest of the season, an air of cheerful equanimity was maintained. The Governor and Lady Willingdon rose nobly to the occasion, and though among the earliest sufferers in the loss of their elder son within the first few days of the war, allowed no private sorrow to interfere with their activities. Lord Willingdon's personality and the universal regard of all classes which he had already gained brought all men and races together, while, for the next four years, Lady Willingdon worked with amazing energy and success in stimulating, by precept and example, the women of the Presidency to the task in hand, in organising hospital and relief work of every kind and in despatching comforts to the troops in Mesopotamia and elsewhere. One by one the regular battalions slipped away, the Dorsets to Mesopotamia, the Cameron Highlanders to Flanders, the Indian regiments to Mesopotamia and East Africa, and in October the first Territorial unit, a Devon battalion, marched into Poona to the strains of "Tipperary." In the nature of things, the war was never brought home to us in India as it was to those at home, but it was a time of sufficient anxiety. A man to whom the Empire owes much for his work in those days is Sir

Stanley Reed, then Editor of the *Times of India*. Week in and week out, he summed up the position in sensible well-balanced articles. He never minimised the difficulty or magnitude of the task before us, promised no early victories or exhaustion of the enemy, but breathed a quiet and reasoned confidence in the ultimate result, which did much to steady public opinion in the Presidency and beyond it.

I enjoyed my time as Commissioner C.D., the society of Poona and Mahableshtar, and the interest attaching to close contact with Government. But I was not a Deccani, knew little of the people or the language, and my heart was consequently never right there. So I welcomed my transfer to the Northern Division and gladly returned in November to Ahmedabad, where I had first set foot twenty-five years before. In the Indian community there were numerous old friends left, though the Government servants had mostly retired and their places had been taken by their sons. The "Sháhi Bágh," the Commissioner's residence at Ahmedabad, is a delightful old house standing on the high bank of the Sábarmati River. The central portion is an old garden pavilion of massive stone, built in 1622 by Shah Jahan as part of a relief work in a famine year, in the days of his Viceroyalty in Guzarat. Modern additions necessary to render it fit for habitation have disfigured it to some extent, but it is a very desirable abode. The central block consists of a fine vaulted stone hall about 35 feet square, panelled in plaster, and at the four corners are eight small octagonal rooms in two stories, which provide a small dining-room and office and spare bedrooms. The modern rooms are on the roof and in wings on either side. A fine broad terrace at the back, overlooking the river, is partly in the



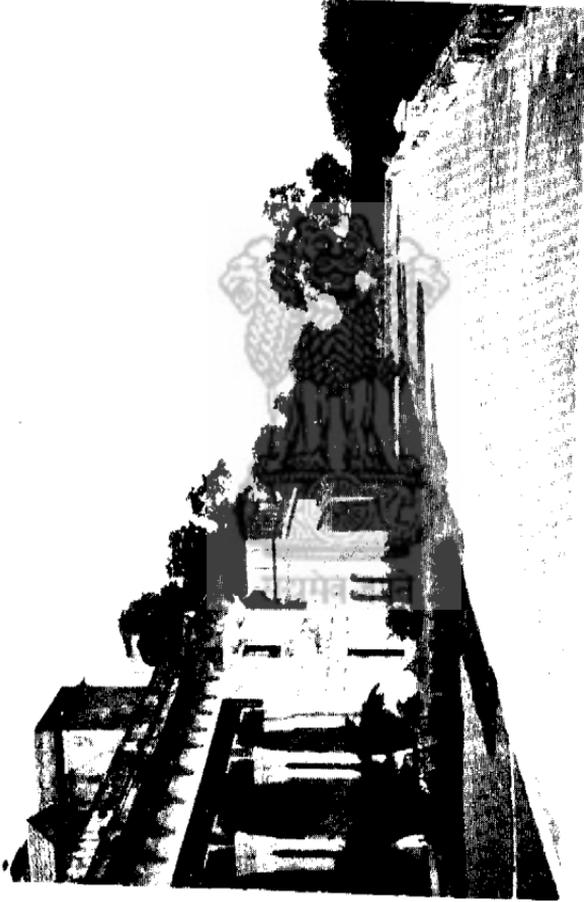
The Seam Boat, July.

shade for most of the day, and adds much to the dignity of that side of the building. Incidentally, the central hall is the best room for music that I know. We were lucky in having in the station at the time a lady who was a most accomplished violinist, and we had much good music. When I first went to Ahmedabad there were six cotton mills; in 1914 there were over sixty. The city had grown immensely and the population had doubled. The work seemed lighter than in the Central Division, but I was not long enough in the appointment to be able to form a true estimate.

I had a Christmas camp at Harsol, a favourite shooting centre. It was once a cantonment, and the old mess-house, which still stands, is a convenient centre for such a camp. There are half a dozen big duck tanks within six miles, and snipe shooting in plenty. In the river below the bungalow are small mahseer, which give good sport with a light rod. After Christmas I visited Prántej, one of the Northern Talukas, and returned to headquarters to receive Lord and Lady Willingdon, who spent three days at the Shahi Bagh. On their arrival the crowd, though large, was, as usual, unresponsive, but on the evening of that day we went down to see the Jama Masjid and other buildings. Their Excellencies walked about the bazaar, and something about them caught the imagination of the crowd, for we returned amidst cheers and much enthusiasm, and the same thing happened whenever they showed themselves again. They went on to Surat, and were only there for the inside of a day, but the same scene was repeated. Those who know Lord and Lady Willingdon will understand it, but I have never known any other "Excellencies" who could get straight to the heart of an Indian crowd. A few days later I spent a day

with them at Champaner, and it was pleasing to see that much had been done for the preservation of the fine old buildings. The Raja of Bariya, one of the most admirable of the younger Ruling Princes, is the representative of the Chohans, the ancient holders of the fort, and it had seemed to me in accordance with the fitness of things to suggest that he should be the host on this occasion. He was absent on service in France, but his brother, who is also his right hand, pitched a fine camp and represented him with complete efficiency. We climbed the hill, and I was pleased to find that I could tackle the climb rather more easily than twenty-two years before. After the Governor's departure, I visited Broach and Surat for district inspection, and met many old friends. From there I went to Thána, the district immediately adjoining Bombay, on the North, and spent the latter part of February and March there. The camps were pleasant and it was new country to me. I was now a Member of the Legislative Council and often had occasion to motor into Bombay, where the Byculla Club was as comfortable and the racing as attractive as ever. I must confess that I found attendance at the meetings of the Council extremely wearisome, and was once congratulated by the President on not minding a hard pillow, but there was no business that concerned me particularly. The Councils as reformed are more of a reality and, no doubt, much more interesting. In April I was given leave, as I had been having a lot of fever and was run down. There was at that time no special shortage of officers, but there was no knowing what the position might be in a few months, and it was as well to try and get fit before more difficult times should come.

The voyage home produced no special incidents, but



THE TAJ MAHAL, SHAH JAHAN.

it was strange to see the banks of the Suez Canal manned with Indian and Colonial troops and the bridge sand-bagged on the Turkish side. In the Channel, small merchant ships seemed to be pursuing their way in the usual numbers, and there was no sign of a warship. My wife had spent the winter at Berkhamstead, the headquarters of the Inns of Court O.T.C., and had had a series of billeted guests, most of whom had now risen to commissioned rank. No more were billeted on us after I reached home, but friends of the winter would come in for tea and baths. I put in for a job of work, but it was not till early in September that the late Sir Patrick Agnew, a friend of my year at Oxford, who had served in the Panjab and was now Secretary of the Indian Soldiers' Fund, asked me to undertake the Secretaryship of the Comforts depôt. The business had up till then been managed by ladies only, and he warned me that I might not be welcomed. As a matter of fact, the ladies, who were all wives of officers serving at the front, were as good-natured as they were efficient and there never was any trouble. One of the most interesting of the visitors to the Depôt was General Sir Frederick Maunsell, Colonel Commandant of the Bengal Sappers and Miners. He had joined the Bengal Engineers in 1846, was present at the siege of Multan in 1848 and, in 1915 in his 89th year, brought a bundle of woollen comforts, knitted by himself, for his old regiment at the front. In November I was recalled to India, as the Agent to the Governor in Kathiawar had met with a serious accident, and I was appointed in his place. The German U Boats were then getting busy in the Mediterranean, and, the evening before I started, the streets were placarded with the news of the torpedoing of an Italian

liner and the shelling of its boats. Halfway across the Channel we were turned back on account of mines off Boulogne and, after a night at Folkestone, were sent off to Dieppe in the ill-fated *Sussex*. She was a poor boat at the best of times, but, overcrowded as she was with two days' passengers and with as bad a gale blowing as I have ever experienced in the Channel, she was more than usually unpleasant. We got to Marseilles two days late, after a very tiresome journey across France, and found the *Salsette* still waiting for us. We steamed down the Mediterranean in smooth water, and at night under a brilliant moon, but had no adventures. We had the best of Commanders in Captain Armitage, of Antarctic fame, and when, during a brief absence from the bridge, which he had never left since Marseilles, his ship was piled up on a sandbank in the Gulf of Suez, our sympathy for him was intense. Luckily it was a nice sandy bottom, and after lying quietly on it all night we were hauled off next morning by H.M.S. *Fox* and a big French cruiser. My wife had intended to follow me a month or two later, but circumstances intervened, and I spent the next three years alone.

## CHAPTER XX

KATHIAWAR, 1915-1921

Kathiawar and the War—Junagadh under Administration—Jamnagar Improvements—Visit of Lord and Lady Willingdon—Dhrangadra—Limbdī—Veráwal—Somnáth—Patan—Porbandar—Wadhván—The 125th Rifles—Major M. M. Meade—Balachadi—Outlawry in Kathiawar—Trip Home round the Cape—Return to India—Investitures—Sir Frederic Lely—Political Agitation—Dhrangadra—Bhavnagar—Farewell to India—Transfer of the Bombay States to the Government of India.

