one, are to the Briton. Skilled flyers are backed with the same interest that we and the Americans back the *Shamrock* and the *Columbia*. They are great on theatrical displays, and the plays are chiefly directed to ridiculing the governing classes—the result of British toleration—such displays would have had short shrift under Saadat Ali Khan & Co. The kings of Oudh lavished their money on local buildings. Ashuf-u-dowlah is responsible for the Bibiakothi, beyond the present cantonments, built for a shooting-box; he also erected the great Imambara as a mausoleum for himself. The central room is the largest in the world. This building, of imperial dimensions, is exclusively of solid masonry, and contains no woodwork of any kind, and cost a million sterling. Ashuf-u-dowlah also built the approach gateway, known as the Romee Darwaza, copied from an archway in Constantinople. Saadat Ali Khan ran up most of the buildings of interest in Lucknow. He built the Dilkhoosha Palace, or "Heart's Delight," for the ladies of his choice. The Hyat Buksh, now the Government House. It was here Hodson breathed his last. The Moti Mahal, or "Pearl Seraglio," for more ladies. Noorbuksh Kothee, which in

after-days was used as a beacon by Havelock, to guide him to the Kaiser Bagh. He also built two handsome tombs, at the entrance to the Kaiser Bagh, for himself and his favourite queen, Moorshed Zadi. The Kuddum Rasool, or a sacred Mahomedan shrine, standing on the summit of a high mound, was built by Ghazi-u-din-Hyder. It is said to contain a stone bearing the footmark of Mahomed. During Sir Colin Campbell's advance this position was strongly held by the rebels. Close by are the Kurshed Munzil and Shah Naazaf, also of Ghazi-u-din-Hyder's time. Near this spot Campbell, Outram, and Havelock met, and it was on the tower of this building that "Bobs Bahadur" ran up the regimental colours of the 2nd Punjab Infantry, just to let Outram in the Residency know how far the relieving force had got. The latter building is the mausoleum of the monarch who built it. Nasuru-deen-Hyder built the "Tara Kothi," or Observatory, now the Bank of Bengal, and the Chhatter Munzil, on the banks of the Gumti, now a club house. Mahomed Ali Shah built the Husainabad Immambara, and he and his mother lie there side by side. The whole block of these buildings is sumptuously furnished, and the tomb is

richly endowed. Opposite these buildings stands a lofty, handsome clock tower built by us. The Sekunder Bagh was built by Wajid Ali Shah for his favourite "first-class" wife, Sekunder Begum, and is memorable for "the race for the breach" by Highlanders, Sikhs, Dogras, and Pathans in 1857, and about the biggest slaughter within the space, in the annals of warfare. He also built the Alumbagh, about four miles out to Lucknow, for another wife. Havelock is buried in the Alumbagh. This position was the base of both Havelock and Colin Campbell's advances on the Residency. Having provided for Sekunder Begum, Wajid Ali Shah ran up the Kaiser Bagh, a square of two-storied buildings, enclosing some acres of garden, which supplied ample accommodation for the whole of his 360 concubines; and, unfortunately, it afforded the strongest position held by the mutineers in 1857, the taking of which cost us many lives. All these buildings are worthy of a visit. Besides these, there is the Martiniere College, built by Claude Martin at the end of the seventeenth century, where the youth of all creeds and colours that call India their home, are clothed, fed, housed, taught, *and examined.*

I saw somewhere the other day a school-boy's reply to the question, "Detail the different parts of the eye?" And the reply was, "The eye consists of three parts—the pupil, the mote, and the beam!" I remember a La Martiniere boy making almost as good an answer to the question, "State what you know about the *Habeas Corpus*?" "The *Habeas Corpus*," he said, "was the ambulance cart that went round the battlefield of Magna Charta to pick up the bodies of the dead!" Then there is the Lal Baraduree, "the Throne Room," "Coronation Hall," and "Durbar Room" of the kings of Oudh, now used as a museum; and that grand old monument of a gallant defence, the "Residency." The Residency, rising aloft amongst battered buildings, covered with coloured creepers and dark foliage, the well-kept grounds bright with oleanders, rose bushes, and many-coloured flowering shrubs; the Bailey Guard Gate, riddled with bullets; and, nestling under the shade of feathery bamboos and cypresses, the last resting-place of those who, in "heat like the mouth of a hell, or a deluge of cataract skies," fought and died during the investment, are sacred spots, and form the most interesting corner in this City of

Palaces. Beyond the Residency lies the native portion of the city, consisting of some 500 to 600 *mohullas*, or streets, numbers of detached *gunges*, or marts, with intervening gardens and cultivated lands, and mosques and temples innumerable. Standing on an eminence, like the top of the clock tower, this vast city is almost hid amongst trees; in the distance you see the silver line of the Gumti, winding in and out, flowing away past the Martiniere, until lost in the distant horizon. A visit to the native city, a wander down the Chandni Chowk, an examination of the streets, markets, and buildings, a sight of palaces here, hovels there, large tenantless houses on one side, over-crowded dens all round, booths, stalls, sheds, and shanties innumerable; gaudily caparisoned elephants, trotting camels, handsome barouches and high-stepping pairs, outriders on wall-eyed, piebald, pink-nosed horses, broken-down ticca gharries, bullock-carts, palanquins with grunting bearers, blind beggars, the humble ekka jostling each other,—all tend to strike one with the strange admixture of wealth, poverty, and decay. The buildings in many parts of the city are monuments of waste of wealth, under the native régime. Four-fifths of the

owners of these buildings are ekeing out an existence on what they can obtain on the sale of the bricks of their old mansions; and there are thousands of pensioners and retainers of the old Court living in idleness on petty pensions, and as much as they can peculate from old endowments.

