be? We weren't any too high in the Provincial list last year. I want my privilege leave, and not a transfer to Ballia on account of inefficiency. Ta-ta"—and he was off into the murky, dust-laden horizon, with a parting rush of quite irrelevant adjectives for any other purpose than that of saving himself from heat apoplexy. I lit a cigar, and was not altogether sorry that it had not fallen to my lot to ride out those twenty miles on such a day, for I knew that by ten o'clock a sirocco would be blowing; my only consolation was that the District Superintendent was a regular salamander, and a "tough un," and I had certain pleasurable sensations as to his presence on the scene in that distant, out-of-the-way village. His arrival I realized would be like a few drops of tobasco sauce in the broth of native supineness—real cayenne; so I braced myself up to await with patience the result of my subordinate's praiseworthy energy; hoped for all our sakes that this case would not tend to spoil our "averages" of captures and convictions, and, for the Superintendent's sake, hoped his present energy might earn him his privilege leave. With these and such-like christian thoughts welling in my breast, I went in search of the punkah coolie, who had spoilt

any chance I might have had of a night's rest, by finding it too hot to pull the punkah, but not to sleep himself. It was, as I have said, beautiful, glorious June, quite the height of the season for crime, because a slack time otherwise. The *rabi* or winter crop had long been reaped and garnered, and the patient villager was waiting for the monsoon to allow him to scratch the soil and put in his autumn crop.

It appears that the Chowkydar of Saraya had turned up the day before at the Ramgung Thannah, and reported that a wealthy banniah's house had been broken into, and property to the value of some hundreds of rupees had been carried off. The thannadar, or native police officer, in charge of the Station, mounted on his wall-eyed piebald pony, attended by the chowkydar carrying his bundle of papers, and a constable in the rear carrying the great man's huqqa, started for Saraya. They took up their abode at the headman's choupal, searched a house or two, to no purpose, and summoned in the chowkydars of the neighbouring villages, got out the list of old offenders in the Thannah, smoked, and enquired about any Nat encampments hereabouts. During the afternoon the District Superintendent arrived and made them

buzz. Having inspected the house where the burglary had taken place, made some personal enquiries, issued his orders as to the lines on which enquiry was to be pursued, he rode back to the Sadr, and arrived about sundown, hot, tired, and not over elated at his prospects of success. A week later, three persons having been arrested, one of whom, a boy named Gannai, aged about sixteen, having confessed and pointed out where some of the stolen property was hid, the police enquiry was completed. Three constables, with the recovered property, and the three accused, set out for the headquarters of the district on Saturday, 11th June. There let us follow them.

The Thannah was left at sunrise; the accused, fastened by a rope through their handcuffs, were led along, with three constables in attendance. They wended their way along the dusty country track, through bare, scorched, burnt-up fields, until noon, when they rested in a mango grove near a roadside well, partook of their mid-day meal, quenched their thirst, and started again on their journey, reaching the Sadr about 3 p.m. The headquarters of the district consisted of a native town of some 5,000 inhabitants, it boasted of six thatch-roofed bungalows, a

court-house, jail, dispensary, an old tank—a derelict of Nawabi days, now roofed in and used as a swimming bath—and a club house. The last, a long stuccoed building of one room with whitewashed walls, with a verandah all round. One half of this room was taken up with an old billiard table that had once belonged to a Native Infantry mess; now the colour of the cloth was an iron-mouldy brown, the spots on it at such intervals as the bearer-billiard marker had placed them at different periods. At the other end of the room were to be found some cane chairs, a round table littered with illustrated papers and magazines six months old, and a small bookcase with some two or three dozen novels, the latest of which had been published five years previously. The billiard table was lighted with a single lamp with a green shade over it, hanging from the centre of the ceiling, and the rest of the room was lighted by wall lamps, more or less, rather less, trimmed by a half-blind old Methuselah of a club bearer. A brown-baked, dry patch of ground without any grass on it, opposite the Club building, was the Station lawn tennis court. This half-acre of club house and tennis court provided the Station with all the recreation obtainable

within a hundred miles and more. On Saturday evenings, the library was lighted up for the weekly "Bumble-puppy rubber" at four anna points. Saturday was selected for this revelry, as Sunday was a "Europe Morning"—a day of rest, disturbed only once in six months, when an itinerating padré from Allahabad held one service in the district magistrate's court room.

Here it was on that particular Saturday in June, about 4 p.m., one of those June days just before the monsoon bursts: dust everywhere, in one's eyes and mouth, on every leaf and every blade of grass; the air so full of it that all around looked faint and obscure, like looking through a smoke-dimmed glass—

"Gazing through the window tats
Into the glaring noon,
Over miles of dusty flats,
That steam, and simmer, and swoon,
As the sun sunk into my brain
And numbed me down to the feet,
With throbs of the pangless pain,
The unutterable hardships of heat"—

I saw under the trees in the compound three men handcuffed, squatting on the ground, and near them, squatting on their hankers smoking, three yellow-legged police constables

—the party from the Ramgung Thannah. They were awaiting the native magistrate's order, before whom this burglary case had been laid. About six o'clock, just before the rising of the Court, the accused were called up and informed that, owing to press of work, their case could not be brought on before next Thursday, and that they were remanded to the jail lock-up until the following Thursday morning.