IT was pleasant to return to Kathiawar. The season had been favourable over most of the Province and everything was looking well. The Princes and Chiefs had responded as one man to the Empire's call, some had volunteered for service, and all were contributing, according to their means, either in money or material, such as tents, motors, horses, railway track and rolling stock. His Highness the Jam Saheb had been one of the first to volunteer for personal service, and, after spending a year in France, returned in December, 1915. The Raj Saheb of Vankaner took his own ambulance to France. There was undoubtedly among Princes returning from the front a feeling that more use might have been made of their services. But the position was a difficult one; the war was essentially one for trained soldiers, and Army Headquarters were naturally reluctant to expose Ruling Chiefs to avoidable risks. On the other hand, they could comfort themselves with the knowledge that their mere presence in the field was of inestimable service to the Empire, as showing the futility of the

enemy's calculations as to the attitude of India. The Bhavnagar Imperial Service Lancers went to Egypt, where they acquitted themselves with great credit; the Navanagar Lancers were utilised in India, and the Junagadh squadrons, besides providing signallers for active service, trained a large number of remounts at Junagadh. The Jam Saheb converted his house at Staines into a hospital for officers, and maintained it throughout the war. The Maharaja and Maharani of Bhavnagar opened a hospital for Indian officers and men, to whose comfort they gave their constant personal attention. The Maharani did valuable work in the way of propaganda and prepared and printed large numbers of Guzarati pamphlets and postcards for distribution. The Bhavnagar Railway workshops were placed at the disposal of Government for the manufacture of munitions, and forty miles of railway line were sent to the front. The investments of Kathiawar in the Indian War Loan amounted to 110 lakhs of rupees, and the proceeds of "Our Day," held in November, 1917, amounted to over three lakhs of rupees (£20,000), excluding considerable sums contributed by the Chiefs and remitted to Simla and Bombay direct. Junagadh contributed three armed aeroplanes, barracks at Rajkot, at a cost of a lakh of rupees, for the Kathiawar company raised during the war, and placed their new and handsome rest-house at Rajkot at the disposal of the 125th Rifles, for use as an officers' mess. Committees of ladies in many places worked hard at making clothing, bandages and dressings for the wounded. A most generous giver was the Maharaja of Dhrangadra, but, with few exceptions, all contributed liberally in proportion to their resources.

With the thoughts and energies of every one directed

to the war, work in general was somewhat lighter than usual. I paid an early visit to Junagadh. Mr. Rendall had taken a year's leave in the autumn of 1911, but, with this interval, had been hard at work. Junagadh was a different place and every department bore witness to his activity. A revenue settlement on a cash basis had been introduced and large areas repopulated with the best class of cultivator. Schools and hospitals had been built and the State was being equipped with administrative buildings that were sorely needed. The railway was being rapidly extended, the port of Veraval improved, and roads were in course of repair. All the departments were reorganised on sensible lines, suited to the conditions of a State and to the type of official that would administer them in future. The State gardens, which are a pleasant feature of Junagadh, had also received attention, and under the skilled management of an expert from the South of India added much to the amenities of the capital. The revenue was steadily increasing, and a year or two later had risen from twenty lakhs or so to nearly fifty-five, while the State balance had risen to a crore and a half. The Navab Saheb, with a companion and relative, Sheikh Mahomedbhai, who is at the present moment Dewan of the State, had, under the care of an English tutor, developed remarkably. His Highness was now a strong and well-grown youngster, keen on every form of sport, and was taking an interest in his State which promised well for the future. The whole atmosphere was most encouraging, and, having been on the inside of an altogether different state of things, I could appreciate it better than most.

About the same time I visited Jamnagar to attend the festivities in connection with the marriage of the Jam

Saheb's sister to the Maharaja of Jodhpur. A transformation had been wrought in the city since my last visit. Broad, well laid out roads had taken the place of narrow, inconvenient thoroughfares, and handsome shops and private houses, designed to harmonise with the improvements, that of the squalid dwellings that had fronted them. The whole city looked busy, bright and cheerful. In February, 1916, I had the pleasure of welcoming their Excellencies for the third year in succession. They first visited Dhrangadra, where the activities of the Ruler were also apparent. His Highness and his Dewan had set to work with right good will, had weathered the famine of 1911-12 with much success, and had within a month or two of the investiture settled the troubles with the Bhayat, who were now loyal and contented. They had cleared off most of the State and private debt, had greatly reduced the area of cultivable waste, had founded new villages, dug 2,000 wells, built schools and hospitals, extended the railway, and equipped both the State and the Palace with much that had been deficient. At the same time His Highness had contributed generously to war funds, and furnished motors, tents, horses and other useful material. The most interesting event was a cattle show, at which the magnificent *Waghadia* bullocks, standing sometimes seventeen hands high, attracted much attention. And the most pleasing sight of all was that of a cheerful and smiling peasantry, the class and condition of whose animals were the best evidence of their prosperity. From there the party went to Jamnagar, and the first day there was the coldest that I remember in India. We had a great shoot at Rozi, an island of scrub jungle about a mile and a half long and a mile or so broad, with the sea on one side, and on the others mud flats, covered with

water at spring tides. His Highness had turned this area into a hare and partridge preserve. The first beat was towards the sea, and at the end was an empty tank bed with low babhul trees, and beyond, a prickly pear thicket. The Indian partridge is a mighty runner, and when, at the end of the beat, the prickly pear was beaten back towards the guns, they came over in hundreds and gave ten minutes of as pretty shooting as could be desired. I had had enough of it by lunch time, and went fishing in the afternoon with a very sore shoulder. A new Circle of business buildings, named after His Excellency, was opened by him in the heart of the town. After Jamnagar three days were spent at Rajkot, where visits were exchanged with the Ruling Chiefs whose States were not included in the tour, the Rajkumar College prize-giving was held, and the Thakore Saheb gave a very successful duck shoot and lunch at his big tank, which supplies the town with water and irrigates a considerable tract. Junagadh was next visited, and on the way a halt for a few hours was made at Gondal, another first-class State, which has been administered by its ruler, the Thakore Saheb, with great, if somewhat Prussian, efficiency. Three days were spent at Junagadh, where a fine new High School building was opened and the local sights and improvements were inspected. A day at Palitana, another at Bhavnagar, where the first section of a new railway line was opened and the hunting of black buck with *cheetah* \* was witnessed, and a few hours at Limbdi completed the tour. Limbdi is a second-class State adjoining and interlaced with the Ahmedabad District. As Assistant Collector, Collector and Commissioner, I had been concerned as antagonist in several disputes with

\* *Cheetah*== the hunting leopard.

Limbdi, and it was pleasant and amusing to appear in the new character of backer of the State against the District and personal friend of its Ruler, Thakore Saheb Sir Daulatsinhji, a most enlightened Chief and a staunch supporter of the Empire. I stayed with Their Excellencies later in the season, and had the pleasure of meeting Lord Brassey, who, in spite of an accident on his yacht, the famous *Sunbeam*, which had crippled him seriously, was still full of mental and bodily vigour. Her Excellency asked me one day to go rowing with her father in Back Bay. The old gentleman was lifted into the boat, took the stroke sculls, and kept me hard at it for an hour and a half, talking the whole time in the most interesting way in reply to my questions about many great people and events whom he had known or been concerned with. As a personal friend of the German Emperor's he felt the war deeply and was, I gathered, inclined to think that in Colonial matters we had not given the Germans an altogether fair chance.

I spent the next three hot weathers at Verawal, on the Junagadh coast. The coast line there is similar to that of Mangrol, and the rich irrigated belt is even more extensive. Three miles away is Patan, the place where the Jadavs slew each other and Krishna, in the shape of a golden buck, was shot by a Bhil. Three rivers unite here to form a sacred *Triveni*,\* and on the bank near the junction is a shrine commemorative of Krishna's funeral pyre. By the seashore stands the temple of Somnath, sacked early in the eleventh century by Mahmud of Ghazni, who took away a fabulous treasure. The victim of several subsequent Mahomedan raids, it was finally destroyed by Aurangzeb in 1706, and the present temple,

\* *Triveni* = junction of three rivers.

now desecrated and abandoned, is a patchwork structure from which but a faint idea of its former glory is to be gathered. A new Palace for the Navab had been completed at Verawal during the administration, which provided pleasant quarters for the Navab, his companion, and his tutor, and for one or two local officers and myself. Mr. and Mrs. Rendall occupied a house close by, and other officers would occasionally pitch their tents on the sandhills. A splendid sandy beach, sheltered by a projecting point from the force of the hot weather wind, afforded the most delightful bathing. Mr. Rendall had laid out excellent golf links on the level ground on either side of the creek, there was sea and fresh-water fishing, turtles for soup, and the seashore and the country at the back provided pleasant spots for picnics and fishing excursions. The peace and quiet enabled one to take up the heavier political cases free from interruption, and altogether it was a quiet and enjoyable life, only disturbed by the constant thought of what one's friends and the British armies on every front were going through. But some one had to carry on, and most of us were of more use where we were than we should have been as elderly and indifferent soldiers.

Porbandar was also thriving under the administration, and experienced a succession of extraordinarily favourable seasons. Major F. Hancock, who was Administrator when I returned, died in the hot weather of 1916, to the regret of his many friends and the loss of the Service, and was succeeded by Major O'Brien, who did admirable work for the next four years. The Rana Saheb was at the Rajkumar College, where he displayed exceptional brains and athletic aptitude, and was developing as well as could be wished. A large river steamer that was being towed

from Bombay to Basrah came ashore near Porbandar during early monsoon weather. Thanks to the efforts of the Administrator and his staff, it was got into safety and successfully refloated during the next open season, at a considerable cost, which the State volunteered to bear as a war contribution. When she was taken off to Bombay, a pump belonging to the State was put on board to provide against possible leaks. It was eventually returned with a bill from the Accounts Department for its carriage ! The matter was, of course, quickly put right.

