

REMINISCENCES OF BEHAR.

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BY

AN OLD PLANTER.

CALCUTTA

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P R E F A C E

SOME old friends have suggested to me the idea of publishing my experiences in Tirhoot from 1847. The following pages give a brief sketch as far as my memory serves me. Dates may not be always accurate ; but they are not far out. Events have been jotted down as they came to mind ; and if the occurrences of 1857 come tumbling in when my reminiscences are of 1847-48, I must ask my readers to remember that these pages have been put together hurriedly during leisure moments.

September 1887.

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REMINISCENCES OF BEIIAR

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CHAPTER I.

ARRIVAL IN CALCUTTA JOURNEY UP-COUNTRY — SUGAR-PLANTING

IN the year 1847, towards the end of September, I bade farewell to my people in Mauritius, and sailed in the good ship *Albatross*, an American vessel of over a thousand tons, Captain Coffin commanding, for Calcutta, which we reached, after a prosperous voyage of five weeks, early in November. I was met on arrival by a very talkative Bengali Babu, who despatched me in a palkee to the house of Mr. Alfred Gouger, to whose care I had been consigned by my father. He lived at that time in Tank Square, and was of the firm of Gouger, Jenkins & Co. I was most hospitably received by him; but soon found that I had made my first acquaintance with Calcutta at a very inauspicious moment; the great firm of

Cockerell & Co. having just failed for an enormous sum of money, and the Union Bank as well, spreading ruin and dismay amongst thousands of people. Every business man's face bore an anxious look, for no one knew when some big bill might be returned protested. Money could not be raised on the best security, and business was at a standstill. Things were in this condition when I steamed out of Calcutta down the Hooghly round by the Sunderbunds bound for Monghyr. As we passed in the steamship *Benares*, my good friends in the *Albatross* hoisted her colours, and dropped them in a parting salute to me, a stranger in a strange land, and I felt not a little downhearted, as I waved them back my last adieu.

The voyage from the Sunderbunds to Monghyr took over a week, and to a young griff, as I was then, became most exciting, the herds of deer on the low-lying lands bounding away into the thick woods, and the large alligators lying like logs of old timber on the muddy banks, and gliding into the water, when disturbed by the noise of our paddles, were a source of constant interest to me, and I only longed for my gun to have a shot at them. When we got out of the jungly part of the Sunderbunds, we came again on signs of civilization and soon passed the large concern, Maharaj-

gunge, an indigo - factory, which, when Bengal was in its palmy days used to sell for one lakh of rupees an anna share. Now, alas, it is a case of Ichabod.

The vessel had hardly touched the shore at Monghyr before we were boarded by hundreds of natives selling every conceivable kind of wood and iron work, desks, boxes, pistols, knives, &c, and ornaments of all descriptions in buffaloe horn and ebony, all exceedingly cheap; a double-gun by a Monghyr Manton, could then be bought for Rs. 5. Now-a days you may go to Monghyr and hardly find any of the people who used to work so well, and at such moderate prices; the iron horse and the march of civilization have pretty well cleared them all out.

Dr. Hastings, Civil Surgeon at the station, was kind enough to meet me and take me to his house—that in which Mr Fitzpatrick afterwards lived—just outside the Monghyr Fort Gate, and close to the Railway station. I remember the present neat little public gardens were being laid out—those which have been brought to such perfection under General M—'s care, and are now the attractive rendezvous of society. Of course, I did not fail to visit the Sita Koond (hot springs), just below Peerpahar (Mountain of the Saint) where Mr. Alonzo Money

then resided ; he was Magistrate of Monghyr, and lived to distinguish himself during the mutiny when he marched to Gya. He was afterwards Commissioner of Bhairgulpore. After a short stay I proceeded on my journey to Tinhoot, my ultimate destination, crossing the Ganges in a very rickety boat to where stood my palkee, awaiting my arrival, with the usual quantum of bearers, musalchee, &c. Having spread my *razai* (quilt), and settled my pillows to my satisfaction with a cheroot to beguile the time, I started on what proved one of the most unpleasant journeys I ever made. I shall never forget the monotonous "h'm-h'm" noise of the bearers, or the almost unbearable smell of the *masal* (torch), which was lighted when night fell, or the agony of stiffness in my back, when I awoke from my first doze ! The cold was intense on the lands between the banks of the river and the higher ground, and as no mattress had been put in the palanquin, there was nothing between me and it but the quilt, which was not as large as could have been desired, and consequently, I was nearly frozen. It was a most merciful dispensation when, at last, the bearers put down the palkee, and lit a huge fire round which we squatted together till the time came to get under way again. That was a night of misery !

We reached Munjowl factory, where P—C— was manager and proprietor, about 6 A.M. ; and never shall I forget poor old C— and his “get-up” of black velvet cap, knee breeches, and top boots, and over all a bright, coloured dressing gown. I was most kindly received by him, and Mrs C—, and their little daughter, and observing his costume, I fully expected that he was just setting out to ride ; but for the two days I stayed at Munjowl, his dress never varied, and never a horse did he bestride. Again betaking myself to my palkee, I reached Dowlutpore in the early morning, and giving my bearers one rupee as *bukshish*, I dismissed them, but they had spotted me as a griff, and one of them shortly after returned with a long yarn in which the words “rupee” and “crab” were often repeated, and of which I did not understand anything, till the English speaking factory Babu coming to my assistance, it was explained to me that the rupee I had given was a bad one, and that they were asking for another, which I gave at once. R—, who was managing Dowlutpore, was away at the time, and was highly amused at my simplicity in believing them for, of course, they had swindled me. I spent two very pleasant days with R— and his wife, who were most kind to me. Both have been dead many years,—he, poor

fellow, was one of the many victims of the mutiny. He had left indigo and gone into the Sonthal Commission. He and G—G— were paying a visit to some officers in charge of a detachment of sepoy's stationed near the Grand Trunk Road. They had dined, and passed the night with their friends, when, in the early morning, they heard shots fired. G—G— immediately understood what was up, and bolted straight away, getting into the jungle, where he was hidden by a Pasi woman. R— was following G— when a sepoy called after him: "What are you running away for, Sahib? There is no fear." Poor R— was foolish enough to turn back, when the sepoy bayoneted him. Thus died poor R—. As it may interest my readers to know about the two officers, I will go on with their story: They, finding their men in a state of mutiny, ran for the house, and locked themselves in. One of these officers was reported to be a very kind and considerate master, the other a man of a most violent temper who never had a civil word to say to a native. They had not been long in the house when a sepoy came to the door, and called to the bad tempered man to come out. Though bad tempered, he was brave, and he told his brother officer that he would go out, and the sepoy's would, no doubt, shoot him,

and in the meantime he could escape. What was his astonishment, when, on his stepping out of the house, four men formed round him, and marched him off to Bhaugulpore. A purse was got up by the residents of Bhaugulpore as a reward for these men who had saved their officer. One of the old Eurasians, however, questioned the sepoy as to why they had not saved both officers. "Oh," they said, "this man is a mad man; and if we had killed him, the devil in him would have gone into one of us!" In the morning when the station residents went to present the purse, they found the sepoy gone. The other unfortunate officer was shot. I may as well relate another instance of a marvellous escape during the mutiny which happened about the same time. Some irregular cavalry mutinied and ran off from Bhaugulpore. They had to pass by a factory where a young planter was living; and expecting some loot, they fired a volley, and made for the house. The planter was just going to bed. He told his bearer to run to the stables and bring his horse round to the back of the garden and hide it in the ditch. The sowars were close to the house, so he had to make up his mind sharp as to where he would in the meanwhile hide. He suddenly remembered that he had had a big earthen vessel called a *mutha*,

made to hold water, lately dug out of the floor of one of the rooms, so he felt his way in the dark and got into the hole where the *mutla* had been. He had barely settled down when one of the *sowars* entered the room. He dropped a gun cap, and bent down to try to find it by groping about on the floor with his hand. As the *sowar* got nearer and nearer to him, the young man felt his blood run cold. The *sowar* shortly after went out of the room, when the planter jumped out of his hiding place, ran along the garden hedge, got into the ditch, and finding his horse waiting there, jumped on it, and rode off.

I must now go back to Dowlutpore, and continue the thread of my story. From R—'s hospitable roof, I again continued my journey to my next stage, Hattowrie factory, and arrived, as on previous occasions, in the early morning. As a matter of course, my palkee was put down at the door of the bungalow, and looking out, I saw a lady and some children, but having no letter of introduction and being unaccustomed to the ways of the country, I felt rather as if I were intruding, and not very happy. However, she came forward in the kindest way, and asked me in, making me so welcome that I soon forgot my shyness. I was very desirous of testifying my gratitude by an

offer of my palkee and bearers, as she wanted to leave Mattowrie, her husband having sold out ; but nothing would induce the men to take her—they would only carry me to my journey's end, and with many regrets at my inability to assist her, after a few hours' rest I again set out on my weary way. How thankful I was to find myself some twelve hours after grasping my brother's hand, and my wanderings ended. It was late at night when I arrived, and he had got out of bed to receive me, so, saying, he should reserve all he had to say till next morning, I very gladly "turned in," and was soon in the delightful arms of Morpheus. I don't know how long I had slept when I was awakened by some one singing in the room next to mine, really most beautifully, and then the same voice addressing an audience which I found afterwards was an imaginary one in these words : "What do you think of that for a song ? "Oh, you encore me ? Well, I will sing you something this time that will bring down the house ;" and off he went again, song after song, till, worn out with his exertion, as I was with mine, sleep overtook us. Next morning I made the acquaintance of my eccentric next door neighbour. He was standing, looking into a drain, as I approached him and said : "Good morning." "Do

you hear her, poor thing?" he asked, for a reply "She says she has not been washed for a week." I was rather taken aback by this remark, and still more so when pointing to some water, out of which something stood upright, he asked. "Do you see that boa-constrictor?" I thought him stark staring mad, as indeed he was not far from being, and was very glad when at this moment my brother made his appearance. The gentleman in question was a Mr. P—, who had charge of machinery at Purhehar factory, who having imbibed too freely *en route* had been put down at Kuntoul to recover himself before continuing his way to Mozufferpore. He had been a professional singer before he took to engineering, which accounted for the midnight entertainment he had favoured me with. He only remained a few hours my brother's guest, and that was the last we ever heard of him.

After breakfast the factory *amlahs* (office servants) came in a body to pay their respects to me, the "*Burna Sahib's*" brother, each offering his gift of one or two rupees, according to the donor's position, laid on the corner of his clean *chudder* (sheet worn over the shoulder) with a low *salaam*. I was rather puzzled as to the wherefore of this ceremony, and inquiring what I was to do under the circumstances, learnt, to my surprise, that I was to take the

coin, raise it to my forehead in token of acceptance, and pocket it, a not unpleasant and easy occupation as I found by the evening that I had added to my slender fortune not less than fifty rupees. The custom prevailing at that period was, if you were a *Burra Sahib* (great man) to touch the rupees with your fingers, and then your forehead, and the *sirdar* bearer (head bearer), who took care to be present on such occasions, pocketed the money. Since the time I speak of this and other respectful practices have nearly died out in India, times have changed—not altogether for the better.

Before leaving Mauritius, I had been employed as a sugar planter with the view of learning the work it was proposed that I should follow in Bengal, but within two years sugar-planting in Tirhoot, was pretty well given up, and many a good man ruined. The soil was found to be unsuited for it, and the cane degenerated,—then it was that I took to indigo ; but before that time arrived, many jolly days were spent with my brother at Kuntoul and other places. One holiday at Kanti, in 1848, is very fresh in my memory, at my cousin, Russell Crawford's house—a very pretty place, situated on the border of a large semi-circular lake, well raised off the ground. The drive up to it, meandered through hedges of lovely

roses, and the grounds were enclosed by clumps of enormous bamboos, whose graceful feathery heads seemed to wave one a welcome. Flowering shrubs were dotted all about, and banyan trees with wide spreading branches roomy enough to take in a regiment of soldiers, were to be seen every here and there. We spent New Year's day in shooting. Breakfast was sent out to us ; and we had a charming picnic after making a capital bag of black partridge, hare, and quail. In the evening we danced ; to my extreme confusion it was discovered that I alone of the men could waltz, and I was, therefore, led up to the "Spin." of the party who danced "round dances," and we did "the light fantastic" together, to the admiration of the spectators. Quadrilles and country dances followed, and fun became fast and furious till the small hours chimed. Happy bygone days ! Captain B was one of those I met for the first time during my visit to Kanti. He was quite a gentleman of the old school, and most courteous in manner. At one period he had been in the Hon'ble East India Co's Navy, which he had left tolerably well off. Unfortunately, he invested all his fortune in indigo, and lost it, and was at that time managing a saltpetre manufactory, near my cousin's place for Mackillop, Stewart & Co, of

Calcutta I was back at work at Kuntoul early in January, and found that it was becoming pretty hard. The west wind had begun to blow, and so violently in the day time, that the sparks from the furnaces were carried for miles around, endangering the villages, and we had, consequently, to do the cane-crushing at night, which was a very cold and tiring business, and I was thankful when at last it was finished. The engines had been very trying to the nerves of everybody—"Blowhard" and "Rattletrap" by name—the boilers of both being in such a crazy condition, that they were always on the point of bursting, especially "Blowhard," which actually did come to pieces, and killed a young blacksmith. Happily, I was absent when the accident took place, but it did not contribute to my peace of mind when I returned. I had been with my brother to Pundoul, Mr. J—G—'s factory, where sugar was extensively manufactured,—a very pretty place with grand mango groves all about it. Mr. G— was devoted to gardening, and showed great taste in the way he had laid out the grounds. It was said that his pineapples were so plentiful that he fed his pigs on them, and that every fruit and flower that India could produce might be found in his gardens.

Shortly after this, I was asked to make one of a

tiger-shooting party, and having obtained leave to go my delight was unbounded. For a week beforehand every spare moment was spent in seeing to the state of my guns, casting bullets, and getting the howdah gear in order, and it was a red letter day when about the end of March, Mr. J—C— picked me up at Kuntoul and carried me off to Doomrah.

CHAPTER II

TIGER-SHOOTING—MIDNIGHT ALARM—DEATH BY
DROWNING OF II—

OUR escapes were narrow and many during the drive to Doomrah factory for neither the roads nor the horses were of the best ; of the latter, one was given to backing, another to gibbing. However, we arrived safe and sound at last, and the perils of the way had been so exciting that they added just the zest needed to make our journey most amusing. Our host, a jovial merry-fellow, had assembled a large party of friends ; and although I was a stranger to most of them, I soon felt myself at home, and burning with ardour for the early start, we were to make on the morrow.

Long before the peep of day we were up and away to S—, where II— lived, not far from Purhilea factory : II— carried on some farming business in connection with villages belonging to the Soor-sund Babus. Resting there till the afternoon, we again set out, and, crossing the Nepaul boundary at a place called Sirreepore Kablassa, we shortly

came upon our tents, ready pitched, and every preparation made for us.

I was astonished and much impressed to hear from the villagers that big game was so numerous, and that tigers were running all over the place like cats, but I was soon to find out that a Nepaul Shikari (hunter) is not to be quite depended on, and tells a "good one" when he wishes to keep the thing going. We were to be ready to start at four o'clock next morning, and long before then were astir, getting our properties in order, rubbing our guns, and preparing our powder and shot. The elephants, with howdahs strapped on, appeared on the scene at the appointed time, and, I must confess it was with some trepidation I approached the huge, restless monster on whose back I was to take my first lesson in elephant riding, as well as tiger hunting. J—C— was made Captain of the expedition, and having reached the jungle, we were placed in a line, he in the centre. Between each howdah animal there were several pad elephants to do the work of beating, and in this order on we marched, the elephants stamping and crushing down the trees in their path by putting their foreheads against them, and bringing the whole weight of their bodies to bear. We, on the tiptoe of expectation, ready to fire at "Stripes" the moment he

showed himself. However, our first day out was doomed to be a blank, as far as big game was concerned. In spite of the story of the *shukaris*, that tigers were as plentiful as cats, we beat the thick jungle till midday in vain. Then the order to fire only at tiger was withdrawn by our Captain, and we turned our attention to deer, hare, and pea and jungle fowls, of which we made a large bag before night fell. As the elephants with the tiffin (luncheon) basket hove in sight, we called a halt, and, getting into a piece of magnificent sal forest, we were not long in setting to. Near us ran a lovely river, the rippling water of which was as clear as crystal, and on its banks we pitched our tents. How delicious it was after many hours jolting to dip in the stream, and refresh our tired limbs! Elephant-riding had reduced me to one great ache in every part of my body; and, I think, the slumbers of all our party were pretty sound that night, when, soon after our evening meal, we turned in. Early morning we were again afoot and away, the day opening with brighter prospects, for, having reached some marshy ground in which tall reeds were growing, the elephants began to show signs of uneasiness, and all at once there was a rush and a regular volley of shots. I saw nothing but the tip of a

tail over the reeds. Following in line, I suddenly came on a tiger dead, or dying in about a foot of water. My animal pulled up with a jerk that nearly threw me out of the howdah, and the *mahout* shouted to me to fire, or the elephant would go down on his knees to crush the tiger. There was a tremendous hubbub, natives shouting, elephants screaming and trumpeting, sportsmen scolding, so I blazed away, expending all my barrels on the brute, which I believed was already dead; however, there could have been no doubt about it when I had ceased to fire, and we gathered round our trophy. It proved to be a tigress over nine feet long from tip of nose to end of tail. She was handed over to the *chamar* (tanner) to skin and partly tan; and we afterwards found that the natives had boned all the whiskers and several of the claws as charms, which was very amusing.—I have shot several tigers since those days, but have never succeeded in recovering the skin with its full number of whiskers, the natives will have *one* at any cost.—As may be supposed, we were excessively proud of our first tiger, for we were nearly all grills and new to the work. Late next day, when some of the party had dismounted and gone after *florican* a long way from the rest of us, a *mahout* called out: “There goes a

tiger," and, sure enough, about half a mile away in the middle of a big plain, we saw his royal highness quietly walking off towards a wood on the opposite side. We halted to collect our scattered forces, and they too seeing the beast, got on their elephants sharp, and gave chase. As we advanced, we watched with intense interest a native who was crossing the *mardan* (plain) within a few feet of the tiger, the animal passed almost close to him, but he never increased his pace, it was *kismet*! Our elephants, unfortunately, were not of the best—they were not howdah elephants—and were very slow, so, we did not get up with the tiger as rapidly as we ought; but S— got a long shot at him, as he was entering the wood, and thought he limped as he went away, but it was too late to follow him that night, and we returned to camp. At dawn we were off again in search of the *bagh* (tiger) which S— thought he had wounded; but, though we beat every possible bit of jungle, we did not see any signs of him, and we had almost given him up when, returning to the ground we had shot over the previous day, H— and G— saw a little patch of grass ahead, which they thought they would try. Hardly had they entered it when out jumped a big tiger. G— in his excitement fired two barrels loaded with shot, but

II— sent a bullet after him, as he disappeared into the jungle, and declared he had hit him. Next day we moved our camp, and beating down a stream that ran through the wood near where II— had fired at the tiger, I came upon him dead. He must have been the same animal that S— had hit as there was a wound on his hindleg. Our “fine,” was another tigress about the size of the first.

