Many local bodies are under a cloud, and some are quite discredited. Are not the natives highly conservative? Of course I don't use the word in a political sense at all, but as anxious to preserve, tenacious in clinging to their ancient customs, ideas, and institutions; opposed to innovation and change. Do not the masses teem with superstition and ignorance? Are they not a people whose Oriental credulity is simply infinite? Are they not easily imposed upon? All this must be allowed. Again, is not India a vast continent where plague, famine, and pestilence are prevalent? Are there not often seasons of agricultural depression? Is it true, or is it not true, as Ali Baba says, "that famine is the horizon and insufficient food the foreground of the cultivator and the day labourer," that is, 80 per cent. of the population? I doubt if this can be denied. Is it impossible that a day may come when on the top of all this we may be faced with grave political complications? If such a day should arrive, the "elected representative" will use the dispossessed, debt-ridden, half-starving peasantry as a lever against the British Government, just as Kruger, for his own greed, has used the ignorant, down-trodden burgher. To some of

us on the spot, acquainted with the people, the idea of primary education with technical and industrial schools, a less rigid and more elastic revenue system, social rather than political reforms, fixity of tenure, assuring to each man with the utmost attainable certainty the fruit of his labour, would be real boons. Representative Local Self-Government is a calamity. Were Representative Local Self-Government in India, *in its entirety*, within the range of practical politics, all would be its ardent supporters. Of this policy, a noted French critic said: "The worse enemy of England placed upon the throne of India could not have done a more grave hurt to the Imperial power than Lord Ripon."

Chapter VII

THE GAORAKSHANI SABHA, OR COW-PROTECTION SOCIETY

"As you define it, liberty
Means doing as you choose,
In calm oblivion of the claims
Of other men: such views
Well suit the self-complacency
Of Bengali babus."

Z. Q. A.

SOME eight or nine years ago India was agitated over the kine-killing question. The religious aspect of the question is always the same, and whether it breaks out violently or remains quiescent depends entirely on secular causes. During the latter part of 1892, and in the earlier part of 1893, the agitation assumed unpleasant proportions, and was worked with exceptional vigour. It was taken up by organized associations, mass meetings were held, speeches delivered, paid lecturers to itinerate the land and agitate the question were employed. These itinerant lecturers were the most active promoters of the movement. Num-

crous pamphlets, leaflets and pictures, calculated to inflame men's minds and stimulate religious animosity, were scattered broadcast all over the country, and the expenses for this agitation were met by compulsory contributions from all Hindus, under penalty of exclusion from caste. It was a high day for the holy fakir, who, naked as usual, save for a yellow rag round his loins, smeared from head to foot with cow-dung ashes, his clotted hair hanging down his back, made a kind of "Hospital Sunday Collection" for himself all over the Provinces. The action of these societies and preachers not only assumed a character dangerous to the public peace, but directly aimed at the overthrow of the British Government by the attempts made to oust the jurisdiction of our civil and criminal courts. By forcibly taking from lawful custody cattle which did not belong to them, roving bands resisted the civil power openly and defiantly, and, in fact, waged a kind of civil war. I will instance some cases which came under my own observation, and trace the progress of the movement in the North-Western Provinces and Oudh, which will show the subversive and rebellious, revolutionary and disloyal character of the league.

In January, 1893, some Mahomedans were driving 50 head of cattle along the Queen's highway. The cattle were being driven to be sold to some commissariat contractors. The men in charge of the cattle were assaulted, driven away, the cattle seized and carried off. The police who interfered were attacked, the cattle were never recovered or restored to the possession of their lawful owners. On another occasion 300 head of cattle, on their way to Benares through the Fyzabad district, were carried off, the drivers assaulted and grievously injured; and during all this time, over hundreds of miles of country, the trunks of trees were being smudged with slimy mud—a fact which gave the authorities a peg to hang many theories on, all more or less fanciful and erroneous, when probably the village pig, wallowing in the slime of the village pond, and the pranks of wicked youths "pulling the sirkar's leg" had as much to do with these smudge-marks as anything else. This lawlessness was in full swing all over the eastern districts of the North-Western Provinces and Oudh, culminating in serious riots in the Azamghar district, which were immediately due to the influence of these cow-protection societies, and their vigorous propaganda. The poten-

tialities of the situation became somewhat alarming. Troops had to be despatched in hot haste to quell the disturbances, and the Lieutenant-Governor had to hurry off to Azamghar from his cool retreat at Naini Tal to see to things with his own eyes. The report of the magistrate of Gorruckpur showed that the first move in the North-west of India was made in that district, where a Convention was held in the interior of the district, and the meeting addressed by certain leading Hindu firebrands. A paper containing proposed rules was circulated, and copies distributed to the meeting. A copy of what is known as the "cow picture" was placed on the platform. This picture was most insidiously devised. It represented a cow, in whose body all the Hindu gods were depicted as residing. A calf was at her udder, and a woman sat before the calf holding a bowl waiting for her turn. The woman was labelled "The Hindu." Behind the cow, above her tail, was a representative of *Krishna*, labelled *Dharmraj*, and in front of the cow, above her head, was a man with a drawn sword, labelled *Kaliyug*. A confiding Hindu, who was found with one of these pictures in his posses-

sion, expatiated to the magistrate on its meaning: "The Hindu must only take the cow's milk after the calf has been satisfied."