Lucknow has some opium dens, hidden away down narrow, tortuous lanes. These dens are little more than sheds, their floors littered with human beings of all ages and both sexes, not exactly drunk or asleep, but almost unconscious, staring with fixed drowsy eyes, as if they were looking at something away and beyond over the head of any spectator, boozily happy, utterly oblivious of their ugly, distorted, coarse, vulgar surroundings. The landlord of this hovel gets some of his opium from the licensed vendors, but smuggles more, and makes a "pile," for the illicit profits in smuggled opium are practically limited only by the risk of detection. It may appear curious, but it is a fact, opium smoking is good for the tobacco trade, because opium smoking induces a larger consumption of tobacco. Lucknow City, with its population of 300,000, consumes over 2,000,000 lbs. of tobacco annually.

There are within the municipal limits of Lucknow some 125 acres under tobacco cultivation.

Do not, from this instance, carry away a wrong impression. It is the abuse of opium, like the abuse of anything else, that is harmful. Those who abuse it are the exceptions, not the rule. The effect of opium, on the average consumer, the most searching inquiry has shown to be beneficial. Think of its value as a soother of pain, of its use as a prophylactic to thousands living in malarious and fever-stricken tracts. Look at the Sikhs and the Rajputs, have they deteriorated in any way by its use? If you only knew how, on many a campaign, opium has enabled the Sikh and the Rajput to bear fatigue and privation; how it has soothed many a sufferer through nights of lingering pain; you would feel it more reasonable to tell the free-born Briton to give up his hop-fields and abolish barley cultivation, rather than tell the native to give up opium. For, after all, drink is more abused, and far more harmful, in England than opium is in India and China put together. Again, apart from the juice, which, to the majority, is a tonic and a preservative, the seeds, which are free from opium, produce oil,

and this oil is largely used in Europe and India. The well-meaning, but ignorant, outcry against opium is, believe me, "a bogie," and this your faddist would find out for himself, if he lived some time in India amongst the poppy fields, instead of in an armchair at home. Before long he would be thankful, as I have been, for the excellent salad supplied by the young seedlings of the poppy crop, when in camp far away from the produce of kitchen gardens.

Lucknow once had a talent in the pottery line, but civilization, "higher criticism," and the *Art Journal* have killed that. The silver work, the gold and silver lace and embroideries of Lucknow would compete with similar manufactures in any part of the world. But what is required are local manufactories, for the employment of local capital and the good of local labour, which will give a quick and steady return of profit, combined with security of investment to the capitalist, who, at present, will not invest in foreign fields away from home. These factories will come in time, and destroy the beauty of the place, but bring bread to the hungry. This transition stage will pass away. It may be said that civilization has taught the Bengali Babu how to drink, to dabble in

divorce, and have his dirty doings heard with closed doors; and has taught native students, and vakils, how to crib and go in for false personation at examinations. So be it. Nothing, not even civilization, can save a man from himself. Anyhow, in spite of all that may be laid to the debit side, civilization can show a very large asset on the credit side of its account. Peace, security to life and property, and religious liberty, unknown quantities before 1856, have been assured; communication with the outer world established; roads and railways constructed; colleges, schools, hospitals, and dispensaries built; a pure water supply provided, thereby greatly reducing the heavy mortality due, previously, to brackish well water unfit for drinking purposes; and what with telegraphs, a well-organized Postal Department, the introduction of Banks, money orders and currency notes decentralizing money business, the meshes of the "civilization net" cast into the waters of tyranny, torpor, prejudice and ignorance, are now being slowly, but surely, drawn to the shores of energy, light and freedom.

I remember the time, not so very long ago, when pilgrims passed through Lucknow,

on their way to Allahabad, Benares and Ajodhia, measuring their length along the dusty roads; but the luxury of modern civilization has meshed even them, and now Hindu pilgrims go their pilgrimages *by rail in special trains*, all castes sitting "cheek by jowl" without contamination! "Misery," we are told, "acquaints man with strange bedfellows"; so doth civilization. I remember seeing a wealthy Brahmin Rajah, owner of many acres, get out of a third class carriage at Lucknow. On asking him what made him, a man of rank and means, travel third class, he replied, "What! go first class? No, never again." Pressed for the reason, he said, "A few weeks back, I was returning from Barabanki to Lucknow, first class, and at Mulhor in got a British subaltern, who had been duck-shooting on the Chinhat lake. He chucked his birds and paraphernalia on the floor, took off his soaked 'pattis,' lay down full length on the opposite seat, and turned round to me and said, '*Mulo.*' I remonstrated, and tried to point out who I was; but his only reply was, 'Don't understand your *bát*. You just look *jaldi* and *mulo*, or I'll just *máro*. You ought to understand that; it's your own blooming jargon,' and down I had

to sit and *mulo* him all the way into Lucknow!"

It is impossible for this progress to have been going on steadily for half a century without a corresponding development of comfort begotten of increased wealth. Wealth of our creation, the enjoyment of which is dependent on our rule, this ought to work up for loyalty in the bulk, "for where a man's treasures (investments) are, there will his heart be also." As a matter of fact, in all the circumstances which are criteria of material, intellectual and moral progress, there has during the past half-century been quite a revolution.

Lucknow is now within a fortnight of London, can be reached by a pleasant sea trip, with the advantages of rubbing off the corners of one's exclusiveness and insularity, and polishing up one's geography of Malta, Egypt, the Red Sea and Aden, let alone getting a distant sight of Moses' Well, Mount Sinai, and Socotra, where some of the flotsam and jetsam of the Flood must have lodged, and a nearer view of flying fish, shoals of porpoise, and watching

"The phosphor sparks in the deep wave hollows
Lighten the line of our midnight way.

"And onward still to the broadening ocean,
Out of the narrow and perilous seas,
Till we rock with a large and listless motion
In the moist, soft air of the Indian breeze.

"And the Southern Cross, like a standard flying,
Hangs in the front of the tropic night,
As the Great Bear sinks, like a hero dying,
And the Pole Star lowers its signal light.