During the night that followed, when we were all sleeping the sleep of the just after the fatigues of the day, we were aroused by the most frightful yells I ever heard. To jump out of bed and seize our guns was the work of a moment; but in the dark all was confusion and hubbub at first. I had never heard horses screaming from terror till then; and a very horrible sound it was, mingled with the shrieks of the *sudanjee* (underservant) who, asleep outside the tents, had opened his eyes to find a tiger standing at his feet, it was only a wonder that he had not been carried off by the brute. The poor horses were perfectly paralysed with fear. We were soon afterwards in pursuit, and very anxious to come up with the gentleman who had so nearly polished off our bearer. Following the footprints in the sand, we got into a piece of jungle thick with an undergrowth of grass and briar plum, which we beat carefully through



without result. Then we sent the *shikaris* to see if there were any footprints in the dry bed of the river which might indicate an exit that way, but none were visible. We felt certain that the animal could not be far off, and wheeled round to beat back again. About half way, I observed a tuft of grass, too small, one would have thought to conceal any large animal, but "every stone must be turned" in tiger hunting, so, I called to the driver of one of the pad elephants to go through it, when, with a growl, out jumped our midnight visitor. The whole line fired, and she rolled over just outside the jungle in the sand. A pad elephant had been told off to carry her, when she was observed to blink one eye as much as to say: "I'll give it to *you* now," and in a second up she sprang with a roar, and made a kind of semi circular charge on us.

Away sped the elephants, S's howdah was smashed against a tree, and knocked to pieces, and his guns thrown on the ground. Fortunately, he managed to spring at C's elephant as it passed, and hold on to the howdah. S and H— disappeared on theirs down the dry bed of the river, and did not return for over an hour. G— was on a blind animal, which did not run far, and mine stood still after a short scamper. C's, with S— hanging on behind, rushed into a thick forest, where

the gigantic creepers half skinned the wretched *mahout* and C himself, who had ventured to peep out from a secure position in the bottom of the howdah, got such a crack with one that he looked for some days after, as if he had been having a round with Heenan. S escaped easiest in the end, squatting behind the howdah, though his clothes were nearly torn off his back, and he got a scratch or two. It had been the last dying effort of the tigress; and when our scared elephants had recovered their lost equanimity, we bore her triumphantly home to the camp. It was on that eventful day I despatched my first cobra. A very demon he looked, with his wicked little eyes gleaming and his hood extended, disputing the right of way. We had hoped to have had a few days more hunting, but that night brought us our marching orders in the advent of a heavy "nor'-wester."

The wind roared through the neighbouring trees till the tents seemed as if they would be blown to shreds, and the rain came down in torrents. As it is considered dangerous to remain in the jungle after wet weather on account of malarious fever, the order was given to pack up and be going—some of our party started at once, and the rest followed later, of which latter number I was one. The heat

and mugginess of that night were fearful, added to which our senses were invaded by a most horrible stench, supposed at first to be the dreaded malaria, but which proved to be pieces of tiger-flesh, which the servants had kindly attached to the outer fly of our tents, intending to take the savoury morsels home with them as charms. We struck camp early the following morning. On lifting the floor-cloth in our dining tent, the ground was found to be literally alive with little snakes, about four inches long. I never saw such a sight!

How sorry I was when our expedition was over! Though it is six and thirty years since those happy days, every incident of them is vividly before me still, and I look back to that time with the liveliest pleasure. Of the jolly few, gathered together then, only two remain; H, G, T S and J — S — are dead. Poor H was drowned shortly after our return. He was staying with my brother at Kuntoul; and one day having nothing more amusing to do, we borrowed a boat from one of the big crafts that were shipping saltpetre on the riverside for the purpose of having a row, but, finding the stream heavy to pull against, and the breeze favourable, I suggested getting a sheet and improvising a sail. My bungalow was not far off, and I ran home to get one.

As the tailor was working in the verandah, I waited a few minutes to get him to sew it on a cross bar of wood for a yard, and then returned to the river, but could not see anything of H —. Thinking he had got tired of waiting and strolled on, I hoisted my sheet and sailed up the river, expecting to come on my missing friend. Not doing so, I returned the boat to its owner, and started in search of him on foot. I looked for him everywhere, but could see or hear nothing of him. All night I sat up waiting and watching for his return, very anxious and much distressed, for we were great friends. Three days passed, and then the village-watchman came and gave us the information that the body of a European was floating in the river a little way down, and thus was poor H —. We got him out and buried him under a tree to the North-West of the big bungalow on the border of the factory *zenat*. Greatly to my annoyance, no sooner had the police got wind of what had happened, than I found myself an object of suspicion, the *Darogah* (Police Inspector), through others, kindly giving me to understand that he suspected foul play, but that a tip would put all right. Fortunately, my brother was at the factory, and my evidence was taken in his presence, or I might have found myself very awkwardly

placed. The following year when some of the river boats returned, we learned how it was that poor II — was drowned. Having probably got tired of waiting for my return, he took up a long bamboo, and tried to pole the boat up stream. Either the water was deeper than he anticipated, or the bamboo stuck in the mud at the bottom, for, he was pulled off, and went down before the men who saw the accident, could rescue him. Seeing that the *Sahib* did not rise again to the surface, one of them, they said, swam to the boat as it was floating down the stream, and moored it where I had originally left it under II 's care. Why the boatmen did not speak then and tell what had occurred, it is impossible to say. Either they were afraid of suspicion attaching to themselves in the first instance, or they were paid by the police to keep silence, when the hope suggested itself of making out a case against me, and being well "tapped" to hush it up.

CHAPTER III.

HOUSE-KEEPING IN OLDEN DAYS—KILLING A COBRA—
DAILY ROUTINE AND OUTWORK—RYOTS AND
RENT LAWS

SHORTLY after this, I was sent to an out-work and set up house-keeping on my own account. A few tables and chairs and a couple of beds formed the not very elaborate furniture of my bungalow. My crockery was of the most miscellaneous kind, and would have realized a small fortune in these days of China mania, so battered and maimed was it ; but in the days when I speak of it had its value for me, for my means were limited, and I had picked it up cheap. How well I remember the first smash ! Not long after getting into order, a cobra had presumingly established itself in my kitchen, and the cook arrived in hot-haste to desire me to come and kill it, or it would devour the only fowl there was to be had for my dinner. The appeal touched me so nearly that I forthwith set out with my gun, but finding I had no caps, I seized a thick stick, and made for the enemy. He was full of fight, and came at

me the moment I put my foot over the side of the door with such viciousness that I had to beat a precipitate retreat. While I was taking counsel with myself how best to rout the intruder, the factory *jemadar* (head cultivation servant) came on the scene, poising aloft in his hand, a many headed spear used for killing fish. With this he entered the kitchen ; the cobra, which had coiled itself up in a corner, charged again, and he let drive, jumping as he did so on to a wooden chest that stood conveniently by. It was that in which my dinner service and cups and saucers were kept ; the original lid had been broken, and replaced by some ill-fitting pieces of wood, which gave way under the *jemadar's* weight. There was a fearful crash, and I knew that my china was no more. The greater part of it was demolished ; but the cobra was writhing on the spear heads, and victory was with us, so I had to put up with my loss as well as I could. Just afterwards a snake-charmer, who had heard of what was going on, appeared, and was much disgusted to find he had arrived too late to take the reptile alive. I suspect this one would have given him some trouble, for though I have seen many since, I do not remember any other as vicious as this cobra.

My household consisted of a *Lhitmatgar* (waiter),

a cook, a sweeper, a *dhobie* (washerman), a bearer, (valet), a waterman, and a tailor. For these one pays now just about twice as much as I paid then. I was never a clever house-keeper, and do not quite remember the prices of things, but I think I am right in saying that then, you would get eight very fine fowls fit for roasting for a rupee, or sixteen chickens for the same money; a small lamb for four annas; rice twenty seers, and milk twenty quarts for a rupee. Country-bottled beer, the only kind sold and used then, could be procured from Calcutta, if bottles were sent down by the boats, and the ale bought in casks, at Rs. 4 to Rs. 4-1 or Rs. 5 a dozen. English bottled beer is the only kind that is drunk now, brought by steamers from England in a month's voyage, whereas three to six was formerly the passage round the Cape, a length of time that was quite destructive to English beer. The price it sells at is not much higher—from Rs. 6 to Rs. 6-8 a dozen in Calcutta, and Rs. 7 to Rs. 7-8 in the district. Formerly, beer was universally drunk; and some men had a wonderful capacity for taking it in. Now-a-days, this has been exchanged for claret or whisky and water, and certainly the Tihooceans of the present day are much more abstemious than those of the past generation, who, in the good old days, if a man got up a case or

two of beer immediately assembled from the surrounding neighbourhood, and remained his guests till every drop was gone. This was called "giving him a party," though it might be defined the other way.

At Sibnuggur factory, I was allowed two riding horses. My house was a thatched bungalow containing three rooms bordered by two verandahs, and I was about ten miles distant from any European. The first night I spent in my lonely mansion was dull enough. One of a large, cheery family, I began to wish that my lot had been cast nearer home. How well I could picture them all in Mauritius, and here I was far from every creature—as distant as could be. The lamp I had to brighten my solitude was manufactured by the bearer out of a brandy bottle cut in two, in which stood, stuck in half a potato, a wick of cotton wound round a thin piece of bamboo, it was not lively. I afterwards purchased a pair of plated candlesticks with glass shades, and when these figured on the table *vice* the brandy bottle, I felt myself to be rather rising in the world, and a man of property ! As I was very fond of riding, I soon found the means of routing the "blue devils" I kept what is called a "bobbery pack," and hunted jackals and foxes. My pack was composed

of terriers, greyhounds, *tazies* (native greyhounds), and even pariah dogs, and gave me capital sport. Part of my duty was to ride over the indigo cultivation in the early morning, and, as I always had my dogs with me, if I started a fox or jackal off we went, and frequently ended in having a good scamper and a kill. My nearest neighbour out of the concern was W— P— at Poopree, for J— S— had left and gone to Bengal. Next to Poopree came Doomrah, where T— H— had taken the management. They came to see me now and then; and when I could get leave, I returned their visits, and at Doomrah used to have great wolf-hunts. It was considered a great feat of horsemanship to ride these animals down, and I recollect one occasion on which we nearly succeeded.

We had gone out early in the morning, as it was in the hot season, and from the first grass we beat, out sprang a wolf which made straight away over the dry paddy-fields with us after him. We took it in turns to give him a spurt, keeping him at his top speed, while some of us made for coignes of vantage by short cuts which enabled us to rest our horses before starting again in direct pursuit. In this way we ran him for ten miles across the rice *chur*. The ground, baked by the sun, was as hard as iron, and told sadly on our horse's legs. I

believe the wolf would have escaped in the end, if the inhabitants of a village we passed through had not caught sight of him, and despatched him with sticks before we got up to them. When we dismounted, we were so completely done, men and horses, that we leant up against one another to support us from falling on the ground. A short rest and a good breakfast put us men all to rights, but the poor animals did not get over the run as easily. Little "Opera Dancer," H—'s favourite riding nag, had her legs swollen as big as an elephant's, and all the others walked very tender for days afterwards.

The great Sitamurhi Fair takes place annually near Doomrah, and during the time it lasts was always full of planters, who quartered themselves in the neighbourhood at the houses of friends, for the purpose of making purchases of bullocks, timber, and other necessities for factory use. The fair is held in an extensive mango grove, and thousands of oxen are brought to it for sale. As well as being a fair, it is also the occasion of a Hindu festival, where offerings are made to the goddess "Sita," by women and children, who come in large numbers from long distances to worship, and show off their fine clothes and jewellery. If the weather is bad, the hardships these poor people endure is almost incredible; and the

perils they run, in any case, as the fair ought to be enough to deter them, one would think, from returning. But, in spite of the cruel attacks of the professional thieves, who take advantage of the crowding or a row, to fall on their victims, and tear off their golden nose and ear-rings, leaving them in frightful pain, and terribly disfigured, they return undismayed the following year, arrayed with all the valuables that remain to them, again to be attacked and despoiled. The *fakirs*, or religious mendicants, are a great nuisance at this gathering, especially to the shop-keepers, from whom they extort blackmail, or rather, what they will, by playing on their fears of the professional thieves. If these beggars are refused what they ask for, they howl, and fight, and create a disturbance, which at once collects the thieves, who, in the confusion, often manage to make a clean sweep of everything in the shop. As a class, the *fakirs* are the biggest rascals in India, especially those who travel about. When thieves wish to escape from a district that has become too hot for them, they generally disguise themselves as pilgrims or mendicants. I am sure that if Government made a law treating these men as vagrants, it would do a great deal of good, and no Hindu would say a word against it. They are afraid

of, and have no respect for, them, and would be thankful to escape from their extortions.

The price of bullocks has gone up very much since the year I first visited Sitamurhi Fair. In 1818 and 1849 you could have got a splendid pair for Rs. 80 ; you now pay for the same class of animal over Rs. 150. Timber, also, has much increased in price, a log that would have cost Rs. 8, is now Rs. 100—and this has not been the result of any scarcity of wood, but caused by the closing of the sale of it in the Nepal Terai forests by the Nepal Government.

My work at Sibnuggur as an Assistant Indigo Planter had not much to vary it, and might be described as monotonous ; though, on the whole, I liked it. To rise before the sun, eat his *chota-hazri*, make sure that the factory ploughmen are ready to go to work, inspect horses and bullocks, and see that they are fed, mount his horse and go over all the indigo cultivation, is the daily employment of an Assistant. This may take him five hours or more ; he returns *vid* his factory zerats (home-cultivation), and gets under shelter from the sun by 11 A.M. After breakfast, he allows himself, in the hot season, a siesta till 3 P.M., takes a bath and a cup of tea to freshen him up, and goes to the office to look over the accounts, and

settle any matter that may be in hand. It is nearly sunse, before all this is accomplished, and time to remount his horse and ride round and inspect the work done since the morning. If there be blacksmiths and carpenters employed at the factory, he looks them up. This routine is closely followed out till November or December, by which time the ground for planting indigo has been properly tilled and made ready, when comes the measurement of the land to ascertain if there is the right quantity in cultivation. With a book and pen in his hand, accompanied by a boy holding a bottle of ink, the Assistant rides from field to field, while men with nine foot poles measure the length and breadth of them, calling out the number of poles in a sing-song voice: "*Now luggee, now!*" (nine poles, nine) when another takes it up: "*Dass, han, dass!*" (ten, yes, ten!)—or whatever the poles may be. I confess to having felt always much relieved when this part of my duty was completed. To get over it quickly, most men keep at it all day, and, as it is cold-weather occupation, the sun does not harm one.

Sowing the indigo comes next in order. First, all the drills have to be tested to see how much seed they average per acre. This done, and orders having been sent from the head-factory to begin

to sow on a certain day, the drills are sent out in batches to different parts of the cultivation to be ready for use. Early on the appointed day the drill shares are set to the proper depth and set going; and this is repeated daily till the whole cultivation is sown. At the beginning of May arrangements are entered into for the manufacture of the indigo, for advancing money for carts, pressmen, &c. Formerly it was more difficult to get beaters — the most essential of the men employed — than others, as only a certain caste of the natives would do the work, and they were hard to get, and troublesome to keep. Machinery, patented by A. Butler, now takes the place of these labourers, and makes matters easy. If rain has fallen at the propitious time — by the end of June — the plant is nearly ready to cut, and early in July the factory presents a very busy appearance. Carts arrive in hundreds, laden with indigo, which are backed, and the contents emptied into the vats, on each of which coolies are employed to carefully stack it. As soon as they have filled the vats and thatched them over with indigo, bamboos cut of appropriate lengths are forced in across them, under beams that hold them, for the purpose of keeping the plant immersed, and preventing it bursting up when fermentation

sets in. Water is then let on till it shows above the plant when the flow is cut off, and the indigo is left to steep for about twelve hours. The liquid thus obtained is then run into the lower or beating vat, and the refuse that remains removed for manure or fuel. Operations are immediately begun in the lower vats, either by beaters or machinery till the fecula has been separated from the water and settled down. The water is then run off and the fecula pumped into boilers, which are gently fired. The fecula is again allowed to settle, and the water run off a second time; what is precipitated is once more slowly boiled, and, finally, poured on a large strainer called a table, where the indigo settles thickly, and the water runs off clear. On the following day it is put into press boxes—about three feet square—and thoroughly squeezed dry. The boxes are then taken into the c ke-ho se, where the indigo is stamped and laid on shelves made of strips of bamboos till the process of drying is completed. It is then packed in chests and sent to Calcutta, where it is sold by either Messrs. W. Moran & Co. or Thomas & Co., or shipped to England.

Indigo is cultivated in two ways, by *zerat* and *ryotti* (or *assamiwan*). The first is homestead-cultivation by factory ploughs and labour the second, *ryotti* or *assamiwan*, is secured thus :

A factory farms a village, and takes from each *ryot* an agreement to cultivate a portion of his holding for indigo. The *ryot* prepares the land and reaps the crop; the factory pays for the seed, sowing, and carting off to the vats. In 1847 the rates paid for *ryotti* indigo were very low—Rs. 6 8 per acre for good plant and, as *ryots* often had to pay high rents, very little remained to the cultivator after paying this. The *ryots*, however, got this advantage, that the day the indigo agreement was written, the total of their indigo-account in full was placed to credit in their rent, which was finally adjusted at the end of the season.

Now indigo is well paid for, owing to a reform brought about by the Planters' Association, an institution set on foot under the auspices of Sir Ashley Eden, late Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal. The Association acts as an arbitrator in all questions relating to indigo, and as a buffer between overzealous officials and the planter.

There are two kinds of *ryotti* cultivation—that already named, and what is called *khaski*. This is cultivation given by *ryots* from lands in which the factory has no interest as a lessee. In olden times it was largely advanced for; but as rents went up, the *ryots* found it did not pay. As late as '853-54, the Kurnoul and Dooriah concerns

had very little other than *lhasli* indigo, and the difficulty was to keep the area of cultivation down ; in fact it was looked on as a punishment by the *ryots* if you refused to enter into a contract with them to grow indigo. It was the custom at these places for the *ryots* to give a *salaam* of a cart-load of *bhoosah* (chaff) for every acre of indigo he got advances for. Oats also were to be bought cheap under advances—2 munds (about 160lb), and two nets (about a cart-load) of *bhoosah* being given for every rupee advanced. If you get 40lb of oats now-a-days for a rupee, you may consider yourself lucky, and as to chaff (or *bhoosah*), you have to pay Rs. 2 or Rs. 3 for each cart-load. Though *lhasli* indigo has somewhat declined in the district, there are still some villages that stick to the old system ; the rates paid are, however, higher, and the *bhoosah* perquisite has been done away with.

The reason for the anxiety on the part of the *ryots* round Doriah and Kurnoul to grow *lhasli* indigo is found in the fact of the land there being low-rented ; the *ryot* would take from the *zamindar* say, 20 acres of land, for which he would have to pay Rs. 2 per acre ; he would at once proceed to the factory and enter into an agreement to cultivate ten acres *lhasli* for indigo ; he

received an advance of Rs. 2 per acre; out of this Rs 20, he paid Rs. 10 at once on account of rent to the *zemindar*, and kept the rest for his own expenses. As the season went on, other advances were paid. In this way he could always pay his rent, and have the produce of his remaining ten acres in crops for his own use.

Of late years, another kind of contract has come into vogue called *kurtuli*. By this the *ryot* makes over to the planter a certain number of acres out of his holdings; the factory pays the rent, and a sum as remuneration to the *ryot* who himself cultivates the land, so that, though the planter is actually in possession of it as lessee, the *ryot*-occupant holds and cultivates under him. The *zemindars* have a great objection to this class of cultivation, as it places the *ryot* in too independent a position, and for this reason they do all they can to stop and oppose *khasi* also.