"In the *Dharmraj* of *Satyug* no Hindu could kill a cow, but the *Kaliyug* is bent upon killing the cow and exterminating kine. As every man drinks cow's milk, just as he, as an infant, has drawn milk from his mother, the cow must be regarded as the universal mother. It is matricide to kill a cow. Nay, more, as all the gods dwell in the cow, to kill a cow is to insult every Hindu." The effect of this symbolical teaching on the rustic mind may be readily conceived, and to the Hindu the symbol had in everything displaced the symbolized entity. The Mahomedans were everywhere excited, because they heard a picture was in circulation representing a Mahomedan with a drawn sword sacrificing a cow, and this they considered an insult. The evil wrought by this picture is obvious. It was issued by order of a councillor of the Convention from Hardwar. The rules proposed at the meeting, and widely circulated, were highly plausible, quite "Krugerite," and purposely imperfectly disclosed the organization for the working of the league. You had to read between the lines not to be

deceived by the cloud of dust raised in another direction. The whole of the Hindu population was driven into the league's arms by the tyranny of caste; for its grasp was so powerful that every man, woman, and child had to openly or secretly contribute to its funds, and accept its sway, or cease to be a Hindu. It may be said, as it has been said, and truly said, that at first the movement was ostensibly directed towards treating dumb animals kindly, a kind of Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. I will not deny that the *ostensible* objects of this movement were innocent, and even laudable—ostensible objects usually are. But very soon these societies passed out of voluntary associations, and assumed the organization of a league, aimed in a bigotrous and intolerant spirit against all Mahomedans, but directed, in particular, against the British Government. This was really the gist of the rules passed by the league, and the subversion of the law and interference with the courts was what they aimed at. Under the side issue of "the cow," liberty was to be set at nought; no man was free to live but by the leave of this league, and on the conditions it permitted; progress and civilization were to be wiped out, the hands

of the clock were to be put back. Here, sure enough, was something very like "*the old issue.*" "Suffer not the old king, for well we know the breed." A cow is in India an animal which a Mahomedan is entitled to hold as his property, and over which he is entitled to exercise all the lawful rights of an owner; and as long as he, in dealing with his own property, does not, in the exercise of his rights of ownership, commit an offence, the Government must protect him, and not allow any other self-constituted authority to interfere with him in the exercise of those rights. The league were quite ready to accept this maxim as far as Hindus were concerned, but evidently could not, or would not, see why the Mahomedans should have the same benefit.

The British Government undertakes to protect and to ensure liberty to all classes of men, of all races and of all creeds, under its dominion. The laws are made for the protection of all classes alike, and they don't recognise any exception in the case of any particular denomination. It is no less a theft because a Hindu deprives a Mahomedan of his property under the influence of so-called religious prejudices. The British Government has no preju-

dices, and takes no sides, but it will take good care to see that no class is allowed to oppress or injure the other. This, under the circumstances, the Hindu did not approve of; he wanted, like some of our clergy, to be "a law unto himself." The "Cow" question will always be with us, for the time has not come when the "Cow" and the "Crescent" will lie down together, and Tommy Atkins go without his beefsteak. It may be, it probably will be, the question of the future of India, and run a neck to neck race with the Famine question. Having hustled the Juggernath Car off the stage, having put down Suttee, suppressed Thuggee, made the practice of female infanticide too precarious, supplied large towns with pure water and villages with Condy's Fluid for cleansing their wells, vaccinated the millions against small-pox, flooded the country with cholera pills, and made quinine and chinchona household words, how is the ever-increasing population to be fed? Both subjects, "Cow" and "Famine," with others equally important, will keep an ordinary G.G. fairly occupied when not annexing Provinces or entertaining titled "globe-trotters." The only remedy for the food question is migration;

but the "Aryan Brown" objects to this. There are vast tracts of fertile soil in India awaiting the cultivator, but the cultivator won't leave his home and go to the land. In this era of germs and antidotes, can no one discover an anti-toxin fatal to the Indian-anti-migration microbe? If only the Indian would learn to migrate to tracts where spare lands abound, he would solve the Famine problem all by himself, without the aid of the Indian Government. The only attitude the Government can assume towards the "Cow" question is one of firm but perfect impartiality, and to act strictly up to the principle laid down in the Royal Proclamation taking over India from the East India Company, "that none are in anywise favoured, none molested or disquieted by reason of their religious faith and observances, but that all alike shall enjoy the equal and impartial protection of the law." This sounds good enough to keep the "Cow" and the "Hindu" in line, if only acted up to, for the "Cow" question has for its high priest the Bengali baboo. The Bengali baboo is essentially a man of words and phrases, but when it comes to action, he invariably

"Shins it up the pipul tree
Until the clouds roll by."

Macedonian levies, Tartar hordes, the armies of Islam, Mahratta conquerors, and Pindari marauders, swept over the land, passed away, and left the masses still the same. The Hindu went his way as before, and quietly absorbed and assimilated the lot —hordes, armies, and conquerors. Will he assimilate us too in like manner? The impact he is now experiencing of civilization is somewhat different from the yoke of armed barbarians. New, silent, unseen influences are enveloping him. Other voices than those of war, rapine, and tumult are appealing to him directly and indirectly, consciously and unconsciously. After earthquakes and fiery upheavals of centuries, "a still small voice" —and, in spite of himself, listen he must. Two centuries of contact with Western thought, the spread of education, the telegraph, the railway, easy locomotion and rapid communication, are lifting the veil, and, as was to be naturally expected, there are signs of unrest. "The reveries of the recluse, absorbed in abstract thought or dumb contemplation of the dead past, are everywhere giving way to a

