

UNDER THE EMPRESS

LEAVES FROM A LANDSMAN'S LOG.

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UNDER THE EMPRESS: LEAVES FROM A LANDSMAN'S LOG.—PART I.

CHAPTER I.—OLD HAILEYBURY.

[The following pages may be regarded as supplementary to a book by the same author, published a few years ago, under the title, "A Servant of John Company."* In that work the writer attempted to indicate some of the changes which had taken place in British India since the date of his entering the Civil Service, more than half a century before. The India of the Company was administered in a patriarchal and somewhat haphazard manner, which possibly helped to bring on the Mutiny of 1857, but which certainly caused less trouble both to rulers and ruled than the more scientific system which followed the introduction of direct Parliamentary control. Bearing this in mind, readers of the present day may be willing to consider a few more recollections.]

WHILE this page is being recorded (February 1901,) the obsequies of Victoria, Queen and Empress, are being performed; and the writer recalls the time when he used to meet the Princess Victoria walking with her august mother about the lanes and downs of Tunbridge Wells. Her life almost extends from the fall of the feudal system to the establishment of modern democracy; passing through the short interval of burgess-rule when the Tenpound Franchise was deemed final, and our Trade was to rule the world. India was then the "Empire of the middle classes"; the Cheesemongers of Leadenhall—to borrow Lord Wellesley's phrase—were still dominant in the choice of men to administer that remote, almost unknown, land, though they had ceased to hold the monopoly of its traffic or even of its political supremacy.

* "A Servant of John Company, being the Recollections of an Indian Official," by H. G. Keene, A. I. E. S., Hon. M. A. &c Published by Thacker & Co., London and Calcutta, 1897.

It says much for the activity of Yankee intelligence that our Transatlantic cousins, on being confronted by a similar problem, should have immediately cast back their attention to those distant days. In beginning to organise an oversea Dependency in the Philippines, they are already studying the means by which the East India Company provided for work of the kind.* The Company, it may be remembered, had a College for training their Civil Servants; and the Americans point to its inherent flaw, namely, the controlling of the College by the same body by whose members the students had been nominated. Holding their offices by the pleasure of the same men, the Principal and his council were unwilling to ruin their own patron's nominees; and hence the discipline of the place lacked the ultimate sanction of *expulsion*, by which alone it could have been made effective. Cases, therefore, occurred in which men were sent out to govern India, who had never been reduced to obedience or taught to govern themselves. A shrewd female observer in the first half of the century gave instances of the unfitness of some of the men whom she met, regarding them from the point of view offered to a lady visitor. "Their poor dear manners were quite gone. . . . The gentlemen talk of Vizier Ali and Lord Cornwallis; the ladies do not talk at all: and I don't know which I like best.. Towards the end of the rainy season the lowness of spirits that comes on is quite dreadful: every one fancies that he is going to die; and then, he thinks, no one will bury him, as there is no other European at hand. *Moral*: Never send a son to India."†

Such was the impression made on the Governor-General's sister by the Haileybury Civilians of 1839; and however we may suspect a little caricature, we can easily imagine a certain lack of energy in the administration of those forlorn exiles. Very unflattering pictures, also, of their military *confrères* appear in works of the day; and it must be borne in mind that the Company's Army furnished many an understudy for the most important parts in the drama of public life. Kaye's "Long Engagements"—a forgotten fiction of the first Afghan War—and Sir William Sleeman's "Rambles and Recollections" may in this connection deserve a passing notice; as also "Oakfield," a somewhat later work, by W. D. Arnold.‡ It was ungraciously observed, by Arnold's more famous brother Matthew, that "no Arnold could write a novel"—the subsequent

* "Colonial Civil Service," A. Lawrence Lowell and H. Morse Stephens, New York, 1900.

† "Up the Country." Hon. Emily Eden, 2 vols. 3rd Edition. London, 1866.

‡ Father of Mr. Arnold Forster, M.P.

successes of Mrs. Humphry Ward not being visible to her uncle's prophetic soul. Certainly, "Oakfield" is dead and buried: it was never very successful as a story; yet there could be no doubt as to the author's honest, if unflattering, view of Anglo-Indian Society, or what he called "Fellowship in the East." He soon left the army for educational work, and died young, leaving a son, the energetic military reformer known to the present generation, and worthily representing two distinguished names. All these books have a distinct social interest and importance: though it is rather the general tone of Anglo-Indian Society that they represent than that of any special department of the Company's service. In one respect, at least, it may be hoped that Anglo-Indian administration has made a great advance under the Empress. Inspired by the influences of public opinion and of improved civilisation, greater earnestness may be well supposed to have established itself; and with it a diminution of selfishness and injustice in high places. In the times of Miss Eden, say in the first twenty years of the late reign, the officers entrusted with civil charges in the Indian mofussils could not, unless protected by strong interest, rely on Governmental recognition, or expect to prosper in direct ratio to their merits and deserts. It would be a strong indication of ignorance of the world if one were to assume that all men became perfect in wisdom and in virtue, by wriggling from stool to stool in a Government office; on the other hand, it would be absurd to argue that these merits are hopelessly excluded from the arena of an official hierarchy. But the familiar instances of Sir D. Ochterlony in 1825 and of William Taylor in 1857 are enough to show the powers of a bureaucracy, and the occasional lapses from justice to which it may be liable. Failures of another sort were always possible where the civilians of the old school had lost touch with the people. The Orissa Famine of 1866 is a case in point. Its treatment, according to a most loyal supporter of the Indian Government in general, "left a deep stain on the reputation of the Bengal authorities." [Marshman.]

Admissions of this kind, it must be remembered, do not necessarily involve the character of the whole body of men turned out from the Company's College. Some were hard bargains indeed; men who would never have got into the Service but for the favour of their patrons and the unwillingness of the Principal to ruin their careers; but even of these there were some brave and honest men who made an excellent use of their slender faculties and powers in times of stress like the Mutiny. Others, of a more disciplined and plodding order, rose in the Secretariat to become conscientious, if somewhat formal, Ministers and Lieutenant-Governors.

All honour to the men who founded and consolidated the Great "Empire of the middle classes," and to those who rule it at the present hour. The provincial staff has always been devoted and earnest; while the central authorities, if not free from the temptations of their place, have generally held and followed a high ideal of duty.

The writer of these pages may perhaps incur the charge of egotism; his only excuse is that what he has to say, about the Company's College and the Service which it engendered, is based upon direct personal testimony. As readers of Mr. Lowell will remember, his name is given as of one not only trained at Haileybury but actually born there: including his father's traditions, his memory covers a period extending from 1824—when the College was but fifteen years old—to the time when he left it in 1847. In the former of these years his father had lately settled there as Professor of Arabic and Persian; and amongst his colleagues were several distinguished men—Cobbett's "Parson Malthus" and C. W. Lebas, a divine of the *via media*; presently after came J. A. Jeremie, in later years Regius Professor of Divinity at the University of Cambridge, with others whose names would convey little meaning now, but who nevertheless were good men in their time; law was taught by Empson, Editor of the *Edinburgh Review*.

The period was not exciting. In the earlier years the throne was occupied by that mediæval roué, George IV., a monarch who had but little influence on the affairs of India or of the Company beyond originating the appointment of Lord Moira to be Governor-General. Before coming to the royal title George IV. had for about ten years been Regent; and it was during the Regency that the Company's charter came up for renewal, not without much preliminary discussion or patronage in Parliament and in the Press. Already, in 1806, a staff of teachers had been selected by the Court of Directors, and a training school for the aspirants to Indian administration had been opened in Hertford Castle, to be transferred to Haileybury—a small manor about two miles off—some three years later. At first little more was proposed than a seminary "for the reception of students at the age of fifteen, to remain till they are eighteen, or till they are sent by the Court to their respective destination." The academical character of the College was not finally determined until 1813.

During the discussions preliminary to the renewal of the charter in that year the question of nomination to the Indian Civil Service had been among the points debated. And Lord Grenville—one of Pitt's ablest followers, kept out of office by his liberal opinions—made a pro-

posal which in some degree anticipated the modern system of Competitive Examination. He refused to allow that the retention of this valuable patronage by the Company's Directors was the only alternative to its being made an engine of political corruption. That, indeed, might have been the rock on which the ship split in Fox's charge thirty years before—as no one knew better than Grenville who had been a party to the wreck.. What he now suggested was that the nominations should be taken out of the hands of the Company, not to be transferred to the Board of Control or any other organ of the Government, but to be offered to a competition among the boys at public schools; and the selected candidates were to receive their training not at a special College like Haileybury, but at the National Universities among youths of their class.

The danger passed, the Company's charter was renewed without detriment to the power of nomination. By the Act of 1813 the College obtained parliamentary recognition and acquired the status of an academy of adult students in caps and gowns, on a similar footing to one of the Colleges in the Universities. No person, it was provided, should be sent out in the Service who had not passed two years at the College; and the minimum age for entrance was fixed at seventeen.

Such was the condition of the College when the writer's father joined in 1824: shortly after he was made Registrar—much the same office as that of the Bursar at Oxford. His lodging was in a commodious house on the northern side of the quadrangle in the upper part of which was fixed the College clock: and in this house his eldest son, the present writer, was born. The principal in those days was a distinguished Cambridge man who had been third Wrangler and fellow of Trinity, the Rev. Joseph Hallett Batten, D.D., Fellow of the Royal Society, who had begun his connection with the college as Professor of Classics. This accomplished man, whose house was at the S.-W. angle next the chapel, held office no less than three-and-twenty years; and under him were trained most of the men who made the great reputation of the Company's Service, among others being Mr. James Thomason, Sir Charles Trevelyan, and Lord Lawrence, "the Saviour of India."