While on this subject, I will note my experiences and opinion as to the Rent Laws, past, present, and future the essence of which, when I first put foot in Tirhoot, was this. A *ryot* might be called to appear at the village *katchary* (office) when wanted, when his account would be read to him, and he would be required to pay up whatever balance might be found in it against him. This

right was in some instances abused, but, as a rule, it worked well. It was withdrawn by a new Rent Act, and the consequences I consider have been disastrous to many *ryots*, for this simple reason, that it is against the nature of these people to pay until they are obliged. Should his rent not be demanded from him when it is due, he puts off the evil day, and uses the money for some other purpose, perhaps on the expenses of a wedding, or a feast. At last the *zemindar* pushes him for it, and finding that the wherewithal to pay up is gone, in a moment of exasperation, enters a suit against him, and "Jankoo Gope" is served with a summons to answer for so many rupees. Every oriental loves a law-suit, so, instead of going to his landlord and settling the claim, he sets out to the town where the *munsiiff* (a subordinate judge) holds his court, and is introduced to a *mukteer* (attorney) by some hungry "tout" for a small consideration. The *mukteer* generally a musty old gentleman in soiled raiment, wearing a huge pair of spectacles framed in brass, takes up the summons, and reads it aloud, he then asks what reply is to be made. The miserable *ryot* clasps his hands and begins to recite his side of the story. The *mukteer* looks the picture of wisdom, but does not utter a word. At a hint from the clerk in attendance, "Jankoo" wakes

up to the fact that it is time to open his purse-strings, which from that moment do not close. The *muktear*, the clerk, and the pleader having each received his several fee, the attorney sets to work and writes out a reply to the *zemindar's* plaint. It is so brilliantly untruthful in its amazing statements that the *ryot* is beyond himself with delight, and finds it necessary to present "*muktearjee*" with an extra rupee. When the day for the hearing of the case comes on, "Jankee" appears in the witness-box and swears to all that has been stated for him in the written reply; but fails to give any proof, while the plaintiff proves his case fully. A decree is given in accordance for the *zemindar*, and the hapless "Jankee" has to pay, not only his rent claim in full, but interest as well, besides the costs of the suit. He turns on the *muktear*, and upbraids him, but meets with no sympathy, and returns to his native village a ruined man, to sell everything to pay up the decree, even to house and home.

Now, I am perfectly certain, had "Jankee" continued to live under the rent laws of 1847-48, he would not have fallen into this dire trouble. I have heard of *zemindars* who foster this propensity of their brethren for delaying the evil day of payment, and allow accounts to run on till

just within limitation, and then enter a suit for, say, three years' rent. In this way they sometimes get rid of a troublesome *ryot*. Previous to the alteration in the legislation relative to the *ryots*, they and the *zemindars* lived happily together; now the rent courts are crowded, and where one *munshi* did all the work, it takes at the present time half a dozen. The *patwari*, a man appointed by Government to keep the village rent-books and papers, is a constant thorn on the side of the *ryot*, and it is a pity he is not abolished, or the system improved in some way, for it works very badly. Should the *ryots* have the *patwari* on their side, they can defy the *zemindar*, and it is in the end a bad day for them if they come to loggerheads with *him*. If the *zemindar* falls out with the *patwari*, he may be led a dance he does not care to try a second time. This official's evidence is required in all rent-cases, and as papers are very easily manufactured to suit by the wily *liasth*, he can, by a turn of his pen, alter the whole face of the question, and prove black to be white. To cheat these *bêtes noires*, I would suggest a law to enforce the giving and taking of leases in *writing*. The law at present obliges the *zemindar* to give a lease, if called on to do so, but does not oblige the *ryot* to take one from the

zemindar. If every *ryot* held a written lease, he would be clear with his *zemindar*, and no longer in the hands of the *patwari*; his lease would state what he had to pay, and the area cultivated by him, and all payments of rent might be endorsed on it or given in forms to be supplied by the collector to the *zemindar*. A *ryot* with such a lease in his possession would be much stronger than he has ever been under the old, or will be under any new, Rent Act, while none of the rights or privileges claimed by the *zemindars* would be infringed. The old laws of the country were simple, and the people understood them. The Behar *ryot* is not a man of a very acute intellect certainly far below his brethren of Bengal in that respect—and any change in the law is looked on by him with suspicion, even if it be for his benefit. A common remark of the peasantry when any improvement of an old system is attempted is, with a shake of the head: “*Mera bap dada kabbee aisa nehi dekha!*” (my father or my grandfather never saw things like this!), and their view is, like that of the late Lord Melbourne: “Can’t you leave it alone.”

Taking him all in all, the *ryot* is not a bad fellow if you treat him fairly, and do not bother him with improvements he neither wants nor asks

for. See that he holds his land at a fair rent, getting a receipt for every pice he pays, and he will be a happy and contented man, and bless the "*Sireen Bahadur*."

CHAPTER IV

MY VISIT TO TIWARRAH—I GO TO SUKREE—A HAUNTED
HOUSE AND GHOST STORIES—POOSAH A GOVERN
MENT STUD NURSERY—A FAUZDHARY

TOWARDS the end of 1848, I paid a visit to Mr. C—, who had asked me to come and see him when we parted after our tiger-shooting party. Tiwarrah, his factory, is about twelve miles from Kuntoul, and I rode over there in the morning. Here I met Mr. J T—, who had been sent up to Tirhoot to look after the interests of the Oriental Bank in the many sugar factories that were under advances to it. I found him a very jolly and amusing fellow. Many tales are told of him and his eccentricities. One is about a fat Babu who owned villages that the factory farmed, and of which the rents were due. Having heard that a "*Burra Sahib*" (a great man) had come from Calcutta on business matters connected with the factory, the Babu set off at once to pay his respects to him, and see if he could not manage to get his money. On arrival he was admitted to the office where C—and T— were sitting. A chair

was placed for him beside them, on which he snatted t ulor-fashion. Having made a low bow, and inquired particularly after the health of the "*Burra Sahab*," he proceeded to state his grievances, and enlarge on the hardness of not getting his rents. 'T' who understood very little of Hindustani took advantage of a pause to inquire what the "*fat legga*" was talking about, and being told that he was asking for his money: "Tell him," said T—, "that money is very scarce at present, but as I should like to do him a good turn." Here the Babu burst into exclamations of delight: "A prince indeed had visited the district! The essence of honour and justice had come among them!" "I will pay him on a condition which must be strictly fulfilled." "Let my Lord speak the word, and his slave will obey," was the instant reply. 'T' got up, and solemnly taking a piece of chalk, which happened to be lying on the table beside him, carefully marked a line on the floor, then another about two feet off parallel to it. "Now," said he, "let the Babu toe the first line, and jump over the second, and he shall have a cheque for his rents." The unhappy man looked round to see if it was a joke, but finding both men quite serious, descended from his seat, toed the line, looked at the one to be jumped over

with a despairing glance, seemed suddenly to feel his dignity hurt and with a low *salaam*, marched majestically from the room. Later on he made another attempt to obtain what was due to him, with as little success. T— on this occasion, was at the sugar works when the Babu came in search of him, mounted on his elephant, and was requested to descend and make his business known. The elephant had squatted, and the Babu's servant was in the act of putting on his master's shoes preparatory to his getting down, when T— suddenly eased off the steam safety valve attached to the machinery. With a roar, out rushed the steam—at the same moment the terrified animal rose to its feet, and, with the nearly frantic Babu, hanging on like grim death, half unseated, sped away across the country as hard as he could go. It is needless to say that the Babu never tried again to see that "*Shaitan Sahib*" who had twice played him such tricks. F—G— was staying at Tiwarrah also. He had given up indigo, and was going to the Nepal frontier to trade with the Nepalese. For this purpose, he had brought up a lot of things to barter, amongst them some very old muskets, which T—declared he might show his confidence in by trying them himself, so having, as G— believed, loaded one of the pieces, T— seized

our luckless friend, and holding him in front of himself as a rifle, put the butt to G's shoulder, G all the time struggling to escape and shouting, 'It may go off, I tell you, and kill us all.' But though T—tugged with might and main at a string tied to the trigger no powers would start the lock, so G—was released with the verdict, 'That, though the weapons were undoubtedly of the dangerous order, the danger was greatly diminished by the fact that the guns would not go off.'

In 1850-51, seeing no prospect of improving my position at Kuntoul, I applied to C— (who had gone to Dhoolie) for a vacant outwork under him, and receiving a reply in the affirmative, I started for Dhoolie, where I found C— and E—S—, and passed two or three pleasant days with them before going to my new home. During the two years of my stay at Simuggur, I had been able to gather together a few extra pieces of furniture and some pictures, with which I managed to make my little bungalow quite cheerful and nice. It was a much better house than the one I had left, well placed above the edge of the lake, with garden to the south, in which were several good mango-trees. I had six rooms—kitchen, dining, two bed-rooms, and an office—the sixth room was appropriated by the bearer for keeping lamps, &c.,

in. While dressing one morning, not many weeks after my arrival, my bearer informed me for my comfort that the place was haunted; that a man who had preceded me in it some years previously had committed suicide, when under the influence of love and liquor, and that his restless spirit was still seen to wander by the banks of the lake where he had destroyed himself. The story was this: In this life he had become enamoured of one of the fair young ladies then inhabiting the District, had laid his heart and hand at her feet, and been refused. Returning to the bungalow in a desperate frame of mind he sought comfort and forgetfulness in drinking an unheard-of quantity of gin—a dozen squares.—and having failed to find the peace of mind he sought, he prepared to die. Having planted a sword, point uppermost, securely in the muddy bank of the lake, he shot himself with a pistol, fell on the sword, and was taken up quite dead. It was a gruesome story, and my bearer capped it with another scarcely less disagreeable. There was another ghost, it seemed, which was given to playing pranks on my domain; that of a man called Walters who had gone mad and disappeared, no one knew where. Shortly after his departure, the people about began to talk of a wild man who had on different occasions

rushed out of the cane-field on travellers, who were cooking their food by the road side, seizing what was preening on the fire, and disappearing with it whence he came. Every one was terrified. Shortly after these reports began to circulate, Walters' horse on which he had been seen to ride frantically away was found dead, and on search being made, Walters' body floating about in a deep *char* (swamp) also came to light. It came out in evidence that the natives had seen a man galloping about the neighbourhood till at length the horse dropped dead from exhaustion, and the rider east headlong was drowned amongst the weeds of the morass. He was buried near the other poor fellow, but neither could rest in their graves, it was believed.

I was returning rather late from inspecting my indigo lands, not many days after the relation of these stories, when my bearer came to meet me, looking much distressed: "Strange things have happened, sir, in your absence! Your slave went to cut his food, and coming back to the house not many minutes ago, found it in the state you will see." Dismounting, I entered the bungalow, and found as he had said, everything in extraordinary confusion—the pictures turned with their faces to the wall, the table upside down, chairs and tables

in the same eccentric position . But one thing, I noticed, had defied the ghost, and thought it significant—the sideboard still occupied a dignified attitude on its castors, and my glass stood on it, as heretofore, unharmed . I was certainly rather puzzled . The bearer declared that he had heard a noise like the rushing wind through the house, and had been to see what was the matter, when just as I arrived, he found things as I have described . Thinking it over afterwards, I came to the conclusion that some friend passing through the factory, finding no one in, had perpetrated this little joke, and ridden off . Probably the bearer had gone off much further than he wished me to know, after eating his food, and had not heard when, whoever it was who came, called for him . But to this hour, I have never been able to discover who played me this topsy-turvy trick .

I own I never felt happy on a dark evening here . One night I was sitting reading, after dinner, when looking up, startled by some sound, I saw, or thought I saw,—for I put it down to fancy,—a face peering in from the darkness through the window . It was a cold, wet night, the wind howling through the trees, which made things uncommonly creepy . I had almost satisfied myself that I was under an illusion, when again the face

appeared. This time there could be no mistake ! A cold shiver ran down my back, and my hair stood on end ; but I put a bold face on it, and walked to the window. The face had again disappeared ; but, on opening the door to investigate further, and what a start I got !—crouching down on the ground, I saw a figure—a creature with dishevelled hair, teeth chattering with cold, and the few rags that covered it drenched with rain. Seeing that the thing was of flesh and blood, I addressed it, and calling to the bearer to bring a light, found the disturber of my peace to be a wretched ic'co, who had taken shelter, from the storm in the verandah, and moved, I suppose, by curiosity, had taken occasional peeps through the window, to the great detriment of my nerves. I felt much inclined to box his ears ; however, having called the factory watchman, I made him over to his care, with orders that he should be fed and allowed to pass the night in the “*bhoosah* house.’

My nearest neighbour was I— at Attari factory. I saw very little of him. He died soon after my arrival, and was succeeded by O— who left to go into the army, and was followed by G—. G— afterwards took up an appointment as road-engineer in Sarun, which berth he held for some time.

During the mutiny he volunteered, with the force from Dinapore, to relieve Arrah. The force was beaten back; and he narrowly escaped with his life. A shot grazed his spine, and paralyzed his legs. Fortunately, one of Rattray's Sikhs—a big, tall fellow—who saw him fall, came to his assistance, and having got him, mounted on his back, half carried, half dragged him along to the river bank, when the fire of the mutineers having become too warm, the Sikh dropped him, and made for a boat. Fortunately, he was seen by Venour and Waller, of the 40th Native Infantry, who rescued poor G—for the moment by lifting him into one of the boats. They, however, had to leave him there to his fate, as Venour was shot through the leg while in the boat, and Waller and he jumped overboard and swam for their lives. It was here that Fraser McDonell crossed the river, and at the risk of his life rescued G—and many other badly wounded men. For this he got the Victoria Cross.

After G— left Attur, Y—from Dynamut factory, took charge, and many a wild day we had together. One of our exploits was a kind of steeple-chase. The Attur house being raised about 20 feet from the ground, you go up and down by a flight of steps which are rather steep and narrow. As we wanted the race to be a little more exciting, we

agreed to start for the drawing room and make the Suckree horse the winning post, a good five-mile course. Ponof was saddled for his buck-rack business. The horses were got up the steps with some difficulty, and into the drawing-room where we mounted. There were but two doors leading out into the verandah, owing to the steps. At the word "off," we started to be made to see the first exit. It was wonderful how we escaped; but we all reached Suckree without a scratch. The slightest mistake on the part of the horses, and we should have been killed or much injured.

On the low land of the north of Suckree, there is very good country shooting ground, and many a brace of birds have I bagged when out shooting with Colonel Apperly, a son of the celebrated "Nimrod." He was in charge of the Government Horse Nursery at Poosah, and on a jolly day have I spent there. Poosah is a lovely place, with fine avenues of caks, and sickooth trees leading from one stable to another. The stables were neatly-thatched houses, well kept, with large embanked enclosures in front for young cattle to stretch their legs in. The garden was nicely kept, and full of rare fruits and plants. Poosah was originally intended for a Botanical Garden, and the Government Stud Nursery was established first

at Hajipore. But they found the young horses did not thrive at the latter place, and sent them to Poosah. In about 1875, the Government leased this beautiful place to Messrs. Begg, Dunlop & Co., who wished to set up a tobacco factory

The quail in the Suckree Chur remained till very late in the season, and we used to have good shooting in the early morning. I have often seen ninety brace shot, and on one occasion four guns shot three hundred brace—an enormous bag. During my residence at Suckree, we were visited by a tiger, who took up his abode in some big grass to the north of the factory; but he disappeared as quickly as he came

At Suckree I had my first experience in *fauzdary*—The word is not easily translated, but it means a fiay where a force of men is used.—The lease of a village not far from Suckree, belonging to a neighbouring Rajah, was about to expire, and as we had advanced money, and got a written promise that the lease would be renewed, we went on preparing our *serat* land. One day, however, we heard that the Rajah had ignored his written promise, and given a lease of the same village to a wealthy banker, to whom he owed money, and that the banker was going to send a force to take possession, and sow down the land we had had so

much trouble to prepare for ind'go. Finding the report to be true, and that the enemy was concentrating his forces, we at once called together a counter force, and by night had an army of about one thousand men ready. In the early morning the army was mustered under the command of the factory *janadar* or head cultivation servant. The drills and bullocks with cart-loads of ind'go seed started in advance. My work ended when they had marched out of the factory, as I had been punctually ordered that I was on no account to go near the field of action. The *janadar* related to me afterwards the following account of the Battle of Tippery: "About half an hour after leaving the factory, we reached the Tippery village boundary, and putting our drills in order for sowing, sent them forward to the prepared factory *seats*. No sooner were we on the field, than to the west, the Tippery army made its appearance, and advancing, the drills were obliged to retreat. Our men were then ordered to advance and meet the enemy. Thus they did with a rush and a shout; many of the young men in their excitement, jumping many feet into the air, as they tightened their *lammerbands* (waist-cloths) I thought victory certain; but our opponents were commanded by a very clever old man who had

been in many a fight. Allowing the factory army to come on until it was about 20 yards off, the 'Tippery General performed a sort of 'up guards and at 'em' movement, for he ordered his men to take advantage of the west wind (which was then blowing half a gale), to stoop down and throw up the dust till they were almost hidden, then rush on, and suddenly, under cover of the dust, attack us.

"This manœuvre was promptly and well performed, a panic seized our men, and I had the mortification of seeing them come streaming back across country to tell the sad tale of our disaster."

The *jemadar* came up last with the wounded placed in carts. I found that three or four men who had gone a little more forward than they intended, had got some bad knocks, one man in particular had an uncommonly nasty crack on his head. The news of the defeat was not long in reaching the head factory, and the manager soon arrived to see what harm had been done. The wounded men were plastered up and notice sent to the police; as the manager had to return through the 'Tippery village, I volunteered to return with him in case we might be attacked, so we mounted our nags, each of us carrying a good stick, and riding on the side of the road close to the hedges

for fear of an ambush. However we saw no one. In a grog-shop near the river a few of the enemies (wounded) were lying on the floor, but whether their position was owing to blows or liquor, we did not inquire. Next morning C— and I returned, and passing through the village, found the banker's people busy sowing the lands we had prepared before. It was amusing to hear the ploughmen squealing to their bullocks to go on fast, and to see the small army sent to protect them from attack, hopping about, and jumping into the air in a kind of dance of triumph as we passed. I did feel so inclined to put spurs to my horse and charge them, but on suggesting such a proceeding, I was told not to be so foolish! This was my first experience of a *fauzdary*; and, though I had to act in a similar way on one or two occasions, I am glad to say that rows of this kind are now seldom heard of: Planters and *semin-dars* fight their battles in civil courts. A row of this kind was a great windfall to the police. The *darogah* (now called head inspector) arriving on the spot, both sides make arrangements that the best of food and every comfort should be available for this great man (for the time being); and the side he honoured with his company was looked upon as the winning one. His head clerk, or *mohurri*,

had also to be suitably provided for, and after him the *bukhandazes* now called constables, made *loosh* (pleased). Then came the game of "What will ye tak', or what will ye ge?" both sides being powerful and wealthy. The *darogah sahib* wrote out his report, and having been well tipped by both sides, contented himself with announcing, that both were equally guilty and sending up for trial before the Magistrate two or three of the smaller fry of each side. In due course they appeared before the *Muzoom*,* who, following up the cue set by the police, punished men of both sides by a short imprisonment. We, after consultation, made up our minds to let possession slip through our hands, and try the civil court. A very amusing incident occurred some years ago in connection with the police. The *Bura Sahib* of the police was to come to Sonpore, his camp having preceded him; the district police were consequently fussing about getting everything ready, so that he and his officials might have every comfort. The great man arrived with a number of guests, and all retired to rest after the fatigues of the day. At about 4 o'clock in the morning there was an alarm of thieves: A good

* *Muzoom* — Presence — a term of respect used to officials.

deal of shouting, and noise followed ; and, after a time, it became known to the people in the camp, that the big man's camp had been robbed—he and his guests having been relieved of a quantity of jewellery. The *darogah* was at once summoned. Hearing what had happened, his distress was great, and he forthwith went to arrange for the capture of the thieves. By sunset he had caught them, and secured all the stolen property. The head of the police, a C S. of long standing, immediately seeing in this *darogah* a clever, energetic, and intelligent policeman, ordered his promotion; and that a sword of honour should be given to him. The 'outer world' will tell you how it was all done ; the *darogah* paid some *domes* (men of the lowest caste), to go and commit the burglary—they would get a few months' jail, but they did not mind that, being accustomed to it. The stolen property was to be kept handy, and made over to the *darogah*. This was all carried out : the *domes* getting their reward in cash, went to jail, and the *darogah* got promotion, and a sword of honour.