"And the round earth rushes toward the morning,
And the waves grow paler, and wan the foam."

And at the end of our sea voyage, the first glimpse in the early morning of Bombay's lovely harbour, the new sensation of mixing with peoples of many races and creeds innumerable, and not least of all one's pleasures, a wander round Lucknow in a climate between November and February, approached nowhere else on earth. Go and see, and judge for yourself. For

"Sounds which address the ear are lost, and die
In one short hour; but those which strike the eye
Live long upon the mind."

Chapter IV

FAMINE

"Passed as a dream! and the raindrops falling
Banish it, bury it far below;
Long green grasses are merrily calling,
'Where is the demon of famine now?'"

Pekin.

SITTING at home in one's easy armchair, I daresay a brief paragraph in the daily papers to the effect, "No rain has fallen in India," is passed over with far less concern than a paragraph to the effect that "partridges are scarce," or that "dry weather has damaged the grouse prospects." Here in England, where we have the rain always with us more or less, it is such an uninteresting subject. But in India, where the rainfall varies from six hundred inches a year in Cheripungi to three inches a year in Scinde, the very existence of the people depends on the regular and seasonable fall of rain. Failure of "the rains" in India spells Death.

Only imagine what famine in India means. It means that over an area of more square miles than the home-abiding Englishman can conceive, literally *millions* of human beings and cattle are passing through the horrors of starvation—their surroundings drought and desolation.

For the past century the Province of Oudh had apparently been free from the scourge of famine. In 1784 the province had suffered more from the influx of starving people from the North-Western Provinces raising prices, than from any local failure of crops. In 1837 there had been drought, but no failure of crops. In 1860–61 the crops were good, but heavy exports caused a rise in price, and consequent distress. The soil in Oudh is proverbially fertile; the province, situated at the foot of the Himalayas, is traversed by several rivers and streams; water is plentiful, and generally near the surface; and the country is well wooded, covered as it is by large forest tracts and many mango and tamarind groves, which in no small measure affect the rainfall. The absence of roads, the insecurity of those which did exist, the policy against exportation, and the transit fees levied by landowners on every cart

passing through their dominions, made the storing of surplus stock not only easy but profitable. The climate was moist, and cereals of all kinds were grown. There was a good deal of rice cultivation, but rice was not, as in Bengal, almost the only staple of food. As the water lay near the surface, wells could be sunk at a small cost, and the province abounded in *jheels*, or lakes, which afforded facilities for extensive and easy irrigation. The reasons, then, why Oudh had enjoyed so great an immunity from famine appear to be its geographical position, fertility of soil, water near the surface, country well wooded, protection by the native Government from the grain being carried off to other provinces, absence of roads checking the export of grain, and thereby checking local distress.

Old residents of Lucknow who have reached close on fourscore years have told me they could not call to mind a local famine. Questioned as to the reason, considering that famines in other parts of India had been only too frequent within the ken of those who had been in the country under a quarter of a century, they replied: "The immunity was due more to the Josephian' policy of the late Nawabi Govern-

ment than to Oudh's geographical position and the nature of the soil. It matters not," said they, "that such rivers as the Ganges and the Gogra flow through the province, and that such streams as the Gumti, the Sai, the Behta, the Sardha, the Saru, and the Rapti intersect the province. The protective and restrictive measures of the native Government, such as fixing the price of grain, prohibiting all exportation, rewarding importers and punishing exporters, disallowing the sale to any one at one time of more than one rupee's worth of grain, and taking the revenue in kind, preserved us in the past. It is your fine theory of free trade, the opening out of communications, and letting the banniah work his own wicked will, that have brought all the recent trouble on us." Of course they were wrong in the long run. They knew not Mill and political economy; they did not agree with Macaulay that, "excepting the alphabet and the printing press, no inventions have done so much for the moral and intellectual progress of man as those which abridge distance and improve the means of communication." But the history of the famine of 1877–78 should have proved to them the incalculable value of communications.

These, and these alone, made relief possible in many quarters. We all live and learn, and the native is learning that roads and railways are to a country what veins and arteries are to the human body—the regular channels through which courses the life-blood of traffic. He knows now that in 1895, had it not been for the imports into Oudh of the Punjab's large surplus stock by rail, Oudh would have been in the grip of as bad a time almost as in 1877–78.

Since the annexation of the province, roads and railways have been constructed, and every facility given to imports and exports. The putting down of thuggee and female infanticide, the introduction of pure water supplies into large towns, and systematic vaccination all over the country, the wholesale distribution of cholera pills and quinine, and other sanitary measures, have tended to increase the birth-rate and decrease the death-rate, thereby placing a heavier burden on the food area. During the ten years 1881–91 the population of India increased by a number exceeding the whole population of England! Our revenue system is somewhat inelastic, and I am afraid the complaint that denudation of forest and grove

lands, affecting, it may be, the rainfall, is partially true. We cannot put back the clock, and revert to the selfish, short-sighted methods of the Nawabi, to serve purely local interests. With easy and abundant means for exporting our produce to the best markets, each year sees, it is true, more land under crop for exportation than for home consumption; the "wobbling rupee" has come to lend its aid to shippers of wheat to gold-paying countries; and free trade restricts home storage. All this tends to keep up prices. However beneficial this may be to the country in general and to the producer in particular, it is a state of things that will entail a large amount of suffering on the urban populations and day labourers, considering there are no precious metals, coal, or iron in Oudh to stimulate the manufactures which in other countries support a crowded population. These facts account for the natives' view on free trade. The time will doubtless one day arrive when, with Necessity as their schoolmaster, articles now sent away in the raw material to be manufactured elsewhere, and brought back again, will be manufactured in India. When the country is fully supplied with its own manufactories, and labour is

drafted into such channels, *then*, and not till then, will the mass of the day-labouring classes cease from its present chronic state of straitened circumstances, approaching, with every rise in prices, to the verge of starvation. As Sir John Strachey truly remarks: "Improvement in the economical condition of the people, and diversity of occupation, are our best safeguards; but these can only be obtained by a long and gradual process." If only the people in this overcrowded part of India would migrate to places calling out for labour to turn the wilderness into a garden, the food problem would solve itself.

