the Lieutenant-Governor congratulates Mr Frederick Cooper, one of his so-called hanging commissioners, in the warmest terms, on the manner in which the 20th Regiment of Native Infantry had been by him blotted out of the book of life for some imagined signs of disaffection, adding, "Three other regiments here were very shaky yesterday, but I hardly think they will go now. I wish they would, as they are a nuisance, and not a man would escape if they do." Mr Martin holds that this rejoicing over the extermination of a thousand men, and eagerness to find a pretext for the destruction of three thousand more, reads strangely from the pen of one of the most prominent advocates for the propagation of Christianity in India, but it explains in his eyes why "our success as subjugators has been attended by failure as evangelists." The fact is, that Sir Robert ruled in virtue of power received from others, ever stretched by him to its utmost limits, not by the suffrage of mankind at large, and could at any moment the third Napoleon's invention of the plebiscite have been introduced throughout the land of the five rivers, at that moment Sir Robert would have ceased to reign. He governed rather by reason of the machinery at his command than by his personal ascendancy; and it may be questioned whether attributes like his would have shone with equal lustre in the piping times of peace as in the years of mutiny and reconquest that little short of his prosperity could have adorned.

The Punjab is the country which has derived perhaps the largest, and certainly the most rapid, advantages from British rule, and it has become the custom

to consider these results as simple consequences of the special vigour of its administration. But we prefer to trace them rather to the difference between its people and those of other parts of India; and without wishing to detract from the meed of praise so well bestowed on Mr Richard Temple, and on others of the Punjab school, we may be allowed to question both the justice and the wisdom of building up so high a reputational edifice in favour of one class of public servants, solely on the basis of the presumed inferiority of others. Those who rule the Punjab have great advantages in climate over their colleagues in more southern provinces; for while, in Bengal, Darjeeling is almost the solitary hill-station tolerably accessible and worthy of the name, and the North-West Provinces are not much better off, the sanitaria of the Punjab are numerous, and lie unrivalled in their beauty, thickly scattered on its north and eastern frontiers. The principle of giving most to him that hath already, has been clearly followed in the circumstances attending Punjab life; and Nature has been as prodigal in clothing her Himalayan slopes with rhododendron and the ilex, as the Administration has been active in turning these advantages to account.

Everything thus tends to render labour in the Punjab far preferable to Bengal and North-Western service. Moreover, the former is practically enhanced by all the benefits military prestige can bestow, when compared with a purely civil and commercial past; and hence it was a heavy blow to ambitious souls like Mr Frederick Cooper when Delhi passed into North-West

hands. Many of these men had become conspicuous in the conduct of the non-regulation system, and had thereby rather incurred the jealousy than the admiration of the milder and perhaps more strictly constitutional government of Agra. The motives for the transfer must be sought in a desire for symmetry, such as draws France towards the Rhine in search of a natural barrier, and also may be in the wish to mark the high estate from which a capital may fall by becoming a focus of revolt. Thus, for her sins, Delhi was bound hand and foot, and made over to the tender care of a once subordinate administration, thereby disconnecting the Sikh people from all supposed participation in disloyalty. Such are the only explanations of this measure; and had its details been carried out with more regard for the personal interests and position of the officials left dependent on a government not over-well disposed towards them, it might have passed uncriticised as an act of policy well conceived to flatter native vanity on both the Jumna's banks.

But this was not the case. It was indeed far otherwise; and those who have known the Delhi of more recent years have also known how Mr Frederick Cooper as Deputy-Commissioner, aided by his military colleague, Lord Mark Kerr, has worked to clear away the visible remains of mutiny; and how, by carefully remodelling what remained of native society, he has forced his former Punjab masters into a recognition, tardy and compelled, of services, which, to the last, the North-West Government seemed systematically to ignore. Of the old city, with its gates opening

on the roads to Agra and Cashmere which Lieutenants Home and Salkeld immortalised in death, it is not our intention now to speak; but rather of those practical municipal reforms which have converted a den of thieves into a pattern of propriety. Before and after daylight two figures might be seen tracing with their hands the lines that boulevards, streets, and drains should follow so as to combine strategic purposes with beauty. For years this work went on, unheeded from without, except when now and then discouraged by financial pressure, until, to each inhabitant of that crowded city, the eager faces of those men became familiar. On foot and unattended they dived down cut-throat alleys, whose vicious depths no European save drunken troops in search of plunder had previously penetrated. From these abodes of pestilential crime they might, as the sun set with Eastern splendour behind the sea of tombs and desolation surrounding Delhi, be often seen emerging, and, recognised from afar, be followed home by ragged crowds of hungry bearers of petitions. In the examination of these papers and in dispensing justice Mr Cooper's noontide hours were spent, Lord Mark Kerr being occupied the while with garrison affairs. To these two men nothing appeared trivial that concerned the welfare of that city; and while no civic work to benefit the natives seemed too great for them to undertake, they devoted equal thought and care to the construction and endowment of tennis-courts and circulating libraries, and all that tended to increase the welfare of the white inhabitants.

When claims are so nearly balanced as between these two reformers, comparison becomes even more than usually odious. Mr Cooper was a civilian of the Punjab school, whose former life had been devoted to what may be termed the pleasures of his office. To him health and other stern realities of life were ever subordinate to the ambition of bringing credit on the administration in which he took a prominent share. Lord Mark Kerr was a keen Scotch soldier, who had passed some years on Lord Elgin's staff in Canada, and whose spurs, well earned in the Crimean War, had been worn worthily throughout the Indian Mutiny. Of his cool daring on occasions calculated to try even courage of no common cast, many anecdotes are still told by his comrades of those days, when he and they received together their baptism of fire. His was a nature that in private life made every child his friend, and in his public character no man could be his enemy. Foremost among the most prominent of bold horsemen, his spare form was always to be seen in search of danger and distinction; but, the battle won, and the sword of victory sheathed, Lord Mark Kerr became essentially a man of peace, devoted to the practical improvement of his conquests. Thus Mr Cooper and Lord Mark Kerr were men of a rare mould, such as India requires. In time of war the former could display a heroism and martial ardour only to be rivalled by the ease with which the latter, at a moment's notice, could lay aside his armour and embrace the arts of peace.

Leaving Delhi, and turning our attention beyond

the massive fort of Selimghur and the marble screens of the Dewani-Khas, we find two monuments, at some miles' distance, emblematic of the civilisation of the East and West. The first stands conspicuous among the ruins whence it towers its fluted height, and, dipping, though but slightly, towards the sun, like Pisa's leaning tower, is known throughout the world as the Column of the Kutub. The second is the remnant of a shady residence by the water-side, in whose halls Canova's models and the works of Sir William Jones once dwelt in harmony; but when the tide of mutiny swept across the land, all that owned a European origin was laid low; and Metcalfe's house, plate, pictures, and priceless manuscript collections, were plundered and destroyed by uncultivated rebels, to whom their value was unknown. All that now remains to the representative of perhaps the greatest of our Anglo-Indian families—the only family we know of that loved its adopted country well enough to settle in it, blindly trusting for protection to native gratitude—is an insufficient sum of money, with difficulty obtained from Government as compensation at a time of need, and the satisfaction of knowing that a broken limb of an historic statue is shown to every traveller who visits Delhi as wellnigh all now left of Metcalfe's property.

Leaving Delhi to the south, and travelling by the Grand Trunk Road through Kurnal, Umballa, Loodhiana, and Jullundhar, one enters the country of the Kuppoorthulla Raja, a chief whose outward signs of loyalty far exceed the studied demonstrations of his fellows. No path to English favour does he indeed appear to

have left untrodden. The Christianity taught him by the proselytising members of Punjab administration he embraced with fervour; and, having made himself master of the English language, he put a finishing-stroke to the adoption of our customs by taking to himself an English wife. This distinctive conduct has marked him out to history as an early pattern of a class probably destined to become a real source of union between the Sikh races and ourselves, and for the present has secured to him a lion's share of honours and rewards, to which neither his rank nor power alone could have entitled him.