If the Reverend Professor of Arabic had less academical distinction to show than Dr. Batten, he had seen a great deal more of the world. Originally a soldier, Mr. Keene had borne part, under Arthur Wellesley, the future conqueror of Napoleon, in the short campaign which ended in the fall of Tippoo Sultan and the usurping dynasty of Mysore. Afterwards entering the College of Fort William, where the civilians

were trained before the establishment of Haileybury, he passed a few years in the Madras Civil Service.. He retired on an invalid pension, and entered Sydney Sussex College, Cambridge, as a Fellow Commoner in 1810; became a man of some note as an orientalist, and graduated in honours, ultimately becoming a fellow of his College, which involved his being ordained a clergyman of the Anglican Church. After the fall of Napoleon he made a tour in Europe with Lord Mahon, afterwards Earl Stanhope, F.R.S., the well-known historian; finally settling down in England to contest the Arabic Chair at Cambridge and, on being defeated by the eminent Hebraist, Dr. Samuel Lee, obtained the appointment at Haileybury as already stated.*

One's earliest memory of the College is thus different from that of most others, having been received from the point of view offered by a Professor's house. It is somewhat obliterated, no doubt, by the later recollections of a student, like an old MS. obscured on a Palimpsest. Only two aspects are left at all distinct: one of a general complaint of lawlessness; the other of a certain atmosphere of good old-world social life. Instances of the latter occur in connection with some frequency. Miss Martineau used to come to Haileybury as the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Malthus; we exchanged visits with Lord John Townshend, of Balls, an old *viveur* of the days of Fitzpatrick, Fox, and the Dandies; on the occasion of terminal inspections we saw Sir Charles Wilkins, who had known Warren Hastings and Sir William Jones, having been one of the early members of the Asiatic Society of Bengal in the eighteenth century. Francis Jeffrey used to appear at Enipson's, who had married Jeffrey's daughter. As for the students, a certain element of apprehension was certainly not altogether absent; although some of them had been tamed so far as to be admitted to the Professors' houses, the results were not always quite satisfactory. A young man, afterwards a decorous—and indeed decorated—member of the Indian Government, went to Gorham-bury races; and returning late at night availed himself of his knowledge of our premises to let himself in by the kitchen-window and enter the College quadrangle by unlocking our front-door from within. Occasionally the conduct of these young libertines assumed a wilder license. One evening, when Mrs. Lebas had been at our house, my father was escorting her to the sedan-chair, which awaited her at the door, when he was forcibly restrained by some of the students who had been of the party. In another moment was heard a loud explosion; and the sedan-

chair was hoisted into the air, a charge of gunpowder having been placed in a drain-pipe and fired just as the good lady was stepping into her vehicle. She escaped with a fright; and I fear that my father never disclosed the identity of his well-wishers whose favourable intervention must have betrayed a guilty knowledge. At another time, when the infant who has since developed into the present old babbler was lying in his cradle, a huge boulder came crashing through the nursery-window and lodged on the arched top of the basinette. On hearing the nurse's outcry my father rushed out into the quadrangle—to find two or three students, who apologised for the fractured pane on the ground that the clock was too fast and they had no means of correction but by throwing stones at the hands. One of the most lawless of the students of that time is said to have been named John Lawrence, who entered in 1827. He obtained a nomination vacated by the late Charles Merivale, who died Dean of Ely, and who was wont to say that, as the cause of Lawrence's appointment he, Merivale, was the real Saviour of India.

CHAPTER II.

OLD HAILEYBURY (*continued*).

The second quarter of the nineteenth century brought many changes to the College. Amongst the deaths the most noticeable were those of Mr. Malthus and Dr. Batten. The former was succeeded in the Chair of Political Economy ("Polly Con," as the young men said) by the Rev. Richard Jones, a Poor Law Commissioner and a writer of some temporary authority on the subject of Rent. The demise of Dr. Batten, a few years later, left the post of Principal open to the Dean, Mr. Lebas, in whose hands the discipline of the College is believed to have somewhat suffered. Before his accession, however, our direct knowledge of the matter had ceased, my father having retired in 1834.

The personal peculiarities which made Lebas an inadequate ruler of turbulent youths, fully aware of the immunities which they derived from the protection of their patrons, are stated by Mr. Stephens with much frankness in the volume cited above: and one's own recollection of the worthy gentleman is in general agreement with what is stated by him. In appearance Mr. Lebas somewhat resembled Charles Lamb; with a smooth, low comedy countenance, an undersized figure, and little legs clothed in shorts and black gaiters. Add to this that he was very hard of hearing, with a high, uncontrolled voice, and a quaint way of interlarding his talk with Latin quotations and words that he himself would

probably have styled "sesquipedalian." For example, I remember going to Brighton just after passing out of college after several false starts: one day I walked to the Post Office to put a letter into the box; there was a bit of a crowd at the window; and out of the crowd behind me I heard a shrill cry—

"Well, Sir, so you've got out at last: I congratulate you. *Post tot nan fragiatulus!*"

It was the ex-Principal, who had chosen Brighton for his residence, and who, coming on a like errand with myself, had recognised me as I stood before him and crowed the classic greeting. Sir M. Monier-Williams mentions his rebuking some of the stone-throwers of the Quad., by reminding them that it was forbidden to "lithobolise" there: and a case was on record in which, sending for a student who had been reported to have given a wine-party on a Sunday evening, "the Prin"—as he was called—added the special reproach:—

"And I understand, Sir, that you were the *Corypheus* of this unhallowed assemblage."

Lebas had just ceased to govern when I entered the college as a student; but I had found him there the year before when I visited it from Oxford. On that occasion I dined at the high table in Hall, and was honoured with a seat next to the Principal. During dinner our attention was pretty well occupied; but in a pause he curved his hand over his ear and loudly demanded:—"How is your grandmother, Sir?"

"She's dead, Sir," was my reply.

Before the cloth was drawn occurred another pause, during which the courteous but forgetful old man again asked me the same question. From the pitch of his voice all in the neighbourhood were now roused: and, amid the curious gaze of surrounding professors, waiters, and students, he presently added in some impatience—"I'm asking about your grandmother." Thus urged, I too had to raise my voice as I gave the only possible answer—"She's still dead."*

When I got my nomination to the College the good old mannerist was gone, having been succeeded by Henry Melvill, brother of the Secretary to the India House. The Principal's name is probably not very familiar now; but Melvill was a well-known man at the time—genial, strong, and eloquent, the Chrysostom of Evangelicalism. Jeremie had succeeded Lebas when the latter was promoted from Dean to Principal: and he was understood to feel resentment at not being made his successor

* By a droll coincidence this *maxim* was reproduced by a popular comedian nearly half a century later, as will be found recorded in a subsequent chapter.

now. Empson was still lecturing on Law and Morals, in other words pouring out an indistinct torrent of utilitarian philosophy, in which morsels of common law, statute, civil law, and equity came floating along *in gurgite vasto*. Jones held forth on rent, land tenures and Indian History, an awful but grotesque figure, with a bloated red face surmounted by a chestnut wig. It is hardly needful to add that the student who chose to attend carefully and continuously at the lecture-rooms of these able teachers soon found his account in so doing: the ludicrous element was superficial, the solid value of the well-digested information could not be denied. The way of it was this. The Professor undertook to explain certain authoritative text-books, and expected the students to take notes of what he said. At the end of the term those who had taken such notes intelligently and without interruption could submit them to the Professor for inspection, after which there would be a general examination of the class, the questions being based upon the course that had been delivered during the term. Bad work was denoted by the letter L, printed against one's name, the better performances being labelled G., or Gt., and a handsome prize of books, or a silver medal, awarded to the best. L. meant "little progress," while G. and Gt. stood respectively for "good" and "great." I may illustrate the system by stating what occurred at the end of a term between Mr. Jones and a student who found that attendance at the Professor's lectures interfered with breakfast, and who, therefore, contented himself with studying the text-book and reading up the notes taken by one of his friends. When the examination was over Jones sent for the young man and bluntly accused him of having copied his papers from other men's work. "You could not have sent in such a paper otherwise, as you have not been at any of my lectures." On the young man repudiating the charge and explaining his *modus operandi*, Jones offered alternatives; either the paper should be marked G. or the student might undergo a special *viva-voce* examination, in which—as the Professor hinted—his ignorance would be soon brought to light, the exact words of his warning taking the unclerical form of "Don't you be a d—d fool." Rightly surmising that Jones would resent the trouble of a special examination, the young man shrewdly answered:—

"Well, Sir, I have told you the truth, and cannot do better than leave myself in your hands."

The kindly Professor ultimately awarded the mark of Gt., to which the intrinsic quality of the work was admitted to have established a title.

During the three years of my student-life at the old College the times were tranquil. The Afghan War was just over ; the main excitement of the country—always excitable—was over Maynooth and the common laws ; and both questions were earnestly discussed amongst us youngsters, mainly from the high Tory point of view. Our life was joyous rather than wilfully insubordinate ; and the authorities for most part connived at little irregularities conceived in that spirit. We had a Debating Society in which the Conservative majority was led by Temple, since distinguished as Governor of Bombay and Vice-Chairman of the London School Board. The Liberals were best represented by Mr. Hodgson Pratt, known to later times as President of the Association for Promoting International Arbitration. Besides the Debating Society there was a Social Club—the “ Wellesley ”—which was a little exclusive and jealously guarded the admission to its limited ranks. We had a “ chartered toast,” accompanied by a song with the refrain, “ A Health to the Marquess, God bless him ! ” This posthumous homage to a long-departed Governor-General was celebrated by help of a grand silver cup filled with generous portwine, and had, probably, more effect on our own health than on that of the deceased ! But the practical result was that we constituted ourselves a medium of communication between the College and the World, and assumed the duty of entertaining distinguished visitors to Haileybury.

It will be understood that all such revelry was against rules ; and the authorities had ample means of control in the system of nightly inspection carried on by the servants. There was but one entrance to the College quadrangle from without, namely, the western gate facing the London road. Here was installed a janitor—Wiltshire by name—whose duty it was to lock up at sunset and enter in his book the names of all students entering after a certain hour. We were then supposed to pass the evenings in our rooms, absorbed in study either solitary or shared with an equally assiduous comrade ; and, at the hour assigned for retirement, one of the staff went round knocking at each door with the question—“ Alone, Sir ? ” If this was sometimes answered by a cheerful chorus of convivial voices no evil consequences usually resulted.

The relaxation of rules hereby involved was mainly due to the progress of time and the mitigating action of experience. In the earlier constitution of the College it had been intended that discipline should be administered by the collective body of the Professors sitting in Council. But in Melvill's day the power and responsibility had been consolidated in the hands of the Principal: and his ability, good nature and genial

hospitality had combined to give him great and beneficial influence. It is not too much to say that the more valuable features of academic discipline had been greatly strengthened by the apparent relaxation of vigour which ensued.