In May, 1877, having accumulated some privilege leave, I set off with a light heart for Naini Tal, breakfasted at Ranibagh, and rode quietly along shady roads, ever winding upwards through acres of rhododendrons and crimson creepers, amongst towering pines and oaks, past chattering monkeys and croaking ravens, over waterfalls, with the sound of rushing water and the murmur of bees in one's ears, until looking back, from some 5,000 feet above the sea, I saw the plains lying away in the distance, simmering in the midsummer heat, with here and there the silver streak of a white river

winding its way to the sea. All around me were banks of ferns, and soft green moss, and, above my head, orchids hanging from the boughs of broad-girt trees, and myriads of bright-coloured butterflies everywhere; and so on until the lake, lying nestled at the feet of the watchful hills, was reached—Cheena, Deopatha, and Ayapatha, towering aloft at the further end, their heads just touched by melting clouds. As, skirting the lake, I rode past the Assembly Rooms, feeling at rest and peace with all the world, I as little recked of what the near future had in store for me, as that the spot I then trod would, in a short three years, be buried in a landslip. A few short weeks, and but a few words: "No rain has fallen." July came, still the hot wind, the brazen sky, the ground hard as iron and cracked with heat, the fields bare, the ploughs idle, no grazing for the cattle, water shrinking in the wells. July wore on, no clouds, but heat like a furnace; things looked serious, all leave was cancelled, and back we were in the plains. On the way down the heat was intense; a lady travelling in the same train from Bareilly to Lucknow was a victim to heat apoplexy. On arrival at Lucknow I met the funeral party of a sergeant-

major of the R.A. He had been telling off a party to bury a gunner, who had died of heat apoplexy, and was himself knocked down and died of the same cause. August, that should have seen the face of the earth green with rice and millet, found the land sterile, and left it a desert. I was out in camp all August and September. September brought no change for the better; the river Gumti had the appearance of a sluggish trout stream, on the high-road to drying up altogether, pools and jheels *had* dried up, and many of the wells had failed:

"And round the empty wells
Brahmans, with tinkling bells,
Bore the bright gods; and yet there came no rain."

Skeletons of plough cattle were to be seen on every side. Bird life was silent: mangy-looking vultures with drooping heads were very much in evidence; village pariahs lay gasping on the empty threshing-floors; lean kine roamed about parched fields, where no germs of any fresh vegetable life were visible, or along the edge of dry jheels, picking up such withered leaves as they could find; antelopes, forsaking their old haunts, huddled in herds under such shade as the groves afforded, and died of thirst,

making one realize more vividly the depths of David's utterance, "As the hart panteth after the water-brooks." The only things that changed not were the scorching sun and the pitiless sky. So the days wore on—*that* harvest was clean gone. October was ushered in by the glaring sun, and the ploughs, which ought to have been turning over the soil for the winter sowings, were still idle, and the ploughmen were flocking to the relief works. Hope had fled, famine was inevitable, and a multitude stood patiently facing death.

"Palms by the temple tank,
Banyans by river bank,
Droop sere; and men pray day long for the rain."

If the winter rains came, they might give some little relief; but the facts had to be faced for another eight months, until the rainy season came round again, and faced they were by one and all: by the officials with energy; by the people patiently, without repinings. Ah, the patience of the native, it is marvellous! Call it fatalism if you will, it is heroic patience still.

Relief works and poor-houses and hospitals were opened all over the land, and the Indian peasant, whose joys are simple and few, found

of the rivers, making "the wilderness into a standing water, and dry ground into water-springs." How all faces lit up, and how, as by magic, nature responded, and earth once more broke into life. The grip of famine was loosened, the scourge that had so long prowled from village to village and house to house was banished, the shadow was lifted—men and women flocked to their villages, ploughs were yoked, the busy life of toil renewed, and we realized that

"Hope can rival the bamboo spiring,
Joy be blither than Yacca bells—
Here, O Father, our souls desiring,
Christen us, christen us out of Thy wells."

Chapter V

THE LOKIL SLUFF MICROBE (I.)

"'I've been here but a month,' replied
The Radical, 'but still
I've seen enough to let me know
What is the people's will,
And when I get back home again
I'll introduce a Bill.'"

Z. Q. A.

SOME twenty years ago Mr. Gladstone perpetrated one of his little jokes of genius, and sent out a complacent Viceroy to the East, with orders to withdraw our troops, which had, after a brilliant march from Kabul, and a glorious victory at the finish, just entered Kandahar. Of course the wisdom of this policy may be open to argument, but such men as Lord Napier of Magdala, Lord Roberts, and Sir Donald Stewart were opposed to it. We now know only by too terrible experience what the political cowardice of the Majuba-Hill-Convention-Scuttle-Policy has brought about; and some day we shall know what the Kandahar retreat will

have cost us. Close on this giving up of Kandahar followed the iniquitous Ilbert Bill, which attempted to extend the jurisdiction of rural Criminal Courts over Europeans, independently of the race or nationality of the presiding judge. It took a decade of the tact and statesmanship of a Dufferin and a Lansdowne to counteract the race antagonism wrought by this measure. Then followed the repeal of the Vernacular Press Act, a measure passed by Lord Lytton to restrain the *seditious native Press.* The subsequent evils caused by this policy we have felt, and are feeling still. For is not the native Press an exotic which fosters sedition, and racial and religious animosities? Moreover, the repeal of the Act was unnecessary, as by the law the Government had the power of suspending this measure by notification. After all these misfortunes, the unfortunate country had hoped to be saved further harassment, but this was not to be. Lord Ripon and his Council were overflowing with "a great idea," and this was "Representative Local Self-Government," or, as the natives termed it, "Lokil Sluff." From the enlightened Vakil and the emancipated Bachelor of Arts it received sycophantic flattery; but the nobility, the gentry, and the masses detested it as a