On the day appointed, the case was taken up. The youth, Gannai, asked leave to sit down, as he was in pain. On being questioned, he said the day before being sent in from the Thannah, he had been taken to Saraya by one Babu Ram constable and the chowkydar, and called on to point out the rest of the stolen property. As he could not do this, he had his hands tied behind him, had been laid on the ground on his face, and his back and legs daubed with the end of a sweeper's broom dipped in boiling oil. There was no doubt about it he had been badly burnt. His story was not a new one, by no means an improbable one, but in the present instance an untrue one. Anyhow, it hoodwinked the native magistrate, who thought there was a *prima facie* case; held in abeyance the burglary case, and committed the constable

and chowkydar to the Court of Sessions on a charge of voluntarily causing hurt to extort a confession. Of course Gannai promptly withdrew his original confession, and said it too had been extorted from him. This youth's story, as told by himself on three different occasions, once before the tahsildar, next before the native magistrate, and lastly before the Session Judge, was contradictory and full of glaring discrepancies. He had been badly burnt, that was undeniable. The question was, where, by whom, and by what means? The whole evidence, all the probabilities of the case, and all the surrounding circumstances showed that Gannai could not have been burnt in the manner he described at the time or place he mentioned, and by the parties he named. This was clear from the medical evidence. The youth had walked from the Thannah, twenty miles, on that Saturday morning, no marks were visible on him, he did not go lame, or even limp, made no complaint to any one, not after he was lodged in the lock-up, away from all police influence; had he been burnt, as he stated, it would have been physically impossible for him to have walked into the Sadr. As regards the probabilities, Gannai had already confessed to the tahsildar some days

previous to being sent into headquarters. Why then torture him to gain a confession already obtained? Was it likely the police would burn him all over on Friday night, and send him into the Sadr early Saturday morning covered with blisters, to their own sure detection? Gannai was admitted into the lock-up on Saturday evening, when he arrived at the Sadr, was searched, had the register form duly filled in to the effect that he had a mole on his right ear, that the small toe of his left foot was crooked, and that he had a wart on his right hand, but no mention was made of any burns. The next morning, Sunday, he was placed before the jail superintendent, no marks of burning or beating were detected; and yet the burns on his body when he appeared before the native magistrate on the Thursday were described as severe, and amounting to fifteen or sixteen in number on both legs! It was beyond dispute that, on Saturday, Gannai was made over to the jail authorities whole and sound, and had not then any injuries on his person. He was received in the lock-up sound on Saturday, and sent up to the magistrate the following Thursday suffering from serious injuries. Who burnt him? When was he

burnt? By what means were these injuries inflicted? What was the motive? It was for those who had charge of him under lock and key to explain how he came by these injuries.

Here are the answers to these questions which enquiry elicited. One Patti Singh, an ex-jemadar, a well-known bad character, was the head and ringleader of all the worst characters in the neighbourhood. The three accused were of his gang; he organised the robberies, his underlings carried them out, and he shared the profits. When the accused were arrested, Patti Singh interested himself on their behalf, and visited a relative at Pertabgarh, who was a member of the Municipal Board, and had a son-in-law as hospital assistant at the jail. The hospital assistant and his cousin, the "lock-up" warder, were bribed, and it was arranged that Gannai was to be blistered, so that he might urge that his confession implicating the other two old offenders, Kandhai and Ramdin, had been obtained by torture. The other evidence against these men, such as identification on a dark night, etc., was weak, but Gannai's confession, coupled with the giving up of the stolen property, was damaging, and if only that confession could be shown to have been extorted,

they were bound to get off. A very pretty little plot this, hatched in the "Lokil Sluff" representative's house! The hospital assistant went off primed with what he was to do. Gannai had to consent, for having split on his pals. On Sunday night, in his cell, Gannai was blistered. The blisters were caused by the application of some blistering juice, such as *liquor letti*, or oil of vitriol. When the blisters had risen, they were cut and dressed. On Wednesday night a gentle irritant was applied, and all was kept dark until Gannai appeared in court on Thursday morning, when the torture story was sprung on a too confiding native magistrate, in the hopes of getting Kandhai and Ramdin set free, and the police paid out for their officiousness in interfering with Patti Singh's burglaring monopoly. It's a wicked world, and things don't turn out as they ought. Instead of the accused getting off, they had the hospital assistant and some of the jail officials on the same treadmill with them within a month of the meeting at the municipal member's house. The latter had qualified for a seat on the Legislative Council!

The Indian policeman's post is no bed of roses. It must be remembered that under

native régimes there were no police. The landlord was responsible for the detection of crime. Torture was a legitimate means of obtaining evidence. I have come across numbers of mutilated beings, victims of this system. I remember an old man in the Gonda district, a Barwar, who had had both his hands and his nose cut off for pocket-picking at a fair; but he was a Mark Tapley, and turned his misfortunes to gain. He used to attend bathing fairs at Ajodhia, dressed up as an ogre, and while gaping crowds thronged to witness this display, his Barwar brethren did a thriving trade in picking their pockets. The police get no assistance from the landlords, who often harbour culprits, and share in the proceeds of thefts. The police are looked upon by the masses as a nuisance, while the power of arrest, without which they cannot work, is a genuine terror. They have to deal with scores of criminal tribes, Khanjurs, Sansiahs, Nats, Miwates, Harburas, Aheryas, Bahelyas, Barwars, and others, tribes who have from time immemorial lived by crime. Criminals not only by inclination, but born to crime, brought up to it, dedicated to it at the shrine of their gods. Men born in a " caste " of crime,

overmastered by it, and their life-trade crime. We have a highly elaborate police system, while the *personnel* in the ranks is admittedly corrupt and incompetent, hence the police administration must be more or less defective, especially as honest and intelligent handling of crime in the earliest and most important stage of police investigation is essential. The force is regarded with a suspicion which would be enough itself to make most men dishonest. It has been truly said, "Men will not long submit to being thought corrupt, without reaping some of the advantages of corruption." There is no better way of making a man respect himself than to show him that he is respected. No surer way of demoralizing a man than to reckon him demoralized beforehand. Native police officers have often complained to me that the attitude of suspicion towards them by European judges and native magistrates itself drove men into corruption. They said, "Condemnations are slung at us in judgments, our characters blasted, our reputations ruined on onesided statements without the possibility of reply. Is this fair? Is this kind of treatment likely to enhance our self-respect?"