I recollect an instance of the tact with which Melvill turned aside what might have proved a dangerous blow to the well-being of the College, or, at least, to that of some of its alumni. It occurred in this wise. A number of the students had combined their resources for the purchase of a billiard-table which, with due fittings and appurtenances, had been erected in the old Rye-House, famous as the scene of Rumbold's abortive plot against the life of King Charles II., on the opposite shore of the river Lea—which was here crossed by a road-bridge. There was an inn much frequented by cockney anglers, and used by members of the College addicted to boating and bathing in the river. The inn-keeper having failed, the estate passed into the hands of Trustees in Bankruptcy who attached our billiard-table, etc., as forming part of the assets. In vain we pointed out the hardship of this, seeing that the property obviously did not belong to the estate. The solicitor to the Trustees would only answer that he found the names of many of the students on the inn-books as debtors for dinners and drinks; he would therefore hold the things as security for such claims until we could prove our case in Court. On receiving this ultimatum we resolved to break the lien asserted to exist by carrying off the property, fortified, as we were, by the opinion of counsel that, if it were once taken out of the possession of the Trustees, all such claims would lapse.* Accordingly, one dark November night, we went down with a wagon and carried off the table, with cues, balls, lamps, and furniture, depositing them in a friendly quarter at Ware. As soon as Mr. Murray, the man in possession, discovered the loss, he proceeded to the residence of the nearest Magistrate, to whom (in spite of the late hour) he insisted on relating the case with a demand for warrants on a charge of burglary. Among the members of the Club were some who afterwards filled high offices in the Indian Empire; but the only men whom Mr. Murray could identify were the writer of these lines and the present Marquess of Tweeddale—then Lord William Hay—and in their names accordingly were the nocturnal warrants made out. On the following morning, Murray presented himself at Wiltshire's gates, demanding execution of these warrants; but Wiltshire would only refer him to the Principal. Melvill accordingly sent for Hay and myself, and con-

* Our learned friend was no other than the late Mr. Thomas Paynter, at that time one of the London Police Magistrates.

cealing Murray behind a door proceeded to ask us for an explanation. On hearing the facts, the good Principal broke into a hearty fit of laughter and dismissed us. We heard no more of the warrants, could only presume that our Principal had sent Murray away in accordance with the Horatian moral—

"Solvuntur risu tabulæ—tu missurabis."

My connection with the College ceased in 1846; and of its later fortunes I have no personal experience: but a pleasant picture has been supplied by Mr. E. Lockwood, who was a student there in the years immediately preceding the discontinuance of the system to which it owed existence. Discipline and training appear to have gone on improving, and the men turned out during those closing years were perhaps up to even higher general level than had hitherto been usual. A few—notably Sir Alfred Lyall and Sir Auckland Colvin—lived to earn distinction in many important fields and to become, in a most conspicuous degree, Men of the Time.

The conclusion arrived at by Messrs. Lowell and Stephens is remarkable, opposed as it is to modern ideas, however supported by the facts.

"It appears clearly," says Mr. Stephens, "from this story of the patronage system of the E. I. Company as to appointment . . . that patronage, when checked by training at a special College entered only after a qualifying examination, produces results not inferior to open competitive examination. . . Most clearly of all is it proved that the chief advantage of such a College as Haileybury lay not so much in the actual instruction afforded as in the association together of young men intended for a career in common in which they specially needed the traditions of a noble service."

In the earlier portion of the work Mr. Lowell applies these and similar considerations to the support of his proposal that American Colonial work should be entrusted to young men specially prepared. In any case it is presumable that the people of the United States would never agree to the adoption of a system under which an over-educated Bengali can be sent to govern Sikhs or Afridis, and the administration of an important colonial seaport be entrusted to a full-blooded buck Negro.

The stress laid by the authors on the association of the young men is by no means exaggerated. Not only were traditions of honourable duty established, but the corporate spirit fostered was on the whole beneficial. And these things were perhaps more practically useful than all the book-learning in the world. *

No properly-informed person will contend that old Haileybury was

an ideal place of education, or deny that, in comparison with other institutions, it was a rather lath-and-plaster Temple of the Muses. All that can be claimed for it is, perhaps, that it answered the purpose for which it was intended and that it went on improving itself to the last. The declared intention was to provide a place where young men of a certain solid class, after giving proofs of good character and attainments, should live together for a time and receive instruction in certain branches of knowledge which would be useful to them in the career which they had undertaken. Whatever protection may have attended the sons and nephews of the Directors after they had become students at the College, the entrance examinations at least were conducted by competent and impartial scholars; and it was my personal conviction—going up as I did from Oxford—that a knowledge of the required subjects would have more than sufficed to ensure a University Degree. Nor, indeed, was the ordeal without its terrors; some candidates abstained from presenting themselves and were consoled by commissions in the Company's Army; while others only qualified themselves by the aid of special trainers, amongst whom I particularly remember hearing of a Mr. Rowsell, by whom several of my contemporaries were prepared to face the examiners.

This ordeal once passed, with certain satisfaction of the Court in regard to moral character, the youths entered the College and became exposed to temptations incidental to their age and circumstances. The defect in sanction, arising from the known reluctance to blight a protégé's career, has been already shown, but it would be quite a mistake to infer that the students' progress was neglected or that they were usually sent to their important work in India as perfect dunces. The nature of two of the "European" courses—Political Economy and Law—has been already mentioned; other subjects were equally attended to. Jeremie lectured in the Library, expounding Plato and Cicero with a wide and various apparatus of illustration. Heavyside—afterwards Canon of Norwich—taught science, or some branch of applied mathematics. In the Oriental side we had Francis Johnson, Editor of Richardson's Arabic Dictionary, and Monier Williams, afterwards Boden Professor at Oxford. Eastwick and Ouseley looked after Urdu and Persian, provision being also made for the languages of Madras and Bombay.

Nor was all this a mere show. Eminent scholars came down to test our work at the end of each term, or what was known as "Dis" Day. In the terminal Examinations a certain number of L. marks involved the loss of the term; and the loss of two consecutive terms vacated one's appointment. If after all precautions, a dunce did occasionally succeed

in getting to India, he was not always a bad fellow for rough work: in any case he had not made culture an industry or learned to loathe books like a grocer's boy surfeited with figs. Clearly the names recorded in this book of Messrs. Lowell and Stephens are enough to show that old Haileybury was quite able to turn out men whose reputation extended even beyond the limits of India. Competition has probably raised the general level of knowledge; it has not yet produced better scholars than Brian Hodgson, or better statesmen than John Lawrence.

CHAPTER III.

LONDON AND OXFORD DURING TWO GENERATIONS.

When Sir Walter Scott published "Waverley" with an alternative title of "Tis sixty years since," he assumed a considerable license; for it was only *begun* in 1805, to be laid by for so long that the interval separating the book from the events related was nearer seventy than sixty years. Under shelter of which great authority the writer of the present little record hopes to escape censure if he adopts a similar liberty in looking back towards the earlier part of the Victorian epoch. Nor does he propose to try the reader's patience with a repetition of the the well-worn comparison of the two ends of that protracted period. Great, indeed, have been the transformations evolved in many of life's aspects by the introduction of railroads and telegraphs, bicycle-riding and the penny post. Untaxed newspapers now supply facts and fancies to an enfranchised democracy; Chartism has been killed by concession; the Irish Church has been disestablished, and the disestablishment of the Church of England has become a topic of discussion even among her own votaries. Education has been made compulsory, though, on the other hand, if in science and in politics advances have been made it is doubtful whether the general intellectual and moral level has not been lowered. At the beginning of the reign the Poet Laureate was named William Wordsworth: Macaulay and Mill were at their zenith as popular writers; among the rising stars were Tennyson, Thackeray, Dickens: theologic teaching and controversy were in the hands of Chalmers and Newman. To none of these names could the end of the reign supply an adequate comparison, any more than the ephemeral fiction which now usurps the name of "Literature" can rival the work of Bulwer, Lever, or Currer Bell; to say nothing of Dickens, Thackeray, or George Elliot.

One of the earliest events in the world of English letters by which

the commencement of the Victorian age was marked was the first appearance of a periodical destined to a long and influential career. On the 17th July, 1841, was published the opening number of *Punch, or the London Charivari*: inspired—as the second title shows—by a comic paper of the Parisian boulevard, which it was ultimately to outdo in almost every respect. The Mayhew Brothers had much to do with the inception of *Punch*; but the first official editor was Mark Lemon, a portly publican from Holywell Street. During his incumbency Mr. W. S. Gilbert became an aspirant for that public favour which he has since so fully and so deservedly enjoyed; and a story used to be told of his having sent the earlier of his afterwards popular “Bab Ballads” to *Punch*, to be declined by Lemon. It was added that, some time afterwards, the young author met Lemon at dinner and proceeded to score in his most characteristic manner. “You edit *Punch*, I believe, Mr. Lemon?” “Yes.” “And I daresay you have some funny things sent to you from time to time?” “Oh, yes,” answered the genial Mark, “very funny things indeed.” “Ah!” said Gilbert, meditatively; “what a pity you never use any of them in your paper.” The writer would be far from endorsing this bitter joke. The *Punch* of Jerrold and the Mayhews, Kenny Meadows and Leech, was not better than the paper has been in later hands; but it had plenty of funny things.

It must have been soon after the date referred to when the *Athenæum*—then under the father of Sir Charles Dilke—pointed out the ascension of a new star in a review of the volume containing “Mariana” and “The Lotus Eaters,” “The Lady of Shalott and other Poems,” 1842. The new author was encountered at Culverden, the house of some neighbours of ours at Tunbridge Wells; a stately presence with long black hair and retired manners. Wordsworth ere long pronounced him: “The greatest of our living poets”—a high benediction from the father of our poetic reformation.

—Walter Scott had been dead some ten years; but the influence of his imaginative treatment of the past was exerting itself upon our cultured classes, giving rise to the “Puseyite” movement at Oxford and to the “Young England” party in Parliament and in Society. Charlie-over-the-water—to use Borrow’s phrase—symbolised not only a political ideal but still more a religious reaction, and the principles of poor decapitated old Laud, though not in so many words propagated by the author of “Waverley,” derived popularity from his teaching. Of the Coryphæus of the movement—if nicknames go for anything—nothing need be said here. Dr. Pusey’s piety and learning, coupled with his birth and social stand-

ing, made him a prominent leader, according to general opinion; but he was a moderate man and hardly a Champion. John Newman was of a different character and soon led the more ardent spirits of his school to what he and they deemed a logical conclusion. Of his abilities an indiscriminating admiration has appeared universal since his death; but survivors will remember that Arnold—who had known him when they were both Fellows of Oriel—vehemently controverted his reasoning, while Carlyle said he had “the brain of a buck-rabbit.” The truth probably was midway of two extremes. Newman’s earnestness was joined to a consummate controversial irony which had a singular effect on men’s minds; but his great powers were not always used with due discretion. Years after the time now under notice, he was sentenced to a fine for libelling an opponent; and nothing could well be more severe than the admonition then addressed to him by Sir J. D. Coleridge, the presiding judge. And his subsequent attack on poor Charles Kingsley, though a wonderful piece of triumphant dialectic, was not felt by every one at the time to be altogether fair. Impartial critics may well have felt that Newman’s keen bright faculty was a weapon in his hand rather than a complete expression of his mind [See Maudsley’s “Natural Causes,” etc., p. 292, and footnote on the next page]. Nevertheless, with whatever drawbacks, Newman had the heart of a heroic combatant; and to that he has been indebted for the position he has attained amongst the intellectual idols of the age. It is not less noticeable that his University was at that very day producing men destined in some measure to counteract his influence, such as Clough, Stanley, Matthew Arnold, and others who have perhaps supplanted him as leaders of the best modern thought. The pupils of Mark Pattison and Benjamin Jowett are doing more to-day than the Neo-Laudians, of whom the strongest have quite deserted the ranks of Freedom.