Proceeding further still, the same road strikes the Beas river, ascending which, and leaving severally to the right and left the Mundi and the Chumba Raja's territories, the traveller, turning shortly to the north, enters on a highland glen of grand peculiar beauty. Yet a little and the river, here become a mountain torrent fed by the melting snows that form a fitting frame for the granite peaks of Spiti and Lahoul, surges past the ancient walls of Sultanpore. Across that background winds amid rare loveliness the Rotung Pass of 13,000 feet, from whence can be descried the Chandra river and the mountains of Cashmere. A distant glimpse of those rugged Pinjal ranges, by which a jealous nature has hedged in the vale enclosing Sirinagur, "the City of the Sun," is sufficient to convince the most casual observer of the rich fertility of Runbeer Singh's dominions. But a closer and more careful examination cannot fail to raise within the breasts of Englishmen a deep and unavailing grief that this paradise on earth,

where Bernier has placed the site of our first parents' happiness, should after conquest have been permitted to pass into foreign hands, by the treaty of Umritsur in 1846, in consideration of the payment of three-quarters of a million sterling. In those days, however, India seemed a boundless field for gain, and the circumstances of the hour were farmed with little thought for future generations of administrators, who, succeeding one another with a rapidity unknown in Europe, have landed us to-day upon the brink of bankruptcy.

After three years' government of the Punjab by the board appointed by Lord Dalhousie, Sir Henry Lawrence estimated that, deducting ample funds for works of general improvement, a surplus revenue would remain of half a million sterling. This flourishing condition continued to improve throughout the years that followed; and amid the ruins of Lord Dalhousie's Indian policy, the fabric built up by Punjab annexation has raised its monumental head in proof of at least the part fulfilment of that statesman's prophecies. The sweeping centralisation of finance introduced by Mr Wilson, has done, however, much to cast the bright outline of success surrounding Northern Hindostan into the shade of more general failure; and thus, amidst the general want of money, the services of special men who for years represented the credit columns of our Indian accounts, have almost passed unnoticed by the outer world. Two of these long conducted in the Punjab the Departments of Justice and Finance. Of Mr M'Leod, the Finance Commissioner, a laborious lover of hard work, it might be thought perhaps by some that he was

little more than an accountant ought to be. But those who judged him thus best proved their ignorance; for those who knew him better have expressed a blind belief in the wisdom of his scrupulous decisions; and since the claims of military candidates like Sir Herbert Edwardes, Sir Robert Napier, Colonel Lake, or Colonel H. M. Durand, to govern the Punjab, were not destined to receive a favourable consideration from Sir John Lawrence, a civilian Viceroy, no choice perhaps could have been made of a successor to Sir Robert Montgomery combining equal qualifications and requirements. The picture of his colleague, the officiating Punjab Minister of Justice, deserves more studied painting; for without sufficient care in treatment, it might appear that the character of Mr Robert Nedham Cust lacked courage. His talents were of the very highest order, and his eloquence on paper was only to be equalled by the soundness of his law. Yet, in spite of these attainments, he counted among his co-administrators many who sought to dull his fame by anecdotes in which the hero played a part remarkable for the absence of heroic qualities. Great men must take, however, the pains as well as the pleasures of high place, and may well rest contented when the balance left upon the public mind is even slightly in their favour. In this respect the man we speak of has shone conspicuous for good sense; for, leaving his repute to be judged of by professional success, he has consistently avoided seeking honours in the path of needless danger.

Among these zealous Punjab servants the name of

Sir Herbert Edwardes stands out prominently as an illustration of a class happily now numerous, whose origin is traceable to the liberal introduction by Lord Dalhousie of the military element into civil administration. The advantage of this system has been so fully proved by time, that it has become almost unnecessary to repeat the arguments brought forward in support of its efficiency and economy. In time of peace a large reserve of officers is kept employed in civil work, whose local experience thus gained cannot but conduce in time of war to the more successful conduct of campaigns, and the State, when subject to the enhanced burthens inseparable from a condition of hostility, is relieved at least from the necessity of maintaining supernumerary civilians. To impartial observers of to-day, the only question is the true proportion the elements in question should bear to one another in different parts of India. To the consideration of this point Lord Dalhousie brought his rich experience, and he has left behind him records of his views, whence it may be fairly gathered that the covenanted India Civil Service, recruited as it now is from home in its legal and financial branches by men of riper years, is still capable of safe reduction. We must not, however, permit the general question to take the place here found for a brief allusion to Sir Herbert Edwardes, whose bright career, commencing with the capture of Mooltan in January 1849, has run a course consistent with the character of a Christian, soldier and civilian.

The proselytising spirit that has become one of the marked characteristics of Punjab administration has

been traced by some to the practical application of the fact that imitation is the most sincere of flattery; and this has often of late years been cast in the teeth of those who followed in the footsteps of Sir Henry Lawrence. It is not, therefore, singular that the bold position occupied by Sir Herbert Edwardes, whose purse and pen have ever been devoted to the cause of Christianity, should have become a target for the arrows of the covenanted Civil Service. The duties with which we now desire, however, to associate his name are other than those that he imposed upon himself, and though perhaps less brilliant than the exploits partially recorded in 'A Year on the Punjab Frontier,' are not without their interest, as typical of Anglo-Indian non-regulation government.

The river Sutlej separates two families of native rulers of the second class, whose broad lands and almost sovereign rights have mostly been conferred upon them by the Government of India in reward for signal service at a time of need. They are termed the Cis and Trans Sutlej States, and are ruled by officers styled Commissioners of the Jullunder and Umballa divisions, who, appointed by the Lieutenant-Governor of the Punjab, are further clothed with certain political or diplomatic powers by the Government Supreme, as accredited agents to the native courts within their jurisdiction. At the time we speak of these envied posts were occupied by Sir Herbert Edwardes and Colonel Edward Lake, to whom custom and the nature of their duties, including as they did the supervision of many mountain Rajas, had awarded two residences apiece, whereat to

pass in turn the cold and summer solstice. Thus with the approach of April, there known for scorching winds and the necessity for tatties, in place of the fragrant and refreshing showers with which that month is most associated in English minds, Sir Herbert Edwardes was wont to break up from his winter residence at Umballa, and retire to an elevation of some 7000 feet on the Simla road, known as the Kussowlie Heights, and there, more free from interruption, he could devote at least some portion of his time and thoughts to those literary tasks that he delighted in, and that in early days first brought him into notice as the author of a series of most able letters from "A Brahminee Bull to his Cousin John in England." In such pursuits he spent the little leisure falling to the lot of an overworked administrator; and thence at times he raised his weary eyes from the crabbed characters of ancient Persian manuscripts to gaze upon the burnt-up plains below him, stretching from the furthest Himalayan spur far beyond Umballa into dusty space, seamed only by the winding Sutlej as it bursts from its mountain home and takes its rapid course towards the west. Still this hilly solitude and the benefit of cool breezes once a-year were not enough to reinvigorate a constitution sapped by ceaseless work beneath a broiling sun; and at length Sir Herbert found himself reluctantly compelled to follow the advice of his physician, and abandon a field of action wherein lay deep imbedded the serious interests of his life.

But our readers must now turn their backs upon the Punjab and its rulers. Other opportunities will present themselves for studying the characters of men like Mr

Richard Temple and Mr Lewin Bowring, both of whom acquired the art of government in the Punjab school, and now reign over extensive provinces of South and Central Hindostan. A comparison between these two last is alike tempting to the writer and the artist; but as the picture may be introduced hereafter with greater historical precision, we shall return at once to the busy Foreign Office at Calcutta, and, rolling up the Punjab map, direct our observation first to the non-regulation provinces of Oude, Mysore, Nagpore; and, secondly, to the political department of the Government of India, through which relations are maintained with semi-sovereign and protected states, and our other Eastern neighbours.

CHAPTER VI.

THE NON-REGULATION PROVINCES OF OUDE, MYSORE, NAGPORE, SUBORDINATE TO THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL IN THE FOREIGN DEPARTMENT.

SOME writers have attempted, in a passing pleasant manner, to convey to those who stay at home some faint idea of Anglo-Indian service, and the attempt has failed, for none who have not known how the official zealot turns under India's scorching sun in despair and almost self-defence to every occupation tending to create new and local interests, can understand the frame of mind in which a civil servant day after day fastens his attention on dull conflicts of Mahomedan and Hindoo law, until to him the only life worth living seems one depending as for food on reams of foolscap paper and crowds of copying clerks.