spirit of public activity; yearnings of a new life are slowly leavening the whole mass." Some say it is discontent, bred of education. It may be admitted that the whole system of higher education in India is radically vicious in plan, for the principles governing the system are not based on either expediency or common sense—a system which does nothing towards building up the character of youth at the most impressionable age. "Oriental languages pine in the cold shade of official neglect, ripe Sanskrit and Arabic scholars starve on a pittance," while thousands of youths are crammed, parrot-like, with information of no possible value save to make them writers of seditious articles in the native Press, and thousands of vakils crib through law examinations so as to bleed the public and bring justice into disrepute; the generous, free-hearted, liberal offer of Mr. Tata, to found and endow an Institute of Research for India, if wisely handled, ought to give the country a lead in the right direction. We are told by the wise man "that in the multitude of counsellors there is safety"; at the same time, we know from experience that "too many cooks spoil the broth," and self interest warns us

that each "cook" will plump for his own recipe. May the guides with whom the decision lies decide wisely. Others say it is a religious reaction: religion has always played a prominent part in India; but to assert that religion fosters a spirit of hatred towards a Government where all religions are equally allowed a free hand is ridiculous. Others say that it is the love of the old clashing with the dislike of the new: this, at most, is a temporary passing flutter, due in some small measure to Professor Max Muller's and others' sentimental ideas, that the West has to learn wisdom from a defunct East. To this the natural reaction will come. Others attribute it to plague measures, conflicting with native prejudices. Others to the Congress; poor Congress! It is an adept in the art of disguising, under protestations of loyalty, silly ideas it cannot comprehend. It is more sinned against than sinning; it talks a great deal of nonsense, and does not open its purse-strings to its Humes and its Wedderburns; but it means well, and does ill, because it takes as its guides discontented, declamatory Englishmen, who, when not actually disloyal, are at best conceited faddists with personal grievances; they

are thoroughly understood, and may be practically disregarded. The character of the proceedings of these self-elected delegates of the Congress is too puerile and inane to be treated seriously. For we know that the same man who on Congress platforms and similar places poses as an advocate for progress is the veriest worm in his own home, and falls back into an orthodox non-progressive Hindu under the eyes of his women-folk. The latest effort of this assembly shows it up as an unpractical and impracticable body, incapable of grasping the first principles of administration.

The real cause of this general unrest is deeper, and involves wider issues. India is in the birth-throes of an awakening out of the torpor of centuries. We are witnessing the beginnings of an upward struggle. The breath of life is passing over "the valley of dry bones, and, behold, a shaking." It is not a case of India for the Indians, or India for the English; but of India herself seeking for light, and freedom, and truth. There is nought to be alarmed at. What else should we expect? We have, in spite of ourselves, been silently, but surely, pressed on from one stage to another until the whole continent from Chitral

to Mandalay has felt the impact of the levelling tendencies of the British rule. We are but the "stewards of the judgment." All we have to do is to be faithful to our trust, profiting by past experience, making where possible concessions to temporary opinion in a spirit of fair compromise, remembering that, politically, India is some centuries behind her rulers, and to move forward cautiously towards necessary reforms.

Progress and freedom are not obtained by mealy-mouthed platitudes, or cowardly whinings to leave ill alone, because "time shall cure." Progress of any kind is won by struggle, not by merely sitting down and looking on. The mandate is not our own, but that of a Higher Power, and even if we could, we dare not disobey. In proportion as a Nation we realize the consciousness of our destiny, our sense of duty to all men, and our responsibility in the sight of God, so far as we run square and straight, we need not fear the power of any adversaries either within or without our borders. For we know, the intelligence of India knows, the masses know, and the world knows, though jealousy precludes it from outwardly admitting it, that our rule in India is

broader based than force alone, that it is based on sympathy and a desire to give to all the freedom and liberty we ourselves enjoy.

What more can we desire, what better labour for, than, by mutual confidence and joint participation, to bind England, Canada, Australia, India, Africa, and all our colonies and dependencies, into one vast glorious Empire for the extension of political, social, and religious progress? There may be checks, there will be hindrances, the pendulum of human ideas and of human action and reaction will swing backward and forward, but the progress of right and light and liberty *will ever go forward.* The burden is costly. All the world over, Europe, America, Asia, Africa, in the struggle against injustice, corruption, and superstition, progress and freedom cannot be obtained without fierce battlings and "garments rolled in blood." Wars are dreadful, all admit this, but injustice is worse—and no one should deny that; though apparently there is a "Little Englander" here and there who wants us to believe that he, personally, prefers injustice to the use of force to put down injustice. His personal belief is no matter of any one else's, and the only way to deal with the holder of such a belief is to

treat him as a bad joke. We can afford to leave him to himself and his own opinions. We know, as a fact which recent events are only emphasizing, that

> "In wars of freedom and defence
> The glory and the grief of battle won or lost
> Solders a race together."

Chapter VIII

A RUSTIC'S POINT OF VIEW

"Great is the power of *rahm* (mercy) and the feeling that the rulers are *rahim* (merciful)."

Pioneer Mail.

ONE must be some time in a district, and get to know the people and be known by them, before they will open out their minds. To be a Government official is to be at a disadvantage; the people will speak out plainly and say their say to a non-official like a planter, or grantee, or barrister, or mill-owner, who are far more hail-fellow-well-met than any official can ever be. With planters and with barristers, holding no official position, the native feels there is not that restraint in the interchange of ideas that is always present when he has any dealings with officials. There is a more natural bond of sympathy between them, and they can, one and all, speak more freely from a common standpoint on the policy of the Government. The planters that I have met are an intelligent and independent body of

men, of whom England ought to be proud. They have, by their intelligence, energy, sympathy and probity, made the name of an Englishman respected and looked on by the natives with respect, and oftentimes with affection; hence they have an advantage over the official in getting at the natives' thoughts.

The private workers, planters, missionaries, merchants, and traders are an important factor for good, and should be more trusted, consulted and utilized than they are at present; because, owing to their independent position, they can make better use of their advantages. The good they can counsel and suggest is the result of sympathy and knowledge, whereas all official beneficence is more or less forced.