Wadhwan, a second-class State, came under management about this time, on the death of the Thakore Saheb, and was put in charge of a Mahomedan Deputy Collector, who administered the State very creditably for three years, revised the Land Settlement, and cleared off the debt. Wadhwan is a thriving commercial town, a stronghold of the Jain *Mahajan*, the leading trading and banking class, who, as in other towns of Eastern Kathiawar, display a full share of the qualities that have made them so popular in Palitana. The population generally is somewhat factious, and there was one serious Mahomedan-Hindu riot over the playing of music in front of a mosque. The Administrator, as a Mahomedan, came in for a full share of abuse, but he handled the situation with discretion, and peace between the communities was quickly restored.

The presence of the depôt of the 125th (Napier's) Rifles at Rajkot during the war added much to the cheerfulness of the station, as, besides the officer in command, there were always a number of junior officers coming and going. Major M. M. Meade, son and grandson of distinguished Political officers, was in command, and did his job, so far as a civilian could judge, extremely well. In any case, he managed to imbue his

men with the regimental spirit and keep them merry and bright. His recruits were mainly Jâts from Bhartpur, in Rajputana, a race of cultivators, who make fine soldiers. They were all as keen as could be, and the drafts for the front would go off in great spirits, cheering and shouting, played to the station by the pipe band, which had learnt its music from the Cameron Highlanders. All India played the game during the war, in a way that could scarcely have been expected. Of the Princes and the educated classes it may be suggested that, apart from any question of loyalty to the Empire, they were able to realise what the substitution of a German Raj would mean. But the masses of the martial castes could scarcely be influenced by such considerations ; it was not their war in a sense that they could appreciate, and the way they responded to the call was amazing. And it was not as though they could not realise what modern war meant, for at an early stage a stream of shattered and broken men came trickling back from the front telling of the horrors of Flanders and the Euphrates. But those who were patched up went back again and the stream of recruits rarely slackened. Is it unreasonable to argue that we too, in the past years, had played the game and that the rally of the masses to the flag was a genuine demonstration of loyalty to the King Emperor, on whose face many of them had gazed at Delhi, and to the race which for two hundred years had worked for them and with them ? The Panjab, as always, took the lead, and though at times the women—poor souls—would break into songs of remonstrance at the well or the river's edge, their sons and husbands continued to join up till in some districts there was scarcely an able-bodied man of the fighting castes left. The Panjabi Mahomedan was, in respect of the numbers that

came forward, in a class by himself, and in the field proved, as ever, his staunch reliability ; but all the fighting castes of the North did well. The Deccani Maratha, whose ancient prowess had been more or less forgotten, came into his own again and renewed his faded laurels. The command of the depôt was no light charge for an officer whose actual regimental rank was that of a junior Captain with an inadequate and constantly changing staff to help him. The number of men in the depôt amounted at times to 1,800, or twice the strength of a battalion in peace time ; in addition, there were the accounts of the regiment in the field to be maintained and the coming and going of officers and men to be attended to. But Major Meade and his handful of youngsters plugged away cheerfully and excited my warmest admiration. The depôt brought many inspecting officers to Rajkot, from the G.O.C. Southern Army downwards, always welcome and interesting guests. A good string band and the pipes and drums helped materially to keep the station bright, and the big dining-room at the Residency often re-echoed to the heavenly strains of half a dozen stalwart pipers !

Meanwhile the old interstatal disputes and intricate political cases pursued their usual course. My old friend of 1911 popped up again, and I had another pleasant duck shoot at Raval with H.H. the Jam Saheb on the strength of it. Another very attractive place in His Highness' territories is Balachadi, a few miles from Jamnagar, on the shore of the Gulf of Cutch. The sea there goes out for two or three miles with the fall of the tide, and, returning over an expanse of hot mud, gives a bath at high tide almost too warm to be pleasant. Oysters of unrivalled quality and excellent soles are to be had in any quantity, and crabbing at low tide with iron prongs is muddy and

amusing. A bungalow equipped with every convenience, standing on a bluff washed by the waves at high tide, completes the attractions of this pleasant little resort. In the neighbourhood of Rajkot there is good *murrell* fishing. The murrell is not a great fighter, but for the table is the best fresh-water fish in India, and when he runs to 10 lb. or over gives very fair sport. At Kotra Sangani, near Rajkot, I caught one of 13 lb., and several others nearly as large, and there were big ones to be got in one of the Jasdán tanks. The murrell has special breathing arrangements which enable it to live for months in the clay bottom of a dry tank bed, and it has been found at a depth of 6 feet below the baked surface.

Kathiawar is always liable to spasms of outlawry and dacoity, which have at one time and another given a great deal of trouble. To the Waghers of Okhamandal and the Miyáns of Máliya it is a professional business calling for permanent measures of control. With the Rajputs and Kathis "*báhrvatia*" or outlawry is the last resort of the subject in the face of real or fancied oppression by the Chief. Or again, a man guilty of murder will "go out" and gradually attract a band of criminals and malcontents of the castes mentioned and of Kolis from the Eastern border. In 1915, the Junagadh Police were successful in hunting down a Kathi gang which had committed serious depredations in the Amreli district. In the following year two Kathi survivors proceeded to avenge themselves on the State in a particularly barbarous manner. They descended at night on peaceful cultivators in their *wádis* or field enclosures, robbed them of anything worth taking and cut off their noses. They spread consternation through the countryside, sent letters to Mr. Rendall threatening him with the loss of his nose and for

some months evaded capture. One, Dád Mahomed Mekráni, who had served a term of penal servitude in the Jamnagar jail, on his release approached the Jam Saheb with a request for employment. His Highness felt unable to accede to his request and told him that he must redeem his character elsewhere. He went off to Junagadh, offered to hunt down the outlaws himself, and went off alone with his gun into the Gir Forest. One evening in a lonely glade he encountered the two miscreants, shot one dead, and was nearly cut in two by the other, but, with his dying effort, drove his knife into his neck and was found on his body next day. We had much trouble with criminal gangs in 1920-21, which took the united energies of the Agency, the Dhrangadra, the Bhavnagar and the Ahmedabad police to account for them. The difficulty about outlaws is that the feelings of the countryside are usually divided between sympathy for Robin Hood and fear of reprisals, and as the smaller Darbars are not always free from suspicion of sharing in the loot, reliable information is not easily obtained. The greater States always do their best, and Navanagar, Dhrangadra, Bhavnagar and Morvi officers and police have time and again behaved with much gallantry in encounters with desperate men.

In the hot weather of 1918 I had a severe attack of malaria followed by trouble in the veins of one leg, which laid me out completely and forced me to take leave in August. There were only odd tramps sailing from Bombay at that time, so I caught a Nippon Yusen Kaisha boat at Colombo and came home round the Cape. The Japanese Captain and Chief Engineer were men of breeding and education, who played a sound game of bridge and were agreeable companions. Everything on board a

N.Y.K. boat is modelled on P. & O. methods, even the cooks being trained by the latter company, and the food was excellent and abundant. I had many chats with the Captain about Japanese social arrangements. He evidently suffered from an ultra-modern wife: "spending too much money and giving plenty trouble, so I always vely glad to get back to my ship!" He proposed to retire in a year or two, and to my suggestion that, in view of the domestic situation, that seemed rather unwise, replied: "I tink I mally a new wife!" We spent two pleasant days at Lourenço Marquez which, in September, corresponding to our April, is a delightful place, gay with roses, carnations and butterflies, and another two at Capetown. There can be few capital cities in the world so gloriously situated, and we would gladly have stayed longer. The mid-day silence observed there at that period of the war was deeply impressive. As the mid-day gun went the whole city pulled up short, the trams stopped, foot passengers stood where they were, every head was bared, and, for five minutes, there was a silence that could be felt. At the end of that time the "Last Post" was sounded and the city came to life. We were two days at Sierra Leone, where we joined a convoy, but as influenza was raging were not allowed to land. The battleship *Africa* which escorted us to abreast of Gibraltar was reported to have lost over a hundred bluejackets during the epidemic. Off Gibraltar the *Africa's* place was taken by the latest thing in light cruisers, and in the Bay we were joined by three or four destroyers. One night, near home, we ran into another big convoy going West, navigation lights had to be turned on and there was a general mix-up. In the morning there was much signalling, followed by gentle naval admonitions through

a megaphone before order was restored. The only other incident was the picking up of the crew of a small French sailing vessel, torpedoed hundreds of miles from land, who had been knocking about in two small boats for forty-eight hours in a choppy sea. Ours was the first ship to sight them and our skipper was much delighted by congratulations from the Commander of the convoy on his good look-out. We reached Liverpool on October 20th, seven weeks after leaving Colombo, and for once the dismal approach to the port seemed nothing less than beautiful. Less grateful was the first meal ashore, for none of us had had occasion to realise the meaning of war rations. We had been without news since leaving Sierra Leone, and the newspapers with their story of unbroken success were a feast.

I spent a year at home and got away with great difficulty in the following October. I was eventually squeezed into the *Nore*, an old P. & O. boat which was taking the 2nd Battalion of the Royal Fusiliers to India. It was one of the Fusilier battalions that had covered themselves with glory at the Gallipoli landing, and several Officers and N.C.O.'s had been present on that day. The rank and file were no more than boys, but were a splendid lot of youngsters, keen on everything and intensely interested in seeing foreign parts. My wife and our youngest boy were turned off at the last moment, thanks to the muddled and ineffective arrangements of the India Office, which was professing to control passages. We left the Thames with twenty-five vacant berths which were filled up, mostly with joy-riders, at Marseilles, and my wife and the boy joined me two months later.