That, however, labour of a most practical character awaits all of every grade employed in Indian office life will appear from a bare enumeration of the broad dependencies whose orders reach them through the correspondence of the Foreign Office. This Calcutta Foreign Office, though but one of the five departments to which the executive Government of India is intrusted, dictates conditions of existence to the thirty-three million

human beings who live and die beneath the so-called non-regulation system. Last of the states so ruled in date of acquisition, and least in area, stands Oude, a kingdom, up to 1856, of which Sir James Outram and Sir Henry Lawrence would fain have saved the independence, had not its inhabitants and court been sunk too deep in infamy to understand the virtue of their remedies. Second in size and prestige rank the Mysore Raja's territories, which, since the days of Sir Mark Cubbon, have steadily increased both in commercial and political importance. Next come the Central Provinces, vast and ill-defined, now for the first time ruled by a man capable of doing justice to their pent-up resources. Then there is the whole of British Burma, and the Strait Settlements of Penang and Singapore; and if to these we add the Punjab, and the entire political control of the Rajpootana States, and such Central India chiefs as Scindia and Holkar, it will be readily admitted that this small world contains few offices of responsibility and power equal to that of Foreign Secretary to the Government of India.

Oude, Mysore, Nagpore, are three great names in Indian history, each one of which, not very many years ago, represented to the eye of European imagination long lines of princes deriving their titles and estates from the most remote of ages known to even Eastern garter kings-at-arms. To each of them, mighty revenues, densely-peopled districts, and martial pride seemed to promise a long and favoured national life. In past times they had made peace and war with one another, and, when united, had more than once successfully

defied the Affghan and the Lion of Lahore. To-day these three sovereign states are blended harmoniously together beneath one giant administration, and minister to one another's commercial and financial wants with all the touching tenderness of sisters long estranged. But though they seem to form one picture, wherein each rock and tree and blade of grass is quarried, felled, or mown to the mutual advantage of the soil and its proprietors, they are still divided into three by boundaries which Nature has prescribed, and which neither Company nor Crown has been able to obliterate. The reins of government centre in the hands of the Foreign Secretary, as the constitutional repository of the Viceroy's conscience, at least with reference to non-regulation provinces; and at the time we write of, circumstances had placed this trust within the keeping of Colonel Henry Marion Durand.

It is said that Lord Ellenborough selected young Durand, then a junior officer of engineers, to accompany him to India in the capacity of aide-de-camp; that the quick eye of that rash statesman speedily detected talents in his *protégé* of no common order; and that, on arrival in Calcutta, he appointed him his private secretary. The experience thus gained at an early age ripened later into precious fruit beneath the burning sun of Cabul and Indore. Throughout the Indian Mutiny Colonel Durand's position gave him opportunities of inspiring confidence both as a soldier and diplomatist; and shortly after its suppression he obtained a seat in Sir Charles Wood's Council, where his restless pen found ample occupation in recording his

convictions on every Eastern question. Urged, however, by Lord Canning, he did not long enjoy the ease, combined with dignity, of the Council Board at home, but, returning to Calcutta, entered on the labours of the Foreign Office. The reasons that induced Lord Canning to desire to place a military man in charge of the political relations of the Government of India—an office hitherto conducted by civilians—must be sought for, partially no doubt, in the very special fitness of Colonel Durand; but perhaps not less in a desire to make one last protest against the system of exclusion so long practised by the Company in favour of their covenanted civil servants, and to open up to really public competition those imperial departments of the Government, whose daily labours embrace the interests of all classes of the many-coloured populations of our Indian Empire.

The law required, however, that the reasons for selecting one unfitted for the post by his profession should be reported for approval of the Government at home; and Sir Charles Wood found himself compelled either to disallow a principle to which he had practically given his consent, or else indorse Lord Canning's choice. In the consideration of this question it was but natural he should cast his eye across the broad horizon of India's political condition. Unexampled prosperity, the result of but a few years' unexampled peace, had bred a wide confidence in his decisions among the native population. Many causes had combined to render civil administration most popular at the hands of military men. To the martial spirit of the Punjab we had looked, and not

in vain, for efficient aid throughout our recent troubles. To that country the name of Colonel Durand was not only familiar, but recalled the long-cherished memory of a great day, when the avenging tribes of Northern India espoused with warmth the cause of our murdered countrymen in Cabul, when, led by English officers, they forced their way through passes hitherto regarded as the gates of death, and received, beneath the lofty walls of Ghuznee, a patent hostage of success in the recovery of the Gates of Somnauth. Those far-famed gates had, eight hundred years before, been carried off by Sultan Mahmoud from a singularly sacred Brahmin temple dedicated to a god in whose honour it was held that the sea daily rose and fell in tidal homage. Their costly weight of sandal-wood had been dragged by victorious cannon into long exile among wild infidels, the depth of whose religious and political fanaticism could but be measured by their bloodthirstiness and contempt for human life; and these gates were now brought back in triumph, and restored, amid the acclamations of two hundred thousand warriors, to the bosom of a proud nation's faith. In Lord Ellenborough's own words, "The insult of eight hundred years had been avenged in 1842;" and to the Punjab mind a proud consciousness of great deeds done together was the first feeling that the name of Colonel Durand instinctively inspired. A second memory, with which he must ever be associated, belongs to the history of more recent times, when, in Central India, on the banks of the Nerbudda, he, from a knowledge of native character acquired among them, had leant with confidence upon

those loyal Rajpoots, among whose traditions he felt himself so much at home; for, in a word, it was Colonel Durand who, in 1857, stood to his ground, and stemmed the flood of mutiny from bursting into Hyderabad and pouring down the Deccan.

These are some of many thoughts that must have crowded on Sir Charles Wood's mind when he turned a scrupulous attention to the claims advanced in favour of an engineer as Foreign Secretary; and to them he doubtless added his own personal remembrance of many able minutes, the characteristic penmanship of which was singularly adapted to lend the charm of easy reading to close argument

The Foreign Secretariat, however, may with some justice be regarded as the blue ribbon of Indian departmental life; and it was not without much jealousy that civilians of the Lushington and Prinsep school saw its mantle fall upon a military man. Sir Charles Wood's Council numbered many whose advice, if followed, would not have sanctioned this emancipation; but happily the ultimate decision rested in the hands of one well used to frame and follow opinions of his own, who, from the depths of his experience, and unbiassed by the prejudices of a professional education or career, could calmly weigh each argument in turn. Thus it was that, after some delay, the nomination of Colonel H. M. Durand was confirmed from home; and he entered on the full performance of his duties shortly after the arrival of Lord Elgin at Calcutta.

The nature of those duties has been sufficiently explained. They embrace within their limits the whole

network of India's external policy, besides the direct administration of one-third of our Eastern Empire. The foreign department is indeed so large a Government machine that it has been found essential to divide it into many branches; thus it has separate establishments for its financial, military, and civil labours, each conducted by a staff of well-trained officials, specially acquainted with the technicalities of their respective subjects, and presided over by such men as Messrs Wheeler or Macleod, who, from personal experience, combined with natural executive ability, are alone competent to guide the wheels of these subordinate administrations.

In the discharge of his duties Colonel Durand had the rare good-fortune to be associated with one, young in years, but gifted equally with power of application and the art of making others work under him. Mr C. U. Aitcheson was among the first of those who braved successfully the early rigours of the competition system. Of stubborn Scotch origin, he had from boyhood set his mind upon the East, and with a strong will had steadily worked out his education in the teeth of many disadvantages; so that, when the doors of Haileybury were closed for ever against the sons and nephews of influential men, and other channels were opened for the recruitment of the Indian Civil Service, he was found prepared to struggle for a much-contested prize with candidates of every denomination. His early zeal had been but whetted by a short Punjab career; and when, to the surprise of all, and most of all himself, a Calcutta telegram reached the distant spot where he had won

such speedy reputation, offering him the post of Foreign Under-Secretary to the Government of India, he, true to his antecedents, was found again prepared to do credit to the choice.

But to return to the three provinces to which this chapter has been dedicated, and primarily to Oude, that crowning stroke of Lord Dalhousie's annexations —an annexation that has been so warmly canvassed for so many years, and that, while called by some an "expedient escheat," and a "*Dacoitee in excelsis*," has, on the other hand, been defended as a righteous act by calm reflective men of office of a widely different stamp from him by whom it was at last reluctantly proclaimed.