On one occasion I managed to get into a peasant's confidence, who spoke out as he felt. He said: "I don't exactly know what my age is, but I must be forty or five-and-forty. I was married when I was about fourteen or fifteen. When my father was alive, we—that is, he and my brother and I—had a joint holding. He died about fifteen years ago, and my brother and I then partitioned our holding and worked separately. My father paid 100 rupees a year for his holding, but times are

harder now and rents higher. I was quite young at the time of the great Mutiny, and do not remember much about it. We used to hear tales of how the sepoys got killed, and how they pillaged and harassed the villages of those parts of the country they passed through. None of the men from our village had any hand in that job, though one or two of our men are away soldiering in the Bombay army. Our village, as you know, is on the banks of the river Goghra, which comes, the wise people tell us, from far away in the high mountains. Sometimes, in the cold weather, just after the Christmas rains, we can see a number of white peaks, like tents, in the distance, and these, they tell us, are the snows. Boats come down the river in the rains, laden with wood from the forests and grain from the Kheri and Bahraich districts—large boats with matting for sails. Now my father is dead I live in his old house. I have two yoke of plough bullocks, and we have a cow and some goats. My father was very good to us two boys, and we lived a quiet and happy life. The old man was always impressing on us, 'Whatever you do, don't ever go to law; it is far better to try and settle matters, even to bearing a little injury and

accepting a slight loss, to leaving your home and work and getting fleeced by mukhtears and vakils at court. Once go to law and you are meshed for evil all your days!' Haven't I experienced the truth of this? I wish I had followed his advice. Some time after my father's death, I got mixed up in a quarrel at a bazaar, about two miles from my home, and was summoned to court as a witness. I stated what I had seen, and the opposite party were imprisoned. This raised ill blood between their people and myself, and one day, after the accused were let out of prison, my house was burnt down. I reported the matter to the police. I had much better not have done so. A policeman came and lived on me for a week, did nothing, and only left when I bribed him to go. I was then sent for to the headquarters of the district, some thirty miles off; and the police said some suspects had been apprehended. But of these men I knew nothing; evidently the wrong men had been taken up, but they bore me no good will for the policeman's mistake; and, on being discharged, they promptly revenged themselves by cutting down some of my crops and carrying off one of my goats. I knew not how to act, so consulted

the putwari, who introduced me to a friend of his who was a mukhtear at the court. It took me two days to get to the court, and I was anxious and upset, knowing all the time I was away my crops and land suffered. The mukhtear refused to act without being paid 10 rupees down. Then he said I must get stamp paper on which to write a petition to the sahib, stating my case. What he wrote on the paper I know not, for I can't read or write. I was told to present the petition to the sahib at court the next day; but, though I waited long, I could never get near him. At last I gave a chuprassy of the court a rupee to get me a hearing. The petition was read out, and an order passed on it for me to take it to the deputy magistrate in whose jurisdiction my village lay. I didn't know what to do or where to go, but the mukhtear said I must take it next day to the deputy sahib. I did so, and had to fee his chuprassy. Again my petition was read over, and the order on it this time was 'made over to the police for inquiry.' After four days lost and some 13 rupees wasted, I trudged wearily home. A week passed, ten days passed, and no one came to inquire. At last, after about three weeks, I

was sent for to the police post. The police officer said he had no time to go into the matter. I had to pay him 10 rupees before he would act. He came to my village at last, and I pointed out where the damage had been done. I told him who my witnesses were, and he took down their statements; but before leaving that afternoon he said the accused had paid him 15 rupees, and unless I gave him 10 rupees more he would report the case to the deputy sahib as a false and malicious complaint. I had not the money, so had to go to a neighbouring banniah and borrow it. A week later I was summoned to court, with my witnesses, but I could not attend, as I was down with fever; so my case was struck off. When I got well, I went and stated the facts to the deputy sahib, and I was told to return in a week with my witnesses to prove I had been ill. At last a day was fixed for the hearing of my case. I would not engage the mukhtear, because I had no money, but stated my complaint myself, and my witnesses were examined. After this the case was postponed for a fortnight, when the accused Nunkoo's statement was recorded and his witnesses heard. On the day of hearing Nunkoo claimed the land on which the

crops had been cut as his, and produced a forged deed of sale. The deputy sahib believed him, and dismissed my case. I was at my wits' end. I had walked I don't know how many miles, and spent over half a year's income in fees to the police, chuprassies and mukhtear, and run into debt with the banniah —all for what? To find that Nunkoo, on the strength of the deputy's judgment and the forged deed, had laid a case in the munsif's court to oust me from my own land. This case I also lost, because Nunkoo was able to outbid me in the amount he was willing to pay for justice. I then appealed to the sub-judge, and won my case there; for, seeing there was no chance of keeping my land fairly, I bribed the putwari to forge me a deed of a later date than the one put in by Nunkoo, and as Nunkoo was played out, and had no money to appeal further, I kept my land. For some two or three years I had been wandering to and fro from the magistrate's court, the munsif's court and the sub-judge's court, and continually at the police station; wasting time, bribing, and running into debt. I was tired of the law, sick of justice, and determined to stay quietly at home and till my land, and take care never to

see anything that was likely to have me called up as a witness. I was older and wiser, and, oh, how I regretted I had not followed my father's advice never to go to law!