pitfall for their undoing, and said: "You force on us a system not only antagonistic to our sentiments, but foredoomed to failure; and then you will blame us for not performing the impossible." For two or three years this "great idea" was watered with adulation and manured with Resolutions; and then his lordship returned to a Marquisate and Yorkshire, and the Councillors to K.C.S.I.'s and the Secretary of State's Club at Whitehall. They did not leave the capacity for carrying out this "great idea" behind them, and it has not turned up yet. For close on twenty years a wondering public has been watching the experiment! And the result? Outside the Presidency towns the start was somewhat comical. In one district the hangman was sent up as a representative peasant; in another, a coolie loiterer about the courts was dragged in, and told to sit down at the Council table with the sahib and the assembled zemindars. A summarily impressed member, when asked, "what he considered his duties?" replied, "To speak the truth, and provide rations for the sahib's camp!" Full of meaning this reply, for those who can read the native mind. A municipality, freed from European control, passed the following resolu-

tions: "No low-caste person to be allowed to enter the Brahmin quarters." "No butchers to be allowed to live within municipal limits." I might enumerate any number of such cases, but these instances will suffice. This kind of thing was too much for the zemindars, so gradually the old respectable leaven dropped out. Everywhere the high-caste natives refused to sit at the same board with a "chamar" or a "teli." It was too expensive a luxury in the matter of ablutions and fines for re-entering the lost caste; and when a high-caste man returned home, after making one of a bench with low outcasts, it caused ructions in the zenana. So honest, respectable rusticity would have none of it. In this millennium the zemindar and the teli would *not* sit on the same bench, nor would the thakur and the chamar lie down together. In the beginning officials were warned that their efficiency would be judged by the zeal they displayed in furthering the cause the Government had at heart; hence, in some localities, municipalities were formed in a haphazard manner, against the distinct wishes of the inhabitants; but the discontent raised was so loud, and the disrepute brought on the system so great, that these mushroom municipalities were disestab-

lished. There are knocking about up and down India municipalities to the tune of 800 or so, more or less harmful—nests for sinecures, and hotbeds of corruption. Then there are the District Boards, or rural County Councils; but these are harmless, as they are not taken seriously, and are never allowed any funds to carry out any project they may meet to resolve on. So long as they have no definite sources of income, and no independent control, they cannot do much harm. The exotic lingered listlessly for a time until the originators of this "great idea" went "one better," and evolved the "representative elective principle," and the C.I.E. Rai Bahadur Khan Bahadur bribe! and behold the men who refused to sit at the same board as the leather-worker and the oil-man had to go, shoes off, turban in hand, to the chamar and the teli if they wanted to sit down at all. They don't like it. Is this to be wondered at? Amongst the respectable upper-class natives and the masses no word can be found to express the colossal folly of this "great idea." "Representation," they say, "by 'Elective Boards' in a caste-ridden continent of whole-hearted Orientals, a country of creeds innumerable and races manifold, at pre-

sent politically two thousand years behind Western nations—a continent of 350,000,000, in round numbers, out of whom not 20,000,000 in the aggregate can read and write! 'Bah!'"

"Two-thirds of the people," say they, "are born in a caste, marry in it, eat and drink in it, and live in it apart from others; hence the individual is not able to act alone. So long as caste exists, it is impossible for the majority of the people to be truly free; and what is the value of a vote to a man when he is not free, and has not the power to enforce it? All Mahomedans, and many Hindus, see plainly that to which you persistently shut your eyes, that if in this caste-ridden country you, for the sake of an idea, like the 'representative elective principle,' loosen your hold on the masses, the rulers of caste are enabled to tighten their grip, and thus the people are less, not more, free."

"What is the use of votes without power? In India are all men equal? Populated Bengal may under this 'idea' out-vote the sparsely populated Punjab, but it would never turn out and fight Sikhs and Pathans to accomplish its will. What nonsense this bowing the knee to votes! Do you suppose the Brahman will ever

consent to the low-class sweeper having an equal vote, or the proud rajput value his vote at no more than that of the greasy teli? The dumb millions want peace, not votes." This is what the upper-class natives and the masses say.

The present so-called "Representative Local Self-Government" is not a growth of the people's desire, but an exotic manufactured first and foremost for a party cry at home. It is artificial, not real, and its defects are radical and in principle. The so-called "local bodies," so far from being backed by popular will, are looked upon as calamities.

And the result—the result? As the landed proprietors, the native gentlemen, the large traders, and the respectable shop-keepers would have none of it, the public have been handed over to the kind representation of pleaders, schoolmasters, and medical practitioners—failures in their own particular line. *Græculi esurientes*, a minority, the product of our system of education, whose interests are antagonistic to the general community, a class from whom are recruited the editors of a press, whose chief aim is to render the Government odious to the people, members of the Congress

and Cow-Protection Society, who, now "dressed in a little brief authority," make themselves to their fellow-man "the sorest, surest ill." And the public don't like it. Is there anything to be surprised at in this? What have these so-called representatives done to justify either themselves or the "great idea"? Take, for instance, two of the leading subjects with which the Boards have to deal—"Sanitation" and "Taxation."