CHAPTER V.

RIDE OVER TO DOORIAL FOR CHRISTMAS DULOINEA DIL
TOLBOSO —RETURN TO WORK.

CHRISTMAS in India, as in England, is a great time for feasting and making merry—large parties being given. In December 1851, I was invited to a gathering at Doorial by C. G. ; and as his Christmas parties were noted for grand shooting and hunting, as also for open-handed hospitality, I started on the morning of the 21th December to ride some forty miles. I had previously sent off my horses to the different stages on the journey, driving my two buggy-horses ten miles, as five miles is considered a fair stage for a horse in harness over *latcha* roads. The remaining thirty miles I was to ride, and having only two riding-horses, was compelled to borrow a third. Ten miles is a long stage for a riding-horse, the usual distance given being only eight, but as it was in the cold weather, a little extra distance did no harm. Leaving my own place at about 10 A.M., I got over my first ten miles in a little over an hour, and mounting my country-bred mare

"Dulcinea del Tolboso," I was not long in clearing the next ten miles. My good old mare was destined to make herself a name in the very stirring times of the mutiny, for I sold her in 1851 to one Paddy Dunn from Muzapore, who rode her all through the thick of it in company with the gallant Venables. Mr. Dunn received a handsome property for his plucky behaviour, and I hope "Dulcinea del Tolboso" was placed, after the heat and burden of the day, in a comfortable paddock to eat, and dream away her uneventful life in peace and happiness. My next stage was performed on a borrowed horse, and remembering the saying anent "a friend's horse and your own spurs," we skimmed along the road at a brisk pace. Winter days are short in India, and as I had halted for some time at the club in Muzafferpore, I found "the shades of night were falling fast" before I reached my last stage, where my sturdy little 'lat,' "Peter," commonly called "The Pig" (from his likeness to a good-sized porker), stood ready saddled. It was quite dark before I reached Dooriah, tired, dusty, and hungry, where I met with a hearty welcome from my host and his party. After dinner, when the table was cleared and our cigars were lit, we discussed the programme of the morrow.

It was arranged that we should hunt in the early morning, after which we should mount our elephants which our worthy host had provided, and shoot over the lowlands on the banks of the big Gundak, where hare, partridges, quail, and wild pig abounded.

Long before daylight we were astir, and having fortified the inner man we soon made a start. The dogs had been sent on in a covered cart to the grasses we proposed to beat. There were terriers, greyhounds, and one or two nondescripts that gave tongue, and ran on scent. The greyhounds were put in slips, and posted at different corners of the grasses. When all was ready, the horsemen formed line, whilst the terriers and other dogs hunted about. We had not long to wait for our first scamper. A juckal broke away, and a pair of heavy kangaroo hounds were slipped at him with a ringing "Tally-ho." Off we all went in pursuit, over ditches, into roads, through grass fields, the juckal trying all he could to dodge the dogs. At last, in a weak moment, he took to the open, the dogs at his heels. The race grew fast and furious, the excited huntsmen hulloeing encouragement at the top of their voices, the terriers behind yelping furiously. The juckal strained every nerve to reach a patch of the jungle not fifty yards off, where

he would be safe, but the leading dog having seen this, put on a last spurt and, just as Mr. *Geedhan* * was almost safe, seized him, and the two rolled over together. The other dogs soon ran in, and finished him. One by one the horsemen came up; some having made acquaintance with another earth—the consequence of trying to negotiate big ditches objected to by their horses,—but most of us had not been so unfortunate.

After the hard work our horses and dogs had undergone, we thought it as well to proceed to the shooting ground, where outside a fine mango grove we found our elephants in readiness, and what was still better to the eye of the hungry sportsmen a *d jeuner à la fourchette* spread under the cool and pleasant shade of the trees. We at once commenced operations, and for a long time nothing but the popping of corks, the clatter of knives and forks, and broken ejaculations were heard, such as, “More pie, please.”—“Just pass the beer, will you?”—“What a capital *moonghee*!” † evincing that ample justice was being done to the spread. There must be an end to all things, and so, alas! it was with our breakfast. Cigars were duly lit, the elephants called for, and guns and ammunition

* Jackal.

† Fowl.

handed up to our servants, who had their seats behind us on the *howdahs*. About one hundred men were in waiting, each having a stick with which to beat the grass and jungle, and a pair of wooden clogs to protect his feet from thorns. Besides these beaters, there was a small detachment on our flank outside the heavy grass, carrying certain baskets provided with bottles, tumblers, &c., and we realized the fact that no man need thirst whilst he kept this little group within hail. It was not long before the game began to rise, and by evening we had a splendid bag of hare, partridge and quail, also—I blush to say it—of ‘pig;’ but in those days pig-sticking was unknown in Tirhoot, and there was no disgrace attached to shooting a “porker.” This part of the country was the only part of the country in which wild boar was found, but the ground was so bad that it was considered madness to attempt to ride and spear them. In 1863, pigs began to overrun the District. Whence they came none knew; but the natives said that the Doosads (swine-herds) had been told by one of their priests, that a curse would fall on the heads of those who kept pigs, and, in consequence, they at once let their herds of swine loose, which took to the jungles and big grasses, and in time became wild. In these days one can have

pig-sticking almost anywhere in Tirhoot, Champaran, or Sarun. J S—, of whom I have mentioned as living at Poo pri, is said to have been the first man to stick a boar in Tirhoot. He did it off a little Arab, which had been lent him, as gallant a little nag as ever stepped. It had been left with him by a young man who had commenced life as an indigo-planter, but afterwards, getting a commission in the East India Company's service, left Tirhoot to join his regiment, leaving his trusty little steed to follow when he had settled down; however, they never met again, as the poor little Arab caught cold and died. We lost sight of his master during the mutiny; but some years afterwards at Lucknow, whilst looking over the graves of friends who lay beside him "*who tried to do his duty,*"* my eye caught the name of my old friend. He, too, "*had done his duty*" We spent a very jolly week at Dooriah, hunting, shooting, and billiards being much enjoyed. On 31st December we sat up to 'watch the new year in.' On New Year's day we all set off for Mozufferpore, where we spent the day—the party dispersing to their homes next morning.

Returning to work again was very dull, but

* Epitaph on Sir H. Lawrie's tombstone 'Here lies Henry Lawrence, who tried to do his duty'

after a few days I soon got back into the old routine. K. McL—, who superintended Attur factory, often came from Chupprah, where he lived, to look round, and I was generally invited to meet him, thus spending many happy evenings in his society. He was a fair performer on the violin, and sang some good songs "Maggie Lauder," among them. Who will forget "Ho Maggie, hey Maggie, hi Maggie Lauder!" sung in chorus, by a dozen voices to the accompaniment of old Mac's fiddle? Young (his Assistant Manager) could give you a lively ditty with violin accompaniment, when the good old song of "Duncan MacCallaghan's Ride" was warbled forth with true Scotch accent. I almost fancy I can hear "'Deil tak the hindmost.' says Duncan MacCallaghan, laird o' Talli Ben Jo," chorused forth by the company in mirthful harmony. Poor Young died on his way to England, where he had been ordered by his doctors. Mac, too, has passed away.

CHAPTER VI.

GO TO KURNOUL TAINTED CHAINPES — MANY A SLIP
TWIXT CUP AND LIP — HOW CATTLE ARE TREAT-
ED BRAHMINI BULIS—NARROW ESCAPE OF J S—
FALSE CASE

IN November 1852, I was offered the sub-
managership of Kurnoul, and as the pay was
Rs. 280 per month, I gladly accepted it, and on
1st November took over charge from D—. Kurnoul
was a very good concern.

The dwelling-house was prettily situated on the
banks of a small stream, and the undulating
ground round about it greatly added to the *coup
d'œil*. The land near the house was dotted with
fine large trees and clumps of bamboos. The
stables and coach-house were substantially built
and nicely situated. The garden was some dis-
tance from the house, and had been well cared
for—grapes, mangoes, and plantains being plentiful;
and as winter was just coming on, I found a
splendid supply of vegetables ready for my use.

My predecessor had got into trouble with the sur-
rounding zemindars, through having undertaken

the management of a beef club. He had purchased a number of dwarf bullocks, called *Ghamees*, noted for the fine beef they make, had taken great care of them, and fattened them well up, ready for killing. A few days before the first bullock was to become beef, one of the *zemindars*, having business in the factory, paid his respects to D—. As they were sitting in the verandah, the *zemindar* remarked the *Ghamees*, which were grazing in front of the bungalow, and asked what was the use of keeping the dwarf cattle. D—, without thinking, replied that they were to be killed for food. The *zemindar* was of high caste, consequently this announcement was very offensive to him, so he got up, made his bow, and went away. Next day a petition was sent, asking that the cattle might be spared, but D— took no notice of it. About noon of the day on which the first *Ghamee* was to die, whilst all the factory servants were away at their homes, having their meals, a force of over a thousand men appeared and drove off all D—'s fattened bullocks; consequently the club lost their money, for only one was eventually recovered. They were driven right off to the Gorrukpore jungles, and then let loose to become most likely the prey of some hungry tiger.

The whole matter was put into the hands of the police, and eventually a few *zemindars* were imprisoned.

Hindus have strange ideas about the treatment of cows, Brahminy bulls, and bullocks. They will not allow any of them to be killed; yet the way they ill-treat them is dreadful. If a cow is ill, they will not give her medicine, for, if she died, the donor would lose caste. The wretched bullocks working in carts and ploughs have nearly every joint in their tails dislocated, and their necks are very often badly galled.

The Brahminy bull fares best; but if he is caught trespassing in a field, he is well pelted with clods, and if he is not savage, beaten with sticks over the head and ribs. Yet if a bullock die with his head under the yoke, the driver is outcasted; the same happens if a cow, or bullock die while tied up, the person who tied them having to do penance, and feed the Brahmins before they are readmitted to caste.

Brahminy bulls are very destructive, and where Europeans and Moslems prevail, they are quietly caught and used in carts or killed for beef—the Hindus shutting their eyes to this, as they prefer their crops to the sacred bull.

Brahminy bulls are let loose much as scapegoats

were in olden times. A man's grandmother dies, the grandson takes a small calf and brands him with the *tu sool*, "the emblem of Trinity used by the Hindu God Krishna," and drives it out of the village. The calf having the run of the crops soon becomes a fine big bull.

At Benares they are an intolerable nuisance to the *bunnas* (shop keepers); there they roam about the bazaars, putting their noses into the baskets of grain placed at the window for sale, and thus they fatten on the best of food. If the *bunnas* only dared, they would make short work of these impudent cattle.

My nearest neighbour, when at Kurnoul, was J. S—, who had been many years in the country; he was only some five miles off, so we used to visit each other very often. He had, some years before I met him, a narrow escape from being murdered by a fanatic Hindu. If he had not been very cool, and shown great presence of mind, he would have been killed.

He was one day sitting at dinner about 4 P.M.— for J. S—, like many old planters, kept early hours — when suddenly a native rushed into the room with a drawn-sword and held it over S—'s head ready to cut him down. S—, glancing up at the man, caught sight of a large gathering of ruffians outside, and

at once seeing resistance was useless, civilly asked the man what was the matter. He replied, "I have been sent by Ram to *loot* and slay, and this" pointing to the upraised weapon, "is his sword." I don't want to kill you at once; if you will give me money to feed my army I am waiting outside, I will spare your life for a time." S— replied: "I will, of course, give you whatever money you want, but I must send for it to my banker, and if you will allow me, I will send now for it by a man on horseback." This was agreed to, and a trusty Mahomedan *syce* departed with an order on his banker, but also with instructions to see the Magistrate and give notice of what was going on. Another man was sent to Kurnool to put J H—, who was then at that factory, on his guard, as the man in charge of Ram's sword had made known his intention of paying a visit there after he had replenished his coffers at Raupoor. The gentleman of the sword seated himself in the verandah, awaiting the return of the messenger with the cash. Before long, members of the fanatical army began to disperse, and suddenly the man of the sword took himself off, for rumours of the Police and Magistrate being astir, must have reached them and their commander. Not long after their exit, the Magistrate arrived, followed by a number of police

men and village watchmen, who started in pursuit, S— having joined the party. He of the sword of Ram, was traced to a house standing within an enclosure, entered by a door which had been fastened and barricaded. The Magistrate called on the inmates to open and surrender, but as no response was made to repeated calls, the Magistrate, a good horseman and well-mounted, put his horse at the mud-wall, which he cleared at a bound, but landing on the slippery ground inside, the horse's legs went from under him and he rolled off. In a moment the fanatic, who had hidden himself in the house, was out with his drawn sword, and had not a village watchman, who had climbed over the wall after the Magistrate, knocked him over, it would have been all up with the C.S. The fanatical leader was secured with several of his followers found hidden in the house. They were all sent up to the sessions, and imprisoned for long periods. S— had come to India when "John Company" ruled supreme, and no non-official European could remain in the country without a permit,—and this right he forfeited if he did anything that was displeasing to the eyes of the powers existing.

He told me how a native, whom he did not get on with, tried to have him turned out of the country

by getting up a false case against him. A charge was sworn to before the Magistrate that S had lost his temper with a *ryot* of one of the neighbouring villages and had had him tied with a rope and dragged by bullocks over a field, from the effects of which the man died; and that his body had been thrown into the river, &c. S was put on his defence. He was quite astounded at the charge, for it was utterly false, yet the evidence brought forward against him was not to be shaken and things began to look ugly, when one of S—'s factory servants, who was standing near him, whispered into his ear: "Why, there is the supposed murdered man sitting in court listening to the case." S noted this on a slip of paper, and handed it up to the Magistrate. The man was arrested, and the whole thing came out. So jealous, however, were the officials in those days of what was called "interloping" influence, that though the case was shown to be a vile conspiracy, S— had to leave the District, and it was only after he had arrived in Calcutta that he managed to get the order rescinded.

CHAPTER VII

JOURNEY DOWN THE RIVER IN CHARGE OF THE INDIGO
—SONEPOR FAIR AND SONEPOR RACE MEET

NOT long after I had joined Kurnoul, I was ordered to proceed as far as the place where the Big Gunduk river runs into the Ganges, in charge of the Dooriah and Kurnoul Indigo on its way to Calcutta. The navigation was very dangerous down the river, and one of the senior assistants always had to see the Indigo safely past this particular spot. As the great Sonepore fair was in full swing about this time of the year, the indigo once off safe, the man in charge was able to amuse himself for a few days at this most enjoyable of gatherings. Leaving Dooriah at night, I drove down to the river, where my boats lay in waiting. I was soon on board and asleep. When I awoke I found we had gone several miles on our way. The air on the river was, however, very cold, and I found it necessary to wrap myself up well till the sun was high above the horizon. It was slow and tedious work, travelling in a native boat, but I managed to pass away the time shooting. The

Big Gunduk is the boundary between Tirhoot and Sarun; it is a broad, shallow river, except in the rains when it is deep and very rapid. In November it was dotted here and there with sandbanks, and on these there were all kinds of aquatic birds, including wild geese and ducks, and basking in the sun numbers of alligators; so, with all these to fire at I managed to keep myself amused. In the evening we had to fasten the boats to a sand bank; and then by the light of a very dim oil lamp, I managed to read till I fell asleep.

On the third day I had got my boats safely through the dangerous part of the river and into the Ganges, and as my responsibility was over, I made my way up to the Sonepore Camp.

Sonepore stands on a point of land where the Ganges and Gundak meet. The natives call the fair "Hurrier Chutter." But the village in which stands the splendid mango-grove, covering some hundred acres, is called Sonepore.

The junction of any two streams is held sacred by the Hindus, but when these streams are the mother Ganges and Gunduk, their power is great, especially at a certain age of the moon, generally falling at the end of October or beginning of November. At an hour ascertained from the *Pundits*, thousands of men, women, and children rush into

the water. Those who reach the water, exactly at the second calculated, are supposed to be at once cleansed of all sin. Offerings of flowers and kids, also money, are made to the river, and it is distressing to see a wretched little kid floating down the river, bleating for help to save it from drowning, while at another place, two strong men of the lower caste may be seen fighting for another, nearly tearing its legs off in their struggles for its possession. For days after, the poorer classes search in the muddy bottom of the river near the bank, for the small copper coins that have been thrown in as offerings at the bathing time. On the day before the bathing-day the roads leading to Sonapore are crowded with pedestrians of both sexes, also conveyances of every denomination. Women of all classes, dressed in the brightest of colours with all the jewelry they have, sparkling on their ears, wrists, ankles, and noses—some travelling on foot carrying the youngest of their family astride on their hips, others, better off, riding in bullock carts with a covering to protect them from the sun and cold as well as the public gaze. The ladies of the “upper ten” travel in palanquins covered over generally, with a red cloth, in which is cut a little hole on each side to admit air, or to be used as a peep-hole, from whence they can see and not be seen.

After the bathing-day the fair begins to clear, and very soon is almost empty. The mango grove, where the European encampment is pitched, is near the race-course. The canvas-town that rises into existence as if by magic is, in a very short time, full of life and gaiety. The large camps with their streets of tents, are neatly and regularly pitched, the *shamianas* handsomely carpeted and furnished ; while at the back the dining tents, down the centre of which are placed long tables, indicate that a luxurious and comfortable style of hospitality will soon be dispensed.

There are generally several large camps to which a number subscribe, and ask their friends ; there are also a few private and smaller camps. The routine of Sonapore camp-life generally commences with races, usually, fixed for a Thursday. The day before, all are assembled in camp, and at about 9 p.m., the bugle for the Ordinary sounds, and such as are of a sporting mind, go there and join in the lotteries on the races to be run in the morning. At daylight next morning, a cannon is fired from the race-course, which rouses the camp, and shortly after, the band of the regiment from Dinapore marches down from the race-stand to the end of the encampment and back again, to the lively strain of a regimental quick march.

After these two hints to turn out, the camp is soon alive, and shortly after carriages, dog-carts, and conveyances of all kinds, and pedestrians are to be seen making their way to the race-stand. By 8 A.M. all have arrived, and soon after, the saddling bugle goes. The grand-stand is the verandah of the ball-room ; couches and chairs are ranged all along the front towards the race-course, leaving plenty of space behind for those who wish to warm themselves by a smart walk, or constitutional, to promenade up and down. At one end of the verandah, coffee, tea, and biscuits are provided ; during the interval between each race the band plays, while the ladies, not to be outdone by the sterner sex, make their bets for gloves, or join in rupee lotteries on the next race. By 11 A.M. the races are over, and all hasten home to breakfast, and spend the afternoon in calling, &c. All Sonopore puts in an appearance at the evening drive round the course, this presents a very gay appearance. In the centre of the circle formed by the race-course, troopers belonging to the Irregular Cavalry from Segowlie entertain the public by competing at tent-pegging and other feats of horsemanship. This, however, has now given way to polo, and a struggle for superiority between a Trans-Gangetic and a Tirhoot

team is always viewed with great interest by the fair lookers on, who behold the contest from the top of four-in-hand diags, seated on tandem carts, or carriages of all kinds.

Being the ball-night, the drive comes to an earlier conclusion than usual, and at 9 p m, the bugler sounds his horn, giving all notice that in half an hour dancing will commence. At this signal all is bustle and haste, those who had forgotten that time will fly, rush off to their tents to see that they look as charming as possible; the "mashers" take a self admiring look at themselves in the glass, give their hair a touch up and their moustaches an extra twirl; then all start for the ball-room. Carriages arrive—young men rush down the steps of the ball-room to hand up Mrs. —, or help Miss — to alight. "I hope you have not forgotten No. 5." "Can you give me No. 14?"—"I can only give you one extra!"—"Thanks; shall we say the supper dance?" while some naughty one suggests: "We had better sit out that dance"—and the band soon strikes up with a quadrille!