No one who has not practically worked with them can know the difficulties the police have to contend with in their dealings with the native criminal classes. The policeman's work is judged by statistics, where the conviction of a possibly innocent man looks better than his acquittal, so far as "averages" are concerned. Is it anything to be surprised at that the policeman naturally devotes himself to that which pays best and answers most, and faithfully follows in the footsteps of his masters, slaves of the immutable law of averages? He would be more than human if he did not. The numerical test, applied in this way, can hardly be called a success. Upon my word, if you saw the results of this "numerical test mania" as district officers see them, not from rose-coloured official reports full of wrong inferences, but from the actual work as seen below the surface, you would, I am sure, be inclined to say that the police are less to blame than those unpractical theorists who, by their purely statistical tests, positively abet dishonest work.

There is another matter to be considered. Does the jail administration back up the police? This point of how far the present character of the jail administration is punitive and deterrent

is a factor for consideration, as it is obviously closely related to the prevalence of crime. It can hardly be gainsaid that the present sentimental policy of pampering the criminal classes in jail materially diminishes the deterrent effects of the law. The test by which a jail superintendent is judged is, that he turns out a prisoner, when released, so many pounds heavier than when he came in; hence incarceration in jail has lost most of its terrors for the hardened criminal. Prisoners are better housed, clothed, and fed, than the honest public that pays for the up-keep of the jail. Many a criminal makes the jail a kind of annual "Monsoon Club" during the rainy season, has to pay no entrance donation or subscription, and is kept free of all cost. The greatest menace you can use towards 50 per cent. of the prisoners, is *to threaten to turn them out of jail.* This soon brings them to their senses if inclined to be lazy or refractory. As a body, the police come in for abuse and wholesale suspicion altogether in excess of their demerits. Nevertheless, in spite of all defects, the fact remains: life and property are more secure than ever they were under any previous régime; serious crime is committed with far less impunity than

it ever was a quarter of a century ago; there is little violent crime; and protection to life and property is as complete as in England. As regards remedial measures, the first thing to be done is to improve the stamp of district superintendent, and to supply an adequate and efficient controlling staff; this is being done, and we may reasonably anticipate an improvement in tone in the subordinate grades. For the better and higher class of natives the Service must be made more popular; the pay of inspectors and sub-inspectors raised, not that the increase of pay and improvement in prospects will raise the men now in the force above temptation, but because it will render falling less excusable. Men of good family and good education should be allowed promotion in the judicial line. This is being done. For the rank and file, the numbers should be decreased, and the pay of the remainder increased; a considerable decrease might be made in the regular force by taking away from the police the duty of serving summonses. Landed proprietors must be made to act up to their duties, and render active co-operation in the detection and putting down of crime, within the limits of their estates. Some five years ago, certain

sections were added to the Penal Code regarding harbouring offenders. These sections do not appear to have received from district officers the attention they demand. Last year, some 100,000 headmen of villages in the North-Western Provinces and Oudh, reported some 4,000 cases, 10 per cent. of which were in their ordinary capacity as complainants! It is but a truism to assert that of recent years "the defence has gained strength all round at the expense of the prosecution." The proper prosecution of crime is impossible, unless and until articulate expression is obtained in the Courts through the mouth of a proper representative in the shape of a Government pleader, who can, in some measure, hold his own against the pick of the legal luminaries pitted against him by the accused. All the more is this necessary in native magistrates' courts, where the magistrate is more timid of responsibility, more susceptible to extraneous influence, such as the Vernacular Press and the native Bar; and more nervously afraid of European barristers than are European officers. All this tends to secure a greater immunity to the criminal, and disheartens the police. Lastly, as regards the masses, we must, I

suppose, wait on the slow growth of general enlightenment until they can be brought to recognise that, on their timidity and natural cowardice, the corruption of the police is mainly dependent. It is for the masses to apply the chief remedy; crime cannot be detected or suppressed unless the community co-operates with the law,—

> "For not 'tis writ from alien source
> Alone, can nations thrive;
> No, but from within must come the force
> To save their souls alive."

Chapter XV

A CRIMINAL TRIBE

"The ruling passion, be it what it will,
The ruling passion conquers reason still."

—*Pope.*

IT is necessary to bear in mind that a great deal of the crime committed in India is the work of tribes who from time immemorial have looked on crime as a legitimate occupation—who fully believe that in following ancestral custom lies their only hope of salvation. You must, with regard to these tribes, disabuse your mind of all ideas of habitual criminals in England—the two stand on a different platform altogether. There are some two score of such tribes roaming over Northern India, that is, the Punjab, North-Western Provinces, and Oudh. If you meet a Barwar, or Sansiah, or Habura, whatever he may outwardly appear to be, you know that inwardly he is a criminal, a man whose caste, religion, and trade are crime. Born in it, dedicated to it, the son, grandson, and

great-grandson of criminals from time immemorial. Sitting in one's easy chair at home in England, this is difficult to realise; all the same, it is a fact in the land of "castes," and in judging and dealing with these tribes in general, and individual members in particular, it is necessary to bear this fact in mind.

Some centuries ago, a woman went down to bathe in the Gogra at Ajodhia. Sitting about idly were some Kurmis, watching the cumbrous sails of river craft in the distance marking the river's course through the distant sandy waste. Their attention was drawn to some crows that hovered about the articles of wearing apparel that had been left on the sands by the bather. Finally, one of the crows pecked at a pearl necklace lying on a handkerchief, and flew off with it. Here you have the origin of the Barwar's trade in its traditional form. The idle watchers sitting on the sands were Barwars, and they said to each other, "If a valuable article can be so easily taken off by a crow, why should we not be able to do likewise?" So they attended bathing fairs, and for a livelihood picked pockets. This was a long, long time ago. The Barwars formed a regular organization; they chose their chiefs; every child