On return to Rajkot, I found that the Province had been through a sad time during the influenza epidemic

of the previous year. The Maharani of Bhavnagar had died, as well as several minor Chiefs, whilst in the villages thousands of poor folk had been carried off. Four minorities were coming to an end, and, in the course of the next three months, I had the pleasure of investing the young Rulers of Junagadh, Porbandar, Palitana and Wadhwan with their powers. The Navab of Junagadh frightened us all by going down with violent influenza a month or so before his investiture, but happily recovered in time for the ceremony to take place as arranged. All the young Chiefs came into well-ordered States, and a substantial cash balance. Each of them had received the best education that experience and thought could devise, and the rest was in their own hands. It was while attending the Porbandar ceremony that Colonel O'Brien brought to my notice the Lely ballad. Only a week or two ago I heard another story of Sir Frederic, and the impression that he made at Porbandar, which deserves to be recorded. I give it as it was told to me by the Rev. J. Sinclair Stevenson of the Irish Presbyterian Mission.

“ We were preaching—the mission Catechist and I—in the market square of Porbandar. I was telling them, as I often did, about Our Lord's life—not so much the miraculous incidents, as just how He went about doing good, His kindness and sympathy and approachableness, and the way He was always ready to listen to any one who was in need and do what He could to help them. An old countryman came up while I was talking—I was by this time, of course, only using the pronoun ‘ He,’ having told the people earlier about whom I was speaking—and the old man started to listen. Before long his face beamed—he spotted at once who the ‘ He ’ was—and began nodding his head with sympathy and approval,

saying to himself, 'Lely, Lely, Lely. . . .' It struck me then, and often has since, that it was a wonderful testimony to a disciple's character, that when one was trying to describe his master, the description should be considered to fit the disciple. That was, of course, a good many years ago, possibly before the war, say twenty, after Lely had been in Porbandar. Yet the women still sung his name as they pounded the *chunam* : \* 'Leli, Leli, raish na beli.' India is a wonderful country for making a tradition of a man in his lifetime ! "

We spent the hot weather at Balachadi, a child's paradise, with unlimited sand and paddling in warm water. The rains were timely and plentiful, and late in the autumn we paid a pleasant visit to Porbandar. After that I had a trying experience which kept me in hospital in Bombay for three weeks at Christmas time. In January we stayed for a few days as the guests of His Highness the Navab Saheb and returned to Rajkot to find a swarajist agitation in full swing. A disciple of Mr. Gandhi had taken a house just opposite to the Club, vociferous meetings were held in an open space alongside every evening, and white caps and hand-woven *khaddar* † began to make their appearance in the town. I took no steps as long as the speakers did not attack the Chiefs, but when a meeting was held for the purpose of censuring the Jam Saheb, it seemed to me to be an abuse of the Civil Station lent to us for administrative purposes, and I went with the Superintendent of Police and closed it down. The assembly was quite civil, but the leading local barrister, who had always been a very good friend, asked

\* *Chunam* = lime. The houses in Porbandar have mostly flat roofs of concrete, and the scene of a band of women pounding a concrete roof under construction is familiar.

† *Khaddar* = coarse, hand-woven, cotton cloth, the making and wearing of which formed an important part of Mr. Gandhi's programme.

me if I had any objection to their holding another meeting and passing a vote of censure on me. I assured him that I had none whatever, so the meeting was solemnly held and the proceedings were forwarded to Government and myself ! My wife went home in March, and I spent the last hot weather at Verawal with my personal Assistant, Captain A. W. T. Webb and his wife. Captain Webb, and his immediate predecessor Captain Hancock, who represented the third generation of his family in Kathiawar, were the best Personal Assistants that I ever had, and I owe them both a great debt of gratitude. In the course of the next rains I visited Dhrangadra and Bhavnagar. The former State continued to flourish, and under the admirable administration of the Maharaja and his Dewan, its revenues had doubled. And this was effected, not by any policy of screwing, but simply by wise economy in early days, wise expenditure later on, repopulation of waste villages and well-considered development of the natural resources, and, in particular, of a fine strain of cotton. Bhavnagar was also doing well under the joint administration of Sir Prabhashankar Pattani, formerly a very successful Dewan of the State, later a Member of the Bombay Executive Council and of the Secretary of State's Council, and of Major Burke of the Political Service. The State had always been well managed, but the administrative machine required a certain amount of screwing up and this process was being judiciously applied. In the autumn I decided to take long leave preparatory to retirement. I had put in thirty-two years' service, I was not in the running for Council, so had nothing to look forward to, and it seemed about time to give place to younger men. As my father-in-law used to say : " We are none of us ambitious, but we do like to get on," and,

with nothing ahead, one's work does not improve. I naturally left Kathiawar with much regret for, like all who have served there for any length of time, I had fallen under the spell of the country. My relations with the Princes and Chiefs had been uniformly happy, and though we often saw things differently, their kindness and courtesy were unailing and were continued to the end.

Since then the Political Agencies of Cutch, Kathiawar and other Northern Bombay States have been transferred to the Government of India, and an Agent to the Governor General for the States of Western India reigns at the Rajkot Residency. This arrangement is in accordance with the policy foreshadowed in the Montagu-Chelmsford report, and, under modern conditions, was inevitable. As a Bombay Officer, I naturally regret the change, which, after a hundred years of connection, has severed the relations between the Local Government and the Indian Princes and Chiefs. But in these days of rapid communications, the interposition of the Local Government merely increases work and wastes time without corresponding advantage, and, further, the pursuit of a uniform policy with respect to the States, directed by a single authority, is essential. In later years it was the exception for the Political Secretary of the Government of Bombay to know much about the work and the Members of Council knew less. The Princes and Chiefs will now, at any rate, be dealing with men who have spent their lives in the department and are in sympathy with them and their difficulties. Again, as Local Governments are manned more and more by Indians, difficult and delicate questions arise. The Princes are content to deal with the representatives of His Majesty and the Governor-General,

but do not appreciate a policy or decisions which may be dictated by Indian politicians. The problems of the future internal development of the Indian States and of their relations with British India are full of difficulty. It is impossible not to wonder how long the State subjects will be content with autocratic rule, while the districts alongside are being steadily democratised. A solution will no doubt be found, but it will tax all the statesmanship of the Ruling Princes and the Government of India to find it.



## CHAPTER XXI

### CONCLUSION, AND SOME REFLECTIONS

**A**ND now I approach the end of my task. If I have failed to suggest that life in the Indian Civil Service can be not only enjoyable, but of intense interest, that is my misfortune. Personally, I had as happy a life as man could hope for and have rarely regretted the day that took me to India. But it will naturally be said : " That is all very well about the past, but what of the future ? " No man who has been away from India for six months is qualified to speak with authority as to the present, and no man alive dare say what the future holds. But so far as can be gathered from English and Indian newspapers, from friends on leave, from the statements of men like Lord Meston, who have recently visited the country and are competent to form an opinion, and from the letters of Indian friends, the situation is at present far more favourable than it was when I left the country. Above all, under the wise and statesmanlike rule of Lord Reading the clouds of animosity have cleared, and in the give and take of the legislative bodies and the friendly association incidental to their meetings, even extremists have mellowed and, in spite of occasional demonstrations to the contrary, are disposed to turn their hands to friendly co-operation. So far as safety of pensions is concerned, the guarantees are ample, and if a time should come when the Secretary of State and the British Government are unable to redeem

them, none of us will be in a position to worry much about pensions. As to the chances of a reasonably peaceful and happy life, present omens are favourable. Little more could be said at any period, and if the younger generation is not prepared to take some risk, I am much mistaken as to its quality. As is often pointed out, the position of the Englishman now and in future must be that of helper and counsellor rather than that of director. But that is not a position that should be distasteful to any decent Englishman.

We have no need to apologise for our position in India or to adopt the attitude of humanitarian cranks, usually profoundly ignorant of the facts of history, who regard our Indian Empire as a crime, and, while concentrating on the more questionable dealings of a less scrupulous age, ignore the rescue of hundreds of millions of their fellow-men from chaotic misery and the peace and prosperity that we have established. Our Indian Empire was developed, not as the result of a deliberate policy of greed and grab, but by the force of circumstances, first in defence of our trade Settlements, later by the pressure of European competitors—Portuguese, Dutch and French—and finally by the need for tranquillity in the Provinces that had come under our care. And if the price of Empire must be paid in blood and service, “Lord God, we ha’ paid in full”! So far from having anything to be ashamed of, we have every reason for pride in our Indian Empire and in the work that we have accomplished. On the other hand, there is no justification for an attitude of swaggering superiority. India is not, and never was, a conquered country. We owe our position there to our attitude of impartiality towards conflicting races and religions, and to certain qualities of character, which offered to torn and

distracted communities the prospect of peace and freedom and of justice between man and man. Questions as to racial equality seem to me to be beside the point. What race is there that should claim superiority to peoples that gave to the world a Buddha, an Asoka and an Akbar, religions and philosophies that embrace every religion and school of thought that has ever existed, an epic literature perhaps unrivalled, and some of the greatest masterpieces in the realm of human art? But there is a difference between Indians and ourselves, and that is why the Empire grew up and why we are still in India. That difference is due to climate, environment and tradition. In our own case, during hundreds of years of peace and immunity from invasion, a hard-bitten island race, born under Northern skies and invigorated by Northern blasts, has won its way to political freedom by a tenacious struggle, first with autocracy, later with oligarchy, and finally with aristocracy. The story of India, since long before the dawn of history, is one, of a continental country swept by successive invasions from the North, of invaders gradually enervated by a tropical climate, of the submersion of the invaders by fresh waves of conquest, and finally of internecine struggles which laid the land at the mercy of the West and invited aggression or, at least, intervention. How should there not be a difference? It is best to leave it at that and let the question of equality alone.