The ball-room is a most brilliant scene. The elegant dresses of the ladies and the varied and many-colored uniforms of the military men, mixed with the sombre evening dress of the civilians, give

the assemblage a gay and gaily appearance. At midnight the band strikes up "The Roast Beef of old England," and at this signal there is a great rushing about of gentlemen in search of the ladies they are to take in to supper. To arrive at the supper-room you go into the verandah, and turn sharp half-right, walk down through a passage, which connects the ball with the supper room—passing into the verandah you find the doors of the supper room open to receive you. The happy couples find themselves in a long room. The supper stands on a table running up the centre of the room which is tastefully decorated with flowers that have been sent over from Bankipore, for, if some of the gentlemen attend to the racing requirements, a number of the ladies take a great deal of trouble in embellishing the ball and supper room. The ladies all take seats, while the gentlemen wait on them. The champagne corks soon begin to pop, and the knives and forks to rattle—gradually the din becomes less, and the crack of a bonbon cossaque followed by a little scream tells that the "dear bewitchers" have done supper, and are now about to go in for a little light amusement. The crackers having come to an end, the ladies and their partners make for the ball-room, leaving the supper-room in possession of the "wall flowers." Some

of the elder gentlemen look forward to this repast with a good deal of pleasure. Many will remember an old General from Dinapore who had to *chaperone* some young ladies, and how he used to make himself comfortable soon after arrival and go off to sleep; but, as punctually as clock-work he would awake at ten minutes to twelve, and with a benign smile inform his nearest neighbour that in ten minutes "The Roast Beef of old England" would sound.

After supper people began to leave, and by 2 A.M. most of the ladies had left. Then the young men went in for second supper. By 4 A.M. the camp is still. The only noise heard is the howl of a hungry jackal, inviting his mates to join him in a feed off some well-picked bones he has just discovered. I have also heard at early dawn, the voice of some youth, under the influence of love and second supper, warbling in most melancholy tones, "Green leaves come again, as he tries to distinguish his own tent from the many others round him. The next or bye day is passed playing lawn-tennis, and at large luncheon parties; in the afternoon, again, all go driving or riding, — as there is no ball on this evening, the band plays on the course near the race-stand; in the evening, dinner parties; and at half-past 9 P.M., the lottery

bugle sounds, and all those interested in the races bid their hosts good-night and take themselves off to the Ordinary, which is held in the supper-room. There is a ball every race-day, namely, on Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday; and the lotteries on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday. On the Sunday Divine Service is held in one of the large *shamranahs*, the chaplain from Patna officiating. The racing is generally very good, and horses from all parts of India come to compete. The purses are paid from funds subscribed by the visitors; they are collected thus: On entering the weighing-yard, which is also the lounge between the events, one of the stewards told off for the purpose places before you a subscription book, when you are expected to enter your name for as much as you can afford. Of course no lady pays. The different Rajahs about give purses—Durbhunghah and Betiah, give a handsome cup—to be run for, so that, at a full Sonepore, the prizes are valuable. Alas. Sonepore as a place for races and gaiety is fast fading away. The large camps at which hospitable residents from Bankipore entertain their friends are also things of the past. Who can forget the long lines of tents attached to M—'s camp, the hearty greeting to all old friends as they arrived at Sonepore, all the fun that went

on and the trouble their ever kind host and hostess took to make all happy ?

The scream of the locomotive, as it rushes past on its way to the North-West, warns us that Sonepore is doomed and the end is at hand. The charm of Sonepore was the large picnic it represented ; that gone, a visit to Sonepore resolves itself into a matter of business to purchase horses or other cattle.

CHAPTER VIII.

LORD MAYO AND JUNG BAHADOOR AT SONTPORE BAR-
GAINING A LA ORIENTAL —GERMAN MISSIONARIES.

THE year in which Lord Mayo met Sir Jung Bahadoor of Nepaul, and some years after when Lord Northbrook passed through on his way up-country, were two of the most successful race-meets Sonepore has on record.

Jung Bahadoor came down in great state, with a body-guard of about three hundred men. He and his followers had a large piece of ground under the shade of mango trees portioned off to them. On the arrival of the Prince of Nepaul he was met at the river Gunduk by an A.-D.-C. in the Viceregal carriage, and conveyed to his camp. A battery of royal artillery saluting him as he entered his encampment, where he was received by his own body-guard who presented arms.

Jung Bahadoor's many wives had insisted on accompanying him to see and witness the sights and the fun, and bathe in the sacred Ganges. There were over thirty of these partners of his weal and woes, and as each had a retinue of women-servants

there was a goodly number in all. Next day I went and called on Sir Jung, and found him looking at Lord Mayo's jewellery and comparing it with his own. Lord Mayo's were beautifully set, and shone forth with dazzling resplendency, while Sir Jung's, representing enormous value, were dully set and badly cut. Jung Bahadur was very affable, and conversed freely in Hindustani, which he spoke well; he was a little man with a sharp, restless, and cruel eye. The face was clever but cunning; and you might hope in vain for mercy if once in his power.

The morning after his arrival, he and his suite arrived at the race stand on their state elephants. These animals were magnificently caparisoned with cloths of gold and golden howdahs. A Durbar or reception was held at midday, and all Europeans, as well as native gentry, invited to attend. It was held in a large *shamianah*, at one end of which was a raised platform with two steps up to it. There were three chairs of gold on the dais; chairs in rows down each side of the *shamianah* were placed, the front row to one side for the members of Sir Jung's staff, and, behind them the native gentry. On the opposite side, chairs were placed for the Europeans, while up the centre was a carpeted walk leading to the dais. Before midday

all the chairs were filled, and shortly after Lord Mayo (in court-dress, wearing his star and band of the Order of the Garter) walked in. All rose in token of respect, and His Lordship bowing to each side took his seat in the centre chair on the dais; as he did so, a royal salute vollied forth, and the band of the European regiment played 'God save the Queen.' A few minutes after the Viceroy had taken his seat, a commotion outside announced the arrival of Sir Jung and suite; again the guns boomed, the guard of honor saluted, and Sir Jung Bahadoor entered, sparkling with jewels, wearing on his head a golden helmet studded with precious stones, and on top a ruby valued at three lacs of rupees, out of which dropped bird of paradise feathers. He was met by one of the Secretaries, while his son or brother was taken in hand by another. These Secretaries, taking them by the hand walked them half way up the passage where officials of higher standing met them and conducted them to the foot of the dais. Lord Mayo descending one step, offered Sir Jung his right, and the other his left hand, and seated them on either side of him. The other members of his suite had been placed meanwhile, by the junior secretaries, in the front row chairs kept for them. The Governor-General,

after exchanging a few words with the Nepaulese Magnats, desired to be introduced to the members of his suite; on this the Secretary handed them up one by one, another man calling out their names. Lord Mayo shook hands with some, bowed to others, and they passed on and refreshed themselves. After this, Government-house servants, dressed in red and gold, appeared with large trays of *pan*, a leaf in which is inclosed spices, betelnut, and a mixture of lime and catechu. The *pan* was made up into little cocked-hat shapes, held together with a single clove, and beautified by a covering of silver paper. A Secretary went round with the altar-holder and sprinkled a little on each of the suite. Sir Jung and his brother had been specially served. After sitting the time required by Durbar etiquette, Sir Jung according to the custom of Orientals, asked to be allowed to take his departure, which being granted, he rose to leave, all the spectators rising at the same time. The Secretary again handed them down, one man going to a certain spot and making them over to Juniors, till they reached their* conveyance, when the guard of honor again saluted. The big guns boomed and Sir Jung returned to his camp. Lord Mayo sat a short time after Sir Jung had retired, then

rising, walked down the passage the spectators rising. As soon as His Lowliness was out of the *shamianah*, the audience dispersed. That afternoon the horse artillery from Dinapore were to exhibit their skill with their breech loading Armstrong guns to the Nepaulese Prince and Generals. There was of course a great crowd to see the performance in which Sir Jung took the greatest interest. The practice both with shot and shell was very good. When the firing had stopped, Sir Jung examined and admired the light cannons; he then gave a general invitation to all, to come and witness a review of his troops, next day. That evening Sir Jung appeared with some of his staff at the ball; they were all most gorgeously dressed. Orientals do not understand ladies and gentlemen dancing together. They think it is a useless exercise. Their idea of the right thing is that the young lady should dance and the lords of creation admire. Several of the ladies went to call on the Ladies Jung Bahadoor. They were ushered in by the husband, and were received by the principal and the youngest of the Rances. One of the ladies who called, described them as cheerful, rather nice-looking women, with strong Mongolian features, and fair for Orientals.

The Rances on parting with their visitors presented each with a piece of jewellery, the value being suited to the rank of the lady's husband.

Next afternoon the Nepanlese troops were paraded. They were a fine body of little Goorkahs, with legs that no Highlander need be ashamed of. As they marched past, their band struck up "Should and acquaintance." They had evidently learned their drill from some old French officer, for when they went at the double, they kept time to the *tap* of the drum which beat the "*pas de charge*."

The last and most amusing evolution was the bayonet exercise, quick time. The band struck up "Pop Goes the Weasel," and the fixed bayonets worked up and down, here and there, in exact time to that well-known old tune. Not many of these gallant little fellows ever saw Nepaul again; for cholera broke out in their camp next day, and though they were hurried off at once, the fatal disease never left them. One thing a Nepanlese Goorkah fears greatly is a little soap and water, and to this aversion, I put down the attack of cholera that proved so fatal to the little force that visited us on this occasion. There were several fine elephants among those that came down with the Nepaul retinue. While they were at Sonapore, one of the elephants

brought to the fair for sale, went mad, and breaking loose, did great mischief, and people were in danger of their lives. Sir Jung hearing this, sent one of his hunting elephants after him; he came up to the savage beast on a sandbank near the river opposite, and at once charged. His Sonapore opponent put down his head, and rushed to meet him. With a terrible shock they met, both seemed to stagger for a minute, and then the mad one turned tail and bolted, pursued by the other. The chase was not a long one, for Sir Jung's tusker gained on the other fast, and as he was descending to a lower part of the bank, caught him in the rear with such force that he drove him head foremost into the sand, where the now very much-tamed elephant lay, receiving a dig in the ribs now and then from his stronger brother. The Sonapore elephant having hauled down his colours, his mahout or driver mounted on his neck, and off he marched, looking as sheepish and cowed as an elephant possibly could look. Lord Mayo's year will be long remembered by those who were present at Sonapore. The Viceroy's kind and affable manner to Europeans and natives of every class endeared him to all. I shall never forget the delight of a Hindu merchant from Cawnpore, who walked up to Lord Mayo as he was promenading

the weighing enclosure, and made him a low *salaam*; His Lordship held out his hand to him, and, after shaking hands, inquired in English all about him. The man, understanding a little of what was said, replied by signs and a word or two. When he marched out of the enclosure, he was at least six inches taller; and one of the stewards taking advantage of his clued state presented the subscription book to him, and extracted a hundred rupees towards the race-fund. To this day the native merchant talks of the time when the *Burra Lat Sahib* (the big Lord Sahib) came to Sonapore. Lord Mayo was a good horseman, and delighted in a smart canter round the race-course. After the races were over, he used to mount his big Irish hunter, and go at a rattling pace, his aide-de-camp flying after him. Our great sportsman and rider Mr. John, one morning gave His Lordship a specimen of good riding. He mounted a pony called *ezique*, one of the most difficult animals imaginable to sit—to ride an eel, if you can fancy it, would have been easier. The little beast would go forward, stop suddenly, letting her head constantly bob down, so that there should be no chance to hold on to in case you were inclined to over her head; to accelerate your departure she would give a nice little kick up behind; fail-

ing to dislodge her rider, she would suddenly spring to the right, then to the left. She seemed convulsed all over as if the saddle and rider tickled her into muscular contortions, but it was no use, Jimmy stuck to her like wax ; suddenly a bright idea seemed to seize the little vixen, for she made a dart to where some branches of a mango tree came low down to the ground, and before her rider could evade them, a branch had caught him by the neck and swept him over her tail. Waving a parting farewell with her heels, which passed uncommonly near the rider's head, the young lady gracefully retired to her stable. It was not long after His Lordship's visit to Sonepore that, while at the Andaman Islands he was cruelly murdered by a fanatical prisoner. India, Native and European, rich and poor, mourned for this great and noble statesman. Somewhere about 1873, Lord Northbrook paid a visit to Sonepore, where he held a "Durbar." His visit, however, was only a casual one, and the durbar was not as grand as it should have been. His Lordship made up for it by giving a ball at the race-stand ball-room. Everything came from Calcutta by rail, and the whole thing was a most brilliant success. The supper was a *chef-d'œuvre*. The long table, in the supper-room was replaced by numerous small tables, on

each of which was served a perfect *Petit Souper*. The "fiz" was good and all agreed in pronouncing His Excellency's ball the best and most enjoyable they had been to for many a day.

I will now take my reader round the Sonopore Fair. To do this efficiently you must secure some of the Government Commissariat elephants or borrow some steady ones from the Durbungah or Beteah Rajah. Young elephants are half-trained and dangerous, and become quite excited by the noise and turmoil of the fair.

A very serious accident nearly took place on one occasion when some young ladies were proceeding on elephants to see the Native fair. The elephant on which one of the ladies was to mount was ordered to kneel down. The animal obeyed the order, but before the fair rider was settled on the pad, the timid monster jumped up, and the young lady was left for a time in mid air, for her cavalier who had mounted first held on to her manfully, but at last had to let go, and she fell at the feet of the lot of elephants that were waiting for the rest of the party. A gentleman, who was looking on, rushed in and dragged her out of danger.

Having mounted our steady old elephants, we start in Indian file down the main road, passing through the centre of the encampment. From

our high position we can see the camp to great advantage. Each set of tents has a drive marked out among the trees, and on a board hung on a convenient branch, the name of the Host or Hostess—"Mrs Feed-em-well's Camp," Mr. Smoke and-Peg's Camp," "The Tirhoot Busters," and so on. As you reach what may be called the east end, the camps get smaller and less pretentious. Passing these, you come to tents got up as shops, in which all kinds of European toys, groceries, brandy, beer, soda-water, &c., are sold; beyond, carpenters from Dinapore and Patna expose for sale chairs, beds, tables, and every article of furniture; while coach builders offer dog-carts, carriages, and conveyances of all kinds and sizes to intending purchasers. Here the tents end, and the horse-fair begins; numbers of screaming kicking ponies are being ridden up and down the broad road that leads you to the fair; the riders going as if their lives depended on the pace. Tethered under the trees on either side of the road, are the bigger horses of every class and denomination. * Let us go and see what wonderful animal is picketted under that small *shamianah*. There stands a tall white horse with pink eyes and nose, and a wonderful mane and tail dyed all the colours of the rainbow.

He has a head-stall worked with gold thread, and on his legs gold bangles, while round his neck hangs a number of small lockets of silver containing charms and verses from the Koran. We inquire out of curiosity, what price is asked for this horse. The owner, an up-country man, with rather a swagger, informs us that the price is one lac of rupees, and that he is a horse meant for a Rajah to buy. Nothing daunted by the rebuff, we inquire what are the peculiarities in the animal to make him so valuable, and are told that he has all that is required by a native horse-lancier, that is, the hair on his forehead curls the proper way, and that behind the ears, it is the proper twist. The beast is actually valueless to an European eye; his hocks are as big as your head, and he has splints and ring bones on his forelegs. Well reined up with a sharp bit, he will be considered magnificent by the natives, especially at a wedding procession. There he will be mounted by a native professional rider, who will send him along at a furious pace, then suddenly pull him up dead on his haunches, wheel about, and retire in the same way, then stop, and bridling the horse sharp up, make him perform a kind of *pas*, which would be called by a soldier "marking time." To this is sometimes added the firing off of match-locks and

other Circus performances. With this kind of handling before many years are over, the poor brute has not a leg to stand on, and his mouth is as hard as iron. When he has reached this state, he reverts to the lowly position of a *teekah-gharrie* (hired carriage) horse, where he gets the most humble of fare and plenty of whip-cord, and finally dies broken-hearted.

As we strike the Chupprah road we turn to the left and pass to our right the Camel fair. At this point two roads cross, and the crowd is very great. Here you find the German Missionaries hard at their good work. Recognizing one of them, we inquire after his health and that of his wife, to which he replies. "I am well, good, Sir; but my wife, poor fellow, is very *sick*." We express sorrow; and he goes on with his exhortation. The way these hard-working men have mastered the Hindustani language is wonderful. There are few Natives who have the facility of speech, or can speak what is called Urdu,—the language spoken in polite native society—as they do. These men are indefatigable in their work. They will stand for hours in the sun and dust, expounding the scriptures or arguing points of religion with some Moslem or Hindu. The Missionary always gets the best of the argument as he has

studied the Koran and Shashters thoroughly, and actually can quote passages from both, that the follower of the Prophet or the believer in Ram never heard of. It is difficult to understand how these most zealous workers manage to exist. They are all married and have families. The miserable pittance doled out to them with great irregularity by the Soc'ety in Germany barely pays for the most meagre food. Residents of the district about subscribe to the Mission; but this money is devoted to the feeding, clothing, and instructing of the converts. I fear that, after all, not much good is done. The converts, with one or two exceptions, turn out badly; and it would seem as if the story in the old Delhi Sketch Book had a great deal of truth in it. When the Protestant Missionary calls on a man to become a convert and join his church, the man replies: "Roman Catholic padhi pay five-rupee piece for convert; what Massa give?" We must leave our old friend, the Missionary, to preach and proceed on our tour. As the camel fair is poor and the animals neither beautiful to behold, nor pleasant to the nose, we leave them to themselves and make for the large clump of trees near the river. Here we find the elephant fair. Some of these animals are magnificent and stately specimens, while others

are poor, under-fed, and under-sized brutes. There you see a dear little baby elephant little more than a day old. The old mother, rather grumpy at the crowd monopolizing so much of the youngster's attention, grunts and grumbles, giving an occasional little trumpet as if a warning of danger, when master elephant rushes under his mother for protection. Elephants are certainly curious animals, and most amusing to watch. You will see a little boy of five or six years old ordering about a huge monster who is as obedient as any school-boy. In another place the *mahout*, being of a musical turn, amuses himself by singing, and at a certain part of the refrain the elephant joins in with a kind of squeak. I have seen elephants taught to dance and keep capital time. The *mahout* had a lot of small bells, like those used by dancing girls, on the elephant's feet; he then began to play on a small drum, singing at the same time, when the elephant commenced to hop about in the most ludicrous way. Passing through the trees, we come on the river Gunduk, where you see numbers of elephants having their morning bath. They look like great children being washed. Lying down in the water they first turn over on one side and are well scrubbed with a piece of hard brick; they then roll over to

the other side. When thoroughly scrubbed and cleaned, the driver mounts on their neck, and they proceed to the sugar-cane market, where a bundle is purchased. Then the elephant raises to his *mahout* who places it on the pad, and away they go home, when the elephant has a breakfast of the cane, which he seems to enjoy very much. The next place is the tent fair, this we pass quickly through, as there is not much to be seen. From this we make for the bird fair. To do so we have to pass through lanes of native eating and sweetmeat shops. I cannot say the dishes look tempting, while the smell of bad *ghee* makes you wish you had put a little extra eau-de-cologne on your handkerchief before you left your tent. However Sonapore, like Christmas, only comes once a year, and many people see it but once in a lifetime. We soon reach the bird fair which is not much. There are birds of all kinds Indian, foreign, and often performing ones. The clamor here, from the screeching of the different species, is overpowering, so we move on and make for the bazar, which will be found close to the temple where the people bring their offerings to the ruling Hindu God of the place. Passing on, you find yourself in a street with canvas shops on either side, where you can buy almost anything—

goods from Manchester, Birmingham, Delhi, Cawnpore, Lucknow, the Punjab, Cashmere, or Afghanistan, and you can often pick up rather neat Indian-made curios at a reasonable price. The street turns to the right, and you again find a lot of sweetmeat shops. *Ghee* predominates here too ; and a short visit is considered advisable. We proceed to the temple, of which, not much more than the outside walls of a rather clumsily-built mass of brick and mortar is to be seen. The door-way is crowded with religious mendicants of all kinds. Some sitting, some erect, with one hand well raised above the head and a finger rigidly pointing heavenwards. The arm is withered, and the finger nails are more like the claws of a wild beast than that of a human being. Another is sitting cross-legged, and his bones and muscles have set and stiffened into the one position, out of which he has no power to move. Another is buried head downwards, up to the waist, two bamboo tubes are inserted into his nostrils through which he breathes. In fact, so many hideous sights meet the eye, that the *mahouts* are ordered to turn the elephants homewards, and, passing through another corner of the horse fan, we strike the Chupprah road near the big well that supplies most of the Sonepore visitors with water, then,

turning to the left, up the road Maharaj Sing's encampment of Kabul horses comes in sight. This class of horse being cheap, strong, and hardy, is generally purchased for the use of Ind'go Planters' Assistants. As I have been asked to purchase one or two for friends, I proceed to buy one. Taking a look along the two lines of Kabuls, I pick out a few that look like the kind wanted. Old Maharaj Sing, the horse-dealer, has been watching as a cat does a rat, to see if he can make out by my face the one I particularly fancy, then throwing the rude reins (made of pieces of rope) over the head of the horse I pick out, he jumps on and away as hard as the beast can go ; he then trots back, and afterwards walks the animal to allow of my judging if he is all right on his pins ; I then examine him, and, as he seems to be all right, the important question - "What do you want for him ?" is put. Perfectly amazed, the horse-dealer puts himself into a position of surprise : "What, sir, you who have bought hundreds of horses from me have to ask the price of that splendid horse, which is almost an Arab, up to great weight, goes like the wind, and for whom I refused Rs. 500 at Cawnpore !"