"Even now my troubles were not over. We had had good rains; the winter crop had come on well; I had a good field of sugar-cane; my arhar had escaped the blight; I had done well over my autumn millets, and but for policemen and chuprassies I should have been well off. But, alas! my crops were all mortgaged to the banniah for money which I had borrowed from him to carry on my cases and pay bribes for obtaining a hearing. Our old landlord had died, his son was quite another 'jat'; he had been to school at Lucknow, talked English and drank spirits. He was more enlightened than his father, lived at a higher rate, looked after his estate less; but he wanted money to carry on, and so he raised our rents by about 50 per cent., and added where he could to his manorial dues. We complained to the sahib; he heard us kindly, said he sympathised with us, but that the landlord was within his legal rights, and he could not interfere. We could not make out how this was, for we and our fathers had held our lands long before the zemindars

people came there, and in the Nawabi our rents had never been raised like this. As regards the 'dues' the zemindar took, the sahib said, he had no right to enforce these, and we need not pay unless we liked. But this was little consolation, for when we refused to pay the dues, and told the landlord what the sahib had said, he had us up to his chowpal and beat us. Some of the tenants complained, but the police were bribed to hush up the matter, and nothing came of it. Later on, we were arrested on a false charge, our houses searched, our women-folk insulted, and we were imprisoned. After this, as you may guess, we paid whatever was asked for; it was better to pay than go through such an experience again. Our young landlord, who was educated and enlightened, and wanted to curry favour with the sahibs, started a local dispensary for the benefit of his tenants, for which we had to supply bricks, and bamboos, and straw, as well as do the day labour in the construction of the building; for this labour we were not paid—it was all impressed. The dispensary was no use to us; it was some way off, and we preferred our own medicines. No one was ever in it, except on inspection days by the sahibs, when it was filled

by the landlord's hangers-on, just merely for show. The landlord was very wrath, because he was not made a Rai Bahadur, on the strength of this dispensary, and abolished the dispensary. Of this we were glad, as it saved us being taxed for the local compounder.

"Some years passed; the burra sahib of our district was changed every few months, so there was little chance of our affairs being known; we had no one to turn to and tell our grievances, for each new sahib was plied with information by clerks in the landlord's pay; and the landlord did as he pleased. About this time a native official came from the tehsildar, and said the sirkar had introduced what he called an *inkum ticcus*. We couldn't understand it, but the putwari said it was meant only for traders; but the landlord said the sirkar had taxed him, and his tenants must make the amount good. So our dues were raised one anna in the rupee. Besides paying this extra due to the landlord, many of us tenants were taxed as well, on the false statements of our enemies as to our means. No one listened to our complaints—the assessment was in the hands of bribe-taking native underlings; to have appealed to the sahib would have cost us more

in stamps and mukhtear's fees than the tax imposed.

"The next year a strange thing happened. A native official came round our villages, and wrote all our names down in a book, and asked us how many wives we had and how many children. We were all alarmed, and could not think what this meant. We met round the village well at night and talked the matter over. One man said he had just come from the head-quarters of the district, and understood there was to be a kind of pole-tax; another said his cousin in Lucknow had told him that one young woman was to be taken from every family for a wife for the English soldiers; another said a certain number of our children were to be taken and offered up as a sacrifice to the Ganges to take away small-pox and cholera. I can't tell you all the different stories that got about, and how frightened we all were. The native official laughed at our fears, and said it was merely to find out how many people there were in the country, and charged us one anna apiece for his trouble, as he said Government paid him nothing for the job. Nothing has come of this yet, so perhaps the native official was right. You English

never leave us alone in peace. All we ask for is to be left alone; but no, you always want to know something, and find out something about us. It is very annoying. Why pretend you don't know, when you must know? . The other day a 'Deputy' came and measured up my fields, and wanted to know what the rent was. He must have known, for it is written down every year by the putwari in his papers, for the sahib's information. He also wanted to know how much wheat, barley, etc., was got off a bigha of land. Why, the children in the village know this. What can have been the reason for this silly question? 'Well,' we said to each other that night over our huqqas, 'the English cannot be such a wonderful people if they don't know how much wheat grows on a bigha!'"

Here his brother took up the parable. "Why," he said, "only last cold weather I was with the putwari when a young sahib came round, 'a stunt,' the chuprassies called him; he didn't know the difference between jute and hemp! Thought our hemp was *jute*! Fancy thinking hemp and jute the same thing! Why, there is no jute in the district. Some of them don't know the difference between wheat and barley, and think tobacco plants are young lettuces!"

Then the old man continued again: "We should like you sahibs more if you worried us less, and tried to understand us better. Only the other day a sahib came round to our village with his camp. We had to supply wood and gurrahs and grass, free; his servants never paid for these supplies; and then, to add insult to injury, he said he was a Sanitary Commissioner, and said we were to remove our manure heaps outside the village. Only fancy! What is he? Where did he come from? He could not speak our language and had a munshi to interpret for him. If we lost sight of our manure heaps from our doors, what should we have to manure our home fields with? We can't hall-mark or ear-mark our manure. If it was all put outside the village, what quarrels would be engendered over the question of ownership! Was the sahib mad? Now look here, you keep putting on taxes for this, that, and the other until we are ruined, and we derive no apparent benefit. Our fields are assessed on an average year's outcome. I know not what your rules may be, but practically we tenants get no remission for damage by blight, hail, or bad years when the rain fails. The landlord may, but he don't pass the privilege

on to us. In the Nawabi we paid in kind; that was fair. Now we have to find the rupees even when there is no kind; so we are all head over ears in debt to the banniah. We liked the old plan best. A friend of mine once, about to cross a river, asked the village putwari, whom he met on the bank—a youth educated at the head-quarter's putwari school—how deep the stream was? The learned youth replied, 'Oh, there is an *average* depth of about four feet of water.' My friend was drowned in trying to wade the stream because the depth was over seven feet in the middle. It is the same with your assessments—all very fair average for good seasons; but there comes a series of bad seasons or a famine, and we are drowned in debt. You are slaves to averages, you English."