Sanitation in a country of plague, endemic cholera, and epidemic small-pox is an important matter. Ask any one who has been in India what first struck him most in the native portions of large towns and in native villages far away in the out-districts? I expect his answer would be, "The one thing common to both towns and villages was an odour peculiar to the East"; and this he would describe as "an odour mixture made up of goats, donkeys, bullocks, cow-dung, garlic, rancid butter, and decaying refuse, with a streak of open sewage drain to give it pungency." The odour is a speciality of the East. After a time you get accustomed to it, and well mixed in a warm atmosphere, more or less smothered in dust, it is not as bad as it looks on paper. I remember

a critic once writing of this flavour that "by smelling a musk rat through a bunch of garlic an idea of it might be arrived at, but hardly more"; he said it was like a "Ginx's baby" with a whole parish of parents. The native, be it remembered, loathes sanitation, revels in his pestiferous surroundings, impurities of ages defiling the soil in the immediate vicinity of his dwellings; loves his sewage-soaked wells, his walls clotted with filth, his courtyard drains choked with refuse, and his small, ill-ventilated, over-crowded hovel, utterly callous as to whether his ablutions are performed in clean water or in pools of slightly diluted sewage. This heritage of over three thousand years has to be attacked by the Representative Boards, the members of which apparently prefer plague and pestilence to the expenses and worries of sanitary reforms. Under ordinary circumstances, to find and apply any remedy in such a case is by no means an easy matter. The state of affairs above described sets enthusiastic sanitary reformers' hair on end. Looking at the matter merely from their point of view, they say that the difficulties fall into three classes: ignorance and prejudice, a want of efficient executive agency, and want of funds.

This is a one-sided view; it takes no account of the poverty of the masses; it attributes to ignorance and prejudice practices really dictated by economical and industrial considerations; it ignores actual conditions of agricultural life; one might as well tell the peasant, with no clothing to speak of but a blanket, to change his clothes when he returns home from weeding waist-deep in a rice-swamp during a rainy day, as tell him, as the enthusiasts do, to remove his dung-heap outside the village. They might as well tell the "engineer-in-charge"—

> "To keep the Menai Bridge from rust,
> By boiling it in wine."

They forget that the practice they rail against is dictated by economical and industrial conditions, and is, in fact, a practical necessity to the agriculturist, however appalling it may appear when looked at from over a sanitary official's nose, by a man who has spent his days in patenting an anti-syphon cistern and his nights in elaborating a dry-earth closet. The peasant considers that any interference with his private dung-heap is an infringement of a prescriptive right. Who says a house tax? Only fancy a village house tax all over India.

In Oudh and parts of the North-Western Province, as it is, the people are huddling together, 700 to the square mile; and what is required is more elbow-room; to introduce a house tax would only add to the evil of overcrowding, and where is the agency for assessing and collecting such an impost? The natives' language regarding direct taxation for local purposes uses up all his abuse for his own and his wife's female relatives, and "isn't fit for publication even in expurgated form."

No conceivable sanitary measure can alter the special climatic conditions of heat, moisture and variations of temperature to which the country is exposed; nor would it stop men working in the water in the rice-swamps, with a strong sun overhead; and these are the real causes of the chief disease—*fever*, which carries off its tens of thousands where other diseases carry off their hundreds. Scientists may fume, talk over Secretaries innocent of any district experience, and the Government may issue reams of regulations; but the native *knows* that the hard realities of life are not so easily solved, he realizes that with taxes, court fees, and police interference, the people have more worries than enough as it is, and he plainly tells you that

low diet, insufficient food and shelter, have as much, and more, to do with mortality than unsanitary surroundings, and that there is no agency to enforce such measures. The scientist "riles, the Aryan smiles," sits tight, and passively obstructs. Expresses deference to the enthusiast's theories, but does not offer his co-operation to put these theories into practice. Take all the Municipalities and District Boards all over India, and say what has been done by the native alone, unaided, in this matter of sanitation? What has been done, has been done by the district officer single-handed, in spite of the elected representatives. The knowledge and the personal influence of the district officer has come in as a buffer between enthusiasts and secretariats and the people; and cautiously, according to circumstances and local requirements, he has done, and is doing, what he can to mitigate the present apathy of the masses; but the "great idea" of a representative system which has never produced any representative men, is a by-word. The only interest the "elected representative" takes in the Conservancy Department is to use the Conservancy bullocks to work in his private garden, and draw water from his well for the

use of his household. The only thing that relieves the situation for some of the European chairmen of these Boards, is the grotesque humour of some of the native members. Take the following instance: The Naini Tal Municipality imported a couple of swans, which soon increased in number. Shortly after, some one suggested to the Board that if it imported half a dozen Venetian gondolas they would not only add to the picturesque appearance of the lake, but also be a source of income. Estimates of the cost of purchasing six gondolas were procured, and it was found that the price was more than the municipality could afford. On this, one of the native members of the Board said, that if they could not get six, they might, at least, get one pair; and in the natural course of things, they would in time increase and multiply as the swans had done. This is a small matter. What *is* deplorable, is that a seat on the Board is not sought merely with the object of doing disinterested service for the good of the town and the electors, but for personal interested motives. It is a fact, admitted even by native prints, that thriving vakils, wealthy mahajans, and others who have gained seats, are practically

doing everything to bring Local Self-Government into disrepute. Education has given these men the "gift of the gab," but has not taught them their duty to themselves, the people, or the Government. I have known of earnest, intelligent men set aside for vakils and schoolmasters because the former voted for the water supply and proper sanitary measures. What so-called representative Local Self-Government *has done*, has been to set up cliques, foment disputes, cause dissensions, and heartburnings, which are separating class from class. The only remedy is to "hark back" and appoint the district officer as chairman to the Board, with his European assistant as a member of the Board, to superintend the sanitation and the proper collection of the taxes, to appoint a properly paid, full-time secretary, and independent, expert, outside auditors, until such time as the members show their fitness to manage the affairs of their municipalities. Calcutta, the capital of India, the seat of Government, the home of the Bengali Babu, one of our largest trade centres, the oldest municipality in India, is from recent proceedings still a bit tottery—the city fathers sighing and moaning—

"Municipalities all the world over
(Some too in Heaven when we get there),
Angel committees around us hover,
Hey! our Municipal Bill so fair."