This last statement is like a hint. So my move is to walk away. Maharaj Sing follows and

coming up inquires : "Don't you want the horse?" "Yes; but not at the price you name." "Well he has cost me a lot to feed; I was a fool not to sell him at Cawnpore, and I don't want to take him back. What will you give for him?" "Rs. 150," is the reply. "What! Rs. 150 for that horse? You're joking with me!" This kind of thing goes on for some time till I see he is inclined to accept my price, when I slip a rupee as earnest-money into his hand, and the bargain is clinched. If, however, he does not give way, and I want the horse, I advance, say Rs. 25, and generally end in securing the animal.

Some of the old hands, and large buyers understand the way to bargain *à la orientale*, which is taking the dealer's hands in yours, a blanket is placed over them, then you begin operations. The joints of the different fingers represent so much money. The purchaser, say, presses the two first joints of the forefinger of the right hand, that means Rs. 200. The vendor in reply squeezes the same, but also pinches the first joint of the intending purchaser's next finger, meaning Rs. 250, and so on. A bargain is very quickly struck in this way, and as secrecy is considered the right thing, the dealer may sell much below what he asks, and no one but the purchaser be the wiser. We have now been all

over the fair; so taking the race-course where it skirts the camp as our way home, we reach it, feeling very much dislocated after some four hours on a rough elephant; however, once in a way it is well worth the trouble, and young people enjoy the fun and novelty of the thing. At last the end has come. The final dance has taken place, and all that remains to be done is to settle the ladies, their *kansamahs'* bills—and the gentlemen, their lottery and race accounts. At mid-day the settling bugle sounds to give notice, and shortly after men, followed by their servants bearing bags of money, walk towards the supper-room where the settling comes off. At the head of the table, the Secretary sits with his books and lottery papers, this only of late years; for formerly every one had to make up and collect his own account which the Secretary now does, and deducts 5 per cent from your winnings for the trouble which does not benefit him, for his labour is that of love, and the 5 per cent is credited to the Race Fund. A Sonapore Race Secretary must be a perfect "Job." He has to attend to everything; and if anything is wanted from an elephant to a ten-penny nail, he must supply it, or meet the great displeasure of the claimant. Settling under the new system is child's play to the old, and it is all over in

ten minutes. Years ago, before the sêpoys had turned *nemul haram*, a lot of young subs, attached to one of the Native Infantry Regiments at Dinapore, put their savings together and came to Sonopore determined to win a fortune. Their settling kept them at work from early morn till sunset and when, after paying out and receiving several thousand rupees, they balanced their accounts they found one rupee to the profit side, which they divided as their winnings among them. As you leave the settling-room, you notice that tents are fast falling and carriages and dog-carts, full of passengers, are leaving: as they pass you give them a farewell cheer.

The unfortunate ones who have to remain behind on that day could express their feelings in Moore's words :

"He feasted on, who breeds aloof
 Some banquet hall I want to
 Whose guests are he! who so gallands dead
 And all but he departed.

The place is soon a desert, strewn with straw, broken plates, pots, and dishes, and empty beer and champagne bottles, which always denote, in India, the place where the Briton has feasted.

CHAPTER IX.

MY CHRISTMAS PARTY AT KURNOWL—WILD BUFFALOES—
SHOOTING AN ALLIGATOR—VISIT OF MY BROTHER—
THE MANAGERMENT OF DOORIAH—MY ASSIS AND KILPS
SNAKES AND LIES—REVIVAL OF THE MOZULLEPORE RACE
MILL

AS I now held the dignified position of Sub-manager of Kurnowl, and C. G.—(whose Christmas party at Dooriah I have described) having gone to Calcutta on his way for a sea-trip, I determined to give a small Christmas party. Having issued my invitations and stated that we were to pass our time in shooting, I had to find out where sport could be got. So, summoning a couple of sharp men, I sent them off to seek. The evening before my guests were expected, one of the men came in and told me he had found a place simply swarming with game, and insisted on my going to judge for myself. As the shooting ground was not very distant, I ordered an elephant I had the loan of to be sent on ahead, and, in half an hour, followed in my dog-cart, and mounting the elephant, proceeded to look round. I found the report as to quantity of game in no way exaggerated; the

hares were running about like rabbits in a warren, and quail and partridge seemed to swarm. I did not take out my gun, as I was afraid I might be tempted to fire, so I at once returned home quite pleased at the prospect of giving my friends such grand sport. They arrived at last, and, early on Christmas morning 1852, we started for the shooting ground. Here we found our elephants and beaters formed line and advanced. Our day's sport proved very successful as we shot forty three hares, twelve brace of partridge, and several couple of quail, also a few pigs. As we were proceeding toward the spot where breakfast was spread, and when we least expected to see anything what was our astonishment when up jumped a fine spotted deer and bounded away. Only one shot was fired at him; but it did not take effect. We were much disgusted at losing so fine a supply of venison.

Breakfast in the open air on a cool fine December day in India is always a cheerful meal. We were all hungry after our exercise, and every one seemed quite satisfied with himself and the world at large. The villagers flocked round us to look at the *sahibs* feeding, a piece of curiosity which we did not appreciate, so we asked them to move further away; this they did, but as soon as our attention was directed to our food, they again

gradually drew nearer and nearer. The place where our breakfast was laid was a clear space, while all round was a kind of scrub jungle. There were foot paths leading to the cleared patch, by which our admiring on-lookers had come. One of our party hit on a capital plan to keep them back ; he cut some cold beef, put it on as many plates as there were paths, then requested the crowd to retire. When they had reached a respectable distance, he placed a plate of beef on each path, and having informed the spectators of the contents, returned to finish his meal in peace. This plan was most successful, and the plates of beef were as good as sentries with fixed bayonets.

After breakfast we mounted again, and were just starting when a little boy, a cowherd, came running up to tell us that two wild buffaloes were in a big grass close by, and that they were very troublesome, coming out and attacking the tame ones grazing under his care. This was grand news ; we all loaded with ball, and before long arrived at some very heavy grass. We were afraid it was too thick to beat through, but determined to try. Our perseverance was rewarded, for, as we neared the centre of the grass, it got thinner, and was not so high. Just then a shot fired to the right told us the game was afoot, and soon the banging

became general. At last one of the buffaloes, badly wounded tried to swim the river — the Big Gunduk — but before he had gone fifty yards, his heart failed him. He just managed to reach the bank when he turned over dead, and would have been carried away by the stream, had not one of the sportsmen, who was much excited jumped from his elephant right into the water, and holding on by the dead animal's tail, dragged him triumphantly to shore. He proved to be a fine young bull, in capital condition, with a fair pair of horns. Having dragged him well away from the water, we started in pursuit of the other. He proved to be more savage, and if he had not speedily received his quietus, would have done mischief among the beaters. He also was a young bull. They had evidently been driven out of the wild herds to be found in the jungles above Bettiah, by some of their more powerful brethren. The low-caste coolies had a grand feast of buffalo meat. It was a case of "cut and come again," for it lasted several days. I had the hide carefully taken off and tanned, and found the leather made splendid traces. The two heads adorned the Kurnoul bungalow for many a day. Our sport on the day after Christmas was not so good; but we were rewarded for our patience by a big bag in the shape of a man-eating

alligator. We were making towards our dog-carts and horses when an old Hindu woman came running out of a village very much excited, calling out that there was a big alligator on a sand bank near at hand and that he had carried off several heads of cattle, and many men and children. We immediately dismounted, and taking our guns loaded with ball, advanced cautiously to the place indicated by the ancient dame. There lay a regular monster, basking in the evening sun. The order was whispered for all to take an aim, and at the word *fire* "to pull trigger together." This was carried out, and the guns went off as one shot. The monster seemed to struggle for a second, then striking the sand with his tail once or twice, glided into the water. We were much disappointed at seeing him disappear; however the old woman told us that it was very shallow just there, so we called a boy we saw some distance off, and asked him to step into the water, and look if he could see anything. Thinking that we had shot some bird or small game, the youngster at once stepped into the pool, but had barely gone a couple of steps, when, with a yell of terror, he rushed out, calling out as natives generally do: "*Bap, re, bap!*" (father, oh, father!). When he had run some distance and stopped, we ascertained

from him that the animal was lying at the bottom of the pool ; but he could not say if he was dead or not. With some difficulty we procured a small boat, and crossed a stream that ran between us and our alligator. We then offered a reward to any one who would go into the water and find out. A plucky *gowalla* (cowherd) at once volunteered, marched into the water, seized the beast by the tail and began pulling at him. The minute the other natives, who had gathered round to look at what was going on, saw the alligator made no resistance, they all joined, and he was soon landed on the sand bank. He seemed quite dead, but to make sure, we thought we would put another bullet into him. Luckily all were told to stand clear, when the man who was to fire the final shot advanced. As behind the shoulder was considered the most deadly shot, he aimed there and fired. To every one's astonishment, the beast gave one tremendous lash with his tail, which would have broken any one's leg had they been in the way, and turned over on its back quite dead. It measured 19 feet in length, and it was as much as two bullock-carts could do to carry, and four bullocks to drag it, some five miles to the factory. The skull was a very good specimen and the teeth perfect. We found nothing of the men and children,

reported to have been eaten, inside it, although often bangles and jewellery are to be found if an alligator has lately fed on a Hindu boy or girl, who have always some small ornament of value on them. This is the only man-eater I have ever shot, though many fish-eaters have fallen to my gun, one fully as long but not such a formidable-looking beast, as the man-eater. They are known amongst Europeans as the "snub-nosed" and "long-nosed." The natives called the former *boch* and the latter *go* or *gurrial*. What, with the two wild buffaloes and the big alligator my first Christmas party was a success. One of my guests was a Frenchman called Verpleough he was up to all kinds of tricks, so some of the men determined to play off a trick on him. They got a pie-dish, and taking the pastry cover off, sent down to the river for a few frogs which they placed in the dish, covering it with the pastry top. The pie at dinner was set before "mossoo," who was full of life, chattering away. The pie no sooner placed before him, than he at once offered to help one of his neighbours. Cutting a big triangular piece he inserted the spoon, when out jumped the frogs right into his lap. With a yell of horror the Frenchman threw himself back, lost his balance and fell on the floor, carrying with him his right-

hand neighbour. It took some time for the gallant Gaul to recover his nerve, and during the rest of the dinner he eyed every covered dish with suspicion. Jokes of this kind were common in the district in those days; but men were more like schoolboys when they got out for a holiday, and the softening and polishing influence exercised over the rougher half of society had not had time to act. Though several ladies were to be found in the District, they were yet few and far between, and could be counted on your fingers. We all went on to Dooriah to spend New Year's day with A. H.—who was the assistant there. We shot down the *daubs* (low lands) from Kurnoul to Dooriah, but did not make much of a bag. However, we spent a very enjoyable day; and on the morning of the 2nd of January, the party broke up.

I returned to Kurnoul where I had plenty to do, for I had to attend to the Dooriah work as well. I passed two very happy years at Kurnoul. My youngest brother from the Mauritius paid me a visit while I was there. He did not give me much notice, as I only received his letter to say he was coming two days before he himself arrived at my house, so I suppose the ship he came by carried both him and his letter. I had left him quite a little fellow, and, when something over six feet two inches

uncoiled itself out of the *palkee*, I was quite taken aback. It was a great pleasure after so many years to see one's own kith and kin again, and we sat and talked of all the near and dear ones till nearly day-break. He had had a dreadful journey of it. Men in Calcutta in those days knew very little as to how upcountry districts were to be reached. The people, my brother was consigned to, had started him off in a *palkee*, by what is called a Government *dâk*, that is, the postmaster arranges for a change of bearers every so many miles, and they carry you, by stages, to your destination. For this uncomfortable mode of transit, he had to pay Rs. 300, and buy a *palkee*, which cost him Rs. 50 more. If proper inquiry had been made, he could have come by horse-*dâk*, that is, in a palanquin carriage drawn by ponies, for Rs. 64. However, he was started off by this antediluvian style of travelling. All went well for the first two days and nights, but, on the evening of the 3rd, when he was hoping he was nearing the end of his journey, his bearers put down his *palkee* and bolted. Having heard of snakes and tigers, and the spot being a very jungly one, he drew his hunting-knife, the only weapon he possessed, and mounting on the top of his conveyance, determined to sell his life dearly.

Not long seated thus, thinking how much more comfortable he would have been if he had remained at home in the Mauritius, he was awakened from his dream by a distant rumbling sound, and notes on a bugle came floating towards him on the breeze. He could not understand what it meant. The sounds come nearer and nearer, and he could make out a black lumbering object through the darkness. Determined to do or die, he jumped in to the middle of the road brandishing his "*couteau de chasse*" A jaded poney half frightened by the *palkee* on the road, and the figure with up-stretched arms before it, stopped short. The driver in afright yelled out, and out of the *dâk gharrie* jumped three young subs just out from England on their way to join their regiment. My brother quickly explained matters to them, when they insisted on his going on with them, and wished to put his *palkee* on top of their carriage. This the driver objected to, and, as they could not manage to lift it without his assistance, it had to be left behind. The conduct of the driver was talked over, and the youngsters coming to the conclusion that he must be leagued with robbers, arranged that they should take it turn about to sit on the box beside him with a cocked revolver pointed at his head, and to shoot him

on the slightest provocation. The driver, trusting to fate, drove on ; and, as he took them safely into Sherghatty by next morning, they formed a more favourable opinion of him, and took off the sentry. At Sherghatty, my brother left the light-hearted young subs, who proceeded on their journey. He was kindly and most hospitably treated by an old colonel residing at Sherghatty, who got him a fresh set of bearers and another *palkee*, and sent him on to Mozufferpore. Here he stopped at the club, which he took for an hotel, and very much offended the doctor (a pompous little man who lived at the club) by asking him for his bill. From Mozufferpore he came to Kurnoul.

From Kurnoul I was promoted to the charge of Poopree and Doomrah. I had had charge of the former for a short time before, and had to look after the work there, as well as at Kurnoul, and, as I got no extra pay, found it hard work. I was relieved of the charge of Kurnoul by my successor, A. Inghs, and went to Poopree in 1853-54. I had to superintend Doomrah, for which I got no pay ; but received 5 per cent. commission on the profits. These profits were calculated in a peculiar manner ; thus, the Indigo was priced at Rs. 120 per maund, then as many maunds were deducted from the total Indigo made at Rs. 120, as

would cover the outlay, and on every maund over and above that you received Rs. 5 per maund. This was a very poor style of commission compared with how it is calculated now. I was very successful that season, making one thousand maunds at the two places on an outlay of Rs. 74,000 or thereabouts, and received the large sum of Rs. 1,800 as commission. At the end of 1854, the Tirhoot Indigo Association gave me the option of managing Poopree or Doomrah, and as the latter was the more cheerful of the two, I went there—J. C. Muir relieving me at Poopree. When I had charge of the two concerns, I had an Assistant at Bungong, an out factory attached to Poopree, and another at Doomrah. The latter was a great man for training animals of all kinds. I gave him a young bear I had caught while out tiger-shooting about this time. In a few weeks he taught it to dance, wrestle with him, and if you pointed a stick at it, and made a noise imitating a gun, he would fall down and sham dead.

While quite young, he was tame enough; but got very savage as he grew older, and had to be given away to some performing Natts (gipsies). My Assistant used also to amuse himself in catching snakes, and the most vicious cobra had no chance with him. These reptiles seemed to know he was

their master, and would turn tail and bolt the minute he attacked them. His mode of procedure was this : As soon as they turned to go off, he seized the snake by the tail, and whirled it once or twice round his head, to stupefy it ; then letting its head hang, he would impart a tremulous motion into the snake by shaking his arm as if he was suffering from ague. This seemed to have a paralyzing effect. He then let its head drop on the ground, and with a forked stick, pressed on the back of its neck. This made the snake open its mouth, when he inserted a piece of cork between the jaws, and with a bent needle extracted the poison bag. This done, the reptile was harmless ; and he would keep them as pets. I must say I objected to them, with or without poison bags ; and whenever I saw one of these objectionable pets, I knocked it on the head.

In January 1854, the Mozufferpore race meet was again set afoot. This had died a natural death. Some years before, partly on account of the heavy losses sustained by proprietors in sugar, and partly by a bad feeling that existed between the planting and civilian community. Lord Ulick Browne and A. R— who had been appointed as Magistrates to the district, were determined to try and remedy this unfortunate state of affairs, and

notice was sent round that there would be sky races, and that the Station would give a ball to which all Planters, their wives and families were to be invited. Not to be outdone, some gay, young, bachelor Planters announced their determination to give a return ball to the Station, and this was followed up by a dance subscribed for by every one. It was one of the jolliest meets I have ever been at. The sky races were great fun; the horses entered being mostly our own riding and driving nags. In one case, a mare taken out of a dog cart and then and there saddled, won a handsome silver tankard presented by F.D—, Magistrate, then at Buhaira. The pony race, where "Jack," "Junáb-i-Áli," and "Kiss-me Quick," vied for honours, and the grand finish for the Galloway Purse, where "Indigo," "Diamond," and "Chocolate," piloted by such cracks as Simmy, Ulick B , and Frank V , are things of the far off past, though fresh in the memory of those who were but boys in those days. If the races were a success, our dances were even more so. The bachelors got a slight advantage; they discovered that a party of young ladies were passing through Mozufferpore on a visit to friends, so they at once sent them an invitation, and actually mustered eighteen ladies married and single.

The 13th Native Infantry kindly sent us their band, which put *great* life into the entertainment.

Before I left Poopree to come and live at Doom-rah, we got permission from the Durbungah Rajah to shoot in what had been his preserves at a place called Piprone. The late Rajah was not much of a sportsman, and the place had not been carefully preserved. We found, however, some spotted deer, pea-fowl, partridge, and a splendid wild boar. We bagged a deer or two, and some smaller game ; but the boar escaped.

CHAPTER X.