Lying on our line of northern march, Oude was inhabited by robber races who long lived by robbing one another. The rich had fed upon the poor, until finally the latter ceased to till the fields, and adopted the example set them by their betters. So long as rapine was confined within the limits of the kingdom, the East India Company only raised its voice at intervals in the general interest of humanity; but when the area of anarchy gradually extended itself, and lastly knew no bounds at all, the oft-repeated words of warning were once more spoken in the Alumbagh, and a term was fixed at whose expiry the forbearance of the British Government should end. The events that shortly after followed are well known, and have only been too often twisted into would-be inevitable results of certain policies pursued—a method of proceeding calculated to provoke distrust in native minds; where-

as, if people would cease to seek for causes and effects so far beneath the surface, more truthful narratives might sometimes see the light, at least where India is concerned.

Singularly rich in all the elements of agricultural prosperity, this country had merited a better fate than the one its vicious rulers had entailed upon it. Its early history had combined domestic happiness with success in foreign war; and among the more remote and darker pages of the past, traces are sometimes found in Oude of a civilisation then unknown in other parts of India. The reigns, however, of a long line of licentious rulers had at length so degraded the condition of the people, as to render some change essential to the continuance of their bare physical existence. Of these rulers a graphic picture has been drawn by Mr Kaye, in words so picturesque and forcible as to leave no room for further comment:—

"It would take long to trace the history of the progressive misrule of the Oude dominions under a succession of sovereigns all of the same class—passive permitters of evil rather than active perpetrators of iniquity—careless of, but not rejoicing in, the sufferings of their people. The rulers of Oude, whether Wuzeers or Kings, had not the energy to be tyrants. They simply allowed things to take their course. Sunk in voluptuousness and pollution, often too horribly revolting to be described, they gave themselves up to the guidance of panders and parasites, and cared not so long as these wretched creatures administered to their sensual appetites. Affairs of state were pushed aside as

painful intrusions. Corruption stalked openly abroad, every one had his price; place, honour, justice—everything was to be bought; fiddlers, barbers, and mountebanks became great functionaries. There were high revels at the capital, whilst in the interior of the country every kind of enormity was being exercised to wring from the helpless people the money which supplied the indulgences of the court. Much of the land was farmed out to large contractors, who exacted every possible farthing from the cultivators, and were not seldom, upon complaint of extortion, made, unless inquiry were silenced by corruption, to disgorge into the royal treasury a portion of their gains. Murders of the most revolting type, gang robberies of the most outrageous character, were committed in open day. There were no courts of justice except at Lucknow, no police but at the capital and on the frontier. The British troops were continually called out to coerce refractory landowners, and to stimulate revenue collection at the point of the bayonet. The sovereign—Wuzeer or King—knew that they would do their duty,—knew that, under the obligations of the treaty, his authority would be supported; and so he lay secure in his zenana, and fiddled while his country was in flames."

Under such conditions of misrule as are here portrayed, any change could hardly fail to prove of benefit to the bulk of the population. The misruling class of course were doomed to suffer; and when the change, so long in vain expected from within, came finally from without by annexation, mutiny, siege,

relief, and consequent re-occupation by our armies rapidly succeeding one another, Lord Canning's proclamation placed the British Government in a new position as towards that country, and enabled us to mete out life and death, rewards and confiscation, as the ends of justice and imperial interests demanded. Thus upon the ruins of a kingdom whose martial ardour had destroyed itself, by casting civil honours into disrepute, Lord Canning laid the foundations of a proud and peaceful province, creating from the social chaos caused by the bloodshed of Cawnpore and Lucknow a landed aristocracy, whose Talookdaree rights afford the surest guarantee for future loyalty.

Whether this great measure should take its place among the world's failures or successes, and justify the voice of general approval or the censure of Lord Ellenborough, depended chiefly on those who were selected to work out practically the details of a great theoretical conception. Mr Wingfield and Mr Yule were both well fitted to succeed in such a task. Both belonged to the old civilian school, who, untiring at the desk in their cutcherry, yet dearly loved the chase, prided themselves on owning the best elephants, and thus became identified with the pleasures as well as the taxation of the races over which they ruled. These were the men that Lord Canning wisely chose to heal the open wounds of Oude.

These wounds were deep, and skill and time combined were needed for their cure; but when Lucknow is visited to-day by one familiar with the deeds of Major Aitken and the Baillie Guard, so great a change

is noticeable that he would find it hard to trace among the walks and shrubberies of Wingfield Gardens his recollections of the siege. The change extends moreover to every circumstance of life connected with that country. Its people are now gradually acquiring a long-forgotten industry and enterprise; while the abolition of a frontier, and enhanced security for human life and property, have paved the way for English capital and immigration. The natives have shown no want of energy in aiding us in the regeneration of their distracted and exhausted land, but, headed by Maun Singh, a leading Talookdar, whose genius guided him successfully through the perilous path of mutiny, and ever earned him prominent place in the councils of the ascendant party, they have proved that Oude can still maintain her rank among the states of Hindostan, and that the mother of rebellion can become a loyal daughter of the Crown.

In bestowing praise on Messrs Yule and Wingfield, we must not forget to whom, second to Lord Canning, their choice was mainly due. The patronage enjoyed by Indian Viceroys is so extensive, and other claims on their attention are so numerous, that it has become the almost inevitable practice to intrust much patronage virtually to the hands of others. The Private Secretary is usually the medium through which this power is exercised, and in this office Lord Canning had through four long years the great advantage of being served by Mr Lewin Bowring, a civil servant of Bengal who had been early grafted on the tree of Punjab administration. Upon him it was that Lord

Canning on departure bestowed the government of Mysore and Coorg; and though it might be questioned whether Mr Bowring's seniority and services alone entitled him to this preferment, his subsequent success affords the fittest justification for an appointment which many chose to read as rather savouring of nepotism.

Thus Mr Bowring entered on his duties under circumstances that could but tend to pave the way to criticism. Some there were of local reputation, who, deeming their own claims far superior to his, did not shrink from their assertion; and it was only by judicious action, and a complete reorganisation of the old Commission, that things smoothed down into the mutual confidence and goodwill so essential to the conduct of a native state, where corrupt ministers are quick to trace the signs of personal jealousy, and, by widening the breach between an officer and his subordinates, attain for themselves a practical ascendancy.

The early records of Mysore are even more obscure than average Oriental history, and no authentic chronicles have yet been discovered of an earlier date than the year 1300. But even then her reputed wealth and beauty had aroused the cupidity of the Court of Delhi, and the fourteenth century was spent in predatory invasions and eventual subjugation to the Great Mogul. From that time until the star of Hyder Ali rose in 1749, Mysore could hardly boast of much political existence. Ruled at times by greedy Viceroys from afar, at times by local princes, whose reigns were only distinguished from each other by more or less oppression

and resistance, the tide of ages swept swiftly by, leaving little else than bloodshed in its wake; and then, borne on the wings of time and improved communications, came other claimants from both land and sea: the French and English arrived in ships to wage a contest with the armies of the Peishwa and Nizam, and finally to fight among themselves for the disputed prize. Meanwhile from Delhi and Lucknow came emissaries with threats and bribes and promised aid, and in the midst of the confusion Hyder Ali Khan, a Mussulman in the service of the Mysore Raja, steered a course conspicuous for its bold unscrupulous success.

Rising from the ranks to the command of his master's armies, Hyder Ali brought Mysore proper, Coorg, with the Carnatic and much within the Deccan, under subjugation. Abroad and at home he was feared with that fear most conducive to the stability of an Eastern rule. He was at the zenith of his conquests and dominion when the titular ruler of Mysore, Chumraj, died; and the events that followed cannot be better given than in the words of Colonel Wilkes:—"Hyder Ali had hitherto professed to hold Mysore in behalf of the Hindoo house, and amused his subjects, on every annual feast of the Dessara, by exhibiting the pageant seated on his ivory throne in the balcony of state, himself occupying the place of minister and commander-in-chief. This ceremonial in most countries would have excited feelings dangerous to the usurper; but the unhappy Hindoos saw their country everywhere sustaining the scourge of Mahomedan rule. The singular exception of the Mahratta State, a wide-spreading example

of a still more ruthless oppression, restrained their natural preference for rulers of their own persuasion, and they were soothed by the occasional condescension which treated them and their institutions with a semblance of respect. Hyder saw and indulged the working of these reflections, and determined to have another pageant. The lineal male succession was extinct, and he ordered all the children to be collected from the different branches of the house who, according to ancient precedent, were entitled to furnish a successor to the throne. The ceremonial observed on this occasion, however childish, was in perfect accordance with the feelings which he intended to delude, and sufficiently adapted to the superstition of the fatalist. The hall of audience was strewed with fruits, sweetmeats, and flowers, playthings of various descriptions, arms, books, male and female ornaments, bags of money, and every varied object of puerile or manly pursuit. The children were introduced together, and were all invited to help themselves to whatever they liked best. The greater number were quickly engaged in a scramble for fruits, sweetmeats, and toys, but one child was attracted by a brilliant little dagger, which he took up in his right hand, and soon after a lime in his left. 'That is the Raja,' exclaimed Hyder. 'His first care is military protection—his second, to realise the produce of his dominions; bring him hither and let me embrace him.' The assembly was in a universal murmur of applause: the child was conducted to the Hindoo palace, and prepared for installation. His name was also Chumraj, and he was the father of the Raja who was placed by

the English at the head of the Hindoo house of Mysore on the subversion of the Mahomedan dynasty in 1799."