A planter friend who had ridden over to my camp to see me, and was present, laughingly interrupted: "He's right; your philosophy is a great deal too practical to look for causes; you content yourself with a bold requisition for results, never mind how, but at all hazards get results. *Rem—*

'*Si possis, recte; si non, quocunque modo rem!*'."

The rustic said: "I don't know what the

sahib is laughing at, but look here. The landlord pays a school-cess, and we have to make this good—what for? To have our income curtailed some 25 per cent. by being deprived of the labour of our boys. The landlord pays a road-cess, and we have to make this good—what for? As far as our village is concerned, there is no road within ten miles. In the dry weather, carts come to the village along winding self-made cart tracks; in the rains and wet weather they cannot come here at all. We travel by paths which we make ourselves across the fields, so we don't see what benefit we get from a road-tax."

My planter friend said: "That's the way he, a peasant, looks at it. I'll tell you how the landlords look at the matter of roads; they say the cost is absurd—mind you, they are not against roads. Why, communications are the making of their estates. They know, and so do I, how things are done. Your divisional staff of engineers, surveyors, sub-overseers, and their offices totals up to pretty nearly half a lac of rupees a year. That's not a bad sum, they say, annually; and what for? As a rule, roads are repaired by local District Boards Agency. Isn't that so? Now and again, once

in a blue moon, you may require a more difficult job than the overseer can accomplish; even then, it would be cheaper and better done by engineer contractors, like Frizzoni & Co. As for your ordinary bridges, culverts, drains, and small buildings, a good surveyor, under the tehsildar and district officer, could do all that was required, quicker and better, at less cost, and with less red tape than it is done now. As it is, a costly establishment is maintained, and higher rates paid for inferior work. Why do I say inferior? Because you know well enough the establishment is corrupt. This may be heresy, but, unfortunately, it's the truth."

I couldn't gainsay him. My experience bears out all he said.

To this my native friend replied: "This, too, is true, sahib; it has to do with matters that don't concern me directly, but this is what all the zemindars say. Now look here, there is another strange thing that happened not long ago. Can you tell me, sahib, what it means? The other day, the village schoolmaster told us that the sirkar had put a license tax on trades, because they were going to reduce the salt tax. In the native official's eyes *we were all traders at once,*

until we paid them to leave us what we are—ordinary peasants. But what *is* the salt tax, sahib? I never knew there was a salt tax. We buy very little salt in our village, because we can make nearly all we require from the ashes of a few plantain trees we grow; it makes no difference to us whether there is a tax on salt or not. Has this tax been taken off? For we pay just the same for our small pinches of salt now as we have done for years, and never knew that salt was taxed; whereas we do feel and know all about the Inkum Ticcus, the License Ticcus, the school, putwari, chowkydari, dak, road, and other cesses. And what about this 'Lokil Sluff,' sahib? Please tell us, for we cannot understand it. The vakils and the schoolmasters bother us out of our lives to vote for them on the boards. What for? We do not care about them; they only fleece us for their own ends. I asked one of them the object of it, and he said, 'Why, we are *kursi-nashins*—that is, we get a chair with the sahibs, and the chuprassies salaam us and call us "Maharajah"; is that nothing?' But some of these are low-caste men, and we do not want to sit down with them, if the sahibs don't mind doing so. We cannot understand

why you sahibs make so much of them; all they do is in their own self-interest, to get appointments and take bribes. They do not know us, and we do not trust them, or like them. This is another of your fads which we do not like and can make no head or tail of."

Not for the life of me could I explain to him the reason of this folly. Then, in answer to a question I interposed, he said: "Yes, we have greater security for life and property than of yore, but we have to pay more heavily for it. Before the dacoits, bad characters, and others, took an annual subsidy not to molest us; we knew what it was. Now the police, some take more, some less, but we never know how much it won't be. We have to go long distances to courts, our cases are adjourned, and adjourned, day after day. We have to bribe magistrates, clerks, and petition-writers to get a hearing. The wealthiest win, the poor are ruined. We are mulct in stamp fees, costs, and legal dues. If by chance we win a case in the local courts, appeals to distant tribunals are numerous. No two courts decide alike on the same facts. Your legal-phraseology is beyond our comprehension. Your own judges don't seem to make head or tail of it. All this is very different

from the good old days of 'justice within the gate' by our own punchayets, who were often more right than your courts are, at a hundredth part less cost and worry and loss. Better for a man to die than to go to law and fall into the hands of a native policeman. What have not I and mine suffered from false evidence, perjury, bribery, insult, and intimidation? I have had my house burnt down, my cattle impounded, been robbed of my inheritance, been arrested as an accomplice of thieves, been bound over as a bad character, my house searched, and my women-folk insulted. What for? Because against my will I was once summoned as a witness in a case which in no wise concerned me, and for trying to obtain justice and protection from police villainy. Why is there all this perjury in the courts? Because, instead of swearing witnesses and parties according to oaths which bind them, you use a meaningless formula which has no hold on their consciences, or fears, if you like, if you think they have no consciences. As for the fear of legal punishment, that has no influence. The probability of being found out is small, of being prosecuted less, and, even if prosecuted, being convicted least of all.