born to them is dedicated to this trade of theft, regularly initiated into it according to certain religious forms; a member was outcasted if he gave up the trade. Their god was one Panch Puria; he is a visible ornament in every Barwar's household. The sacrifice he is supposed to mostly desire is a fowl, and each household sacrifices one to him annually. The district of Gonda, in Oudh, is the head-quarters of this tribe. They number under five thousand all told. They are Kurmis by caste, and Kurmis, as a rule, belong to one of the most industrious classes of the rural population; but long ago the Barwar discarded labour, with its hardships and precarious returns, for the less arduous, more exciting, and remunerative occupation of pocket-picking. Their open and professed avocation is petty theft, which they have, by exercise of skill and system, brought to perfection, and are as clever in eluding the vigilance of the police as in the exercise of their profession as thieves. They are addicted to open air and broad daylight operations, and are not guilty of violence. The youths generally commit the actual theft, which an elder member of the gang directs by preconcerted signal. The rules of their religion restrict their operations to

between sunrise and sunset. Since we started railways, they have turned their attention to this class of business on railways, disguising themselves as soldiers, tradesmen, mendicants, shop-keepers, etc.; they "travel about a bit" easing the public of their substance. They are also partial to robbing places of worship, temples and shrines; only two such places, the Pooree Juggernath Temple, and the Mahometan Shrine of Sayyad Salar at Bahraitch, are the exceptions to the rule; about 60 per cent. of the adult males have put in some portion of their life in jail. Every year, after the rains are over, they make predatory excursions. Bengal is their favourite field, and the Juggernath Fair their Derby. But some of these light-fingered gentry are always to be found at every bathing fair within three or four hundred miles of their head-quarters. About fifteen years ago I spent a month amongst them at their country residences—huts built of the familiar wattle and daub. It was during the cold weather, and I camped about from one Barwar village to another. We were trying to reform this tribe, had had a census made of them, and had been good enough, for their own sakes, to proclaim them under the Criminal

Tribes Act. We had not confined the whole tribe bodily within four walls, as we had the Sansiahs at Sultanpur, but had kindly allowed them to live in their villages under certain restrictions, such as "roll-calls," "passes," "domiciliary visits," just to let them appreciate the interest they afforded to a paternal Government. It was our intention to make them honest and laborious, by giving each family "five acres and a goat," and by teaching the "young idea" how to read and write, in the hope that the rising generation would come to despise and shun the thieving traditions of centuries—a very pretty but somewhat simple notion, and one that, if it is to take root and bring forth fruit, will require a good deal of that article one cannot spare without "spoiling the child."

To a practical mind, living among the Barwars, seeing their ways, and hearing their ideas, it appeared as though there was a good deal of bunkum in the platitudes about "encouraging the Barwars to devote their minds to education, in the hope of securing for themselves honourable appointments in the public service." This kind of twaddle serves its purpose, as lending a comical side to one's somewhat arduous duties.

Some of these resolutions, solemnly published in Government gazettes, are quite as good, and funnier, than many skits that appear in *Punch*.

I enjoyed my visit to this Barwar colony, and spent several mornings in finding out, what I knew before, that in a family of three adults, I should find A. at home tending his five acres, and his wife milking the goat; B. away, of course no one knew where, but you might safely conjecture; and C. also absent, but he was accounted for, in jail. I once took a Lieutenant-Governor round some Barwar villages. If only it had not been highly insubordinate, I should much have liked to have given him the odds on what would be the result of his inspection; but of course this was impossible. As a rule, Lieutenant-Governors don't joke when on serious duty, notwithstanding that Ali Baba said he "knew a Lieutenant-Governor of the South-Eastern Provinces once who complained that the presence of a clergyman rendered nine-tenths of his vocabulary contraband, and choked up his fountains of anecdote!" After this inspection visit, we had the usual "Minute," and this was what it came to: "One or more members of most of the families was absent, presumably on a thieving expedi-

tion, or was in prison." The experiment had been going on ten years. I daresay by now some of the Barwars have been elected as members of a "Local Representative Board." Why not? A kurmi is better any day than a chamar or teli. The Barwars did not express to me any great desire for the Franchise; but the ladies were loud in their disapprovement of "roll-calls," also as to the necessity of "passes" for leaving the village, and they marked their disapproval of the treatment they were receiving in a truly feminine way, by naming the children now born to them as *Dukhedi* (the gift of annoyance), *Bipatdei* (the offspring of calamity), *Jaizadei* (a roll-call production), and so on, instead of as heretofore "Gangadei," "Ramdei," "Bhagwandei."

I sympathized with the ladies, and certainly thought they had a real grievance. For, as a rule, they are peaceable stay-at-homes, not given to roving abroad, or committing petty larcenies and pilferings, though they occasionally do a turn this way indoors, if they can get inside a zenana. The "pass" system, too, was hard on them, and put them to much inconvenience in the performance of necessary ceremonies, procuring fuel and household sup-

plies; and further, this restriction prevented the women from adding to their scanty means by day labour. The men, too, were full of complaints, naturally, as for generations they had, with little trouble, made much, they were not likely to care about hard toil and labour and a bare subsistence, let alone that they had been deprived of their regular season's outing, and the excitements of their calling. But one could not bring oneself to sympathise with these despoilers of the public. One morning, when I was visiting a village called Jaitapore, I came across a Barwar of the name of Manohur. He was about forty years old. He had lost his nose and both his hands. We had a chat under a mhowa tree, and he told me that his hands and nose were taken off the same day in the Nawabi, by the orders of a Chukladar, because he had been caught in the act of picking the pocket of the Chukladar's agent. He did not complain of this—it was the custom—as he was stupid enough to get caught; he only got what he knew he would. No, what he complained against was our action in confining him to his village just at the time of the annual Adjodhia bathing fair. He said for years he had regularly attended this fair, dressed up as