The melodramatic incident above related satisfactorily performed, the restless Hyder Ali betook himself to further conquests, and, notwithstanding some reverses, repaired by treachery, from which as a last resource he never shrank, he pursued the path of victory till death closed his unscrupulous career, in camp near Arcot, on 7th December 1782. The fact of his death was carefully concealed until the arrival of his son and practical successor, Tippoo, who was absent at the time in Malabar. To him Hyder Ali, after his reign of thirty years, bequeathed an army of a hundred thousand well-trained men, equal to the defence of an equal number of square miles, besides accumulated treasure in gold and precious stones to the value of five millions sterling. We are told that Tippoo assumed the government with extraordinary affectation of humility and grief, yet some early easy conquests did not fail to produce their ordinary effect upon a mind equally weak and malignant. His arrogance grew upon him rapidly: at length his insults to surrounding neighbours could be no longer brooked; and when he, in breach of certain treaty stipulations, invaded Travancore in 1791, a war broke out between himself upon the one side, and the East India Company, the Peishwa, and Nizam upon the other. The result of an attack from such a coalition could not remain a moment doubtful; and by the treaty of Seringapatam in 1792, Tippoo agreed to cede one half Mysore to England, to pay a large indemnity, and to give up to Lord Cornwallis his two eldest sons as host-

ages for his future good behaviour. True to his hereditary policy of display, the handing over to a conqueror of two handsome youths before the eyes of a hundred thousand horse and foot, was an opportunity not neglected by the crafty Tippoo. An early day was fixed for the delivery of the princes into British hands. They were brought on richly-caparisoned elephants to the durbar-tent of Lord Cornwallis, and Tippoo's head vakeel addressed the Governor-General as follows:—"These children were this morning the sons of the Sultan—their situation is now changed, and they must henceforth look up to your lordship as their father." The Governor-General made an appropriate reply and promise of protection. This promise was religiously fulfilled, and "the transfer of the paternal character ceased to be an Oriental image if determined by the test of paternal attention." A strong interest in the captive youths was prevalent throughout the British army and the English people generally, and this laid no doubt the first foundation for their future bountiful provision. They were removed to Vellore, lodged in the fort, and allotted an abundant income. In 1806, in the vain hope of re-establishing their dynasty, they employed this income in corrupting the native soldiery, who rose and massacred the European garrison, one company strong. On the failure of this attempt the princes were removed to Bengal, and their residence was fixed at Russapuglah, in the suburbs of Calcutta, where their descendants have so greatly multiplied as to render it desirable they should be encouraged to engage in useful pursuits and blend with

the general population; and a proposal has indeed been made by the Council of Education to establish a boarding seminary for the junior members of the Mysore family. Prince Gholam Mohammed and Prince Ferooz Shah, two of the numerous offspring of Tippoo's hostage children, recently succeeded in enlisting in their cause some members of the Indian Council; and to their plausibility and pertinacity must be ascribed the passing of the measure known as the Mysore Grant, by which a vast inheritance has been awarded to the degenerate and already wealthy children of a bold usurper.

These costly hostages for good behaviour were handed over to Lord Cornwallis in 1792. In 1798 the restless blood of Tippoo burned to wipe out the stain of his defeat by the recovery of his lost provinces. In the execution of this design he was rash enough to seek the aid of Revolutionary France, and in token of alliance to adopt the prefix citizen. Hostilities were resumed, but Tippoo was soon again defeated, himself falling by the hand of a British grenadier. His earthly remains were deposited in the mausoleum of his fathers with all the pomp with which the East knows how to honour death; and "a storm," we are told, "not an unsuitable accompaniment to the closing scene in the life of such a man, raged with extraordinary violence on the evening of the ceremony." With him ended the short-lived, barbarous, and desolating dynasty founded by Hyder Ali Khan; and Mysore with its dependencies was partitioned out between the Company, the Peishwa, and

Nizam, a certain portion being formed into a state and conferred upon the titular Raja so long held captive by the self-named Sultan Tippoo.

In 1832 the British Government again stepped in to quell the civil strife engendered by the utter incapacity for ruling of which the Raja of its choice had afforded more than ample proof. Within a few years of his accession, this young prince had squandered upwards of two millions sterling of accumulations, while the revenue and public debt had both increased until all classes bordered on despair. The country then assumed by treaty has since been held and governed for that country's good, the Raja being treated with great financial liberality and the political consideration to which his rank entitled him. The executive, however, was taken from him, and intrusted to a mixed commission of soldiers and civilians; and the constant intrigues of more than twenty years to recover independence, have hitherto been met by us with silence or refusal. Under English sway that promised land of India has attained a measure of prosperity unrivalled in the East. Her woody slopes of many thousand feet in altitude and many thousand miles in area, now produce coffee and cinchona; and while the tiger and the leopard of the jungles are rapidly receding before the constantly-advancing strides of European planters, the lofty plateaux have become the sites of peaceful cities, of which the climate is described as follows:—"At Bangalore, about three thousand feet above the sea, the thermometer has been found not to rise above

82° in the shade, and the annual average at noon is 76°. The nights are never hot; and while the evenings and mornings are at all times cool, there is an elasticity in the air at once invigorating and delightful."

Now it happened that the Hindoo Raja of this fruitful country, when bargaining for payment of his debts and some ready money, executed a testamentary instrument in favour of the Queen of England failing lineal descendants of his own; but the childless ruler, now verging on extreme old age, has since that time so far modified his views as to request the sanction of the paramount power to an adoptive heir. The much-vexed question of adoption thus threatened to destroy the budding prosperity of Mysore; but, considering the extent to which European capital is invested there, and the daily increasing national value of the resources of the country, the Government of India, both in England and in India, steadily and very properly refused to release the Raja from his plighted word; and there is now no reasonable doubt, that whenever His Highness shall shake off this mortal coil, his territories will tranquilly become incorporated with our own.

The third great tract of Hindostan of which the government is administered by a mixed commission, is styled the Central Provinces, and comprises Nagpore proper with Jubbulpore and Saugor. It contains an area of seventy-six thousand square miles, or nearly twenty thousand more than England and Wales together. Yet of this great plateau lying be-

tween the Nerbudda and Godavery, and bounded to the north and south by Bundelcund and the Nizam's dominions, popular history hitherto has told us little. In 1853 the childless Raja of Nagpore died, and the calm historian, on perusal of the following extracts from an official report on the character of that ruler and the atmosphere of his court, would hardly censure Lord Dalhousie for disallowing an adoption of questionable legality, that could only have tended to prolong a most pernicious state of things. Mr Mansell writes :—

"A distaste for business and low habits seem the distinguishing features of the Raja's temperament. Any strict attention to affairs of State paid by him has been enforced by the remonstrance of the Resident; while his natural inclination has again led him, when unchecked, to absorb himself in the society of low followers, in the sports of wrestling, kite-flying, and cards, in singing and dancing, and in the intercourse of his dancing-girls. A saying of his to an officer, who about a year ago was appointed to the office of Durbar Vakeel on the removal of the old incumbent, will not incorrectly illustrate his character. The audience of investiture was over, and the new Vakeel was then dismissed with these words: 'Now, go away and study the provisions of the treaty, so as to see that they are enforced, to protect me in the enjoyment of those pleasures of dancing and singing that I have loved from my boyhood.'

"The addiction to the low pleasures of the harem was always a marked characteristic of the Raja, and has become more baneful since the habit of drinking has so

grown upon him. His time is now absorbed in the paltry conversation and the mean pursuits of the concubines, and he now with reluctance leaves the inner apartments.