"Look at the result of all this oppression of taxes passed on to the unfortunate tenant's shoulders, this dragging away from our homes and our daily concerns, these bribes, these debts. Only the other day a respectable, hard-working tenant got behind in his rent and numerous dues to the landlord. Then came suits, decrees, attachments, and finally a private compromise, by which the tenant became the slave of his landlord, to do menial service on two rupees a month, one rupee of which was to be deducted monthly until the arrear was paid off, which meant far, far beyond his natural term of life. Now comes the old story of despair and revenge. One night the tenant, instead of quitting the premises at the usual hour, concealed himself inside his master's house. About midnight, when the whole household was wrapped in sleep, possessing himself of his master's tulwar, the unfortunate wretch, mad with despair, crept up stealthily to where his landlord lay sleeping, and with one blow nearly severed his master's head from his shoulders. The murderer was arrested, tried, convicted, hanged. We who knew all he had suffered felt no pity for the landlord, and thought the ill-used, down-trodden tenant had

received more than sufficient provocation for acting as he did. This is no solitary instance, sahib; it is not the first, and will not be the last. We are poor and ignorant; we know what goes on below the surface; we have feelings just as much as you have; we are an industrious, quiet, peace-abiding people; we are but human, and our powers of endurance and patience are limited. Is there none who will perceive, none who will understand—

'None to hear
Our myriad-throated wail of agony'?"

Chapter IX

SIR JOHN LAWRENCE'S FIRST VISIT TO LUCKNOW

"Presence of mind and courage in distress
Are more than armies to procure success."
Dryden.

SOME thirty-two years ago Sir John Lawrence paid his first visit to Lucknow, the last resting-place of his illustrious brother Henry. He had come out to India early in 1864, at the close of Lord Elgin's brief reign of some twenty months only, at a time when the horizon was overclouded with political troubles on the Punjab frontier, and it was not until the end of 1867 that he could visit the province of Oudh, one of the most fertile portions of his dominions, where the snow-fed Gogra, Rapti, and Chowkha, the Surjoo, and the Gumti, wind their way through miles of well-wooded, highly-cultivated country, to add their waters to the Ganges as it flows onward

to the sea. A province the population of which is more dense than that of any other portion of equal extent of the globe—a province bound up with the memories of a brother with whom he had worked so long and so closely in the Punjab, and who had died in the memorable defence of the Lucknow Residency, nobly doing his duty to the last. On Saturday, the 9th November, 1867, Sir John Lawrence made his State entry into Lucknow, the capital of the province of Oudh, an entry the pageantry of which surpassed any ever made by any previous or subsequent Viceroy, or any potentate of the kings of Oudh under the old regime. The whole distance, some five miles from the railway station, along the chief thoroughfare of the native town, past the Muchi Bhawan fort to the Residency, was lined on both sides by European and native troops of the garrison. The road-sides, the sloping banks, ruined walls, and all the house-tops were crowded to their utmost capacity with spectators—a veritable sea of human beings.

This was "Jan Lawrence's" first visit to the Residency, memorable for its defence during the dark days of 1857, a defence of which the late poet-laureate has told us, how, during an

Indian summer and tropical rains, amidst the bursting of shells, the roar of cannon, the rattle of musketry, amongst wounds, disease, and death, a handful of Europeans and natives stood shoulder to shoulder, "and ever upon the topmost roof our banner of England blew." Who that witnessed that entry into Lucknow will ever forget the occasion? Certainly not any on whom, like myself, had rested for weeks the burden of the arrangements for that eventful day. A battery of Horse Artillery and the 5th Lancers formed the advance guard, then came the Viceroy in a silver howdah, on a gorgeously-caparisoned elephant, followed by members of the Governor-General's Council, the civil and military staff, the members of the Oudh Commission, and the talukdars of Oudh, *on* 500 *elephants, four abreast*, a field battery of artillery and a native regiment of cavalry forming the rear-guard; and as we reached the Residency, the heavy guns of the garrison battery in the Muchi Bhawan fort boomed forth a Royal salute. This fort stood on an eminence, and is supposed to be the original centre around which the City of Lucknow sprang up. It is flanked on one side by the river Gumti. It has now been given up as a

fort, and the Imambara inside it has been made over to the Mahomedans. At the Residency the whole of the troops engaged along the route marched past the Viceroy, and so back to their quarters in cantonments, and the shades of night had closed in before the day's proceedings had come to an end. The striking spectacle of a pageant made up of such elements as here set forth can be more easily imagined than described. Sunday was a welcome day of peace and rest, but Monday saw us in harness again for a week of hard work. There was a reception of the native princes in the morning, and later on visits paid by maharajahs and rajahs, who drove up the watered roads under triumphal arches, through lines of glittering bayonets, escorted by outriders in motley uniforms, carrying sharp-pointed spears with fluttering pennons, and mounted on weedy, ill-fed, ungroomed country-breds. On the following day the Viceroy held his grand durbar in the Lal Baradari, the Throne Room and Coronation Hall of the monarchs of Oudh. This building takes its name from the colour of the stone with which it is built. At this function were present the Maharajah of Kapperthallah, G.C.S.I., and all the talukdars of Oudh, in richly-coloured

dresses, resplendent with jewels, and the civil and military residents of Lucknow. The military uniforms, the gorgeous apparel of the native barons, the ladies' pretty frocks, and the handsome uniform of the bodyguard, with here and there a Government chuprassy resplendent in red and gold, made up a scene of colour and picturesqueness not easy to be beaten. At the same time was held a Chapter of the Star of India, at which Maharajah Man Singh was invested with the Order of Knight Commander of the Star of India.