Here you see the product in the "green tree." Imagine as best you can what it must be in the "dry tree" of out-districts. An advanced native thinker recently said at a social conference: "Both Hindus and Mahomedans lack many of those virtues represented by the love of order and regulated authority. Both are wanting in the appreciation of the municipal freedom, in the exercise of virtues necessary for civic life and in aptitudes for mechanical skill, in the love of science and research, in the love of daring, of adventurous discovery, the resolution to master difficulties, and in chivalrous respect for womankind." How much more advantageous it would be for all concerned, if the Government encouraged educated India to concentrate its efforts on removing the causes of this reproach, rather than throwing obstacles in the way, like "the Local Elective principle," which only tend to wranglings, disputes, dissensions, disruption, and discontent.

Chapter VI

THE LOKIL SLUFF MICROBE (II.)

"The Bill was introduced, and passed
By twenty-one to four—
M.P.'s displayed as much concern
As they had done before.
'Only an India Bill,' they said,
And didn't care a straw."

Z. Q. A.

IN the previous chapter I tried to point out what had been done by the local representative of Lord Ripon's creation in the matter of sanitation. Now let us for a moment briefly follow his tactics in the matter of *local taxation*. The chief tax in rural municipalities is an octroi; this tax is levied on certain articles intended for local consumption, it is taken from the importer at certain posts, as the articles enter the barriers. The native loathes a direct tax, as much as he loathes sanitation; he infinitely prefers any kind of indirect tax to a direct tax; he does not object to a light octroi, as it is paid in infinitesimal sums of

which he is almost unconscious, and is so light as hardly to be detected on the price lists. I have known a trader import wheat into Lucknow, paying tax on it, and at the same time pass another consignment of wheat through on a free pass to a neighbouring country mart, and sell the grain which had paid octroi, and that which had not, at the same price. The tax falls on the producer, the trader and the consumer. The members of the Municipal Board belong to the trader and consumer class, and as far as they can help themselves and their friends to evade the tax, they do. They show an unhealthy aptitude for resorting to every artifice that ingenuity can devise to multiply sinecures and facilitate corruption. Their motto is "Better to be a knave in one's own interest than honest for your neighbour's good." To them, dishonesty spells prosperity. These are truly representative tactics in India. They consider they are Board members, not so much to look after this branch of administration, as to help themselves and their friends and relations. One or two instances will explain what I mean. A native gentleman from Ajmere wrote as follows to the *Pioneer*:—

"Ever since the introduction of this so-called

Local Self-Government affairs are going from bad to worse day by day. No notice taken of maladministration; the town is a depository of filth and dirt. Our secretary has walked off with the municipal collections." Now have a look at the Barnagore Municipality in Bengal. It is a fair sample of a board divested of European guidance. The auditor reported, "that bills had been paid, but not credited; that the amounts of quarterly tax entered in the register had been erased in their entirety; that the Board allowed the municipal overseer 25 per cent. on all fines imposed by the bench of magistrates under the bye-laws." How Barnagore must have loved Local Self-Government! All the unfortunate residents who did not pay the municipal overseer not to prosecute them, were prosecuted, sentenced, fined, and 25 per cent. of the fines went to the municipal overseer—so it was clearly a case of "heads I win, tails you lose" for that overseer. I wonder what the bench of magistrates' share was in the loot? If you want to know the kind of representatives boards are made up of, look at what happened at Lahore! A chuprassy of the Montgomerie Institute was returned as member of a suburb. This mem-

ber's occupation previously had been dusting books, and putting up lawn-tennis nets. Do you think Lahore was thirsting for the franchise that made the suburb return an ordinary chuprassy?

Next look at Fyzabad, a town of 90,000 inhabitants with a purely native Municipal Board. A native paper, *The Advocate*, recently said, "Fyzabad has specially disgraced itself. Party spirit has made the people blind to the true interests of the country." The octroi posts are filled up with the members' relatives, who keep carts and men and women waiting at the barriers until paid a fee to let them pass. I have known members purchase large quantities of grain outside municipal limits, and bring the produce in, in their carts, which are passed in free by their relatives at the barriers. Thus they show their appreciation of the "great idea." I have known a member send off 2,000 maunds of grain in 1,000 bags by rail from Lucknow to Cawnpore, pay freight on 2,000 bags and 4,000 maunds, and have a friend at Cawnpore to give a receipt for 2,000 bags. Why? Because the rate per bag for freight was two pice per maund, whereas the refund he obtained on the railway receipt

voucher from the municipal funds was three pice per maund; and this honest (?) representative might have been a member of the refund committee. Members are not allowed to contract for works within their municipality; but it is no uncommon thing for members of the Finance and Works' Committees to apply for contracts under fictitious names, sanction these applications, obtain the contracts, sub-let them at a higher rate, and sit as a board of inspection on the skimped work of the sub-contractors, and pass them as satisfactory! A municipality farmed out the contract for collecting tolls on its pontoon bridge. That year the rains failed, and the river became fordable a short distance from the bridge. The village people bringing supplies to the town, naturally preferred fording the river to paying the bridge toll. The contractor, who was losing money, went to the secretary of the Board to try and get off his contract. The latter, an intelligent native, who had been made a Rai Bahadur for his services, seeing his opportunity, let the contractor off his bargain for a consideration, and took the contract himself, under a fictitious name. He then got the municipal dredger to work, and dredged the ford at night. Next morning,

some old women, carrying head loads, started for the city as usual, and in fording the river, stepped into this "Boer trap" and were drowned. This did not trouble the mild Hindu secretary—quite the reverse; he rejoiced in the thought that he had scored off the contractor, besides making the bridge pay!