Oxford is totally changed since the beginning of the reign, whether materially, socially, or as a place of learning. In those days you went up, as vacancies occurred in your College, of which you could not be a member until you had matriculated; which was done after an examination by the College authorities, mainly directed to the discovery of the class of your attainments in view to arranging what lectures would be most suitable for you to attend. The lectures in each College were delivered exclusively to their own pupils, by the tutors of each; and attendance—with due answering and construing—formed the great part of your studies; the lectures of the University Professors being either non-existent or matter of option, if not a mere formality. In your

term you went through what was called "Sitting for Men," when you took your place in the Schools' Gallery to witness the examination of your seniors for their "Little-go," and in the succeeding term you were expected to present yourself for a like ordeal. There were no Moderation Examinations, and only two final schools for "Greats"—in which the more promising of the undergraduates were encouraged by the authorities of their respective colleges to try for honours in humane letters, or in mathematics, or in both. By the former is to be understood what is known at Cambridge as the "classical Tripos," but in place of genuine scholarship such as that of a Porson or a Shilleto, the Oxonian had to display his acquirements chiefly in Logic, Aristotle, and Greek verse. Such was the path indicated for the ambition of the studious youth of the University.

The reading men, however, were in the minority, those to whom the approval of the Dons was as the breath of the nostril, and who shunned delight and lived laborious days. From morn to dewy eve they read, only intermitting their labours to sally forth for a "constitutional," walk up Headington, to Godstow, or some other fixed point not too remote. Halls and chapels, as a matter of course; and a rare visit to the union to listen to, perhaps join in, a debate.* Their destiny was clear; some would become Fellows and settle down, each in turn, to a College living with vague views of Deanery or Bishopric; others would become ushers in public-schools with hopes—more or less justified—of succeeding to the head-master's ferule. A certain number went to the Bar, whence they might, or might not, extract a fortune or rise to the Bench: a few might graduate in medicine and set up as consulting physicians, awaiting their guinea-fees, while the general practitioner, less hampered by education and etiquette, chased the nimble shillings in his gig, or compounded pills and potions in his odorous surgery.

This was the ideal of the reading-man: a double first—often becoming something less in actual result—a decorous and lucrative career—not seldom attaining more of the former than of the latter. But there were others, at the extreme opposite, who were quite insensible to such considerations. These were the "fast men," using or abusing the supplies sadly made to them by enumbered parents; crossing the quadrangle to each other's rooms in ragged academicals, or "doing the High" in unbecoming splendour. Dog-fighting, billiards and beer, bad company and *vingt-et-un* formed the occupation of their lives, which,

* These debates were then held in the parlour of a shop, or some such modest resort.

indeed, they might have carried on without coming to college at all. Pluck and rustication failing to reform or warn them, they went to the dogs in their respective ways; some to a hall where, under a relaxed discipline, they might hold out until, in the fulness of time a Pass degree might be pitched from a weary university; others to the post of billiard marker, private soldier, or penniless emigrant. It is hardly necessary to add that the great majority of undergraduates had little in common with either of these extremes; consisting of brave youths, happy in emancipation from school, living on their allowances, observing rules in a general way, taking their B. A. in due course, and disappearing into the midway paths of life, neither much better nor much worse for having spent three years at the University.

Oxford has indeed changed, in social matters especially. Many of the Dons are now married and live in the pretty northern suburbs, where their wives entertain undergraduate friends at tea and tennis. Noblemen and gentlemen commoners no longer dine at high-table in silken gowns, though there is elsewhere more association than of old between the older and younger men. You can take honours in "Mods" and graduate, afterwards, in fancy subjects: when you return to college after the long vacation you find that your rooms have been occupied by an extension lecturer or, perhaps, by an enthusiastic school-marm.*

Materially, also, the place is a good deal altered. No longer do you enter over Magdalene bridge: the "Angel" has fallen, and in his vacant place arise Jackson's new "Schools." Trams run through the streets, and B.N.C. has a neo-gothic frontage on the High. Nevertheless, a certain mediæval air clings to the old city, and even lingers about the common-rooms of the Colleges; and Oxford, more than any place in England, still links the present to the past.

One great change there certainly is. In the early days of railroad travelling the university authorities, in the interests of discipline, contrived to prevent the great Western Company from bringing their line to Oxford. The nearest station was then at Steventon; and the consequence—as might have been foreseen—was not to prevent the young men from running up to London, but merely to add to the expense of the journey the cost of a trap to Steventon, and another to bring one back next day. There was no local theatre either, so that the most

* A vivid impression remains on memory of the late Lord Ward, in silk and gold, rustling into Jubber's with a train of admiring henchmen.

innocent undergraduate had always an excuse for an occasional visit to the centre of music and the drama.*

Those were in London days of good acting and poor staging; in place of elaborate structures built up on the stage, while the audience waits on the carpenters, you had to be satisfied with flats and hanging sheets. But you had Macready, Phelps, Harley, Farren, Buckstone, the Keeleys, Madame Vestris, Mr. Nisbett; and excellent plays replaced after a short run by others equally enjoyable. The pit was a pleasant rendezvous for critics and people of moderate means, where, for a couple of shillings, you could get a seat in a good angle of vision for the stage—the same, in fact, as the seat now called a “stall,” for which you may be charged half a guinea; and there you may (between the ladies’ hats) see a problem-play in which the actors and actresses go through their hundred and fiftieth performance with mechanical accuracy.

A favourite resort with young Oxonians of those days was the Haymarket; and that little theatre had a speciality in which we took great interest. It was, probably, the precursor of the comic operetta, in which the Savoy has since become so conspicuous; but it was a cruder and less ambitious undertaking, known to the time as “Burlesque.” The idea was to take a well-known fairy tale, dress it in drama, and throw in a lot of topical songs written to familiar airs. The writer was generally Mr. J. R. Planché, an official of the Herald’s College, whose antiquarian tastes combined with light artistic instincts derived from French blood: and among the performers were Charles Mathews and “Polly Horton,” known to later admirers as Mrs. German Reed. One of these entertainments exhibited the gods of Olympus coming down to London; and the part of Mars was taken by a stentorian barytone, Mr. James Bland, who sang a song in praise of gun-cotton, an explosive just then produced by a German Professor. Bland’s song on this topic—regarded as congenial to the God of War—may be quoted as an example of Planché’s manner.

“Some talk of Captain Warner,
Of Lord Dundonald some,
Of shooting round the corner,
Or of something quite as rum;
But of all the strange inventions
The strangest this appears,
If with cotton-twist you the charge can resist
Of the British Grenadiers.” *

* Further details of university life at the eve of the Victorian epoch and on to the middle of the 19th century will be found in Mr. Thewell’s “Reminiscences,” 1900.

We have got a good deal further in the finish of our comic ballads since then, though many play-goers of that period are still able to go to the theatre : and the exploits commemorated have been as much superseded and made obsolete as the verse in which they were sung. Captain Warner invented a "long range" by which he blew up a boat at a distance of 300 yards ; and Professor Schönbein, with a charge of cotton, sent a round shot through eight inches of deal board at a distance of nearly one hundred. These feats would not attract attention in China now.

At Drury Lane, English Opera made a fairly successful stand under the management of Alfred Bann—remembered by a few on account of his quarrel with Macready. The tenor parts in these performances were taken by Mr. Harrison, one of whose sons in due course married Charles Kingsley's daughter, known to modern novel readers as "Lucas Malet." Mrs. Nisbett for a time left the stage to become the wife of Sir William Boothby, a Derbyshire baronet.

Among the frequenters of the "Omnibus Box" at old Drury were Sir Charles Shakerley, Sir Henry de Bathe, and Michael Bruce of the Coldstream Guards, the ardent admirer of the beautiful but ill-fated Clara Webster, whose dress took fire at the footlights, and she was killed before his eyes. Among the beauties of the higher social sphere were Miss Virginia Pattle—afterwards Lady Somers—with Lady Pollington, Lady Dorothy Walpole, and the daughters of Lady Jersey. Like the stars of the theatrical world, these too have passed from sight, like comets moving in hyperbola ; and the rare survivors are left to echo the sad song of Captain Morris :—

" There's many a lad I loved is dead,
And many a lass grown old ;
And, when I think of themes like that,
My weary heart grows cold."

Other notable men about town were Count Alfred d'Orsay—the glass of fashion—and his friend Prince Louis Napoleon—then chiefly known for ambitious undertakings which might seem to have been borrowed from Planché—Lord Alfred Paget, Sir Charles Kent, of the Life Guards, and a few others, among whom a young Jew M. P. was being much talked about, partly for his eccentric writings, but more for his audacious attacks on Sir Robert Peel in the House of Commons. (Mr. Benjamin Disraeli was only young as a politician in a world where men unconnected with great houses rose slowly, having been, of course, born nearly forty years before.)

The day of great houses is over ; their last stand was in opposition to Free Trade ; but the changes in the political system that the last sixty years have witnessed have been celebrated elsewhere : fortunate in this respect has our country been that change, which might have been caused by sudden violence, has been the work of time. Though so gradual, however, it has been very complete ; and Demos, who was battering the gates with his fire-pointed Charter at the opening of the period, is now solidly established in the high places of the City. Every great department of state is affected by the new system ; in one respect at least most patriotic Britons will admit an evident advance. At the beginning of the reign of Queen Victoria what has now dwindled into "Little England," of which even its friends seem half ashamed, was called "Manchester School," and was connected with high and serious politics. "Cut the painter" was a common cry, in regard to the colonies ; "Perish India" ! was an aspiration hardly disowned by some of the Chiefs of Freedom.

In one direction, indeed, it was found by a practical test that the imperial instinct was not lulled beyond arousing. In 1837, a French Canadian of the name of Papineau raised his standard in much the same spirit shown in recent times by Paul Kruger. The revolt was energetically and wisely met, being put down by General Colborne, an old Waterloo veteran, ultimately raised to the Peerage as Lord Seaton. Papineau was allowed to go to Paris, a constitution was granted to Canada, the French Province was united to the rest of the colony without detriment to French susceptibilities, either as to law, language, or religion. Ultimately, the United Provinces, under a French Premier, have rendered valuable aid to the Empire in a moment of trouble due to an almost exactly similar cause in South Africa. No greater proof can be given of the amendment in spirit all round, nor of the good that may come out of a hearty struggle followed by a just and humane settlement.