When installing the Maharajah, Sir John Lawrence said: "I take this opportunity of stating, in the presence of your countrymen and my own, that you have a special claim to honour and gratitude, inasmuch as at the commencement of the Mutiny, in 1857, you gave refuge to a number of English people in your fort, most of whom were helpless women and children, and thus, by God's mercy, were instrumental in saving all their lives." On the evening of the same day the talukdars of Oudh right royally entertained their Excellencies at a banquet in the Kaiser Bagh, and delighted their guests with a display of fireworks worthy of the best days of Lucknow. On the following

day Sir John Lawrence laid the foundation stone of the Canning College, a college erected and endowed by the talukdars of Oudh to the memory of Lord Canning, an institution which has done, and is doing, an immense amount of good in the province, and is the "Eton" of Oudh. The same evening a ball was given to the Viceroy and Lady Lawrence by the Oudh Commission at the Chhatter Munzil, a handsome five-storey building imposingly situated on the right bank of the river Gumti, conspicuous on account of its *chatter*, or umbrella, which, covered with gilt, glitters in the sun at the top of the building, and gives the name to the building. Once I remember a waggish subaltern saying he thought it was called "Chhatter Munzil" because it housed a ladies' club! This group of buildings was originally built by King Nasur-ood-deen Hyder for his numerous queens. The portion occupied by the United Service Club, in which the entertainment was given, possesses the very finest ball-room in India. All the old public buildings of the Nawabi days are surmounted with rude paintings of scaly fishes on each side of the entrance gateway. The fishes are the arms of the Mahomedan kingdom of Oudh, and correspond to

our lion and unicorn. Thursday was comparatively an "off-day" so far as public functions were concerned. There was an evening party at Government House. This house was originally built by Nawab Saadut Ali Khan, and during the Mutiny was held by the rebels. Since it has been the headquarters of the representative of Government, it has been added to, enlarged, greatly improved, and the grounds, the lawns, and gardens have been tastefully laid out by expert gardeners from Kew.

On Friday there was a review of all the troops in garrison, and in the evening the Viceroy's ball at the Chhatter Munzil. On Saturday the week's doings came to an end by a fête in the Wingfield Park in the afternoon. This park, named after Sir Charles Wingfield, a former Chief Commissioner, is equal in beauty to any in Northern India, is beautifully kept, and boasts a plant house without equal in Northern India, for has not the whole of India supplied it with foliage gems? In the month of February the roses in this park are a sight to be seen to be realized. In the evening there were illuminations at the Hoseniabad Imambara, where lie the remains of Mahomed Ali Shah, King of Oudh. The ceilings of this

mausoleum are hung with large chandeliers, and several twelve-feet-high crystal candelabra rise from the floors, numerous pier glasses stand against the marble walls; the pavement, which is of porphyry and precious stones, is beautiful to look at, but dangerous to walk on, being as slippery as ice. The building itself is approached through ornamental gardens, in which are large marble tanks spanned by marble bridges; and when these gardens are illuminated at night with small lamps, and the surrounding towers, kiosks, and minarets are all ablaze with their lights reflected in the still waters of the tanks, one is reminded of descriptions in the *Arabian Nights*. Add to all this a large display of fireworks, and the starting off on their aërial journey of a number of different-coloured fire balloons, and you may then be able to faintly picture the last of Lucknow's entertainments to the Viceroy.

But this visit was not all durbars, reviews, dinners, and illuminations for the hard-worked guest. What seed was sown during that week for Oudh's future welfare, who can tell? It is more specially due to Sir John Lawrence that the old sub-proprietors in Oudh have been reinstated, that the tenants have obtained rights

of occupancy, that wholesale evictions have been put an end to, and that fair compensation for unexhausted improvements have been secured to the tenants. We can see now, looking back over more than a quarter of a century, some of the fruit that the seed then sown has brought forth. A generation has passed, the men who knew from experience the sufferings of the Nawabi are gone, their sons and grandsons are ignorant as to the former state of things, even the best educated among them are ignorant of recent history; nevertheless it is as well for us, to whom Indian history is familiar, to look back, take stock, and compare the Oudh of to-day with the Oudh of say two centuries back, for what applies to one portion of India applies to the whole.

The first Oudh Treaty was made in 1765. Ninety years later the condition of the people of Oudh was even more miserable than before, they were still suffering from grievous oppression and misrule under the heel of a Mahomedan potentate, victims of incompetency, corruption, and tyranny, without remedy or hope of relief. So in 1856 Oudh was annexed. The revenue of the province was assessed on a fair and settled basis, courts of justice established, protection given to life and property Compare Oudh

before the annexation with the Oudh of to-day. Before, the people were victims of tyranny and misrule, without remedy or hope. Courts of justice there were none, no protection for life or property, no attempt at prevention of disease, no religious freedom, no communications, no development of the country, thuggee was prevalent, female infanticide unblushingly carried on, suttee openly practised. Since annexation, courts of justice have been established, protection given to life and property, hospitals and dispensaries erected; English ladies, leaving kith and kin and country, are ministering in zenanas, hospitals, charitable institutions, and homes, bringing to their native sisters that hope, consolation, comfort, and relief which only women can truly render. Religious liberty is upheld, roads and railways have been constructed, and cultivation largely increased. In material respects Oudh, as compared with any previous state, is extraordinarily prosperous. Thuggee has been rooted out, suttee abolished, female infanticide got well in hand. On all these items of progress Sir John Lawrence left the impress of his master hand. The week's doings herein described were only the prelude of much good in the future.

Chapter X

A TYPICAL RIOT CASE

"Great is the justice of the white man, greater the power of a lie."

Kipling, "In Black and White."

EARLY one morning, sitting under some fine old tamarind trees, on the outskirts of a village on the Naipal frontier, in the north of Oudh, within sound of a babbling hill stream, and within sight of a long row of snow-clad peaks of the Himalayas, I was smoking leisurely, surrounded by saddles, gram bags, cooking pots, guns and rifles, waiting for the headman of the village to turn up to arrange for coolies for a "hank" or "forest drive" the next day. I was far away from telegraphs and post-offices, and meant taking a "day off," when a mounted policeman came riding up in hot haste, with a letter in a well-known "red" envelope. It so happened that this year the Mahomedan mourning of the Mohurrum and the Hindu rejoicings of the Ramlila festival fell at the same time,