an ogre. He had a "show gent" who informed the public that the ogre existed on dead bodies only, and was a kind of oracle, and ever ready to receive private confessions, and, for a consideration, to grant absolution. While the gaping crowd were looking at this object in wonderment, his accomplices improved the opportunity to do a brisk business. His share was 10 per cent. of the loot! He considered there had been an interference with his prescriptive rights, and he bitterly felt the loss of his popularity, and resented the restrictions under which he was now placed. His adventurous and ingenious occupation had exercised a fascination over him, which no "roll-calls," "passes," or any amount of goody-goody advice would ever conquer. He made an offer. He said, "If the Government would only allow him to attend the three annual fairs in the district, he would give up"—what? I was in expectation—"his share of the land allotted to his family, and the district officer might have the goat!" He was a true sportsman was Manohur, but his offer wasn't accepted. In the village of Boroha I came across a man of the name of Darshan, who had had his nose cut off for eloping with his neighbour's wife, but he

was not in it with Manohur of Jaitapore in the "ogre" roll. I also visited Bithora, which is the head-quarters of the Barwars. It is here that all cases of disputes amongst the tribe are submitted to the Barwar elders for decision, and here also their spoils are divided after having assigned a certain percentage to their particular deities.

Every Lieutenant-Governor, you must know, has a special hobby, and five years to run it. There was one once whose special hobbies were water-works and the reformation of criminal tribes. The former hobby brought half a dozen large municipalities to the verge of ruin, and raised fever mortality. Under cloak of the latter, a whole criminal tribe of Sansiahs was locked up within four walls, surrounded by sentries, because, as the Governor opined, the chief and primary object of the Criminal Tribes Act was not reformation so much as restraint; and the said Lieutenant-Governor had abandoned all hope of a successful reformation of the present generation of Sansiahs. The Sansiahs grumbled, and bred more profusely in confinement than out of it. They found themselves better housed and better fed than they ever had been in their lives, and with more time

to attend to their wives. A subsequent Lieutenant-Governor, of course, had other fads, and so he let the whole lot out of durance vile, in the hope, I suppose, of putting a check on the supply. When Lieutenant-Governors thus disagree, who shall decide? It never does to prophesy, but under the circumstances one may, without fear of being very far out, suggest that a long time will have to elapse before we see the end of the criminal tribes in India. They are like a good deal else in India—a difficult nut to crack. There are a number of "skilled measurer probationers" available, qualified for the work; why not turn them on to these criminal tribes to carry out anthropometrical measurements, or, better still, employ men to carry out the Inspector-General of Police of Bengal's system of finger impressions? This last system appears to be fairly practical, and would materially help in the identification of any of the pickpockets, when arrested in their nefarious practices—a case of biter bit, as the fingers would tell the tale of the light-fingered gent. "This system proceeds upon the ascertained fact that no two persons are alike in the arrangement of the ridges and furrows of the skin on the tips of the digits, and that conse-

quently an impression taken of these markings is an absolutely certain basis of identification, and easily mastered in a few minutes. The taking of these impressions is a simple process, the only care required being that they shall be 'legible,' that is, not blurred or smeared. The necessity for skilled and qualified measurers does not exist, and there is scarcely any possibility of error." Bad news for the criminal tribes. First photographed, then anthropometically measured, but, worst of all, finger-tips impressed!

Chapter XVI

H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES AT LUCKNOW

"Royal deeds
May make long destinies for multitudes."
—*George Eliot.*

IN the present day, when travelling by steamer and railway is made so easy, there must be many who have during the winter made a trip to India, and paid a visit and spent some pleasant days at Lucknow, the capital of Oudh, who will in this account of the Prince of Wales's visit to Lucknow in January, 1876, be able to follow H.R.H.'s footsteps along routes familiar to themselves. On that memorable occasion not only were all the offices and places of business temporarily closed, but the whole city and suburbs were decked out in holiday dress. The variety of buildings, the gilded domes and cupolas, the outlines of tombs and mosques, and such edifices as the Kaiser Bagh, the Chatter Munzil, the Farhat

Bux, and the Muchi Bhawan, with its world-famed Emambarah, and the lofty minarets of the Jamma Masjid in the background; in front the "elevated plateau of land, irregular in shape" occupied by the ruins of the Residency—where during the dark days of 1857 "ever upon the topmost roof our banner of England blew"; in the far distance, the Martiniere with its Pompey-like pillar, and further yet the ruins of the Dilkhusha Palace; these and other buildings, set in the green of the surrounding trees and grassy parks, with every here and there a peep of the winding Gumti river, spanned by the old Nawabi bridge, near the Machi Bhawan Fort, and the wooden suspension-like bridge opposite the fatal Secunder Bagh; all these make up a scene not to be equalled, and certainly not to be surpassed anywhere in the plains of Northern India. A bird's-eye view of what is here described may be obtained any day from the top of the minarets in the fort, or from the roof of the great Imambara, or the lofty height of the clock tower of the Hosseniabad Imambara.

In the Martiniere Park was spread a sea of canvas, the tents of visitors to Lucknow. Behind the Hyat Buksh, known as Banks'

House, a position held by the rebels during the Mutiny, stood on the present occasion the camp of H.R.H.'s suite. During the earlier portions of that Thursday, the 6th January, the last finishing touches were given to what had to be done at the Charbagh Railway Station. At the station itself, a domed canopy with Jainic decorations had been erected on the platform, immediately opposite the spot where the Royal saloon drew up. The pillars of the verandah were decorated with banners and heraldic shields tastefully arranged. On the platform were assembled members of the ex-Royal family of Oudh, the talukdars in dresses of Oriental splendour and extravagance, the city notables, and members of the Municipal Boards, the military and civil staff, and European residents. Inside the station enclosure was a Guard of Honour of the 14th Regiment with band, on their left flank, the escort of the 13th Hussars, and a squadron of Fane's Horse. A Battery of Artillery was posted on the open space, on the east side, to fire the salute on the Prince's arrival. The route to Government House by the Cawnpore road, over Nasurudin Hyder's Canal, was lined with troops. Within the Government House grounds was drawn up a

Guard of Honour of the 65th Regiment. No sooner had the Royal carriage reached Government House, than the second Battery boomed forth the Royal salute. The shades of evening lengthened into night, the booming of cannon ceased, the clatter of horses' hoofs died away, the mingled hum of the vast multitude who had turned out in their thousands to greet the Prince became fainter and fainter as they dispersed to their homes; and here, on the spot where some eighteen years previously the mutineers had strongly fortified themselves, and Hodson had breathed his last, history recorded that the first Prince of Wales who ever visited India took up his abode during his visit to the province of Oudh, the Garden of India.