"When thus the Raja has been divesting himself of much of the best part of his character, he has been acquiring habits of avarice that have led him into a systematic indifference to the claims of the administration of justice, and to the selection of merit in making official appointments. Of late years all the anxiety of the Raja and of his favourite ministers has been to feed the privy purse by an annual income of two or more lacs of rupees from nuzzurs, fines, bribes, confiscation of property of deceased estates, the composition of public defaulters, or the sale of their effects, and such-like sources. The Raja has thus been led on by his avarice to discard all feeling, and to throw himself into the hands of the most unprincipled of his servants, who plundered the country, and put justice up to sale for profits but a slender part of which reached the Raja. He has done many cruel acts, and even carried war into the country of his feudal dependants, on the misrepresentation of those parties, gilded by the offer of a nuzzur.

"All this has aggravated the low tone of mind originally belonging to the Raja. He acts and thinks like a village chandler. Profits and pickings are to be made anyhow. The choicest amusement of the Raja is an auction sale, when some unfortunate widow is ruled not to be entitled to her husband's estate, or when some public defaulter is found to have made away with revenue collections, just equal to the sum he paid five

or six years before for his situation of revenue collector to the Raja."

Permission to adopt having therefore been withheld by Lord Dalhousie, the broad lands of Nagpore "lapsed" as had done Jhansi and Satara, and became incorporated with our Eastern empire, a liberal provision being at the same time made for the adoptive mother of the Raja, and the other female members of the Bhonsla family.

Though rich in minerals, and possessing all requirements for Oriental husbandry, the inland position of Nagpore, inaccessible by water, long told against a rapid increase of population, and it needed both the zeal of one whose spurs were yet to win, and the accidental impulse which the sudden cotton famine gave to Indian agricultural pursuits, to open up that country to imported skill and labour. In the appointment of Mr Richard Temple the first condition was fulfilled, by the selection of the man in India perhaps best fitted to cope successfully with natural obstacles and native apathy. Almost ere the ink of his commission had grown dry and black, a powerful resemblance of the third Napoleon might have been seen, engineering rail and cotton roads through forests then unnamed. Like the great Lord Peterborough in more respects than one, Mr Temple ever far outstripped the locomotive powers of his subordinates; and when his secretaries suspected, and indeed half hoped, that the fair society of Kamptee still held their slave a more than willing captive, the Commissioner was often heard of as emerging from some far-distant swamp, with maps and long reports all ready for

the press, full of suggestions that should pave the way to contract drainage, irrigation, and an early crop of some Sea-Island staple.

The above is a faithful, though a very hurried and imperfect, sketch of Mr Richard Temple's work as Chief Commissioner of the Central Provinces;—which must not be confused by those unacquainted with the subject with so-called Central India, a country lying to the north-westward of Nagpore, ruled by native princes who enjoy a greater or a lesser share of independence and protection, and at whose courts the Government of India maintains accredited agents. The Central Provinces, being still in their political and commercial infancy, belong to the family of non-regulation states, for each of which certain laws are at present framed as suited to their individual condition. Some time hence, and probably ere long, they will have become so far assimilated to the rest of British India by the great levelling powers of steam and electricity, as to wear away the many existing constitutional irregularities, which, though they place life and property virtually at the control of the governing class, and are liable to much abuse, are practically productive of great benefit by cutting short the hydra-headed life of Eastern litigation.

A recent writer has informed us that "there is a malady common to savages in certain parts of the world termed 'earth-hunger.' It provokes an incessant craving for clay, a species of food that fails to satisfy the appetite, and impairs the powers of digestion." The East India Company suffered from this dire disorder for upwards of a century; and since it has been

deemed that the excesses recorded in this chapter were those which ultimately proved fatal to its life, it is to be sincerely prayed for that the Crown, wiser than its predecessor, may, in the words of the writer above quoted, "now cease to make nobles landless," and to increase the sum of Asiatic misery.

CHAPTER VII.

THE POLITICAL DEPARTMENT.

THE broad halo of romance and genius which surrounds the Political Department, both from the nature of the service in itself and from the class of men selected to perform it, tends to make one pause in undertaking to convey some faint image of the life its servants lead. One fears lest, in the attempt to draw a fitting picture of a truly favoured class, one should yet fall infinitely short of the conception raised in readers' minds by the glowing sketches of "Our Indian Heroes," and other writings from the same authoritative pen, whose truth and power have wellnigh passed beyond the range of criticism. Yet the dreams that eager students harbour in their inmost soul of prompt distinction and personal influence brought to bear on vacillating native courts, pleasant though they be to dwell on, must not be allowed to dim the light of actual fact.

Familiarity with names like Elphinstone and Metcalfe has led men to suppose, not only that they could reap an equally rich harvest of honours and rewards, but that such fruits still hang upon the tree of Oriental life. But to very few is given the great gift of shaping the des-

tiny of nations; and in exact proportion as the rugged races of the East become displaced and circumscribed by the advancing nations of the West, until all mystery belonging to them is at length dispelled, must dwindle and eventually expire the opportunities that subordinates formerly enjoyed of carving out a policy of their own, and engrafting it upon the State they served. Thus the Indian Political Department, or at least the brightest and most generally accepted interpretation of that term, has wellnigh become a matter of past history. The deeds of Eldred Pottinger, who, fired by political fanaticism, held the wild Heratees beneath the spell of his intrepid leadership, and Central India as it was when Sir John Malcolm wrote its history for our learning, are things belonging to a period of which but little trace remains. Yet the political officer of to-day still finds upon arrival at his post work of great variety, with scope perhaps for more than even former usefulness; and it shall be our present task to trace these labours, as they extend the line of British influence in one unbroken chain from Cabul to Calcutta.

Within the broad expanse of Hindostan two centres of our diplomatic intercourse with native states have become established, at Indore and at Mount Aboo. These we would liken unto two great planets, each describing an extended orbit round an Eastern solar system of its own, and each having in its train certain satellites dependent on its course. The first duty of the more southern of these bodies is to wait upon the courts of Holkar and of Scindia, who, from his lofty walls of Gwalior, looks down with pride, not unmingled

with contempt, upon the weaker chiefs of Central India, though he and they alike owe one and all a common political descent to plunder and the sword. The second of these planets revolves around the Rajpootana States, vast tracts of territory with uncertain boundaries that afford a constant source of bloodshed and dispute.

These two high offices are filled by so-called Agents to the Governor-General, accredited respectively to the Courts of Central India and of Rajpootana. The former group includes, besides the already-mentioned Maharajas of Gwalior and Indore, the Sekunder Begum of Bhopal, the Nawab of Jowra, the less important Rajas of Dewas and Dhar, together with a host of tributary chiefs and chieftains whose extent of independence is generally best measured by the value and geographical position of their lands. Bound by treaties, many of the articles of which have now become inapplicable, the remainder being modified perhaps by subsequent agreement, the relations of the Government of India with these states are maintained either upon an affected footing of equality and confidence, or else on one of open mutual distrust only tempered by expediency, according to the measure of personal influence of the agent, or the necessities of the times.

Since Lord Lake and Sir Arthur Wellesley won the battles of Delhi and Assaye, the Mahratta power as an independent aggressive agency has been virtually destroyed, its martial ascendancy being crippled by very careful stipulations as to numbers and the non-employment of adventurous Europeans in a military capacity;

yet in the van of native self-defence against annexation or an anti-caste crusade, the lance of Scindia remains still sharp enough to pierce in many places the somewhat disjointed armour of our Indian possessions.

The story of the gradual rise from vassalage to independence is one of little variation among most Eastern people. Some paternal ancestor, more or less remote, has waged successful war against his primitive allegiance, and crowned, perchance, a life of rapine by plundering the capital of some wealthy neighbour. This history repeats itself in the early annals of almost every reigning house in India; and that the Gwalior State is no marked exception to the general rule, the following quotation from a most reliable historian may be accepted as a sufficient proof: "Madhaji Scindia took full advantage of the dissensions that occurred at Poona after the death of Balajee, to usurp as far as he could the rights and lands of the head of the empire north of the Nerbudda. The detail of the progress of this system of spoliation of both friend and foe is not necessary. Suffice it to say this able chief was the principal opposer of the English in the war they carried on in favour of Ragobah. He was the nominal slave, but the rigid master, of the unfortunate Shah Alum, Emperor of Delhi; the pretended friend, but the designing rival, of the house of Holkar; the professed inferior in all matters of form, but the real superior and oppressor, of the Rajpoot princes of Central India; and the proclaimed soldier, but the actual plunderer, of the family of the Peishwa."