People in this country often ask lightheartedly when we shall be cleared out of India, not apparently realising that the wrench that would remove us from India against our will would strain the fabric of our Empire to an extent that would result in speedy collapse. There is no question of our being forcibly ejected, and nobody in

India, outside a handful of irreconcilable Communists, wishes it. Nor is the idea of our voluntary departure at present conceivable. In the years since we first took root there we have assumed a mass of obligations that must be redeemed. Racial, religious and communal antipathies show little sign of abatement ; we are bound to the Ruling Princes, and, having accustomed the silent, humble masses of the people to peace and justice, how can we abandon them to the anarchy that would at once ensue ? What, again, of the commercial and industrial communities that the Pax Britannica has attracted to the country ? At the same time the situation is anomalous and unprecedented. It is absurd to suppose that a handful of foreigners from across the sea can continue to rule indefinitely hundreds of millions of Orientals on the patriarchal lines pursued, with no essential modification, down to the time of the recent reforms. Apart from questions of elementary right, there are the repeated promises and solemn assurances of the last sixty years that we will help our Eastern fellow-subjects along the road to self-government. The unrest from 1906 onwards may be largely attributed to the feeling, that prevailed among the educated classes, that we were not redeeming those promises. And if India was not to become an open wound in the side of the Empire, the steady pursuit of our declared end was imperative. The Montagu-Chelmsford reforms have been the target of much abuse, on the one hand, from a section of English public opinion which learns nothing and forgets nothing, and, on the other, from the Indian progressive parties of varying shades. The attitude of the latter is natural and excusable. India as we found it was a very sick man. For 150 years we have played the benevolent part of doctor and nurse. The sick man

is now convalescent, kicks at restrictions and demands stronger food than we think it advisable to give him. Is it unnatural that he resents our well-meant counsels of prudence, and is it necessary to charge him with ingratitude because he is a bit tired of being fussed by his medical attendant? I suggest that it is absolutely natural and that the only matter for wonder is that his struggles are not more violent. On the other hand, the medical man dare not give in to unreasonable demands and thereby risk the life of his patient. In the period preceding the reforms the position was approaching a deadlock. There was profound dissatisfaction in all classes of the educated Indian community, which manifested itself in the terrorist activities of a small section of hotheads. It was evident that we must get on or face the music. The lamentable failure of our paternal rule and system of education to produce men and statesmen of character was brought home to me in Mysore, and afterwards in Kathiawar. The search for men fit to be Dewans of important States revealed the nakedness of the land.

The only way to fit men for responsibility is to place responsibility upon them. So long as every Indian official had a British Officer or Government, on whom to lean and cast the burden of odium or responsibility for his acts, any real development of character was impossible. Lord Morley's reforms, which were taken so seriously at the time, carried us no further. Diarchy, on the other hand, with all its obvious shortcomings, represented an honest attempt to redeem our promises and to fit Indians for the highest positions in the State, and, as such, it was accepted by the majority of British officials in India. And what did the critics of our own race offer as an alternative? Absolutely nothing that I have ever been able to under-

stand beyond the continuance of a system which, however satisfactory to ourselves, pleased no other section of educated opinion in India. I am well aware of the position—on the face of it plausible enough—that the demand for self-government is confined to the fraction of the population represented by the educated classes, and that our first duty is to the silent millions, who desire only tranquillity and have no sympathy for the classes who in the bad old days ground them in the dust. But have we no duty to those that we have educated in Western ideas of liberty, and can we treat the aspirations that we have been the means of creating as mere ideals, never to be realised? Putting it on the lowest ground, if you overfeed and underwork a thoroughbred, or, for that matter, any class of horse, you must expect trouble, and that is what we were doing. The Indian cultivator's main concerns are peace and quiet, the well-being of his cattle and his crops, freedom from the tyranny of official underlings, and the means and liberty to fulfil his social obligations—so long as he is let alone. But in these days, as was proved by the condition of the Panjab and of some Bombay districts in 1919, he is plastic material for political manipulation. What of the crowds of peasants that I have seen, flocking to roadside stations in Kathiawar and waiting by the hour to see "Mahatma" Gandhi pass by? I have nothing to say as to the measures of repression then adopted. Only the responsible officials on the spot could judge measures, of the necessity of which the character of the men concerned is sufficient assurance to most of us. But at the present time the news of an act of stern repression is flashed in a few minutes to every corner of India and, however unavoidable or well justified by its immediate effects, arouses resentments and race hatreds not

easily quenched. Were we to look forward to a continuance of outbreaks and of acts of repression, followed by commissions, with all their unprofitable raking over of embers best left to die, and, finally, to a situation comparable to that of Ireland after the war, magnified and intensified a hundredfold? Acquiescence in such a prospect was unthinkable, intolerable and wholly alien to the spirit of our race. The question is not what is, in the abstract, best for India, which is, in any case, a matter of opinion, but what are the realities and what is the practical way of dealing with them.

Personally, I much prefer to be the representative of a patriarchal rule, working in the genial atmosphere of "the good old days." But, when a community has been educated to a certain point, attempts to maintain a patriarchal attitude merely result in revolt or ridicule. And, after all, has Diarchy failed? Far from it. The chief obstacle to success has been "non-co-operation." In Provinces where it has been given a reasonable chance Diarchy has worked well, and not the most advanced Indian politician will deny that it has provided a useful political education, for those who cared to take advantage of it, and a stepping stone to further progress. We are committed to a progressive policy, and that position must be realised and accepted. All, and it is also the least, that we have a right to demand of the Supreme Government is, that during the transition period order shall be maintained, and that Local Governments and their officers shall receive reasonable support and assistance in their efforts to maintain it. It was the failure of the Government of India, as it seemed to us at one time, in this respect, that broke men's spirit, excited the contempt of the irreconcilables, and exposed our Indian friends and supporters to

humiliation. No official appreciates political agitation, least of all when it is directed against his own existence, and I cannot pretend to have enjoyed the atmosphere of 1921. But political agitation has come to stay, and the Indian Civilian of the future must accept the fact.

What is the end to be? No man can say. But the last few years have proved that statesmanship as we understand it in England, based on fair dealing and loyalty to our word, and inspired, not by a barren logic, but by practical sense and appreciation of realities, is not yet extinct among us, and a way will be found. One of the best and ablest Indians that I know told me of the profound impression made upon him by the circumstances attending the bomb outrage on Lord Hardinge at Delhi. He was a witness of the whole scene, and, as he described it, there was no panic or disorder, the injured Viceroy and his attendants were quietly removed, the senior official took his place, and the procession pursued its stately course to its appointed end. And on his first appearance at the Legislative Council after his recovery, Lord Hardinge assured the Assembly, in the simple terms of sincerity, that no terrorism of the kind would be permitted to deflect him or his Government from the course of well-ordered progress that they had marked out. And so it will be. There may be disturbances, there may be outrage, and some will fall by the way, but there will be a hundred to step into each vacant place, to seek calmly and steadfastly the end in view, the peace and well-being of India and the Empire. I would hold out to no young man seeking service in India the assured prospect of an easy life, passed in the bosom of a grateful and subservient population. That is not the position at all. There may, and certainly will be, times of trial and disappointment,

but the task is surely inspiring, and there is all the other side of Indian life, which I have endeavoured to sketch in these imperfect pages. One of the blessed facts of life is, that its trials and sorrows are the first to fade from memory. To some it may seem that my picture of the attractions of life in India is overcoloured. But that is how it presents itself to me, and, in the evening of one's life, a store of such memories is at least worth the price paid during the heat of the day.

The first essential for happiness in India is the ability to get into sympathy with its people. For the man or woman of insular prejudices and antipathies there is no place, and such are a positive danger to our race and rule. A rough and overbearing manner and temper, or a swaggering assumption of racial superiority simply stamp you with all classes as not a gentleman, excite the resentment of equals and ruin any chance you may have of getting on terms with the humble. On the other hand, a quiet, self-respecting dignity, not to be confused with pomposity, is appreciated in the East in an official of position. Looseness of living, undue familiarity and ill-timed exuberance of spirits are not. Above all, a sense of humour and proportion is invaluable. Read Bernard Shaw's preface to "John Bull's Other Island," and think it over. An important point to bear in mind is, that we go to a strange country and people, at an age at which we know little or nothing of our own, and are apt in consequence to draw wholly unwarrantable comparisons. And remember Lord Morley's dictum: "The thirst after broad classification works havoc with the truth." How often will an English woman, whose knowledge of Indians is confined to contact with low-caste servants, or a young Civilian, who in his Court has for the first time come up

against the seamy side of life, assert, that Indians are, or do, this or that. Some are and some are not, some do and some do not, just as it is with our own people. On the other hand, while human nature is the same everywhere and throughout the ages, environment and opportunity are different. Hitherto we have been able to help India because of the differences and, when that ceases to be so, the chief justification for our presence there will have gone.

SEATON,

*March 28th, 1926.*



# APPENDIX A

## THE BALLAD OF LELY

Into Rana Saheb's State (Porbandar) you Mad, Impious Lely came,  
You first settled yourself in the Darbar gate,  
And then pulled down the walls and got into difficulties,  
You did away with the old roads and built metalled roads,  
You removed the old lamp and had lighthouse instead,  
You abolished the old measures and introduced scales and balances,  
You abolished the old coins and introduced the rupee,  
You did away with tight trousers and introduced pantaloons,  
You shipped off gold and silver ornaments and brought brass articles  
instead,  
You did away with old stables and built model buildings,  
You reduced bullock carts and replaced them by horse carriages,  
You removed the ferry boat and built a new bridge,  
You cleared the land of stones and dashed yourself against rock,  
You abolished axes and spades and introduced pickaxes,  
You removed old cooks and admitted European cooks,  
You abolished old customs and introduced European practices,  
You did away with the old vegetable stalls and built a market,  
You abolished turbans and introduced "topees,"  
You abolished solid anklets and introduced hollow ones,  
You abolished the old dispensary and introduced a hospital,  
You rejected water from Dudesar wells and introduced water from  
cisterns,  
You abolished the old shed and introduced Custom house,  
You removed old State servants and admitted new ones,  
You abolished the old stocks and introduced Police Stations,  
You did away with hand machines and introduced mills,  
You abolished old carts and introduced the railway,  
Mad, Impious Lely.

# APPENDIX B

## GLOSSARY

*Anna*.—One-sixteenth of one rupee.

*Areca*.—Areca catechu, a slim and graceful palm, grown chiefly in the moist tracts of Southern India. The hard nut, cut into shavings and wrapped in a leaf of the betel vine, is chewed throughout India and the further East.

*Attar*.—Aromatic essential oil, of roses, lemon, etc.