Early next morning all was astir. In the camp of H.R.H.'s suite, chargers were to be seen being walked to and fro before the tents; in fact, so eager were the visitors to see the beauties of Lucknow, in the early morning of a cold-weather day, that some eighteen of them wanted to ride on fifteen horses. The problem was solved, by the three who could not obtain "mounts," driving.

It was a fine bright morning, with a keen

sharp bracing feel, reminding one of a November morning in the old country. And certainly Lucknow was looking its best. At 11 o'clock the day's work commenced in earnest for the Prince, with a levée of the civil and military officers, followed by a reception of the members of the ex-royal family and the city notables. Then came a visit to the Martiniere.

In the afternoon H.R.H. laid the foundation-stone of the memorial presented by Lord Northbrook, to the memory of the gallant dead, who fell in a defence that holds so grand a place in history's page, men who although of a different colour and creed yet bravely faced the most fearful odds, and cheerfully laid down their lives in the service of strangers and aliens, for England's Queen and England's cause. The native survivors of that illustrious garrison were present. The Prince's route lay from Government House down Hazratgunge, past the Chatter Munzil, along the Gumti banks to the "Redan," or "Sam Lawrence's Battery," passing between the cemetery, where formerly stood "Evans' Battery," and the Residency House, the Royal carriage drew up just short of the Old Bailey Guard Gate. In front of the Bailey Guard all was in preparation for the

impressive ceremony the Prince was going to take a principal part in. Close by, the room in which the greatest of the Lawrence brothers breathed his last, on the very threshold where the gallant Aitken, with his handful of natives, kept for months, against fearful odds, the Bailey Gate. On his right hand, the spot where Outram and Havelock entered the Residency, close behind him the Bailey Guard itself, riddled with bullets, and made roofless by ruthless shell, with the survivors of the besieged garrison drawn up on three sides of a square, Albert Edward, acknowledging by his presence the service of that little band, those gone before and those who still remained, laid the foundation-stone of the Northbrook memorial,—

To the Memory of
THE NATIVE OFFICERS AND SOLDIERS
Who fell in the defence of Lucknow.

After the ceremony was over H.R.H., with that tact that never fails him, expressed his desire to have presented to him all the suvivors of the siege then present. This was done by Major Cubitt, V.C., one of the heroes of Chinhat, and was a boon which will be appreciated by those

faithful old native veterans, as long as life lasts. The famous Cossid Ungud, and Kavanagh's companion, Kanauji Lal, were made much of, and their deeds of daring and fidelity dwelt on by Dr. Fayrer; so ended a most impressive, picturesque, and successful ceremony, a scene not easily effaced from the memory of those who witnessed it.

The Prince had been hard at work since early dawn, but there was much yet to be got through before he could rest. After but a brief respite for dinner, vehicles of every description were rumbling away on their way to the Kaiser Bagh, a palace built in the reign of Wajid Ali Shah. The Kaiser Bagh is in appearance a square; in the centre is situated the Baradari, the building in which the prince was entertained by the Barons of Oudh.

The Baradari is surrounded by tastefully laid-out gardens, on the north side of which rise the tombs of Nawab Sadat Ali Khan and Murshed Zadi; and opposite this north entrance stands the gate where the gallant Neil met his death wound. The approach to the Kaiser Bagh was one blaze of light, and the two mausoleums at the entrance looked as if streams of liquid fire ran from dome to founda-

tion. Over the entrance gateway was a device of the Prince of Wales's feathers. The Kaiser Bagh, which lends itself to illumination, looked like fairy land, and the fireworks which followed the address were a great success. These fêtes were not over until late, and it was past midnight before H.R.H. retired to rest.

The next morning broke propitious; a bright, fresh morning followed a calm, still, moonlight night. A few clouds showed themselves in small, snowy flakes, and the winter rain which usually falls at this season held off. We had not "a southerly wind and a cloudy sky" to proclaim that this day a boar must die, but all the surroundings evidenced that on "a hunting" the Royal party were bent. About seven o'clock guns and tiffin baskets began to put in an appearance at the station, and stalwart native shikarries were to be seen packing the railway cars, as those who followed not the boar were going in another direction after snipe. Telegrams had come the day before from Unao, some forty miles down the line, of fighting tuskers marked down, and all were evidently eager for the fray.

The Prince of Wales, and with him Lord Charles Beresford, Generals Sam Browne and

Probyn, Lord Carington, Major Sartorius, the Prince of Battenburg and Lord Alfred Paget (the last meant doing business on an elephant), arrived at the station about 8 a.m. A temporary station had been erected at Sekandarpur, some five miles from Unao. The forty miles from Lucknow was accomplished in an hour and a quarter, then there was a five-miles drive to camp; here the inner man was refreshed, horses and spears looked to, and everything got in readiness for the start. The riding ground was reached by eleven o'clock. The country selected was the "Ganges Cup country," near Tannah. The ground was roughish, but on the whole a fair specimen of pig-sticking ground. Four parties were made up. H.R.H., General Probyn, Lord Suffield and Lord C. Beresford formed the first party. I forget how the others shuffled themselves. Ten elephants were out to keep the line. Mounted on different elephants were Lord Alfred Paget, General Sam Browne, Dr. Fayrer and Major Bradford.