One of the most prominent public men of the early Victorian period was the conqueror of Napoleon, a man whose active service had begun in the eighteenth century. The Duke of Wellington was then a very familiar figure in the London streets where he often walked unattended, or rode with a single groom behind him : his mighty antagonist had long since fretted himself out on his rock—a modern Prometheus with a British General for his Vulture. Like Napoleon, "the Duke" had but little love for "the people," as a separate organ in the State ; and he was prepared to do all in his power to preserve, as intact as possible,

the existing frame-work of society. It was no part of his business to foresee the future. Heine called Napoleon "Gonfalonier of the Revolution"—an over statement. Republican Napoleon was not, but with greater truth might Wellington have been called the swordsmen of conservatism; for he knew, if only by instinct, what danger was involved in a too-sudden breaking up of existing manners and customs. The destruction of feudal privilege was begun by Grey and Russell, in 1830, when they brought forward their first proposals for "Reform," in other words for such a reconstruction of national representative government as must for ever destroy the privileges of the territorial aristocracy. The Duke regarded this as "fatal to the constitution" (*vide* citation in Maxwell's *Life*, Vol. II. p. 270). Nevertheless, to "take the King out of the hands of the Radicals," he was prepared, as late as May 1832, to introduce "an extensive measure of Reform."

The Duke's anxieties on the subject have been hardly justified. The destruction of feudal privilege has not produced in England that utter disfranchisement of the aristocracy that we see in France. Let us hope that, in our islands, it may rather take the form of raising the lowly with no corresponding depression of other classes—the spelling of Revolution without the R. As servile labour is more and more replaced by machinery, we may approach the ideal condition when all citizens may have the habits of gentlemen. But "the Duke," bred in another system and menaced for many months with mob violence, can hardly deserve blame if he did not perceive this tendency.

It is hard to find a criterion for the just comparison of the two ends of our era. "The Duke's" ideal was a strong centralised system, but the introduction of the ten-pound voter had undermined all that: and things were bound to go further. The rule of the lower middle classes was based, it is to be feared, on narrow and ignoble ideas. The mention of Harrison the Tenor of old Drury reminds one of the following display of artistic conception characteristic of the class. A gentleman was manifesting displeasure at Harrison, one night, when his next neighbour in the dress-circle begged him to desist. "I don't like," said the worthy citizen, "to 'ear any one 'iss Mr. 'Arrison." "What," said the other, "not if he sings flat?" "No Sir," was the reply. "'E is a good 'usband, and a good father; and 'is word is as good as 'is bond."

Such was the type of man to whom the Act of 1832 had given the control of our destinies. The constituency of to-day is greatly composed of a different sort of men; persons who use their hands, perhaps, more than they use their heads; who are ambitious and given to ask for

rates of emolument which are inconvenient and even dangerous to the commerce of the country: but they speak good English, have just canons of art, and are more ready to make sacrifices for the Empire than were the believers in Bright and Cobden. The democratic system that has been established among us for the past twenty years, or so, of the 19th century has not been ignoble; neither can that epithet be fairly held applicable to the aristocratic government that resisted Louis XIV. and ruined Napoleon: but the intervening régime, which ruled from the 1832 settlement to the period of household suffrage, can hardly be regarded as anything more than a national eclipse. The proofs are familiar: no cabinet dared to attend to the Duke's almost passionate prayers for national defence; the war with Russia, entered into without consideration, was conducted in a spirit of scandalous negligence. Free Trade and Universal Exhibitions were held to be efficient substitutions for public vigilance and private virtue. From that base nightmare our nation has been roused, just in time to save it from becoming the spoil and laughing stock of Europe. John Bull is no longer the fat man walking in dangerous ways with his pockets unbuttoned, his watch-chain hanging loose, and his stick replaced by a five-shilling umbrella: he is more anxious than of old, but ready to take his own part, and "gare à qui le touche."

Having written above concerning fast men at the University, it may not be out of place if I conclude with an experience of a tragical character concerning one of the class, occurring in India, not many years after my entrance into the Service. Having been invited to assist at the terminal examination of a private school in a Hill Station, I observed at one end of the school room a desk by which was standing a gentlemanly looking young man plainly dressed, with a face that I thought I recognised. On my asking the headmaster who this was, I was told that he was a gunner in the Bengal Artillery attached to the convalescent Depot and officiating as teacher in the school by arrangement with the commandant. His name was said to be "Mortimer"; but that sounded so very like the sort of name that would be taken by a man anxious to mask himself that I was not satisfied. As I passed his desk I said: "Have we not met before?"; and was answered as I expected. The gunner-usher was a man who had been at Christ Church when I was an under-graduate; the son of an eminent scholar and D.D.; the name of Mortimer being only a *nom d'emprunt*. On subsequent occasions the whole story came out. My contemporary had got into the toils of a money-lender, named Lewis Joel, who, by the help

of a cigar-shop and a showy wife, had endeared himself to many of the gilded youth of the time. Having taken his degree, my friend went to the Bar; but Joel's claims went on—as such things had a special way of doing: and poor —— was threatened with the then very severe operation of the law. At length, in a moment of despair, he was accosted in the now vanished King-Street, Westminster, where the R.A. Company's recruiting agency was then held at a low tavern. It was an opening of escape from Joel: the Sergeant was persuasive, and, in fine, "Mortimer" took the company's shilling and was sent out to Dum. Dum in the Bengal regiment of Artillery. A few months later he saw in the Home-papers that Joel had been convicted of felony and transported! But that, of course, was of no avail to him now; his health broke down in the service; and he was sent to the Depot for charge of air. He had influential friends, however, and hoped soon to buy his discharge.

I left the Hills and went to Muzaffarnagar, in 1854: while there I one day got a scrap of paper signed by my friend, asking me to come and see him in the *Sarai* (native inn); and here, sure enough, was Mortimer with a small country-cart, wandering without means or object. At his request I supplied his immediate wants and gave him a letter to the manager of a newspaper published at Meerut, on which he forthwith promised an engagement. But he did not remain there long; and, on being discharged, re-enlisted in the King's Royal Rifles. On the evening of the 10th May, 1857, he was murdered by the mutineers as he was loafing on the Delhi road. Such was the tragical fate of a fast man in the last generation.

CHAPTER IV.

LONDON AND OXFORD DURING TWO GENERATIONS (*continued.*)

The beginning of the Victorian era was a time of hopefulness; and its first decade—to those who can remember it—will appear as one of apogee for the British nation. A famine visited Ireland, which permanently reduced the population, though it may have left no further immediate effect but the repeal of the Corn Laws, and a new impetus to the national prosperity before which the English discontent expressed by Chartism recoiled and collapsed.* The Crimean War had not yet revealed the incompetence of our administration, nor had the Indian Mutiny revealed the thinness of the crust over Plutonian

* All most serious insurrections have had their origin in misery.

forces. Alike in England and in France—so near and yet so far—were laid the foundations of a new Feudalism; and the barons of military conquest were being superseded by the lords of finance. It is said that the famous Headmaster of Rugby—Thomas Arnold—expressed his joy over the opening of the North-Western Railway (then called the London and Birmingham) on the ground that it announced the end of the feudal system. His joy would have been tempered if he had known that it might also indicate the coming of a harder and more ignoble oppression provocative of strife more deadly than the Peasant Wars of the past. It is, indeed, no more than the plain truth that, in England at least, the aristocracy has shown more care for the working-classes than the direct employers of labour and their representatives in the House of Commons.* The French Revolution, too, was begun by the liberal nobles, rather than by the *bourgeoisie*, if we take Mirabeau and Condorcet into account. Less able, perhaps, but more fortunate, the English nobility was able to enter the popular ranks without much suffering, while that of France was swept away or suppressed. Just before the middle of the nineteenth century it may have seemed, in both countries, as if a new oligarchy of capital was to take the whole command, but, in Britain if nowhere else, it was soon to be discovered that prosperity was not to be obtained that way. In the long run, however useful a factor might be the benevolent leadership of culture and capital, it was on their own resources that the rank and file of labour must depend if they were to share in the profits of production and build for permanence the national welfare.

Hence it was but natural that reform should have been at that period represented as coincident with the interests of the middle-classes. So acute an observer as Benjamin Disraeli produced a most successful work of fiction in 1845, with the misspelt title of "Sybil," in which he postulated that we were still "Two Nations."† It was a land of Cockaigne on which the day of Democracy was hardly dawning.

That was the state of affairs at home when the present writer landed in Calcutta during the month of October, 1847. It was a period of apparent prosperity there also. The Governor-General was on his way down the country, after having conquered the Sikhs, and con-

* Instances will be found on the Rolls of Parliament as far back as the reigns of Edward III., and his grandson, where the King and Council, or the House of Lords, refused to sanction bills sent up by the Commons having an oppressive tendency.

† "Sybil; or the two Nations," was a story of capital and labour. The orthography of the word is, of course, "Sibyl."

cluded treaties with Lahore, Kashmir, and Nepal. He was General Hardinge, famous for his services in the Peninsular War and in the Waterloo campaign—where he lost his left arm; a man of whom the Duke of Wellington testified that he never undertook anything that he did not understand, on whose tomb Queen Victoria was eventually to record that “no sovereign ever possessed a more honest and faithful councillor, a more loyal, fearless and devoted servant.”

The veteran was received in Calcutta with a sort of Roman triumph, the captured Sikh guns—256 in number—being paraded on the *maidan*, and a warm address of congratulation offered by the community (Native and European) culminating ultimately in the erection of a fine statue. His actual appearance at the time was rather pleasing than imperial; a brisk English gentleman, of moderate stature only; with a good forehead, a mild eye, and the clean-shaven countenance of the Wellingtonian school. Though born of a good old stock, the Governor-General was not ennobled until 1846, after the conclusion of the war of which he had shared the labour and peril in person—the last occupant of the post who has done so. He had served as a volunteer by the side of old Gough, the Commander-in-Chief, whom he had been ordered to supersede if he should find it necessary. Hardinge, however, had kept the matter to himself; and in spite of disaster and discussion, maintained his secondary soldiership to the last. When all was over he, as head of the Government, bore liberal testimony to the good qualities of the brave old Irish Chief.