I remember a wealthy opium contractor, a member of the Municipal Board, who was caught, tried, and convicted of smuggling his opium into the municipality. He fared worse than the astute secretary, for he was fined heavily, and lost his seat on the Board. He did not mind losing his seat on the Board so much as losing his rupees, and future opportunity of showing in his own peculiar way his appreciation of Local Self-Government. How is it this farce of Local Self-Government has gone on so long? Because, in rural districts, the district officer came to the rescue. He allowed the Government to play with names, and for form's sake, he kept up the fiction of constitutional discussion and resolutions; but he continued to go on as before, and run the whole show himself, announced what had to be done, and unanimously resolved that this was passed. The native members agreed, not even knowing or

caring what subject was under so-called discussion, and quite unable to understand anything about the matter had they known what the subject under discussion was. The Boards and municipal committees were grateful to their chairman, and matters did not come to a standstill. In the Presidencies and larger municipalities, like Lucknow and Agra, guidance and direction were not so easy. How, then, have they worked? Well, we know at Bombay, when the plague first became rampant, the native members of the Board were paralyzed; later on they fled. At Agra, the Board had to be temporarily disestablished, because they had been appropriating the octroi proceeds, and matters had to be put straight, and the work had to be done by a single European official. The Lucknow chairman could probably tell some blood-curdling tales of peculation. Benares and Cawnpore have shown us that "things are not as they seem" from the view of Government Reports. At Calcutta a Lieutenant-Governor recently told the Board pretty plainly that they were impracticable, and that their administration was a scandal. If such is the state of things in the "green tree" of presidencies and capitals, ought not the

district officers to be commended for having saved the "dry tree" of out-districts from even a worse state of affairs? A return for the past fifteen years of convictions of members, and servants of Boards relatives of such members, for peculation and malversation, would be a revelation. In the matter of municipal direct taxes, such as License Tax and House Tax, it would be found that the rich had been excluded, or let off lightly, and that the unfortunate poor had been over-assessed, or fined heavily in bribes to be assessed according to their means. All the assessments of direct taxes are mere guess work, tempered by the information of spiteful enemies. The whole system is rotten, and a crying scandal. Representative Government is a purely Western invention, which has not been an unqualified success even in the West. The experiment was doomed to failure in the East. Surely a representative system which has no representative men, stands self-condemned.

Of another "great idea," "The Majuba Hill Convention," Lord Rosebery recently said: "Without attempting to judge that policy, I am bound to state my profound conviction that there is no conceivable Government

in this country which could repeat it." Would that it could be said of this "great idea," "Representative elective principle for India," the younger brother of that "infamous betrayal of national interests," the Majuba Hill Convention, begotten of the same parents, that there was no conceivable Government in this country which would perpetuate this mistake. The principle may be all right in the abstract, but the people are not yet far enough advanced to be able to practically manage their own affairs. By all means do everything in our power to educate the people up to managing their own local affairs. Test the system in Presidency towns and Capitals of Provinces, where you have an active press and some kind of public opinion, and when other localities show any aptitude and desire for Local Self-Government; then let political power follow, as it can be safely conceded. Bearing in mind, that changes in national habits to be permanent must be of gradual development, and cannot be forced against the people's will. If the idea is ever to work, it must filter downwards from large and important centres; it will not filter upwards, any more than water will run uphill of itself. In such matters extreme caution, toleration

and sympathy with the social peculiarities, and religious prejudices of the people concerned are needed. India is hardly the place to try hazardous experiments. It is only by a slow, gradual process and lengthened experience that the form of government in England has become representative. Whereas India is at present, politically, in an elementary condition, centuries behind any European nation. To thrust Local Self-Government on the natives, who did not want it, and were unable to properly exercise it in the slightest degree, was to do not only what was pernicious, but what was politically foolish. When the scheme was first introduced, Mr. Seton-Karr, who knew India, said: "It runs counter to all the soundest traditions and precedents, is in itself heavily insured for discredit and failure, and deliberately excludes all considerations of the conditions, habits, divisions, and disabilities of the whole native community." That is the whole matter in a nutshell. I remember once reading an article by a foreign critic on this question of Local Self-Government for India, in which he asked the following question: "Does not the same principle apply in sociology as in natural history, that the mind cannot any more than the body

raise itself from a rudimentary state except through a series of intermediate stages?" *Natura non facit saltum*, and in this as in other matters it is best to follow the natural way.

The India of to-day is not only about where we were in the Middle Ages, but it is separated from us by a series of gulfs of difference in feelings, views, and beliefs, and yet there are those who would have us believe that that which answers for our needs must perforce suit the natives of India. These same people want to make believe that they really think that the editors of a clamorous native Press, a few Bengali babus, a certain number of young men educated at our colleges, all of whom have only their own interests at heart, represent the masses of India. If they really do believe anything of the kind themselves, one can only pity their crass ignorance. As a fact, the masses, and men of independent thought, good birth, position, education, and the vast majority, at present, place greater value on nomination by the representatives of Government than election by their own khitmutgars, mukhtears, grocers and oilmen. They plainly tell you that representatives of the so-called "dumb millions" are not reared in the hotbeds of Calcutta, Bombay,

Madras, Allahabad, and Lucknow, from the seed of Press editors, pleaders, and precocious school-boys, with a smattering of English. To say the people of India have no hand in their government is to say what is not true. There are native judges in the High Courts, the majority of district judges are natives, there are ten times as many native magistrates as European magistrates. Over 90 per cent. of the inspectors and sub-inspectors of police are natives. The police force is mainly native. The Education, the Excise, the Salt, the Forest, the Opium, and Revenue Departments are all managed by natives. Over 95 per cent. of the office clerks are natives. A small handful of Europeans direct, control, and supervise, but the actual government is entirely in native hands. It has all along been our policy to educate the natives towards this end; we have promised the people a share in their own government, and have faithfully kept this promise. Right and justice are on the side of this policy. This is a very different matter from Representative Local Self-Government. Under the present policy, as Mr. Stevens truly remarks, "The verdict is black against native self-government," the advocates of which are at present on their trial.