All the Prince's suite were on the field one way or another, save Major Henderson, Dr. Russell, and Canon Duckworth. H.R.H. was mounted on Cockney. The fun was fast

and furious, and spills came apace, Lords Carington and Beresford and Colonel Owen Williams all bit the dust. Lord Carington's fall was a nasty one. He and Colonel Williams were riding somewhat jealous and very hard, when the pig darted across the horse of the latter, and "jinked" under Lord Carington's horse, bringing horse and rider to the ground all of a lump. Dr. Fayrer was down off his elephant like an eagle on to his prey, and soon the broken shoulder blade was set, the invalid placed on an elephant, and taken to the tiffin rendezvous. After smoking a cigar, when the rest resumed their sport, Lord Carington was carried off to camp in a palki. This accident happened just before tiffin, and when eight head had been scored to the hunt. Where all rode well, comparison is invidious ; suffice it to say H.R.H. was in the thick of the fray, made the English horse gallop, and success crowned his efforts with one "first" spear, not by any means an easy matter off a big English horse on such ground as he was riding over. Lord Carington's fall was not the only mishap. The victuals reached their destination safely; but, alas ! the equally, if not more important liquor had gone astray. Anyhow things righted

themselves in the end, and tiffin was taken in picnic fashion. The exciting sport had given an edge to the appetite, and of the snipe, teal and quail provided, many on that day on the Ganges banks doubtlessly thought—

> "Non afra avis descendat in ventrum meum,
> Non Attagen Ionicus
> Jucundior."

That same evening there was a State dinner at Government House, and afterwards a "small and early" at the Chatter Munzil. Notwithstanding ninety miles rail journey, a ten-miles drive, and five hours in the saddle, H.R.H. put in an appearance at the Chatter Munzil, and for two hours danced as hard as any one in the room.

The *Daily Telegraph* and the *Daily Mail* have only lately found out all about "seven days' labour." The Prince knew all about this long ago, and took good care that the day after the Unao meet, a Sunday, should be a day of complete rest. William Howard Russell and I spent the morning in a stroll over the ground the old *Times* correspondent had known so well some twenty years before. We started from the Canal Bridge near the Hyath Buksh, where the mutineers had entrenched themselves in

1857, during Havelock's advance on Lucknow. We wended our way down Hazratgunge, past the road between the Kurshed Munzil and the Moti Mahal, where Colin Campbell joined hands with Outram and Havelock; past the Chatter Munzil, through the Residency to the Muchi Bhawan, where we struck across the broken ground to the Chandni-Chowk, and home by the Kaiser Bagh, Zahur Buksh and Dar-ul-Shuffa. Russell was completely befogged, and over and over again said, "I don't know my way about a bit; it's all new; the old Lucknow hereabouts has been improved off the earth. Where there were streets, bazaars and palaces, there are now parks, gardens and openings."

"The Place" from Hazratgunge to the Chatter Munzil had, in his day, been a mass of streets and houses. It was now an open, park-like space. At first, an avenue of quick-growing cotton trees had been planted along the whole distance on each side of the Mall. Later an avenue of young tamarind trees had been put in some paces back. When the time came for rooting up the cotton trees, a blind Municipal Committee objected. The life or death of the Tamarind Avenue was nothing to them.

The beautifying of "The Place" was less joy to them than pig-headed obstruction; so the energetic district officer refrained from wasting his breath and losing his temper in argument, sat tight, and one night, between 10 p.m. and 6 a.m., had out a couple of hundred coolies, and cleared the cotton trees off the face of Lucknow. The "city fathers" raved. Every one else said it was a vast improvement, and the right thing had been done. Russell was somewhat upset at the state of the Imambara in the Muchi Bhawan Fort. But that is all different now. The fort has been razed; the Imambara is no longer an arsenal, but has been restored to the Mahometans.

The visit of the Duke of Edinburgh during Lord Mayo's régime, and the Prince of Wales' visit during Lord Northbrook's Viceroyalty, were welcomed with every mark of loyalty, and paved the way for the people to understand the Proclamation of New Year's Day, 1877, when Her Majesty was proclaimed as Reigning Empress of India; and, to cement this bond, later on came a third son, the Duke of Connaught, not on a short visit, but to stay and associate himself with his native brethren, Gurkas, Sikhs, Pathans, Rajputs, and others, in

arms, and command a Brigade in India. He, too, in December, 1883, followed in the steps of his elder brothers and visited Lucknow.

On Monday morning the Prince presented colours to the First Battalion of Her Majesty's 8th Foot, before all the troops in the garrison—the 14th Foot, 65th Foot, three Batteries of Artillery, three Battalions of Native Infantry, two Regiments of Bengal Cavalry, and a Battalion of Lucknow Volunteers. The Prince was much impressed with the march past of the 11th Bengal Infantry. The same afternoon he left for Cawnpore, and thus ended his four days' visit to Lucknow, of which, no doubt, he still carries with him many happy recollections, and maybe Deighton Probyn sometimes whispers in his ear:—

"Now when in after days we boast
Of many wild boars slain,
Let's not forget our runs to toast,
Or run them o'er again."

(This chapter has been compiled from some letters I wrote to the *Calcutta Englishman* in January, 1876.)

Chapter XVII

SOME BAD BARGAINS

"How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds
Makes ill deeds done."