The period of one's arrival in India was that signalised by Hunter as the break between the old and the new Anglo-India.* Just two years earlier Captain Waghorn had delivered “the express portion” of the mail by the overland route, which was permanently established in 1846: though an experimental despatch had been made five years before, taking just two months in transit. Up to these days—and indeed for some time later—our Honorable Masters did not allow their servants leave beyond the Cape of Good Hope; and many, who had been from nine to twelve months on the voyage out, remained forty or fifty years in the country and often left their bones there. One of the last of these old “Qui Hyes” only died during the last nineties—Mr. Fleetwood Williams, C.S.I., who had left England before the introduction of railway-travelling. I think he smoked his *hooqua* to the last. This was a stately tobacco-ceremonial of which no trace remains in European circles, though practised universally in Bengal when I entered

* “Life of Brian Hodgson,” p. 26.

the Service. The manner of it was this : after the ladies left the dining-room—if not before—each man was provided (by a special attendant) with a silver mouth-piece in a bowl of perfumed water ; a strip of carpet being laid behind the chair on which was placed the crystal vase containing the water through which the smoke was to pass and be inhaled in a cooled condition. In the top of this vase was placed the bowl containing the *chillum*—a paste of tobacco and conserve ; a glowing ball of ignited charcoal was laid on this, and the end of the "snake" at the same time introduced under the right-hand arm of your chair. You then inserted the mouth-piece ; and in another minute the room was full of gurgling sound as of camels protesting against their loads. Such was the solemnity witnessed after every Anglo-Indian dinner ; to which it remains to add that it was a deadly affront to step over that portion of the snake which lay upon the carpet.

Another social function of the day was the taking of wine with one another, confined in England to mess-rooms and practised between persons near enough to catch one another's eye. In India, however, it would sometimes happen that a guest at one end of a long table wished to exchange greetings with a friend at the other, whom he knew to be present even if he could barely see him. It even happened occasionally that the parties had quarrelled, and one or both desired to renew amicable relations. In all such cases the man making the overture would send his servant round to the other with the message, "So-and-so sends compliments" (*Sahib salam deta*). On which the recipient was expected to lean forward and "look towards you," each raising his glass and making a bow over it at the same moment.

We youngsters were supposed to be on probation, being technically described as "in College." There were not, indeed, any traces left of the collegiate life and discipline that Lord Wellesley had endeavoured to institute a generation earlier ; but there were still periodical examinations to test our progress in Persian and the vernacular of Bengal, or of the North-West Provinces. The pursuit of that curriculum, however, left us abundant leisure, more or less of which was devoted to Society (with a capital S). Sir Lawrence Peel, Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Cameron, and some of the military officials tendered us hospitality—more, indeed, than the members of our own Service. Mrs. Cameron was one of the famous Pattle family, sister of the beautiful Virginia, Lady Somers. Her uncle, Colonel Pattle, familiarly known as "Jemmy Blazes," had been somewhat notorious a few years before on account of his prowess as a ~~contestant~~ ; and many were the anecdotes about him which were

still current in those days. He had risen in the Ninth Bengal Light Cavalry, and commanded the corps at the battle of Miani, where Sir Charles Napier broke the resistance of the Amirs of Sindh in 1843. *Miyan* is the Persian for "scabbard"; and it was related that the colonel accounted for the name of the field in some such terms as these: "In the thick of the *melee* Sir Charles rode up to me, crying, 'By G—Colonel, this is butchery; give me your sword, Sir?' I had, of course, to obey; but my blood was up: calling on my men to follow, I returned to the charge; and—you may believe me or not—killed eleven of the enemy with my empty scabbard. Hence the name."

It seems odd, on looking back, to find that we had more friends among the soldiers than with people of our own cloth. But so it was. Among messes at which I was welcomed, either as a guest or honorary member in those early days, I can particularise those of three British regiments, besides some in the Company's Army, especially the Bengal Artillery.* The officers of that period were less afflicted with examinations and intellectual training than at present; and, perhaps had not so much actual experience in war as their immediate predecessors, the followers of Wellington.

Neither in point of conviviality or of expenditure are the present-day officers likely to emulate the men of old, although the traditions of a Service die hard—especially amongst Britons. But it is obvious that, when the officers of an army are chosen on purely intellectual grounds, they must more and more tend to diverge from the old semi-feudal type. And when one adds the consideration that they work hard all day and—in some cases—pursue professional studies at night, one sees that officers can no longer lead the sort of life depicted, with more or less of accuracy, by Charles Lever and the author of "Guy Livingstone."

Among the picturesque elements now eliminated from British Army life was the practice of private warfare. Duelling—as noticed in a former work†—arose out of the ordeal by battle: it being a result of the form of belief prevalent in the Dark Ages that Providence interposed on behalf of just causes. Something of the same kind again revealed itself when one assumed judicial functions up-country, and found Hindu villages settling boundary-disputes by club-law, or referring them to local arbitrament on the venue, with the traditional adage—*Panch-men Parmeshwar*, or "God is with the five." In the same work it is stated

* The officers of the Native Army were less friendly to our Service than those of the Artillery and of what were then called "Queen's Regiments."

† *Servant of John Company*, p. 76.

that the last duel between Anglo-Indians took place as late as 1855, some time after the practice had died out at Home. It may be presumed that the Anglo-Indian officers hardly shared the belief of their continental predecessors, or their native contemporaries; they fought each other on all sorts of motives, but not that God should "show the right." Nevertheless, fight they most certainly did, down to the very end of the old *régime* that terminated in the *Année Terrible* of 'Fifty-seven.

CHAPTER V.

MOFUSSIL LIFE BEFORE THE MUTINY.

From the beginning of the British Indian Civil Administration there have always been two distinct sections of the Service in the "Bengal Presidency"—to use a familiar phrase, now obsolete. In Calcutta lived the Governor-General, not yet raised to the dignity of Viceroy; appointed, indeed, on the nomination of the Crown-Ministers, yet commissioned by the Company and liable to be recalled by the fiat of its Directors. This latter statement has an incredible appearance; but it is true; so true that the predecessor of Lord Hardinge, the able but eccentric Lord Ellenborough, was absolutely so recalled. About the Governor-General gyrated all the centres of administration, save when occasions of State or of inclination took His Excellency to Simla, when he was usually attended by some of the minor Panjandrams. Thus, in 1837-8 Lord Auckland made a progress, which furnished substance for his sister's amusing letters afterwards published in the form of a book.* But when he got to Simla he lived in a cottage and only one Secretary attended him, with two juniors, Messrs J. R. Colvin and Henry Torrens. The acting Governor of Bengal and the Supreme Council remained at Calcutta, with all the heads of Civil and Military Departments. The rest of Bengal and Hindustan was vaguely known as the "Mofussil,"† an unequal partition in all respects save that of power and dignity. It is with this enormously larger section of the Empire that the young official had to concern himself when once he left the charmed circle of the capital. It can hardly be necessary to add that between the two classes, the majority who proceeded to up-country stations and the favoured few who remained at head-quarters, there was a chronic mistrust, almost amounting to hostility. For the Mofussilite the head-quarter men felt a suspicion not unblended with a ten-

* "Up the Country," by the Hon. Emily Eden, 3rd edition, London, 1856.

† Properly "Mufassal", q. d. *separate*.

dency to take him for granted until you could trip him up, whilst he, on the other hand, regarded his fortunate colleague with envy, perhaps tending towards insubordination.* Metcalfe—afterwards a Peer and Governor-General of Canada—was one of the few whose exceptional ability led to his being employed in both classes; for he was at one time the Government Agent and Commissioner at Delhi, at another a Member of Council at Calcutta: yet he denounced the members in general as a "caste" of which the suppression was essential to the well-being of the Empire. Instances of serious misunderstanding between the two classes were not, perhaps, very numerous; for on both sides there were principles of loyalty and patriotism. But such cases as that of Ochterlony in Amherst's reign and that of William Tayler during the Mutiny, were enough to show what possibilities of evil might lie beneath the surface. The antagonism referred to had found voice towards the end of the Bentinck period, in the pages of the *Meerut Universal Magazine*, whose affectionately shortened title was *M. U. M.*, a periodical set going by an officer of the 11th Hussars, named Tuckett, and supported by two very able young civilians, Henry Torrens and H. M. Elliot, who were then serving at Meerut.*

It was the postulate and position of the provincial staff of those days that its members passed their lives in correcting the blunders of the departmental chiefs at Calcutta, whom they pictured as overpaid bureaucrats wallowing in a pool of selfish ignorance and imbecility; and although, the *M. U. M.* expired after a brilliant existence of barely two years, a more durable organ arose on its ashes with a somewhat similar programme. This was the *Mofussilite*, a weekly paper edited by a young barrister named John Lang, which for several years—indeed up to the outbreak of May 1857—continued to appear at Meerut. Lang himself loved to enjoy the social pleasures which he found during the hot and rainy seasons on the cool heights of Simla, where also he could procure help of all sorts from visitors of culture at the sanitarium. But he had able assistants at Meerut, at one time an accomplished and well-read Canadian, G. R. Wilby; always his faithful printer, Mr. Gibbons. It was in those days that the memorable one-line leader appeared of which something has been said elsewhere—"The Gorham case; damn the Gorham case."† The Gorham case is well-nigh forgotten now; but it

* Torrens afterwards became Under-Secretary to Government, and was popularly rebited with the policy that led to the Afghan War. Elliot became Foreign Secretary in Dalhousie's time, and a Knight of the Bath.

† "A Servant of John Company," p. 123.

made a stir about the year 1850 and the commotion became perceptible all through the Empire; being indeed a distinct but connected outcome of the Anglo-Catholic movement. The "case" arose out of a controversy on baptismal regeneration, a subject unlikely to possess the least interest for Mr. Lang; and in the book cited above a rumour was mentioned assigning the credit—or debit—of the contemptuously laconic editorial to W. F. Courtenay, Private Secretary to Lord Dalhousie, then Governor-General of India.

Since the publication of the former work another account has come to notice, according to which this briefest of leaderettes had its origin in a private note addressed by the Editor to Mr. Gibbons at the Meerut office, enclosing or including a second note from an impatient Simla friend to whom Lang had applied for an article on the question of the day, and whose want of leisure or inclination took this familiar form, And Gibbons—always according to this version—being in urgent need of copy and rightly gauging the taste of his public, printed the curt comment as a leading article. Certainly, there was nothing in the relations existing at the time between Lang and Courtenay to forbid conjecture that the latter was the writer, though he may have had no idea that his somewhat petulant refusal would be itself turned into a contribution. In any case the readers of the *Mofussilite* applauded it as being a consummate sample of the Editor's genius; and the applause presently developed into gaping admiration of the ensuing apology. This explanation ended with words to the following effect:—"We have been requested to take this opportunity of announcing that the notice of the Gorham case was not from the pen of the Rev. Mr. Quartley, the respected chaplain of Simla."