With these and similar historical antecedents, in

which the doctrine of indiscriminate spoliation has been too well sustained, it should not be a matter for surprise when native states adopt a code of international morality differing essentially from what European custom has prescribed; and many argue that it is the bounden duty of the paramount power to impose at least the check of good example on such predatory neighbours, rather than to perpetrate an imperfect imitation of their policy. It may be, indeed, that in the performance of this task British rule in India has achieved its destiny by preserving from the spoiler's hands the milder races of the coasts, who are far more wedded to the paths of peace than to perpetual war.

For many centuries the hill-fort that now lends a title to the Maharaja Scindia formed the curb-stone of Mahratta strength. It repulsed in 1023 the celebrated Mahmoud of Ghuznee, who, in Oriental phraseology, "finding capture hopeless, took rich presents and turned his horse's head towards the West." Between that date and 1779, when it was first garrisoned by Rao Scindia, it changed masters some ten times or more, falling in succession through treachery or stratagem into Mahomedan and Hindoo hands. These pages of its history are nowhere traceable with greater accuracy than upon its natural sandstone walls, which have retained with marked fidelity the heavy tramp of time. There the historian may read the record of the war of Tamerlane, and the geologist and antiquary may feast their eyes on basaltic columns of wondrous beauty, and colossal figures sculptured in a bold relief upon precipitous cliffs, the whole surmounted by a rampart in-

accessible, save by a flight of steps hewn from the solid rock, of such a size that elephants may ascend and enter through the gate called after them, of which the approach is guarded by towers and traverse guns. Above this rises high the citadel in heavy masses of quaint architecture, crowned by kiosks and domes of parti-coloured porcelain tiles, that are rendered doubly brilliant by an Eastern sun.

Below this rock, and extending for some miles, is Scindia's standing camp, where the present Maharaja spends a large proportion of his royal time in military pomp, often taking part himself in tournaments and feats of arms. The Mahratta dress affords a marked contrast and compares most favourably with that worn by other Indian races. Tight-fitting in all its parts, and nowhere superfluous in length or breadth, the limbs being tightly laced with thongs, it displays to best advantage the square build of Central India men, and is equally adapted to the tedious march or to court displays of unmatched horsemanship.

Mooktarool Moolk Umdatul Umra Alijah Maharaja Dheeraj Tyajee Rao Scindia, Sreenath Bahadoor Munsoor Zuman, Gwalior's actual sovereign, may be accepted as a type of the true Mahratta, and the following picture of his Highness applies to many thousands of his martial followers:—Slightly exceeding European middle-height, and fleshy enough to cause anxiety to himself, but not to his medical advisers, his square head is set upon a shapely neck resembling in solidity some Grecian column destined to support a mighty weight; his chest is adequately broad and

deep, and somewhat overlapped by muscular advancing shoulders; his hands and feet are rather larger than the more effeminate extremities of the races of Bengal; while his features, originally small, have, thanks to betel nut, long lost all delicacy of expression. The head, set upward, appears embarrassed by a downward cast of countenance, while the eyes, uncertain in their glance, are generally unable to regard with fixity the same object. When approached by foreigners of high rank, Scindia's haughty mien, perhaps, inspires a feeling of superiority both to himself and his attendants; yet, if contrasted with the more courteous bearing of some Eastern princes of equal rank and influence, it might be unfavourably read had we not some sterling proofs of loyal disposition to set against the prejudice of personal comparison.

In many respects his neighbour of Indore, the Maharaja Holkar, much resembles Scindia. An uncompromising pride prompts in each an assumption of ascendency, which, not recognised beyond the limits of his lands, precludes their meeting at the same Durbar. Both, as Knights of the Star of India, acknowledge "Heaven's light their guide," and both are proud of the distinction, of which each would certainly be prouder still had that honour been conferred upon himself alone and not upon his rival. Of late years, however, these two chiefs have been kept on terms, though distant, yet of useful courtesy by the tact of Major Meade, the Agent to the Governor-General, in whose presence every native learnt not only to defer to others but to respect himself, the first step needful as a prelude to reform in Eastern

courts and camps. Great names have held the office Major Meade has clothed with such success, and among them Sir Robert Hamilton stands out prominently as a picture of the old political of received repute; yet the lustre of the name of Major Meade will not, we think, be dulled in the minds of Central-India men by comparison with the fame of his official predecessors.

In order to maintain any efficient political supervision over so vast and complicated a tract of country as Central India, it was not only necessary to appoint one principal officer of marked ability responsible for the conduct of affairs, but to maintain subordinate agencies in each separate state. Reasons geographical and strategical rather than diplomatic prompted the selection of Indore as the headquarters of this system; and younger men, chosen from all branches of our Anglo-Indian services, were appointed to the courts of Scindia, Bhopal, Dhar, &c., and to foster the more general and not unfrequently conflicting interests engendered by our rule in Bundelcund and Malwa. Many of these latter had assistants under them, who, in their turn, looked for high preferment; and thus was formed a school similar to that existing in the Rajpootana states, where we educate a class of men well called Politicals, who, in self-reliant energy and executive success, can boldly challenge comparison with any service in the world.

Yet the remote influence of Calcutta and Bombay, even backed by memories of more than one campaign in which the native host had been discomfited, was

little likely to convince a cluster of proud chiefs, whose title-deeds were mostly acts of cession extracted from a vanquished foe, of the justice or necessity of certain measures having reference to the interests of trade and agriculture, that the Government of India deems from time to time of general expediency. To meet this difficulty, and to place within the reach of Agents to the Governor-General and their immediate subordinates the means of checking native conduct, certain names have risen into prominence borne on the wings of time's requirements. These have been intrusted with the levying of troops among the wildest clans of that wild country, who, some beneath the standard of religion required for the military service of their native states, and some from love of "Company's salt," have lent their swords to the delights of following leaders who, from their love of danger and of jungle life, appeared in every way best fitted to command such rough-and-ready men. Such was the origin of those irregular corps, whose military existence, commencing with some handfuls of ill-drilled horse, by degrees acquired consistency, until they finally became recognised as taking rank among our trustiest defenders. The Bheel Corps of Malwa and Meywar, the Bhopal Levy, and the Central India Horse, are worthy representatives of this class of troops; and Lieutenant-Colonel Daly, with Major William Gordon Cumming, have afforded fit examples of the class of man required for such irregular command. As political assistants to the Agent-Governor-General for Central India, both these officers combined high civil with military rank, and the latter's

name especially will long remain associated with the material improvement of the once turbulent Bheels, who under his agency have become consolidated as a well-affected race.

Bhopal next demands attention. As Agent to the Begum's Court the Government of India not long since appointed Major Willoughby Osborne, an officer whose gallantry and services had shone conspicuous throughout the earlier and more trying stages of the Sepoy Mutiny, and won the admiration of Lord Canning, who on more than one occasion sent a tried and trusty surgeon many hundred miles to dress his painful wounds. Emerging by a miracle from the Rewah country, in which he, the only Englishman, sick and sorely wounded, had yet retained sufficient energy to summon the refractory Raja to what all supposed to be a deathbed scene, and then and there dictate to the hesitating chief a line of policy from which, to his honour, he never later swerved, Major Osborne had survived to reap much honour and reward. He belonged to the younger and more ardent breed of military politicals, and might, perhaps, be deemed by some more fitted to confront a desperate situation and to grasp some bold resolve, than to play a second part in the administration of a well-regulated state, which, ruled by a woman of undoubted genius and enlightened mind, affords but little scope for his exceeding zeal.

In all questions of the day her Highness of Bhopal has evinced a shrewdness little short of second-sight in seizing on the course which ultimately should

most conduce to the advantage of her state, not less than to her personal independence; and with such success has she listened to the promptings of an unerring judgment, that, loving power most dearly, she wields to-day, under cover of an admirable code of laws and liberties, many culled from European sources, more arbitrary sway than any other chief in India. The part she played in 1857 has earned for her a place in history not easily effaced. She early learnt our strength, and, reckoning on it, made what to native Central India seemed at the time a desperate choice. The result has fully proved the wisdom of her policy. Since then in education, cotton roads, and the abolition of transit duties, she has set examples to her neighbours; and while adhering strictly to the many arduous observances entailed upon her by her boundless faith in her religion, she has displayed a toleration for the creeds of others that many European powers might copy with advantage to the world at large.