ANOTHER SHOOTING EXPEDITION TO NEPAUL. MUD-IM-
BEDDED ELEPHANT—A NEPAULESE COLLECTOR

SHORTLY after this, my old friends C. G— and J. C— wrote and asked me to arrange for a tiger-shooting expedition. This I did; and early in March we found ourselves again under canvas in the Nepaul Terai. To have described one shooting party is to describe all, so I will confine myself to incidents that may interest my reader.

On the morning after our arrival and just before starting to shoot, a very dirty-looking Nepaulese official asked for an interview, and demanded to see our permit to shoot. This was rather a stumper for us, though we had written to the Resident, and he had replied to say he was sending one, the piece of paper had not turned up. We informed the man in authority of this, and said, we expected it by that day's post when we would show it. He was rather unpleasant about the matter, but went away, so we started off shooting; but we observed that we could get no one to show us where game was to be found, and the Nepaulese

shikari, whom we had hired, did not look happy. On our return to camp in the evening, we opened our post letters in the hope of finding the required order ; but no such thing had come. Again, next morning, the unpleasant official came, and this time told us we could not shoot, and must leave Nepaul territory. This was a sad disappointment ; and, as we had been to some expense, we determined to see what effect, as the Yankees say, "the almighty dollar" would have. The man was invited into my tent where we were all seated, and, to my disgust, the first thing he did was to half recline himself on my bed. First impulse pointed to summary ejection, but that meant an end to our sport, so I said naught. J. C— opened the negotiations by insinuating that we would make him happy if he would only wink at the non arrival of the permit. The man bit at once. He might get into trouble, and, of course, would expect to be rewarded according to the risk. We all felt that Rs. 50 each, at least, was about to be extracted. What was our astonishment, when his demand was placed before us, to find all he wanted was, that one of the deer we had shot should be given to him and sent with him, on an elephant, to his home ! We presented him with two deer, and gave him some powder and shot ; and off he

started, having given orders that we were to receive every assistance from the villagers about.

The deer you get in the Nepaul jungle is very dry, and European sportsmen hardly ever eat them, their servants feasting off venison and, where their caste will allow, wild pig. Of the game we bagged, partridge, hare, florican, pea and jungle fowl, were all that found their way to our table. A very young fawn cooked whole, with a stuffing of nuts, is not bad. Having got rid of our Nepaulese friend, we started for the shooting grounds, and before long came on two young bears in some grass. Giving two "peons" a blanket each, we told them to get down, and throw the blankets over the young bears, and catch them. We, meanwhile, formed a semi-circle round the men to protect them from the angry mother in case she made her appearance. The men were plucky fellows, and at once rushed on the small bears, not bigger than good-sized pups, and rolling them up in the blankets, handed them up. They were put in the box of the *howdah* under the seat where provisions are generally kept. The little beasts kept up an incessant cry, night and day, while we were out. They, however, eat their food, and were not very vicious. One of these I presented to my Assistant afterwards, who taught him all kinds of tricks.

Besides the bears, we bagged a leopard that day. He had been wounded; a bullet having passed through one of the joints of his tail. This made him very savage, and he charged like a tiger at my elephant, who at once turned and bolted; but as she turned round, I took a snap shot, and fancied I saw the leopard turn on his back. After a bone-breaking expedition on the runaway elephant of nearly half an hour's duration, she was persuaded to stop and return, and, sure enough, there lay a very handsome leopard dead. Our next day's bag consisted of another bear and two young ones, one of which was badly wounded, and had to be killed. We traced the old mother bear to a fallen tree, and, as the old lady objected to come out, we let off some fireworks in the different hollows of the tree. This had no effect, so the *shakari* said he would crawl in and see. The tree was on the ground,—a splendid one it must have been; but fire and age had hollowed it out thoroughly, and a middle-sized man could walk in if he stooped down. In started "Mooson," our *shilari*, but he was not long in making his exit. We all admired the clever way in which he evaded the bear; for, instead of rushing right away as he came out from the tree, he just turned and hopped on to the fallen trunk. The bear, with her two young ones,

clinging to her hips, went straight ahead, and was immediately rolled over. The two little ones holding on to her like grim death. On this occasion we were out for over fifteen days, and though we got capital sport as far as small game went, we were not over-lucky with tigers, only getting one. He, however, showed fight. We disturbed him while he was having a good feed off a buffalo he had just killed, and was in no mood for a bolt. I was fortunate enough to see him first, and rolled him over like a rabbit. My *mahout* at once took my elephant towards the place where he fell, when, with a roar, he came at me. I gave him my right and left, but that did not stop him, and, in a moment, there he was his hind legs holding on to the elephant's trunk, while his foreclaws were well dug into the poor animal's ears. I could, if I had felt so inclined, have stroked the head of the savage brute. He did look grand as he stared at me, his eyes starting out of his head, the hair on his neck and head standing on end, and as fine a set of teeth as one would wish to see, were most unpleasantly brought to notice. The elephant behaved very pluckily. She stood her ground well when the charge was made; but as soon as the tiger settled on her, she began to shake so violently to try and get rid of the tiger,

that I was thrown down on to my seat, and could do nothing but hold on to my guns to prevent their being thrown out. My *howdah* had attained an angle of 45 degrees, and I could not now have held on much longer, when C. G— of our party, ranged up alongside, and shot the tiger from off my elephant's head. I had the greatest difficulty in getting out of my now very lopsided *howdah*; but, by making a man hang on to one side, I managed to scramble out of the other without pulling it on top of me. The tiger was a fine one, about 9 feet 10 inches in length. The next big thing that fell to my gun was a boa-constrictor. He was 17 feet long; and though I put a bullet right through his head, it was a long time before he was dead all over. We had great trouble to get him padded, as the natives are very much afraid of these reptiles. Our last adventure on this occasion was the sticking of one of our elephants in the mud, while crossing one of the small streams that run through the jungle. The beast was a weakly animal. It had been poorly fed, and made no attempt to help itself. It sunk deeper and deeper into the mire. We cut branches of trees, which we stuck into the mud at its sides; but to no effect. Most elephants when they stick in the mud in this way, will take advantage of

every help that is put within reach of their trunk, and utilize the branches of trees thrown near them, by tucking them in under their side, then rolling over on to them, commence the operation on the other side again, and rolling over until a sufficient quantity of branches have been placed to support them, in this way they gradually work themselves out. Our miserable beast would do nothing, and gradually sink ; a few minutes more and only his trunk would have remained above ground. One of the *mahou's* suggested making the other elephants pull him out bodily. He said, there were two elephants who had been used to drag the dead elephants away for interment, and that he thought they would be able to rescue this one. Fortunately, we had a spare *howdah*-rope, and this, with some trouble and no little danger, the *mahout* had to pass underneath the mud-imbedded elephant ; for there was always the fear that he might take it into his head to help himself by tucking things under him and commence with the *mahout* ! They kept, however, well away from his forequarters. The rope having been fastened, and then secured round the neck and chest of two other elephants, the order to pull was given. The two elephants at once set to tugging, and the wretched one in the mud was suddenly hauled on to his

back where he lay resisting and kicking with his heels in the air like a naughty baby. The two elephants, being strong and well conditioned, gave another long and strong pull, which brought the refractory one out of the mud, with a flop as loud as the explosion of a good sized bombshell. It was a relief when we got him out; for if he had died, it would have added very much to the cost of our shooting party. We had been out for a fortnight, and it was time to return. Though we had not shot much, we had enjoyed ourselves thoroughly. The fortnight cost us Rs 150 each. We had met and joined camp with the Soorsund Babu, so we had the use of his elephants to beat. These, with what we had, gave us a grand line of beating elephants. I think our total muster was seventy, sixty of which we took out with us, the other ten remained behind to carry branches as fodder for the others. We were up, and in the saddle, early in the morning, having a long ride before we reached British territory. As we neared the boundary, villages became more numerous; and, not being quite sure if we were on the right road, we made for what looked like a village *kutcherry* (office). Here a very respectable and civil official came out and put us on the right way. Noticing several *ryots* in peculiar

positions, some standing on one leg ; others in the same position, but pedestalled on an inverted earthen pot surrounded by a thick bed of thorns, we asked why they were kept thus : “ Oh, ” replied the official, “ this is how we collect rent ; ” we inquired whether they found that the punishment had the desired effect. The reply was that these men would pay in an hour or so ; but if the *sahib* would like to see some of the very refractory ones, the official would be glad to show them. Following him, he led us into a long, low roofed house, and there we found about half-a-dozen men buried up to their necks in the ground. “ These s r, are great *bud-mashes* (scamps) ; but they will pay.” We asked how long they were likely to be kept there, and the reply was : ‘ By sunset they will have paid all rent due by them.’ On returning to the open air, the little Nepaulese Collector with great glee explained to us the nature of the punishment of the one-leg torture. The man had to stand on one leg with the other foot resting on it as well as to keep himself balanced on the inverted pot. Near him stood a man with a good long stick. At the slightest attempt, on the part of the prisoner under punishment, to put down the other leg, the earthen vessel was smashed at a blow, and the unfortunate ryot would fall sprawling on his hands

and knees among the thorns strewn to receive him.

As we mounted our horses to go on, the little official, with a grin on his face, remarked that he hoped we had noticed everything, and that when we returned to our country, we would try his plan with our ryots, and find it succeed. It is a strange fact that the Tirhoot ryots are constantly bolting into the Nepaul Terai, showing that there they are treated in a way which they understand, and where they are not harassed by new laws, which are changed every few years, and where no "Ilbert" may intrude his little bill. Justice in Nepaul is very summary. Sir Jung Bahadoor, when he came to Sonapore, had a living instance of it in his suite. This was a treasurer who had made free with the coin under his charge. The offender's right hand was ordered to be cut off, which was forthwith done. He was not dismissed from his place; the punishment had condoned the offence, and, as Sir Jung remarked with a knowing twinkle of his little eye, "he is not likely to steal again." The treasurer rode a beautiful Arab, and managed him most skillfully notwithstanding his handless arm.

A sharp canter brought us to our dog-carts, where we separated, and each proceeded to his

own home. On reaching Doomrah, I found a letter from my Assistant, asking for leave to go with a party to shoot in the Rajah's preserves at Peeprone, and, as I would be delayed a day or two at Doomrah, I sent a reply by express with the required sanction. The party shot some deer and pea-fowl, and returned after a couple of days' shooting.

CHAPTER XI

I TAKE CHARGE OF SHAHPORE MIRCHA JOURNEY, AND VISIT TO CALCUTTA OUTBREAK OF THE MUPINY

IN 1856 I was offered charge of Shahpore-Mircha, which I accepted. As the manager who was to relieve me at Doomrah was away on leave, I found myself in charge of that place also. I had, therefore, Doomrah, Shahpore, and Chitwarrah on my hands, and, as my Assistant at Chitwarrah was on the sick list, I had plenty to do. The head native servant or *moonshi*, one Kali Prasad at Shahpore, was supposed to have the factory under his thumb. He certainly had acquired a lot of property, and had a great deal of power ; but I found him a very good man, and he took great interest in the place.

He told me he began life as a writer on small pay in the concern ; that the proprietor of the factory finding him sharp gradually promoted him till he became the head native servant. He then, by doing a little banking, gradually amassed money, and purchased landed property. His father before him had already some *zemindaris*. I may mention that

he eventually became a shareholder in the factory, and that his son, or rather his widow—for poor old Kali died some years ago—is now proprietor of the whole concern.

About this time I had occasion to go to Calcutta, and, as two other friends were going also, we arranged to travel together. We drove to Bankipore, and there found our *dâk gharrie* or *palkee* carriage, waiting. We had taken supplies for the road; and, as our first day would be Christmas day, a turkey and a couple of bottles of “fiz” formed part of our store. We went out of Bankipore with a flourish, as the trap was horsed; but, after going some fifteen miles, we came to the end of the macadamised routs, and were then propelled by coolies. This was very slow work, and it was well after 10 p. m. before we reached the Jehanabad *dâk bunglow* (rest-house) very hungry and sleepy. The old *ham-samah* was not long in getting out the bumpers, and by the time we had eaten a few slices of turkey and finished our two bottles of champagne, we felt quite lively again. We had no time to lose, the things were packed, and we were soon *en route* again. When we awoke in the morning, after rather an uncomfortable rest, for a *dâk gharrie*, is not meant to carry three, especially

all good sized men, we found ourselves close to Gyah. As it was very cold, we stopped and brewed some coffee, and found a cup of strong coffee a great "pick-me up." By 10 A. M. we were comfortably seated in the Gyah *dâk bungalow* at breakfast. The verandah was crowded with men offering for sale images of elephants, sacred bulls, &c., carved out of Gyah stone. Gyah is to the Hindoo a very sacred city, and the Hindoo priests, who have possession of the different temples, make a very good thing out of it. They actually, during the pilgrimage season, send out "touts," who go miles out on the different roads to persuade pilgrims to come to certain temples, and there are often most serious riots between the employes of the proprietors of the different temples. Gyah is made extra sacred, as it is one of the places where Vishnool put his foot on earth. He seems to have been going on one foot with a kind of hop before he took the next step, as the "Vishn Pood," or foot-prints of Vishnool, seem all to be in one convenient corner where all the temples stand. The supposed foot prints are cut out of stone. This represents the impression of a foot of gigantic dimensions. When a wealthy pilgrim goes to any of these shrines, he is supposed to fill the foot-print with gold or silver coin.

This is of course, taken by the "Gyewalls," as the proprietors of the temples are called. Gyah is a very dry place, the bare hills in the warm weather throw out great heat. The fields are surrounded by low embankments to catch any rain that may fall, and when the soil is moistened, it becomes a sticky red clay. Beware of Gyah mosquitoes: they are the most vicious little insects ever met with. There is a story told of a Scotchman, who lately arrived from his native heath, and who had heard of mosquitoes (most likely Gyah ones) from some of his travelled friends, inquired on seeing an elephant if it was a mosquito.

From Gyah we were propelled by coolies to the Grand Trunk Road. There is nothing to see but large sun burnt plains on which a few herds of graceful antelope were feeding on the little grass they can pick up. They are very wild, and if you attempt to get near them, off they go bounding high into the air before they settle down to a steady pace. Reaching the Grand Trunk Road, we changed our coolies for horses, and away we went at a more cheerful pace. The scenery, as you pass, the noted Dunwah Pass is grand, and, as you have ascended to a higher level, the cold is intense. The road is naturally very much uphill, and to warm ourselves and ease the horse,

we got out to have a brisk walk, but when not very far from the top of the hill, the driver told us we would be safer in than out of the trap, as tigers very often jumped out of the jungle and carried away men. We took the hint and got in. After sunset, we spied the twinkle of a *dâl bungalow* light, and ordered our Jehu to pull up; our provisions were soon unpacked, and the *hansamah* added a few potatoes to our supplies. We made a good dinner, and lighting up our pipes, started on our way rejoicing. Next morning we found ourselves in a grand climate somewhere among the Santal Hills, where our conveyance pulled up to change horses, and we were surrounded by an admiring crowd of very lightly clad children. We were much amused by the ingenious way in which they kept themselves warm; each carried an earthen *luttiah* (a kind of earthen pot), in which were some live embers. This when they squatted down, they popped under the little clothing they had, and thus kept themselves warm. It took three days and two nights to reach Calcutta, but the journey had to be timed so as to arrive at Ranigunge early enough to catch the train to Calcutta, which then only ran as far as that place. By 9 A. M. we found ourselves at Howrah, the E. I. Railway terminus. We had to gather our goods together, and employ

a few coolies to take them to the steamer at the railway pier, where the ferry steamer lay, and she took us across the Hooghly. Now, this river is crossed by a fine bridge standing on floating pontoons.

I had not visited Calcutta since my arrival in the country, but found very little change in it. One or two fine buildings were in course of erection, but a man from upcountry soon tires of the constant sameness. The one pleasant thing is the evening drive on the Strand by the river's bank. Here you enjoy the cool sea breeze that begins to blow about sunset. The number of really stylish equipages briskly driving up and down the watered way, and the number of well mounted horsemen and women puts much life into the scene. The Eden Gardens existed in a small way in those days, but under another name. There, now, with the band playing, is found a most delightful lounge for the weary denizens of the City of Palaces. While in Calcutta, I went to see the Indigo sales at the Mart. On arrival there, I was asked if I would not have some lunch, and walking into a long apartment something like an empty store-room, I saw a table round which were men all busy at lunch. Thomas & Co. and W. Moran & Co. are famous for their cold beef,

salad, and draft beer tiffins, and I can say I enjoyed mine. As the clock strikes two the sale begins. One of the partners mounts the first chest of Indigo to be sold. These are generally sold by tens ; they are assorted by the brokers, so that the colours may run as evenly as possible. To sell ten chests does not take two minutes ; the bidding is so brisk, the great object of intending purchaser being to catch the auctioneer's ear first with the final bid ; this is shouted out by half-a-dozen men at the sametime, for they know to a rupee what the batch will go for, and when it comes to the final bid, the scream for precedence is bewildering. Indigo sells now from about Rs. 225 to 280 per maund. After the failures of 1847 Indigo fell to very low prices, but gradually rose again, varying with the demand. If the crop be poor, and the demand good, prices range very high.

We were not sorry when the time came for us to leave Calcutta, which we did towards the end of January, 1857, returning as we came. It would be useless to describe our trip back. We passed many sepoy regiments encamped by the road, for this was the marching season, and we were overtaken by General Anson, the Commander-in-Chief, who had been to Calcutta to see his family off to England. We have often thought how lucky it was

the mutiny did not break out while we were on our journey as, if it had, we could not have escaped. Poor General Anson did not live long after we saw him; he died before Delhi worn out by the cares and anxieties of that siege. In due course of time we reached home, and were glad to get back again. In May, 1857, we heard unpleasant rumours of mutiny among the sepoys, first from Barrackpore, then an outbreak at Meerut. These soon spread like wild fire over the country. To show that the natives had some idea of what was going on, a *khansamah*, an old servant who had accompanied his master on a visit to Calcutta one evening as he was helping him to undress, said: "Saheb, is it true that all natives are to be made Christians?" To which his master answered jokingly, "yes." "Then," replied the domestic, "I would not give much for the cold meat, &c., it will all be stolen!" A native who is in caste is barred from eating anything that has been at a European's table on the plea of its being to them unclean. But the day a native becomes an outcaste, he calls himself a "Kistian," i.e., Christian, and, as Baboo Keshub Chunder Sen said in a lecture at Moznufferpore, at once adopted all the vices of the European, but none of his virtues. The cold viands and master's liquor were bound to go once

the conversion took place. The conversion of Moslems and Hindoo, by ruse or force, if necessary, by the English, was the red rag flaunted by those who wished to fan the fire of rebellion, and the report of bullocks and pig's fat being used in the lubricating composition for the cartridges was all to this end. The Commander-in-Chief published a General Order denying the report, but to allay any fear, as to losing caste by biting the cartridges, new drill was set on foot, whereby the cartridges were to be torn, not bitten. When the regiments mutinied, they thought nothing of using these very cartridges they so much objected to. While all this was going on, the startling reality was unpleasantly brought home to us by a letter from the Magistrate, summoning us into the station (Mozufferpore), to assist to protect it and ourselves. As the summons seemed urgent, I at once sent out horses to the different stages, and in a few hours after, started, armed to the teeth with one double-barrelled gun in the splash board, another put up behind the buggy, and a revolver in its case at my feet. In this way we, my wife, and I, for I was now a married man, journeyed some fifteen miles, feeling anything but happy at the look of things. Our little daughter, we had put into her small basket cradle at our feet. Arrived at

Mozufferpore, we went to Secunderpore, where the Magistrate and Collector lived, and to whose house we had received an invitation. We found a number of planters and their families already gathered there. Leaving my wife and child there, I started off round the station to find out what was wrong, and gathered that trouble was expected, from the "Nujeebs," a provincial battalion who supplied men as guards for the treasury &c. One of the officials, a good linguist, had disguised himself, and loitering about the Nujeeb barracks, had overheard some treasonable talk. The Magistrate had, therefore, considered it right to call in all Europeans for mutual help in case of need.