Many anecdotes of Lang were in circulation at the time; but their repetition here might lead to scandal and wounded feeling. The one incident of a public character which occurs to memory is by no means to be regarded as a champion specimen of his audacious humour. Such as it was, it arose out of a trial arising out of commissariat expense alleged to have been enhanced fraudulently by the chief contractor of those days, Lala Joti Prasad; and Lang was retained for the defence. The prosecution was imprudent and the conduct of the case not very able; so that Lang's brief was not perhaps very difficult. Mr. S. S. Brown, of the Civil Service, was deputed to preside as a sort of Special Commissioner, and a jury of clerks was empanelled for the trial; availing himself of these conditions, Lang pleaded with complete success, in spite of one of the most impudent perorations ever delivered before a British tribu-

nal. The hearing began, at Agra, on the 27th of March, 1851, no less than twelve long hot days being occupied by the evidence and arguments. At the conclusion Lang addressed the court in a telling speech ending with the following remarkable comparison :—

"The scene" he said, "reminded him of one of those days on board ship when pork, in one shape or other, was all that could be had to eat. Pork, all pork, typified the present case. He stood in a Company's court, beside a Company's prosecutor, pleading before a Company's judge and awaiting the verdict of a Company's Jury." *

Undeterred by this unpleasant simile, the court did its duty. Without expecting the accused to prove a negative, it found that Joti Prasad had been a most useful man to the Government, whom it would be monstrous to hold answerable for every little job and trick perpetrated, in his name, by underlings whom he could not possibly control. The Lala was acquitted, and bore so little malice as to render very important service to the Government during the Mutiny.

The life of the Mofussil officials of those days was calm, with plenty of work, mostly of a routine character, though sometimes diversified with less familiar incidents. During my apprenticeship in the Muttra District I was sent out, at the beginning of the hot weather, to report upon damage done by hail, and was thus furnished with my first insight into the rural existence of the people; and attached to me, as dry nurse, was the Sub-Collector, a highly-descended Moslem, of the tribe called "Sayyad," held to be of the same stock as the prophet Muhamad. My headquarters were in an empty bungalow, built by some former collector, but long abandoned. During the day we rode about, examining the peasants and inspecting the injured crops; in the evening we sat in the veranda of the bungalow exchanging views on all sorts of subjects. I recollect that, among other topics, the goodness of the Creator arose for discussion; the Sayyad contending that Allah had provided all nature for the use and enjoyment of mankind. He was gravelled, for a moment, when I objected to the mosquito, an animal from whose incursions we were just then suffering; but after a little reflection the Moslem observed that plagues and afflictions were equally useful, since they afforded opportunities for the exercise of our patience. This incorrigible optimist also surprised me by objecting to tobacco, on principle; which, to my imperfect experience, appeared strange in an oriental. Ultimately, one learned one's own ignorance; abstinence from indulgences, as

* Trotter's "India under Victoria," i. 262. This is a very valuable record of the events of the middle of the century in the Indian Empire.

smoking, being a voluntary rule of the genuine Sayyad ; not, of course, imposed by the law of Islam, to which the weed was unknown, but adopted out of ascetic scruple and maintained as a token of purity.

In due time I was vested with "full powers," and sent as a second-in-command to the District of Mainpuri, in succession to Mr. Robert Spankie, afterwards a puisne Judge of the High Court at Allahabad. And here let a passing tribute be paid to the honoured memory of a good and able man. Mr. Justice Spankie retired from the bench about 1880, amid expressions of general esteem and regret ; and he died very suddenly while waiting for a train at Paddington, in November 1893. My chief was Mr. Charles Raikes, an able official in much sympathy with the people, an agreeable colleague being Mr. (afterwards Sir Richard) Oldfield.

From Mainpuri I was soon after moved to a better climate, being appointed Assistant to the Superintendent of Dehra Doon ; and, in that capacity, had jurisdiction of the Hill Station of Masuri, containing—it was believed—the strongest white population north of Calcutta during the hot weather. In winter it was deserted by all but the very few permanent residents.

Masuri—or "Mussoorie," as it was written in those days—is a collection of cottages and larger buildings spread over the foremost heights of the Sub-Himalaya, at an average altitude of about 6,500 ft. At the back, but connected by a narrow isthmus, is the military cantonment of Landour, somewhat higher and with a fine view of the peaks and glaciers of eternal snow on the northern side : being the seat of a convalescent depot for European soldiers, it is external to the civil power and administered by the commandant and his station-staff. On the connecting isthmus lies the bazar, or native place of business—unless, indeed, all such arrangements have been altered in recent days. When the writer was there the European convalescents had a number of detached cottages assigned them as residences, and appeared to pass a great part of their time in wandering about the hill sides, collecting ferns and butterflies. The roads were steep and narrow ; wheel traffic was, under the then existing conditions, impossible ; all locomotion was on the backs of ponies or in a sort of light sedan called "jhampān," long ago displaced by the more convenient rickshaw of Japan. Just above the Landour bazar were the premises of Mr. L., at whose school I came upon my contemporary, Gunner Mortimer : a school of a somewhat higher type being carried on, near the Masuri Church, by an English clergyman, the Rev. R. N. Mad-dock. This gentleman took much care in obtaining the services of good

assistant masters, graduates of English Universities, among whom may be particularised Mr. A. B. Samson, the Rev. Charles Walford, and the late Mr. Matthews Kempson, once famous as a Cambridge cricketer and afterwards as a Persian scholar and as Director-General of Education in the North-West Provinces. To say that Maddock was popular at Masuri would be a weak understatement: men yet remember the little Sunday suppers in the principal's private room; and many distinguished officers of the Indian Army can still look back to the days of their pupilage at the Masuri school. Maddock was especially adored by the young ladies, although a confirmed celibate; and no wedding would have been considered valid, I believe, unless consecrated by his celebration. Unhappily he died, prematurely, of small-pox, his school devolving, however into the hands of a worthy successor. In the fallen condition of the Rupee many retired officers remain in India, keeping their sons and daughters with them; and Masuri School is now a permanent national institution.

Amongst items of home news that interested us in those days has already been mentioned the outbreak of religious fanaticism over the Rev. Mr. Gorham's presentation to a living in the diocese of Exeter, the refusal of the fiery Bishop Philpotts to perform the due ceremony of induction, and the subsequent proceedings, in the course of which Philpotts felt it his duty to pronounce sentence of excommunication against his Metropolitan, the Archbishop! The next exciting item was the *coup d'état* of 1852 in Paris and the disgrace of Lord Palmerston because, as Foreign Secretary, he had expressed to the French Ambassador in London his warm approval of the doings of the Prince-President, while conveying to the British Envoy in Paris the far more moderate views of the collective Cabinet. On the 3rd of February the Premier—Lord John Russell—offered his explanation and Palmerston replied. The occasion has a literary element as having given rise to a very spirited ballad by Tennyson—who took strong ground in favour of freedom of speech—*z. g.*

“If you be fearful then must we be bold,
Our Britain cannot salve a tyrant o'er;
Better the waste Atlantic rolled
On her and us and ours for evermore,
What! Have we fought for freedom from our prime
At last to dodge and palter with a public crime?”

Those who loved to look deep had a notion that Lord John was only carrying out the wishes of illustrious personages to whom Palmerston's

jaunty independence had for some time been causing offence. In that case, the affair would be the more memorable as being the last case in which prerogative was directly exercised on Cabinet affairs. Shortly after that episode we heard of the calm passing of the great soldier who had so long laboured to support the throne while providing for the defence of the country against invading foes. The death and funeral of Wellington were perhaps symptoms of a vanishing era. No future general is likely to quite take the place of the Prince of Waterloo.

But for these occasional glimpses of the great world and far-off echoes of the roaring loom of time, our lives in the Mofussil held their even tenour. In 1853 I was sent to Hissar, once the capital of the Sailor Raja, George Thomas, whose romantic career has been recorded in a recent work.* Thomas had been dead more than half-a-century: and his contemporaries had for the most part passed away; but there was one old *Jemadar* (native Captain) who had tales to tell of his commander's prowess, varied by long bouts of drinking. These reminiscences appeared genuine observations of an Anglo-Irish bluejacket as seen in the Asiatic camera obscura, rolling up his shirt-sleeves to knock down a mutineer or rush into battle with defiant cheers. James Skinner, however, relates that he saw Thomas fighting in chain-mail on the occasion of his last defence, when he had a hand-to-hand encounter with Skinner's brother.† Between chain-armour and rolled shirt-sleeves a reconciliation may be possible, but is not obvious; possibly the shirt-sleeves were a kind of undress, and the armour a compliment to great occasions. Of Thomas in his cups the pictures are less discordant.

In 1854 I obtained a temporary elevation to fill a short vacancy in the charge of a district. This was a special cause of satisfaction to an officer who had not been five years at work; and I hope a due sense of the consequent obligation and responsibility was displayed. In the capacity of acting district officer of Muzaffarnagar—something equivalent to a French Prefect—I was present at the opening of the Ganges Canal, returning, by a bright moon, in the carriage of the great and good Sir Henry Lawrence. Time flies, and the past is so soon left behind that it may be necessary to remind twentieth century readers that Sir Henry was the eldest of the famous family of his name, who died at Lucknow in the darkest hour of the great revolt of 1857, with the provisional patent of Governor-General in his possession.

Originally an officer of Bengal Artillery, he had shown his

* "The Great Anarchy," Calcutta, 1901.

† "Military Memoir of Lt.-Col. James Skinner," J. B. Fraser, London, 1851.

resourceful character and his commanding influence on Asiatics in the Afghan war, and afterwards, by the side of Hardinge in the Sikh campaign that ended in the Treaty of Lahore. Associated, later, with his brother John—the first Lord Lawrence—in the Civil Administration of the Punjab, he had come into serious conflict with that masterful man, and had been removed by Dalhousie, whose policy the younger brother was prepared to enforce. His great deserts, however, protected him against oblivion; and he was honourably relegated to diplomatic duty. At the time of the opening of the Ganges Canal he was Governor-General's Agent in Rajputana, and gladly undertook the journey from that remote Province to do honour to the great work of Sir Proby Cautley. It will ever be a matter for regret that I did not realise the privileges of that nocturnal journey enough; I took no notes of Sir Henry's conversation—as I should have done—on reaching home. All that at a later time remained in memory was that he spoke with some asperity of his gallant but eccentric contemporary, Sir Charles Napier, a brave and brilliant soldier whom Lawrence seemed inclined to regard as deficient in that sort of generous scrupulosity which formed a marked feature of his own character.

An amusing record of Napier's command of the Indian armies had appeared a year or two earlier, in the form of a collection of the remarks penned by him on various courts-martial whose awards had been submitted to him for confirmation.* The book was done by a Mr. Mawson, a Bombay editor, and contained much racy writing, not always ballasted with sufficient taste or judgment on the part of Sir Charles.