*Bagala*.—Paddy bird, a small bird of the heron family, common in rice fields and other wet places.

*Bahmin*.—Sea salmon, a sporting sea fish common on the West coast of India. Takes a large, well-polished spoon.

*Bahroatia*.—Outlawry.

*Bandh*.—Masonry or earthwork dam.

*Baniya*.—Member of one or other of the shopkeeping or moneylending castes.

*Banjáras*.—A gipsy tribe, owning pack bullocks, the chief carriers of the days preceding metalled roads.

*Banyan tree*.—Ficus Indica, remarkable for its rooting branches, which become new stems and often spread over a large area.

*Betel vine*.—Charca betel, used for chewing.

*Bhaydt*.—Member of a cadet family of a Ruling House.

*Bhil*.—Bhils are a non-Aryan race, found in Rajputana, North Bombay, the Satpura Hills and adjoining country.

*Bhisti*.—Waterman, lit: the man of Paradise.

*Bhut*.—Spirit, goblin, ghost or demon.

*Bidi*.—Indian cigarette, usually wrapped in a Bauhinia leaf.

*Bohoras*.—A Mahomedan trading class, originally Hindus. Usually Shiah, but the cultivating Bohoras of Broach are Sunnis.

*Chunam*.—Lime. Applied also to concrete.

*Dák*.—Post or posting stage.

*Dángs*.—A mountainous forest tract, lying between the South-West corner of Khandesh and the Surat States.

*Darbar*.—A formal assembly presided over by a Ruler or official. Also used for the Government of an Indian State. A Ruling Prince is often referred to as the Darbar.

*Daserah*.—The great Autumn festival, especially of the martial castes.

*Dewán*.—Prime Minister of an Indian State.

*Dhed*.—A caste of untouchables. A village servant in certain Districts.

*Dhobi*.—Washerman.

*Ghánchi*.—Oil presser.

*Ghát*.—Flight of steps, commonly used for a mountain pass. The Western Ghats is the name usually applied to the Sahyádrí Range.

*Gram*.—Chick-pea, *Cicer arietinum*. The common food for horses all over India.

*Gujar*.—In this volume, a Guzarati Kunbi settled in Khandesh.

*Hanumán*.—The Monkey God. Friend and ally of Ráma and with his army of monkeys helped the latter in his expedition to Ceylon to recover his wife Sita. In Indian sculpture often appears as the faithful servant of the Gods.

*Huzuri*.—Court official.

*Jains*.—Followers of a religion described by Hunter as: "Allied in doctrine to ancient Indian Buddhism, but humanised by saint worship and narrowed from a national religion to the requirements of a sect."

*Jantri*.—Ready reckoner.

*Jemadár*.—Subordinate officer, head orderly.

*Jowári*.—Sorghum vulgare, a strong growing millet, standing 4 to 10 feet high. The grain is a staple food in some parts, and the stalks provide excellent fodder.

*Kheddah*.—Stockade, the method of capturing wild elephants by driving them into a stockade.

*Kumki*.—Tame trained elephant.

*Kunbis*.—Cultivating castes of Guzarat, the Deccan and parts of Central India.

*Lákh*.—One hundred thousand. A lakh of rupees is worth at present about £7,400.

*Lingayat*.—Member of a sect of Hindu "Protestants," who in the twelfth century A.D. threw off the tyranny of Brahmanism and caste. Followers of Siva, their name is derived from the Lingum or Phallic emblem, which they wear through life.

*Machán*.—A shooting platform tied in a tree, of branches or bamboo, sometimes formed of a string cot.

*Máhajan.*—The big people, the body of Jain and Shrávak merchants and moneylenders, which exercises much influence in towns in Guzarat and Kathiawar. As the source of supplies they can make things very uncomfortable for those who do not please them.

*Máhdál.*—Subdivision of a Taluka.

*Mahout.*—Elephant driver.

*Mahseer.*—Barbus Tor, the most sporting Indian fish, running to over 100 lb.

*Malnád* or *Mallád.*—The rainy hill tracts of Mysore and Dharwar.

*Mámlatdár.*—The officer in charge of a Bombay Taluka.

*Maochis.*—A jungle tribe of Navapur in West Khandesh. Their name means people of the sunset or the West.

*Marral.*—*Ophiocephalus Marulius*, the Indian pike.

*Mhowra* or *Mhowa tree.*—*Bassia Latifolia*, a handsome tree bearing white fleshy flowers, used as food by the wilder tribes and for the distillation of spirit.

*Minah.*—A bird of the starling family, often a good mimic.

*Mugger.*—Crocodile.

*Nág.*—Cobra, *Naja tripudians*.

*Naikdas.*—A primitive non-Aryan tribe, settled in the South of the Panch Mahals and adjoining State territory.

*Nullah.*—Watercourse.

*Palás.*—*Butea frondosa* or bastard teak. Covered with vermilion flowers in the hot weather. The leaves are used for dishes and cups.

*Pán.*—Betel vine *q.v.*

*Páñch.*—Five.

*Panch.*—A committee of five.

*Pankah.*—Fan. Usually a long pole or wooden frame with flounces, hung from the ceiling and swung by a rope.

*Pátasthal.*—Irrigation by flow from a channel.

*Pátel.*—Village headman.

*Pattawaldá.*—Orderly, lit. : the man with a belt, the badge of office.

*Pavra.*—The cultivating Rajput of the Akrani Plateau in the Satpura Hills.

*Peshwas.*—The rulers of Poona, descended from Báji Rao, Brahman minister of the third Maratha ruler in the line of Sivaji, who early in the eighteenth century supplanted his master. The last Peshwa, Báji Rao, surrendered to the British after the battle of Kirkee in 1817, and in 1818 his territory was annexed to Bombay.

*Pice*.—A quarter of an anna.

*Pindris*.—Bands of freebooters of all castes, representing the *débris* of the Mughal Empire, which extended their depredations over many parts of India towards the end of the eighteenth century and were finally suppressed by Lord Hastings in 1817.

*Pipal*.—*Ficus religiosa*, one of the figs, to which a certain sanctity attaches.

*Pinjrapol*.—Animal hospital or asylum, maintained by the Jain community for animals of every kind.

*Plantain*.—In India, banana.

*Poochi*.—Southern Indian term for insects and bugs of all kinds.

*Raiyat*.—Cultivator.

*Raiyatwári*.—The system under which Land Revenue is recovered from the cultivator direct.

*Ráj*.—Rule or Kingdom.

*Ráj Saheb*.—The peculiar title of Jhála Chiefs.

*Riksha*.—The usual conveyance for ladies in Simla, pulled and pushed by from three to five men.

*Rupée*.—The standard Indian coin, worth at par 2s., but usually, according to Exchange, from 1s. 4d. to 1s. 6d.

*Sáfa*.—A long muslin cloth for tying turbans.

*Sáheb*.—Honorific affix to a title of any sort. Used by itself means a European gentleman.

*Sámbar*.—*Rusa Aristotelis*, the commonest Indian stag. Very like a red deer in size and appearance, but the horns carry only six tines.

*Sangam*.—River confluence.

*Sári*.—The cloth that forms the chief portion of a woman's dress in most parts of India. One end is draped so as to form a petticoat and tucked in at the waist, the other is thrown over the head and shoulders.

*Sarkár*.—Government. The local official is often so addressed by the raiyat.

*Serai*.—Rest-house.

*Settlement*.—As a Revenue term, the process of assessing the Land Revenue.

*Shikár*.—Hunting.

*Sowár*.—Mounted man, cavalry or police trooper.

*Supári*.—Areca *q.v.*

*Taldí*.—Stipendiary village accountant.

*Tánga*.—Two-wheeled cart, drawn by two ponies harnessed curricule fashion.

*Tank.*—Lake, reservoir or pond.

*Tdluka.*—Subdivision of a District.

*Tehsil.*—Subdivision of a District.

*Tirtha.*—Collection of temples.

*Triveni.*—Junction of three rivers.

*Tunk.*—Walled enclosure containing collection of Jain temples.

*Wadi.*—Garden or enclosure, often of thorns, used by raiyats in the cultivating season as sleeping place and for keeping their cattle and implements.

*Zámindár.*—Landowner.

*Zamindári.*—In this volume, the system according to which Land Revenue is collected from the landlord as distinguished from the raiyat.





सत्यमेव जयते

# INDEX

- ACCOUNTANT**, the village, 33  
**Adalaj**, step-well, 78-79  
**Administration**, system of District, 31-34  
**Advi Somapur**, 213  
**Afsur-ul-Mulk**, Colonel Sir, 163-164  
**Agitation**, political, 255  
**Agra**, 94, 124, 162  
**Ahmedabad**, District, 18-27, 125-132, 224-225  
**Ahmedabad**, City, 18-19, 23-25, 224-225  
**Ahmednagar**, 220-221  
**Ajmer**, 172  
**Akbar**, the Emperor, 124, 250  
**Akrani Pargana**, the, 73, 77-78  
**Alienation Settlement**, Deccan, 222  
**Amphill**, Lord, 136, 164  
**Anavla Brahmans**, 29-30  
**Anklesvar Taluka**, 124  
**Architecture**, Ahmedabad, 18-19, 45, 78-79, 224  
**Architecture**, Chalukyan, 78, 166, 168, 214-215  
**Armitage**, Commander, 228  
**Asiatic Society of Bengal**, 97, 110-111  
**Asoka**, the Emperor, 192, 250  
**Assistant Collector**, the, 32  
**Assistant Collector**, work as, 26-27, 29-30, 38-55  
**Astoli**, 216  
**Aurangzeb**, the Emperor, 53, 234  
**Aylmer**, Lieut.-General Sir Fenton, 88  
  