—*Shakespeare.*

I HAVE pointed out in previous chapters that the district officer in India is always surrounded by bribed, blackmail-extorting underlings, whom he cannot trust; native clerks who mislay important papers, omit telling points in police diaries, interject Delphic utterances on police procedure, suborn evidence, and abet the falsification of documents; that, in his attempt to do justice, he has to plough his way through "billowy seas of perjury"; has to deal with a police force, the *personnel* in the ranks of which is admittedly corrupt and incompetent; and, in cases before him, has to be prosecutor as well as judge; for, as a rule, the defence is ably represented, while the prosecution is practically voiceless. This is hard enough, but it is by no

means all he has to contend against. The worst of all is, he has to make over cases for trial to dishonest native magistrates, and sit as a kind of detective over them to see they don't go astray. Mr. Stevens, in his book, *In India*, says: "The native magistrates and judges are corrupt. A case is adjourned, and adjourned, and adjourned, every time on a plausible pretext, for months. Meanwhile, the judge's jackals are out in the villages hinting to the suitor that, if he will but agree to this or that compromise, the cause shall be heard and settled at once. As a rule, they take bribes from each side, and then decide the case on its merits. The man of really scrupulous honesty takes the same present from each side, and then—just like our own Lord Bacon—returns the money to the loser." This is plain, unvarnished truth—not an iota of exaggeration in this statement. You have to live in this atmosphere to be able to fully realise these hideous facts. I had a tahsildar, or subordinate magistrate, once at Rai Bareli, who took money from both sides—as much as he could get. He decided in favour of the party who paid most, and then wrote a judgment which couldn't hold water on appeal; and told the other side to appeal, for he was

bound to get off, and kept the money of both! I will give you one or two examples out of hundreds that have come under my own observation. The following are no solitary instances, but in some form or another everyday occurrences in every district in India.

A dastardly murder had been committed. The enquiry was taken up by an intelligent and experienced European inspector of police; after much labour and trouble, he managed to obtain sufficient evidence to make out a good *prima facie* case against a Brahmin of the name of Ramdin. The case was made over to a native magistrate of long standing, drawing a salary of some £600 per annum. This magistrate, at the conclusion of his enquiry, released the accused. The inspector came to me with the record, argued the case, and showed plainly that, on the evidence as recorded, there was a good case against Ramdin. The inspector said, "I know, as a fact, that the magistrate took 1,000 rupees from Ramdin's father to release his son; but the man who advanced this sum to Ramdin's father, and those who could testify to the giving of this bribe, will not admit what they know in any court." I sent for the magistrate, and went over his proceedings with

him, and asked him why, on the evidence, he had not committed the accused to take his trial at the Court of Sessions. He said, "I didn't believe the witnesses." I replied, "You will re-arrest Ramdin, and commit him to the Court of Sessions on the evidence as it stands, and let the Sessions judge and the assessors decide as to the credibility of the witnesses." The magistrate asked me to transfer the case, and not make him commit it, as he had publicly recorded his opinion that the case had not been made out, and to force him to commit it would, as he termed it, "blacken his face." I am afraid the deepest of blacks would have looked pale against this gentleman's character. I said, "No; you will yourself commit the case, under orders if you like, and record any reasons you care to give for disbelieving the evidence." Ramdin was committed to the Court of Sessions, tried, convicted, sentenced, hanged. I then told the inspector to send for Ramdin's father, and ask him what he had gained by trying to bribe the magistrate, for he had lost his 1,000 rupees, and his son had been hanged for murder. The old man said to the inspector, "Yes, I gave the magistrate 1,000 rupees; but if you have me up before any court, I'll deny it. I

did not lose my 1,000 rupees, for, when the district officer forced the magistrate to commit the case to the Court of Sessions, the magistrate sent for me and returned me the money." Why, I can hear you ask, are such things allowed to go on? Because, as Mr. Stevens has told us in his book, *In India*, though everybody suspects, and hundreds of natives know, you cannot get a man to come forward and say, "I paid the magistrate such a sum," and prove it. Of course not, for the man who paid is the man who profits; and, he might have added, because in the eyes of the law he is equally guilty as the bribe-taker, and he isn't going to run himself in.

Here is another case. A Mahometan magistrate, the cousin of a Puisne Judge of the High Court, a man who had been educated at Cambridge, had gone up for the Indian Civil Service, and failed; had had five or six years English education at a University and in London, where he read for the Bar; came back to India, and was appointed to Government Service as a magistrate. He was an inveterate bribe-taker, sunk so low as to take a rupee bribe in petty cases; native rumour put the sum yet lower, at four annas. I accused him directly of this

infamous habit; he didn't deny the soft impeachment, neither would he admit it. One day he launched out a bit too far; he had to survey a riparian village on the Rapti river, and to report as to the ownership of the alluvial land. The claimants were a rich rajah and a poor community of peasant holders. The official, nothing daunted, wrote to the rajah and offered to decide in his favour for 3,000 rupees—he was a fool to commit himself to paper. The rajah was an advanced English-speaking landlord, and had undoubtedly a good title to this accretion; so, on receipt of this offer, he simply put it into an envelope, and sent it on to me. Of course I reported the matter. Subsequent proceedings were somewhat funny. The magistrate was sent for by the Secretary to Government; he was ignorant as to what had happened, and was anxiously awaiting the rajah's reply. When asked what he meant by offering the rajah 3,000 rupees to decide in his favour, he totally denied ever having done so, said the accusation was the wicked story of an enemy. Faced with his own letter, he was speechless. He ought, I think, to have been prosecuted, but he was not. He was told to sit down and write his resignation of the service

then and there, or stand his trial under the Indian Penal Code. He sat down and wrote his resignation, went home, and the same evening wrote to the secretary for a letter of recommendation for employment with the Hyderabad Government. Now this was a man well-born, well-educated, had had an University education, had associated for years with Europeans in England, was well paid, and had a good pension in prospect. Still these advantages could not raise him above the temptation to take bribes. It was before such men that Lord Ripon wanted to send Englishmen and Englishwomen to be tried. Was there any wonder at the storm raised by the Ilbert Bill?

A native judge, a man of good birth, of liberal education, a man of good social position, and one who had travelled, and had been specially employed in Egypt in the eighties, once said to me: "You English do not realise the gulf that there is between you and the natives of this country. You, from your infancy in your nurseries, are brought up to respect truth and hate lying, and are whipped as children for telling stories. Your public school and college career are such that, if you are not honest and straightforward, you are boycotted, put out of caste.