Thus through fair and foul repute, the Begum of Bhopal has adhered to our alliance. Her energy of character has stood proof against advancing years, and defied the trammels which the East imposes on her sex and her religion. Not long ago, her country being blest with peace, and there appearing little scope and no necessity for her activity at home, she planned a tour that all must heartily regret was never brought to a successful issue. A long-cherished wish to visit England, and to worship at the holy shrines of the Beitullah or sacred Meccan mosque, had only grown

with time, and the desire to lay before the Queen the expression of her true loyalty and gratitude for dignities conferred. The execution of this wish, more than once postponed, was planned for 1863; but though the pilgrimage so far as Mecca was happily accomplished, trifling questions as to rank and privilege, raised by Anglo-Indian heralds, were permitted to stand in the light of her approach to English royalty.

Thus are lost the opportunities, few and far between, of making England and India really known to one another. Most London seasons boast of certain Eastern visitors, the large majority of whom represent either dynasties deposed or renegades from their ancestral faith—princes and their followers who, having little left in India save the bounty of a far too generous Crown, impose their once historic names upon an ignorant and a lion-hunting public; while families still powerful, and possessing weight among the millions that surround them, are left, like the flower, to blush unseen within the limits of their mountain homes beyond the Indus. A striking picture might be drawn by one acquainted with the theme, and gifted with the power of pouring light and shade upon an artificial landscape, of two heroic women, one born to wield the sword, and one to wear the Star of India. The first was a Hindoo Ranee whose name lies well-nigh uppermost among the annals of the Indian rebellion as that of Jhansi's haughty ruler; the second a Mahomedan who, by force of her example, contributed as much to the success of our Central India

columns of 1857 as did the gallantry of Sir Hugh Rose and his subordinates. But enough—the one has passed away with the scenes which she so darkly illustrated; the other happily remains to guide the judgment of her neighbours, and to reap the harvest she has so surely sown.

The above must close our present notice of Bhopal. With the exception of Scindia and Holkar, Dhar perhaps ranks next in weight among the chiefs of Central India. The importance of his state has been no doubt enhanced by the fact that the government has been of latter years conducted by a regency under the immediate supervision of the Agent-Governor-General in the person of Lieutenant Ward, an officer of promise belonging to the Bengal Staff Corps. Under his auspices, schools, both English and vernacular, have met with much encouragement, while the general condition of the inhabitants has materially improved. Yet notwithstanding these advantages, Dhar, possessing neither natural features nor marked boundaries to protect it from the encroachments of powerful and often greedy neighbours, can hardly look to any brilliant future. As a weak state of the second rank, it sees in the enjoyment of British protection its surest rock of safety and independence; and its contribution of a sum approaching to £1000 per annum towards the maintenance of the Malwa Bheel Corps may be considered perhaps not too high a price to pay for the continuance of such security. Passing now northward from the Mahratta country across an imaginary and very doubtful frontier into Rajpoo-

tana, we enter on a land deserving of much careful observation.

Boasting an area of 115,000 square miles in round numbers, the vast tracts of Rajpootana present, to the uninitiated, little cohesion or identity; yet the distinctive qualities and prejudices of the inhabitants are in marked contrast with those of the Mahrattas or Punjabees to their north and south, and as great a difference exists between these races as between the denizens of Russia and those of Italy or England. Concerning the Rajpoot people, who constitute the prevailing element of the population, very variable and indeed opposite opinions have been expressed by high reliable authorities. One thing is certain—namely, that they have known, through long ages, how to hold themselves aloof, and form a society of their own, extending about four hundred miles in each direction; that this country is bounded by the Punjab, the North-West, Central India, and Scinde; and that it contains dynasties as old, and pedigrees as long, as any other portion of the world we are acquainted with. The compiler of a book, which stands alone as 'The Sanskrit Dictionary,' teaches that "the peculiar character of the Rajpoots arises from their situation as a military class of the original Hindoo system;" thus combining military instincts with the fanaticism of religion. Again, he says, "The Rajpoots were born soldiers; each division had its hereditary leader, like clans in other countries; the rules of caste still subsisted, and tended to render more powerful the connection just described; and, as the chiefs of those clans

stood in the same relation to the Raja as their own relations did to them, the king, nobility, and soldiery all made one body, united by the strongest feelings of kindred and military devotion;" and, in conclusion, it is stated that "they treated women with respect unusual in the East, and were guided even towards their enemies by rules of honour which it was disgraceful to violate." Yet a less pleasing picture might be drawn of the darker side of the Rajpoot character; for it was in Rajpootana that the crimes of female infanticide and suttee attained to their most hideous proportions; and some insight into the manners of these people may be gathered from M'Murdo's writings of 1818, where it is mentioned that, among the offspring of eight thousand married Rajpoots, probably not more than thirty females were alive. "To such an extent was this cruelty to daughters carried, that they were sometimes destroyed after attaining adolescence. In 1810 the Rajas of Joudpore and Jeypore became rival suitors for a princess of Oodeypore, and supported their pretensions by waging war against each other. The family of the unhappy girl at length terminated the contest by putting her to death." The above are fair specimens, taken at random, from the contrary records of this people, weighed and sifted in the balance of the well-poised mind of Colonel Tod, whose 'Annals and Antiquities of Rajast'han' constitute the most reliable and exhaustive authority on a subject of romantic interest, containing much that the most sceptical must admit invites the fascinating analogy which Colonel Tod delights to draw between the mar-

tial followers of Odin and the not less warlike "children of the sun."

The royal family of Oodeypore, the most ancient, if not actually the most powerful, house of Rajpootana, traces its descent through the solar dynasty back to the mythological and romantic Rama, who ruled some seven centuries before the birth of Christ; and although a broad margin must of necessity be left in accepting Rajpoot legend, yet but little doubt remained upon the minds of Mill and Rennell that the reigning dynasty of Oodeypore counts upwards of two thousand years. The geographical position of Meywar, not less than its great wealth and political repute, exposed it, however, to constant inroad from without. Lying near the centre of a triangle, whose three points may be represented by the cities of Ghuznee, Delhi, and Baroda, its military strength was successively exhausted by the incursions of Sultan Mahmoud, the Mahrattas, and the Emperor Ackbar, under whom, in 1568, Chittore, the ancient capital, was given to the flames, the Rana seeking refuge in the Aravulli mountains, among the fastnesses of which he subsequently founded the city of Oodeypore, thenceforth the capital of Meywar. At a distance of some fifty miles, situated upon an isolated spur of this irregular range, and within the Sirohee Raja's territory, stands now the summer residence of the Agent to the Governor-General for Rajpootana, who, from the summit of Mount Aboo, enforces the observance of our numerous treaties, sunnuds, and engagements with the once martial races inhabiting the plains below.

In the ages, however, that witnessed the historical

transaction above related, weaker states might seek in vain protection from the oppression of the strong; and thus, for a time, unhappy Oodeypore bent her haughty neck beneath the Mogul yoke, until at length the attempt of Aurungzebe to impose a capitation-tax upon Hindoos once more fired the Meywar people, who, in the ensuing contest, overthrew the imperial hosts, and regained their cherished independence. From that time, Rajpoot history has chronicled a course of constant strife. The Mahratta States, in turn, have wasted their broad lands; and a happier condition of existence most clearly owes its origin to British agency and supervision, ever varying in efficiency, but most efficient when intrusted to the hands of one like the late Sir Henry Lawrence, who, from the depths of his knowledge and experience, was not ashamed to own, at the expiry of his first year of office, that, "as usual, he had had everything to learn. Heretofore he had had chiefly to do with one people, and that a new people; there he had twenty sovereign states, as old as the sun and moon, but with none of the freshness of either orb. His Sikh experience gave him little help, and his residence in Nipal scarcely any, in dealing with the petty intrigues of those effete Rajpoots." This was the humility required in one who entered on such varied, difficult work, and might have well been studied with advantage by more than one of his successors.

The Aravulli range, extending from the Goojeratti frontier of the Bombay Presidency to wellnigh the confines of the Punjab, in the neighbourhood of Delhi, bisects these "twenty sovereign states" into two great