**BADAMI**, 214  
**Baird**, Sir David, 134  
**Balachadi**, 235, 244  
**Balekundri**, Mr. G. R., 209  
**Bangalore**, 135, 156-158  
**Banjaras**, the, 65  
**Banswada**, State, 50  
**Bariya**, the Raja of, 226  
**Bariya State**, 35  
**Baroda**, the Maharaja Gackwar of, 164  
**Baroda State**, 18, 181  
**Barrackpur**, 112  
**Batwa**, 72  
**Beatson**, Colonel Sir Stuart, 105  
  
**Bellary District**, 147, 204, 212  
**Belur Temples**, 168  
**Bengal**, partition of, 121  
**Bentinck**, Lord William, 149  
**Bhavnagar**, the Maharaja of, 137, 138, 187-188  
**Bhavnagar**, the Maharani of, 187-188, 243  
**Bhavnagar State**, 187, 245  
**Bhils**, 35, 37, 49-52, 73-76  
**Bijapur**, 149, 214  
**Bikaner**, City, 172-173  
**Bikaner**, the Maharaja of, 172-173  
**Bohoras**, the Godhra, 36  
**Bombay City**, 18  
**Bombay States**, transfer of the, 246-247  
**Books and reading**, 38-39  
**Border Courts**, 50-52  
**Bower**, Major-General Sir Hamilton, 88  
**Brassey**, Lord, 234  
**Brindisi**, 133  
**Broach District**, 83-84, 226  
**Buck**, Mr. E. J., 94  
**Buck**, Sir Edward, I.C.S., 69  
**Buddha**, 100, 250  
**Bulsar**, 82  
**Burke**, Major R. C., 245  
  
**CALCUTTA**, 96-100, 109-112  
**Campbell**, Sir James, I.C.S., 21-22  
**Camp life**, 21-23, 41-44, 46-53, 213-215  
**Capetown**, 241  
**Carts**, impressment of, 43  
**Castle Rock**, 218  
**Cattle**, Guzarati, 126-130  
**Chakravarti**, Mr. G. S., 142  
**Chalmers**, Sir Mackenzie, 99  
**Chalukyan architecture**, 78, 166, 168, 214-215  
**Champaner**, 45-46, 26  
**Chamrajendra Wadiyar**, Maharaja, of Mysore, 151  
**Charotar**, the, 18, 126  
**Chikhli Taluka**, 83  
**Churton Collins**, Mr., 12  
**Civil Service**, the Indian, 1-6, 254-257

- Collector, the, 31-32, 34, 219  
 Collector, service as, 53, 125-132, 204-219  
 Collector, the Assistant, 32  
 Collector, the Deputy, 32  
 Cologne, 10-11  
 Colton, Mr. Robert, R.A., 155, 169  
 Commissioner, the Divisional, 31  
 Commissioner, service as, 220-228  
 Cotton, Sir Henry, I.C.S., 99  
 Courts, English Law, 14  
 Courts, Border, 50-52  
 Cranborne, Lord (Marquess of Salisbury), 151  
 Criminal tribes, 211-212  
 Cubbon, General Sir Mark, 150, 167  
 Cumine, Mr. A., I.C.S., 70  
 Curzon, Lord, 46, 103-108, 110-122, 127, 135, 137, 143, 159, 161
- DALHOUSIE, Lord, 10, 151**  
 Dambal, 215  
 Dance, a Bhill, 51-52  
 Dangs, the, 74  
 Darbar, the Delhi, 161-162  
 Darbars, District, 209-210  
 Darjiling, 112  
 Dasera Festival at Mysore, 174-176  
 Davies, Mr. Digby, 26  
 Dawkins, Sir Clinton, 107  
 Dawson Clarke, the Rev., 11  
 D'Cruz, Mr. J. E. A., 152-153  
 Delhi, 84, 94, 96, 101, 161-162  
 Dewan, the work of a, 141  
 Dharwar District, 204-219  
 Dharwar Town, 205, 216  
 Dhed, the village, 33  
 Dholka Taluka, 25  
 Dhrangadra, the Maharaja of, 198-199, 230, 232, 245  
 Dhrangadra State, 198-199, 232, 240, 245  
 Dhulia Town and Taluka, 70-72  
 Dhundia Wagh, 204, 215  
 Diarchy, 252, 254  
 Diu, 182  
 Divisions, constitution of, 31  
 Dohad Taluka, 35  
 Dohad Town, 53  
 Dumas, 30, 62  
 Dutt, Mr. R. C., 112-113  
 Dyson, Colonel T. E., 82
- ECONOMIC position of I.C.S., 3-5**  
 Edrus, Saiyad Zain el, 61  
 Elephants, 169-172  
 Elgin, Lord, 89  
 Eliot, Sir John, F.R.S., 109
- FAMINE, 107-108, 124-132, 201**  
 Famine Funds, 129  
 Fathepur Sikri, 124  
 Finucane, Mr. M., I.C.S., 101  
 Fishing, 213, 216-218, 235, 239  
 Fraser, Sir Stuart, I.C.S., 135, 136, 138  
 Fuller, Sir Bampfylde, I.C.S., 99, 100  
 Fusiliers, the 2nd Royal, 242
- GADAG, 204, 205, 214**  
 Galagnath, 215  
 Gandhi, Mr., 244, 253  
 Gardens, 37, 39-40, 105, 157-158, 202, 205, 216, 231  
 Gersoppa Falls, 167, 168-169  
 Ghanchis, the Godhra, 36  
 Gibb, Mr. M. C., I.C.S., 127  
 Gir Hills and Forest, 179, 240  
 Girnar Hills, 179, 192  
 Goa, 218  
 Godhra Town and Taluka, 35-38  
 Gogho, 132  
 Gondal, the Thakore Saheb of, 233  
 Gudigars, the, 79  
 Gujars, the, 65-66, 73, 77
- HAFKINE, Dr., 81, 83**  
 Halebid temples, 168  
 Hamgi, 215  
 Hancock, Major F. de B., 235  
 Hancock, Captain C. P., 245  
 Hangal, 213  
 Haran Shikaris, 210, 212  
 Hardinge, Lord, 255  
 Hardwar, 162  
 Harrington, Sir John L., 30  
 Harsol, 225  
 Hensman, Mr. H., 93  
 Hetherington, Mr. W. L., 12  
 Hewitt, Sir John, I.C.S., 91, 93  
 Hill, Sir Claude, I.C.S., 184-185, 203  
 Holderness, Sir Thomas, I.C.S., 101-102, 108, 113  
 Holland, Sir Thomas, F.R.S., 109  
 Honkan, 217  
 Hope, Sir Theodore, I.C.S., 41  
 Horne, General Lord, 25  
 Horses, 52, 190-191, 221  
 Hoshangabad District, 102  
 Hubli, 205, 215  
 Hudson, Colonel T. M., 208  
 Humpi, 214  
 Hunting, 68, 163  
 Hussars, the 4th, 137  
 Hyder Ali, 134, 149, 204  
 Hydro-electric Scheme, the Mysore, 159-160

- IBBERSON, Sir Denzil, I.C.S., 86, 87, 91-92, 93, 100, 101, 102, 109, 110, 111, 131**  
 Indian Empire, our, 249-250  
 Inoculation, plague, 81, 83, 208-209  
 Investitures, 137, 243  
 Irwin, Mr. H., 154
- JACKALS, 62, 79**  
 Jafarabad, 182  
 Jains, the, 168, 190, 192, 236  
 Jam Saheb, the Maharaja, 183-184, 197-198, 202, 229, 230, 231, 232, 238, 244  
 James, Sir Evan, I.C.S., 19-21  
 Jamnagar, 183, 231, 238, 240  
 Jasdán, 184  
 Jhalod Mahal, 35, 50  
 Joglekar, R.N., R. B., 222  
 Jones, Colonel R. G., 139  
 Junagadh, the Navab of, 192-193, 196, 231, 243, 244  
 Junagadh, minority administration, 194-197  
 Junagadh State, 194-196, 230, 231, 233
- KABBANI RIVER, 166**  
 Kadana State, 44, 47-50  
 Kaira District, 60, 63-64  
 Kalka, 85, 94, 123  
 Kanara District, 147, 204, 217  
 Kanarese language, 206  
 Kathiawar, 29, 137, 178-203, 229-240, 242-247  
 Kathiawar Political Agency, 179-184  
 Kathi Horse, the, 190-191, 221  
 Kathis, the, 183, 239  
 Kaveri River, 148, 158-159, 166, 167  
 Kay, Captain H. C., 193, 194  
 Keatinge, Colonel R. H., 180, 202  
 Khandesh District, 64-67, 70-78  
 Kheddah, elephant, 169-172  
 Khinchinjunga, 112  
 King's Own Yorkshire Light Infantry, 68  
 Kipling, Mr. Rudyard, 2, 26-27, 38-39, 74, 104  
 Kitchener, Lord, 114  
 Kolar Goldfield, 118, 159-160  
 Kolhapur, the Maharaja of, 138  
 Krishnalal Oochavram, Mr., 129  
 Krishna Murti, Sir P. N., 140-143  
 Krishna Raja Wadiyar, Maharaja (1), 149-151  
 Krishna Raja Wadiyar, Maharaja (2), 134-145, 155, 157, 173-177  
 Krishna, death of, 234  
 Kunbis, 63-64, 65, 73, 126-127, 131
- LAKKUNDI temples, 215**  
 Land Revenue Policy, 124-125, 130-131, 206  
 Lawrence, Lord, 10  
 Lee-Warner, Sir William, I.C.S., 134, 178  
 Legislative Council, 3, 4, 226  
 Lely, Sir Frederic, I.C.S., 29, 126, 127, 243-244  
 Limbdi, the Thakore Saheb of, 234  
 Lingard, Dr., 108  
 Lingayats, 205, 211  
 Loan, the Indian War-, 230  
 Londa, 216  
 Loreburn, Lord, 94-95  
 Lotbiniere, Major-General A. C. Joly de, 159  
 Lourenco Marquez, 241  
 Lunawada State, 47  
 Lyttelton, General the Right Hon. Sir Neville, 21
- MACAULEY, Lord, 10**  
 MacDonnell, Lord, I.C.S., 111, 130  
 MacNaghten, Mr. Chester, 203  
 Maconochie, Mr. A. F., I.C.S., 9, 21, 30, 36, 221  
 Madras, 136, 141, 164-165  
 Magistrates, subordinate, 210-211  
 Mahableshwar, 218, 221  
 Mahasu, 80, 92, 102  
 Mahmud Begada, Sultan, 45, 72  
 Mahmud of Ghazni, 234  
 Malcolm, Sir John, 150, 174  
 Mamlatdar, the, 32-33  
 Manavadar State, 200  
 Mangrol, 199-201  
 Mangrol, the Sheikh of, 200  
 Mansinhji, Raj Rana, 199, 232, 245  
 Maochis, the, 67  
 Marathas and the war, 65, 238  
 Marmagoa, 218  
 Maunsell, General Sir F., 227  
 Mayne, Mr. C. W., 201, 203  
 Mead, Mr. P. J., I.C.S., 126  
 Meade, Major M. M., 136, 238  
 Mehmadaabad, 72  
 Mekhe Datu, the, 166-167  
 Meston, Lord, 248  
 Minto, Lord, 121, 151  
 Missionaries in Mysore, 150  
 Montagu-Chelmsford Report, 246, 251  
 Monuments, preservation of ancient, 46, 110-111, 226  
 Morley, Lord, 178, 252, 256  
 Mubarak, Saiyad, 72  
 Muir-Mackenzie, Sir John, I.C.S., 69, 84, 135