Meeting several planters, we talked over the state of affairs, and determined to call on the officials to meet^{us}, and say why they had called us in, and what they wanted done. A letter was accordingly drafted and sent, asking all the officials to meet us at noon the following day. At that hour we assembled, and were told by the Magistrate we were wanted to mount guard as sentries over the treasury, as the *Nujeebs* could not be trusted. This we objected to do; but suggested that we were ready to disarm those suspected, and thus get rid of the threatened danger, and, if necessary, send the treasure to Patna in our factory-carts under a

planter escort. This did not meet the views of the Collector, and we did not see the force of leaving our wives and families to take care of themselves, while we took care of the Government treasury

The meeting ended, therefore, in nothing being done. The planters from the far-off districts began to arrive, and soon there were over three hundred men, women, and children in Mozufferpore

CHAPTER XII.

WE FORTIFY THE DOCTOR'S HOUSE—THE 'VIDILLE
GUARD—TAKING A PRISONER—FALSE ALARM—MUR-
DER OF MAJOR AND MRS HOLMES—MUTINY OF THE
NATIVE INFANTRY AT DINAPORE—DEATH OF ARRAH—
THE MUTINY OVER—HOMEWARD BOUND.

THE Magistrate could not entertain all, and it would not do for us to be scattered over the place, so the doctor and Mr. Weston offered their houses and grounds, and we formed two camps and messes. The houses were 500 yards apart, but stood almost in the same grounds. We all moved into our new quarters ; the ladies and children occupying the houses, while the gentlemen slept in tents formed into small camps, one at each flank of the houses, and one in the front, as an advanced guard. Each of the camps supplied two sentries, and we all had to do our two hours' watch every night. At a meeting, one of our members was appointed commandant of the garrison, and he again named his subordinates, placing one man in command of each small camp. Besides these camps, there was a portico guard composed of old gentlemen, who kept watch till 11 at night. The

reason for establishing this "Vieille Garde" was, that the ladies would not see that there was any danger, and insisted on enjoying themselves. The young men were quite of the same opinion, and the commandant was at his wit's-end how to keep the sentries to their duty. At last the bright idea of a guard, to consist of non-dancing men, who were to act till 11 o'clock, suggested itself, and the arrangement was carried out. A General Order was issued to the effect that at 11 o'clock all lights were to be put out, and dancing, &c., stopped.

We had just got things into working order, when the Magistrate asked for a few men to go out and seize a *darogah* (head inspector of police), who was reported to be up to mischief. Three men and the Assistant Magistrate were chosen. One of the planters had his house near where the police station stood, and sending out word, that he was coming with some friends to shoot, they started in the evening. Early next morning they drove straight to the police station, not a minute too soon, for they found the *darogah* writing a letter to the rebels, inviting them over to loot the treasury, his horse ready saddled for a bolt, in case of need. He was very much astonished when he was arrested and placed in charge

of the three gentlemen of the Blues, who marched him out. While arrangements were being made for having his papers examined, one of his guards noticed the "darogah" eyeing the revolver, which one of them was holding very carelessly, and paying more attention to what others were doing than to his prisoner. The inspector suddenly made a grab at the revolver, but the man who had been watching him, caught him a smart blow over the fingers, which made him leave it alone. He was now put on to the back seat of the dog-cart pinioned, and tied to the back railing of the trap. His guards then jumped up, and they drove off to Mozufferpore. Here a tent had been erected as guard-room, and two men were placed as sentries over him. The wretched man evidently saw that things were not all right for him. He was a Moslem, so he began at once courting his beads and praying. At night, a guard of Irregular Cavalry, part of the 12th Irregular Cavalry, commanded by Holmes at Segowlie, took charge of the prisoner; and next morning he was placed in an *ekah*, and sent off to Segowlie under an Irregular Cavalry escort to be dealt with by Major Holmes. On the evening of the next day, we were surprised to see the escort and prisoner return; and a private communication

from Holmes, to say that his men were much averse to having the peeler hanged at Segowlie, he being a Moslem ; so he had sent him back, and advised his being sent to Patna, to the Commissioner there, who seemed to have no fear of consequences, and had already strung up one or two mutineers. Giving the unhappy man a night's rest, we packed him off to Patna under the same escort. He was not long kept waiting, for he was hung that evening, martial law having been proclaimed, and justice was quick and sure. "Warris Ali," for that was the rebel's name, died, calling on all Mahomedans to inform the King of Delhi that he had been true to him to the last. The seizing of a rebel, and his passing a prisoner to and from our camp, caused some little excitement ; but we were destined to have another little shock, rather unpleasant while it lasted. One night, one of our sentries to the front, observed a long line of lights suddenly advancing towards the house, and, as he was consulting with his brother sentry whether he should turn out the different guards, two or three natives rushed in through the gate, calling out "Bagho Sahib" "Run away, Sir !" Meanwhile, the garrison at the next house had been alarmed, and the men were turning out, when one of them not quite awake from his slumbers, acci-

beating their breasts ; they were delighted to see white faces back again, as they knew that they were now safe from being looted. The police had already given one or two of them a screw up. The post-office being central, the horse-men made for the place, dismounted, and held council as to what was to be done now they were in possession. As they were talking, they heard the distant noise as of a big mob approaching, and seizing their double barrels prepared to do or die.

What was their delight to see their old friend, the Magistrate, accompanied by the Government Schoolmaster (who had volunteered to return with him) ride up, followed by half of the population of the place. The Magistrate's first act was to interview the Nujeebs, and express to them how satisfied he personally and the Government were with their behaviour ; and ordered a handsome reward in cash to be given to each man. The Magistrate and all the Europeans returned that night to Dhoolie, and next day those of our party returned to Jeetwarpore, while the Magistrate and the Schoolmaster joined the other officers who had been ordered to return to Mozufferpore. Shortly after a detachment of Sikhs, under Lieutenant Waller, was sent to Mozufferpore, the doctor's house was properly fortified, loop-holed, and

christened by some wag "Fort Pill Box." It was well stored with rice, dhal, &c., but, fortunately, its services were never required. We had many alarms after this, but things gradually settled down. We had regiments of Goorkhas from Nepaul quartered in Mozufferpore for a time to interrupt mutinous regiments supposed to be trying to make their way to Delhi; also the Yeomanry Cavalry which did such good services in Gorukpore. This was a corps raised in Calcutta and armed with old arms, which some said were those used at the Battle of Plassey one hundred years before. Be that as it may, they did good service with them. Our plans in retreating to Jeetwarpore were, in case of necessity, that we should retire on Doulatpore Factory, further down the river, where a garrison had formed; and there the house had been well protected with iron sheeting, while long rakes with their teeth sharpened and turned point upwards, formed a very good *chevaux de frise* in case of sudden attack. The top of the house was provisioned, and a stair led through a hole in the roof in case a retreat there was considered necessary. If we had been driven out of this, we would have retired down the river, and reached the Ganges. We were, however, never in any danger, from a rising in our own district,

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dentally discharged his gun. The report of danger had been conveyed to the ladies of this house, and they were in great alarm, but when the gun went off, there was a regular panic. Fortunately, the report had frightened more than the garrison; for, as soon as they heard it, the advancing line stopped, and in a second, every light was thrown to the ground. Just then our mounted patrol (for we patrolled the town also to see that order was kept) arrived. One of the men, a fiery Scot, drew his sword, and explaining that he would like to try the temper of his blade, was about to set spurs to his horse, when a sentry held him back, and told him not to be foolish, for what could he do one against hundreds. The Scot drew out a pistol, cocked it, and presenting it at the man, called out, "Just you let go," which he did at once, and the horseman at a bound disappeared in the dark. He was followed by the rest of the patrol, and we expected to hear shots every minute, but in about half-an-hour they returned. They reported they could see or find nothing but the smouldering torches, and, though they scoured the country, not a sign of a living being could be found. This sudden appearance and disappearance has always been a mystery. Some thought it might have been a wedding

procession, but knowing we were in camp, and looking out for an enemy, I doubt if a wedding procession would have come there ; besides this, wedding processions do not march silently. My idea is that it was a ruse to try us, and see if we were really on the alert. The shot accidentally fired ; they at once took as a signal for attack, and knowing that the sudden extinguishing of the torches would facilitate their retreat, they throw them down, and dispersed over the country. The men we suspected were the Nujeebs ; if they could have got rid of us, over ten lakhs of rupees were in their hands. On Sundays prayers were read in the open air under the shade of the house. A guard over-looked from the top of the house in case of a sudden attack. We had stored numbers of bags of rice and *dhal* (a kind of split pea), and hundreds of earthen pots of drinking water on the top of our residence. The verandahs were protected by sand bags. Things, however, soon quieted down again after this alarm. The rains set in, and it began to pour ; this rather damped the ardour of the gallant Blues who had to sleep in tents ; and as a report which afterwards proved false, of the fall of Delhi, and defeat of the mutineers, was received, we made up our minds to return to our homes and await the turn of

events. The whole thing had, after all, been a very pleasant meeting, and we were rather sorry when the time came to part. I forgot to mention that we took another prisoner, a small "zemindar" (landholder), living near Doulatpore factory, who took advantage of the absence of the manager to proclaim himself king of those parts, and to collect blackmail on the river, stopping boats, and making them pay toll. This coming to the Magistrate's ear, an order was given for his arrest, and two men, one of them the manager of the factory, started off to drive about fifty miles and carry out the order. The thing was most successfully done, and the man caught in the act of issuing orders for certain illegal proceedings. The manager, W. C. B.—, as soon as he reached Doulatpore factory, started off for the village where this man lived, and, entering the enclosure in which his house stood, found him, sitting in state with the members of his council round him. B. — holding out the warrant to him, called on him to surrender, at the same time pointing his revolver at his head. The crowd of admiring courtiers were not long in making themselves scarce, and the unhappy "zemindar" was strapped to the back of the dog-cart. They at once started on their return journey, and by

evening the zemindar was safely lodged in jail. He was tried and imprisoned for ten years. We were not to be left in peace at our homes long, for in about ten days or less, after our return, we received the news of the mutiny of the 12th Irregular Cavalry at Segowlie. They had murdered their Commanding Officer, Major Holmes, his wife, also the doctor of the regiment, and his wife. It was sad to think that a gallant officer who had been through many a campaign, leading these very men to victory, should be shot by them. His wife, too, had escaped from the Cabul massacre of the first Afghan War when her first husband, Captain Sturt, was killed. Mrs. Holmes was a daughter of Lady Sale, who was also one of the Afghan prisoners. The story told of the murder of Holmes and his wife by the natives is as follows :—

They were out for their usual evening drive, when Holmes saw a section of his men riding up to them. He immediately suspected villany, and called out to them : “ I know what you want, it is my life ; that you can have, but spare the lady ; ” the reply was a volley which killed both him and his wife. The mutineers decapitated poor Holmes, carrying away his head. The whole regiment then marched out of Segowlie, passing close by

Lall Seryah Factory ; they never stopped to do any harm, but continued on their road towards Lucknow and Delhi. The doctor and his wife at Segowlie refusing to come out of their house, it was fired, and they being driven out by the flames were shot ; their bodies were never discovered, the fire having consumed them, house and everything. The news of this sad tragedy reached D.— (who lived some nine miles away) in the afternoon, and he determined to make an attempt to recover, and bury Holmes and his wife. This he did, and had them buried at Motihary, the chief town of Chumparun. The only European saved from Segowlie was a little child of the doctor's, who was out with her nurse for a walk. The *ayah* (nurse), hearing what was happening, hid her little charge in a native woman's house, and as soon as the Irregular Cavalry left, took the child to the nearest European, who sent her on to her relations. The day we heard of the mutiny of the cavalry at Segowlie, the news of the mutiny of the three Native Infantry Regiments at Dinapore arrived. All hope of escaping seemed to us to be at an end, and the Commissioner of Patna, being much of this opinion, sent an order to the officials under his orders, to at once muster at Patna, and to call in all the residents of their districts,

and bring them with them. This order was acted on, notice being sent to all residents in the district to go to Patna ; and after dinner all officials, non-officials, and others started off for a moonlight journey to Patna. Before continuing what took place in Tirhoot, I will state to my readers how the regiments mutinied at Dinapore. There were three regiments there, the 40th, 7th, and 8th Native Infantry. Public opinion was very strong on the disarming of these regiments, but some of the officers objected to it. The Commanding Officer and Adjutants had great confidence in their men, so the evil day was put off. At last, as a detachment of the 37th Queen's happened to be at Dinapore with the 10th Queen's, it was determined, at any rate, to remove the ammunition, consisting of so many rounds per man, in possession of the regiments, so ammunition waggons were sent off to effect this. The carts were sent to the magazines of the two furthest off regiments, at first the men did not understand what was being done, and the ammunition carts had removed the caps and cartridges of one regiment, and were on their way to the next, when the men turned out and forming, made a rush for the cart.

Meanwhile, all the European officers had joined their men and tried to keep them quiet, but to no

effect; they rushed down after the carts, which by this time had come on to the parade ground of the next regiment. Why or wherefore, no one seems to know; the regiment, on whose ground the other had trespassed, fixed bayonets, and drove the trespassers off, so that the officers of that regiment felt convinced of their loyalty. Meanwhile, notice had been sent to the European regiments and artillery to move up from their lines about a mile distant, and the minute the Native Infantry heard the tread of the Queen's regiments and the rumble of artillery, a panic seemed to seize them, the evil-disposed firing at their officers (some of whom in their enthusiasm were going about trying to stop the men from leaving), while a few loyal sepoy walked about knocking up the muskets of those who were trying to shoot down their officers. Seeing the firing commence, the invalid soldiers of the European regiment (who had been armed and placed on the top of an hospital overlooking the parade ground), began to fire, and this settled the matter, for the Native Infantry Regiments at once went off; some men of the 7th and 8th remained, and about one hundred of the 40th Native Infantry. The guns arriving late, limbered up, and sent a few round shot after the mutineers who were far away in the dis-

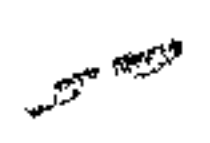
tance by this time. The mutinied regiments made their way to Arrah, where they found the residents had fortified the station billiard-room, into which the Magistrate and Collector had taken all the Government treasure. The latter soon found themselves besieged. The defence of the Arrah house has become a matter of history. There were besides the residents some of Rattray's Sikhs, now the 45th Native Infantry, in the house, and they helped most materially in the defence. A well had to be dug in the ground floor, as they were short of water, this the Sikhs did at once. The alacrity shown by them in seizing some sheep that had been allowed to stray near the house was much admired.

The mutineers, without a leader, showed very little pluck ; they had got a small cannon which they fired from the roof of an overlooking house, but the artillery-men hid behind the chimney stack, pushing the gun out and firing at random. A leader well primed with *blang* (hemp) having been obtained, one or two attempts at a rush were made, but, fortunately, there were in the Arrah house some crack shots who picked the leaders off, when the main body at once turned and bolted. The mutineers once tried to smoke out the little band. Piling up dry grass, with quantities of chillies mixed with it, they set it

on fire. Fortunately, the wind changed just then, and the besiegers got the worst of it. The officer commanding at Dinapore, as soon as practicable after the mutiny of the sepoy, had sent off a force to relieve Arrah, but they were unfortunately caught in an ambush, and so cut up that they had to return to Dinapore. When the remnants of the force arrived, they were met by the women of the regiment, and their lamentations were loud for those who had not returned. From grief, their emotions turned to fury, and they surrounded the General's quarters, calling on him to come out; if he had, they would have pulled him to pieces, for they considered his not disarming the sepoy to be the cause of their sorrow. The men of the Native Infantry who had been true, were placed in tents behind the officers' mess-house. A report had gained ground among the European soldiers that their remaining was merely a ruse, and that those who had gone off would return by boat at night, and, assisted by those who pretended loyalty, would murder all. The effect of this was, that just after the officers had dined one evening, a great uproar was heard; and rushing out to see what was wrong, the officers found that the native soldiers had been killed as they lay asleep. The assembly was sounded, and the

arms of the Europeans examined ; but though every one knew who had done this, things were in too critical a state to take notice of it. The Arrah garrison were getting sadly pressed when Sir Vincent Eyre, with a party of the 5th Fusiliers and two guns, marched on Arrah from Buxar, and defeating the mutineers, relieved the place. Stories of the mutiny have been written from every part of India. I will confine myself to what happened in our district. The day after all the officials and residents had been summoned to Patna, I got an express from my neighbour J. C — telling me that all officials had left the district, and, advising me to go over to him, thence to Poosah, and from there by river to Jeetwarpore, which place he proposed we should fortify and remain at until obliged to move on. We were not long in answering this summons, and reaching Dhoolie, found J. C.—ready for a start. We arrived at Poosah at mid-day, where a boat was all ready. We were joined here by several young men from the neighbouring factories and the officer in charge of the Poosah Stud. Dropping down the river, we reached Jeetwarpore next morning. When at Poosah, we heard that the detachment of Holme's Irregular Cavalry (then at Mozufferpore), hearing the main body had mutinied, at

once began to loot. Captain B — and his nephew had a narrow escape ; they arrived at Mozufferpore after the officials had left, and rode up to the Magistrate's house where they found an old servant only to receive them, who begged of them to go on, as the troopers had already sent once to see if any " Sahibs " were still there. Fortunately they started at once, for not ten minutes after they had left, the troop of cavalry galloped up and surrounded the house, then entered, and helped themselves to everything that might be useful. They then went to the stable and took all horses that had been left behind. We were some three days at Jeetwarapore, and not a letter or paper had we received ; we were therefore perfectly ignorant of what was going on elsewhere. I had sent an old *syce* (groom) to see what had become of the post, late at night, on Thursday, he arrived with a regular bundle of letters and papers. He then told us what had happened at Mozufferpore. The Sowars, after looting the Magistrate's house, rode down to the Treasury, and called on the Nujeebs to divide the treasure with them. (The Nujeebs had been well fed by the bankers of the city, who knew once things got into a state of anarchy that they would be the first to suffer.) This they refused to do,



saying, that as they had charge of it, they would keep it. Some unpleasant words then passed, and the Nujecbs fired on the cavalry, who took to their heels. Those bankers who live on the main road which passes through the town had invited a body of Nujecbs to guard their premises ; and, as the troopers rode down the street, a parting volley was fired. My washerman had been with the *syce*, and he remarked, “ a lot of powder and shot was expended ;” but when I asked for an idea of the number of slain, I found that there was only one wounded, and that, an elderly woman one of the troopers was carrying off. The poor thing had her thigh broken by a bullet. Hearing that Mozufferpore was left without an European head, volunteers were called for from among our small party, and some five or six men decided to go in the next morning. The *syce* explained the non-arrival of our post ; he said, the Sowars had kept the Bengalee Postmaster locked up for fear he should send notice to Dinapore, and they might be interrupted. The next day our men drove to within five miles of Mozufferpore, and then mounting their horses, and taking their guns and swords, rode on. As they got into the heart of the town, the men and women met them, and threw themselves down before them,

the people being purely agricultural ; a very few men having enlisted as sepoy's, and most of these knowing what was to happen, I fancy, took leave, and came to their homes where they remained till all was quiet again. With the fall of Delhi, and relief of Lucknow, British rule again asserted itself, and the disturbing reports that used to keep us in such an unhappy state of uncertainty began to cease, and matters gradually to run in their old groove.

As I had now been out in India over eleven years, I thought a change home, after all the excitement of the last few months, necessary ; so about the beginning of December, 1858, we started by steamer for Calcutta, the road being still dangerous from bands of rebels. After a trip of eight days we reached Calcutta, and in a few days after steamed out of the City of Palaces in the good ship *John Bell*, once more bound for old England

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