- Mutiny veterans, 161-162  
 Mysore City, 136, 152-156  
 Mysore Commission, the, 145, 150-151  
 Mysore, the Maharaja of, 134-146, 155,  
 157, 161-162, 164-166, 172-177  
 Mysore, the Maharani Regent of, 139-  
 140  
 Mysore State, 134-177
- NAIKDAS**, the, 46  
 Nandidrug, 167  
 Nandurbar Taluka, 64-66, 73  
 Naosari, 30  
 Napier's Rifles, the 125th, 236-237, 238  
 Naples, 16  
 Nargund, 207  
 Narukot State, 44, 46  
 Nasik, 220  
 Navanagar, 183, 231, 238, 240  
 Navapur Mahal, 65, 66-67, 74, 78  
 Nicholson, General John, 137  
 Nihal Singh, Colonel, 137, 161-162  
 Northcote, Lord, 128  
 Northcote, Sir Stafford, 151  
 North-West Frontier, 94, 117
- O'BRIEN**, Colonel E., 235, 243  
 O'Dwyer, Sir Michael, I.C.S., 91  
 Office hours, 40  
 Ommannay, Mr. H. T., I.C.S., 62  
 Ootacamund, 135-136, 162-164  
 Outlaws of Kathiawar, 239-240  
 Outram, Sir James, 20, 26, 71  
 Oxford, 13-15  
 Ozanne, Mr. E. C., I.C.S., 37-38, 64
- PACHMARHI**, 103-104  
 Palace, the Mysore, 153-154  
 Palitana, the Thakore Saheb of, 188-189,  
 191, 243  
 Palitana State, 188-191  
 Panch Mahals District, 20-21, 35-55,  
 226  
 Panjab, the, and the War, 237  
 Panjabis, the 20th (Brownlow's), 220  
 Parekh, Sir Goculdas, 124, 125  
 Paris, Exhibition of, 1889, 16  
 Parsees, the, 29  
 Patan-Somnath, 234-235  
 Patasthal irrigation, 71-72  
 Patel, the, 33, 49, 131  
 Pattani, Sir P. D., 245  
 Pavagadh, 36, 45-46, 226  
 Payras, the, 76-78  
 Peshwas, the, 67, 180, 181  
 Petitions, 41  
 Phelps, Dr., 14
- Plague, 80-83  
 Police, mounted, 44  
 Politicians, Dharwar, 212  
 Politicians, Kathiawar, 244-245  
 Pollen, Dr. John, I.C.S., 54-55, 75  
 Poona, 62, 67-68, 221-223  
 Porbandar, the Rana Saheb of, 197, 235,  
 343  
 Porbandar State, 29, 197, 235, 243  
 Preece, Sir William, F.R.S., 95  
 Private Secretary, Mysore, 134-177  
 Probyn, Major Oliver, 71  
 Propert, Mr. W. H., I.C.S., 20, 36, 71,  
 72  
 Purnaiya, Dewan, 140, 149
- RAGHAVENDRA RAO**, Mr. P., 143-144  
 Raiyatwari, System of Land Revenue, 32  
 Raja Varma, Mr., 154  
 Rajkot, 179, 185, 191, 202-203, 230,  
 233, 236, 242, 244, 246  
 Rajkumar College, Rajkot, 203, 215  
 Rajputs, 183, 187, 188, 197, 199  
 Raleigh, Sir Thomas, 114  
 Rander, 30  
 Ravi Varma, Mr., 154  
 Reay, Lord, 21  
 Reed, Sir Stanley, 223-224  
 Reforms, Lord Morley's, 252  
 Reforms, the Montagu-Chelmsford, 246,  
 251  
 Reid, Sir Robert, Lord Loreburn, 94-95  
 Rendall, Mr. H. D., I.C.S., 184, 194-197,  
 231, 235, 239  
 Rendition of Mysore, 150-151  
 Revenue and Agriculture, Department of,  
 84, 87-89, 91-93, 98-102, 106-109,  
 110-114  
 Revenue Enquiry, the Guzarat, 123, 124-  
 125  
 Rewa Kantha Agency, the, 44  
 Rivaz, Sir Charles, I.C.S., 101, 109  
 Robertson, Colonel Sir Donald, 136, 141-  
 143  
 Ron, 208  
 Ruling Princes, Lord Curzon and the,  
 120-121
- SACHIN** State, 30  
 Saiyad Mubarak, tomb of, 72  
 Salsette, the, 228  
 Sanand Taluka, 25-26  
 Sandhurst, Lord, 68  
 Sanitary Association, Dharwar, 208-209,  
 210  
 Sappers and Miners, the Queen's Own,  
 156-157

- Satpura Hills, 73-74, 75, 104  
 Savanur, the Navab and Begum of, 215-216  
 Scoones, Mr. W. B., 11-12  
 Secretariat, Government of India, 87-92, 98-102, 105-107, 108-109, 112-113, 119-120  
 Secretariat, the Mysore, 144  
 Seringapatam, 148, 149  
 Settlement Officer, the, 57-59  
 Settlement, work of Land Revenue, 56-59, 63-83  
 Shahi Bagh, Ahmedabad, 224-225  
 Shah Jahan, 53, 111, 224  
 Shatrunjaya Hill, 190, 192  
 Sheppard, Sir William, I.C.S., 213  
 Sheshadri Iyer, Sir K., 155, 159  
 Sheshanna, Vina, 210  
 Sholapur, 221  
 Simla, 84, 85-94, 101-102, 104-109, 112-113, 123  
 Sindhia, the Maharaja, 103, 142  
 vasamudram, 158-159  
 Somnath-Patan, 234-235  
 Somnathpur, 166  
 Soutar, Sir Frank, 16-17  
 Speeches, Lord Curzon's, 113, 114, 116  
 Starte, Mr. H. O. B., I.C.S., 212  
 Strong, Colonel H. S., 194  
 Sultan Mahmud Begada, 45, 72  
 Sunth State, 47  
 Surat City, 25-29, 55, 60-62, 79-90  
 Surat District, 28-30, 78, 79-80, 82-83, 123  
 Survey, Deputy Superintendent of, 78-84  
 Sussex, the, 228  
 Sydenham, Lord, 185
- TAGORE, Mr. Abanindra Nath, 155  
 Taloda market, 76-77  
 Taloda Taluka, 73-78  
 Taylor, Messrs. John, & Sons, 160  
 Thana District, 226  
 Thibet, 114, 117  
 Thomason, Mr., 10  
 Tigers, 73, 213-214  
 Tilak, Mr. B. C., 62  
 Tippu Sultan, 134, 149, 204  
 Tirumakudulu Narsipur, 166  
 Toddy, 47
- Tributes, Kathiawar, 180, 181  
 Tudor Owen, Mr. W. C., 188, 189  
 Tudor Owen, Mrs., 188, 189  
 Tungabdra River, 148, 204, 215  
 Turner, Dr. H. H., F.R.S., 95
- UNDER Secretary to the Government of India, 85-114  
 Under-Secretary, the work of an, 87-89
- VANKANER, the Raj Saheb of, 229  
 Varma, Mr. Raja, 154  
 Varma, Mr. Ravi, 154  
 Verawal, 231, 234-235  
 Victoria, death of Queen, 125  
 Vijayanagar Empire, 149, 175, 214  
 Vincent, Mr. R. H. H., 16-17  
 Vithalrai, R. B., 185-186
- WADDINGTON, Mr. C. W., 23, 172, 203  
 Wadhwan, 236  
 Wadhwan State, 236, 243  
 Wagra Taluka, 83-84  
 Wales, their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of, 169, 170  
 Walker, Colonel, 180-181  
 War, 222-224, 227-228, 229-230, 235, 236-238, 241-242  
 Warwickshire Regiment, the, 137  
 Watt, Sir George, 99, 109  
 Webb, Captain A. W. T., 245  
 Well, Adalaj Step-, 78-79  
 Wells, Mr. H. G., 47  
 Wellesley, Colonel, 134, 204, 215, 221  
 Wellington, the Duke of. See under Wellesley, Colonel.  
 Westland, Sir James, I.C.S., 90-91, 99, 142  
 White, Field-Marshal Sir George, 90  
 Willingdon, Lord, 218, 219, 223, 225-226, 232  
 Willingdon, Lady, 223, 225, 232, 234  
 Woodburn, Sir John, I.C.S., 91, 112  
 Woodcock, Mr. Parry, H.E.I.C.S., 9-10
- YELANDUR Jaghir, the, 140  
 Yuvaraja of Mysore, the, 172, 175
- ZAMINDARI, the, system of Land Revenue,