Mention having been made of Lang and his understudy, G. R. Wilby, one is reminded of a gibe that they passed upon a brother editor. This gentleman for a time conducted the *Delhi Gazette*, with which the *Mofussilite* waged an unceasing Eatanswill feud: and the recrimination extended into personal attacks, arising, among other grounds, out of Mr. M.'s infirm aspirates. His Christian name being Harry, it occurred one day to these remorseless foes to print in their columns a little scrap of verse by Catullus entitled "De Arrio," in which the poet ridicules a similar weakness in the case of a Roman dandy of his day. Our Harry, of whose literary outfit the classics had formed no part, assumed that the verses were an original composition of his persecutors, and fell headlong into the snare, announcing in his next issue that since a ribald

* "Records of the Indian Command of Gen. Sir C. J. Napier: comprising all his general orders, etc." Calcutta, 1851.

contemporary had taken to veiling its obscenities in a foreign tongue he had seen no reason to deviate from his established rule of not allowing the *Mofussilite* to appear in the apartments occupied by his family.

Such, in brief, was our Anglo-India: a society of frivolity and confidence. As in the days of Noe, we took the world as it came, accepted appearances for truths, and made but little endeavour after improvement. The Hindus and Moslems around us made no complaints, asked for no alterations. There was no Congress nor vernacular press, no Penal Code, no Law of Landlord and Tenant, no established system of Criminal Procedure. European offenders could only be tried in Calcutta, and enjoyed a virtual impunity, because it so seldom seemed worth while to send witnesses and accused hundreds of miles over a country where there was no more rapid transit than could be had in a litter borne on men's shoulders. *Mill on Liberty* was our gospel; events not yet foreseen were to show us that liberty was vain unless limited by law. Discipline is an essential element of perfect freedom; and a time was at hand which was to show that this truth was never so true as in the case of a population numerous and intelligent, and asking not to govern but to be governed.

CHAPTER VI.

THE GREAT REVOLT.

The outbreak of 1857 came upon an unprepared but benevolent Government occupied with many schemes for the public welfare. Lord Dalhousie had dawned upon our apathetic contentment like a disturbing day-star, although it remained for other times and other hands to deal with the disturbance. It has sometimes been said that reforming rulers have often been the precursors of revolution; and certainly the administration of the Company's last Governor-General was far from stultifying the conclusion. Sir W. Hunter,* while over-estimating Dalhousie's individual action, has truly summarised the main aspects of his rule "in the three words—conquest, consolidation, and development." It was only a step towards the making of India, a reform that may be called "Whig" rather than "Radical." But it would be unjust to blame Whig reformers without grateful acknowledgment of what they have achieved. They may be preparing a time which will make plain that the old structure is too corrupt and obsolete to be profitably

* "Dalhousie" (*Rulers of India series*), Oxford, 1890.

repaired : and their successors may resent the hard work bequeathed to them. But such lessons are often left to tragic teaching and the inexorable logic of events.

Meanwhile, the work described by Hunter went on ; and when Dalhousie laid down his office, with hopelessly shattered health but a high reputation, he was able to record a minute in which he justly assumed credit not only for many useful measures in connection with railways, canals, and telegraphs, but also for some bearing on education and other non-material subjects. Nevertheless, Hunter's monograph, cited above, is too partisan in language and in spirit. Dalhousie initiated little in these directions, all that he did being to give energetic issue to the schemes of his predecessors. The policy which he pursued of his own accord or under the inspiration of ambitious advisers, was criticised at the time and mostly annulled by the results of the Mutiny. His cardinal error appears to have been making annexations of territory on *a priori* grounds before he had obtained the additional strength in European soldiers for which he besought the Court of Directors in vain. Yet his farewell to the army contained no hint of danger or difficulty ; and the last addition to the dominions for which his Government was answerable was the province of Oude, the home of the sepoys. It is urged that he had asked for seven additional battalions of British Infantry, of which he only received permission to raise three ; seven battalions would not have sufficed for the new provinces, Punjab, Burma, and Oude ; and the problems and perils of the native army would still have remained unsolved.

People out of the charmed circle of the Calcutta Council could have told him that all was not right. Henry Lawrence and others had raised warning voices in the *Calcutta Review* and elsewhere. An article that appeared in 1856 ended in these words :—

"A day may come when . . . the utmost address may be required to conciliate native society and preserve the fidelity of the army. It was when France was in much the same condition . . . when finances were growing worse and worse, the people living—no one knew how—under the dominion of an unsympathising aristocracy, and a middle class bringing up in infidel philosophism—intellectual without moral culture—that the upheaving masses . . . hurled to the four winds of heaven both friend and foe . . .

"There are many points of difference between the two states of society in regard to which we have been suggesting a parallel . . . It will be enough to remind the reader that a 'paper age' of hope,

doctrine, and retrenchment preceded the Deluge in the one case, and to record a sincere hope that it may not do so in the other."

Canning, too, though at that time without the help of local experience, had lapsed into a prophetic strain before leaving England. At the inaugural dinner given him by the Court of Directors in August, 1855, he said—in what a historian calls, "the eloquence of sincerity"—"I wish for a peaceful time of office; but I cannot forget that in our Empire that greatest of all blessings depends upon a greater variety of chances and a more precarious tenure than in any other quarter of the globe. We must not forget that; in the sky of India, serene as it is, a small cloud may arise . . . which, growing larger and larger, may at last threaten to overwhelm us with ruin. What has happened once may happen again." *

On the 29th of February, 1856, the two rulers met, friends from youthful days, for the last time, on the steps of Government House, Calcutta. The outgoing hero was worn to a skeleton by labour and long pain; but his eye was proud and his mouth firmly shut under an aquiline *beak*. The successor whom he was thus receiving was big and loosely-built, with a pale brow and somewhat heavy features: a bystander was reminded of an encounter between a carriage horse and a high-mettled racer. Yet the former was soon to show that in courage and endurance he was inferior to no one. Few characters offered more scope for discussion than that of Lord Canning. Under the influence of his Calcutta surroundings he was sluggish and unsympathetic †; yet he remained at his post with unshrinking calm all through the most trying days. He proceeded in the autumn to take charge of the disturbed districts from Allahabad; and he made a personal tour of inspection during the winter of 1858-9, when they had scarcely yet resumed their good order or even got rid of the armed rebels. By that time he had learned to act and think for himself. A friend who saw something of him at Allahabad, writes the following—an acute diagnosis founded on close personal observation:—

"He was a man of intellectual gifts, who, doubtless, acted best when not advised; but idle and irresolute, putting off work, and then, at last, doing things in a hurry. In one sense a good man for the crisis; not easily stirred, and therefore not subject to panic: but he was not a man of energy or resource; nothing commanding about him as a king of men: he sat staring through the trouble, occasionally doing odd

* Trotter. † "History of the Mutiny," by T. R. G. Holmes, 3rd edition 1891.

things in an abrupt way, and then defending them with great skill and cleverness."

It should, however, be added that Canning was the object of much affection among his friends, one of whom was the late Lord Harris, then Governor of Madras, afterwards Chamberlain to H. R. H. the Princess of Wales. A touching aspect of Canning during the troubles is to be found in Mr. Hare's "Two Noble Lives."

Considerable friction arose, at the time, out of the excited passions of the planters and other white residents of the Mofussil, who were not unwilling to fight for their lives, but thought the Governor-General might give them a freer hand. One, an Irish gentleman with whom I was well acquainted, had an interview with the Governor-General at Allahabad, after the suppression of some local marauding, and was asked by His Excellency in what way the Government could show its sense of his services. "Well, me Lord," said Paddy Dunn, "I hear there's a column going into Bundelkand; and av ye could give me the command of a shmall thrup of horse . . ."

"My God!" cried Canning, raising his hands, "is this never to cease." Dunn told me this himself.*

Besides planters, lawyers, and tradespeople, the non-official white population consisted chiefly of men answering to the Polynesian beachcombers; officers who, for various reasons, had been removed to the Invalid Establishment, and had settled in some favouring climate, like Dehra or the hill-stations, probably with native families and with no very clearly-defined occupation. During the five months of the Delhi siege all these good folks were in a state of natural uneasiness: at a distance of less than ten days' march was a fortified city garrisoned by 50,000 trained desperados, with difficulty restrained by a force one-tenth of their number. If the task of the restraining force ever proved too heavy there would be absolutely nothing between us and the most horrible form of destruction. Hence the work of provisioning, encouraging, and to some extent protecting the men, women and children of our race, collected in the Doon and in the adjoining hill-stations, was by no means light. A small excited community, all whose members were in habits of daily intercourse, made a formidable blast of public opinion; and a magistrate's conduct would be closely, if not quite accurately, criticised. Considerations of interest and duty forbade acts of indiscriminate severity; and a memorial was got up calling for enquiry into one's conduct on the ground of alleged scandalous

* See "A Servant of John Company," chapter viii.

lenience to natives. Lord Canning was eventually good enough to record his complete satisfaction; though—with characteristic reserve—he insisted that his approbation was not to be used to influence the local Government.

All the hours of that stormy time were not, of course, equally pre-occupied; and I remember one peaceful incident which was not without a pleasant interest. Supported by the Royal Zoological Society, Her Majesty the Queen sent out a naturalist to collect game birds in the Himalayas, for acclimatisation in Britain. Lord William Hay—afterward Marquess of Tweeddale—was at the time Deputy Commissioner at Simla; and he and myself combined to collect a boat-load of rare pheasants which, when order had been partly restored (or perhaps in the winter immediately preceding the outbreak) went, to be shipped in Calcutta, *via* the Ganges Canal. Among them was the beautiful spotted Argus, and the prismatic Impeyan, or *Minal*; and the Society in acknowledgment voted each of us a handsome silver medal.

Among scientific missions of those days ought to be mentioned that of the Schlagentweil brothers, sent out by the Prussian Government at the instance of W. von Humboldt; but the little that I knew of them has been related elsewhere.* The ex-jockey with whom the distinguished travellers put up at Dehra, did not seem to be aware of the honour that had been conferred upon him, and regarded the foreign savants exclusively from a professional point. In a similar spirit he spoke of a clever little Polish clergyman—Löwenthal—as one who might be all that was said of him in the matter of piety and learning, but chiefly remarkable as a loss to the Turf. "Why Sir!" said Williams, "he hardly turns the scale at six stun."

Poor Löwenthal met with a sad end. He proceeded to the Punjab frontier, whence he hoped to utilise his remarkable powers as a linguist in preaching the gospel among the Afridis and Afghans, had not reasons of State hindered. Lord Canning's Government refused to sanction his crossing the border; and he settled at Peshawar, where he was killed, in his own compound, by a mistaken display of zeal on the part of a watchman in the dusk of the evening. It has been affirmed—I know not with what amount of accuracy—that the epitaph on his tombstone ended:—

"Shot by his own Chaukidar.

" 'Well done, good and faithful servant!'"

On the suppression of the Revolt I visited Allahabad and shared

* "A Servant of John Company." p 154.

in the inception of a newspaper there which may be noted as an attempt to inaugurate the changed system of the Indian Empire. The old Company, with all its faults and merits, had been abolished by an Act which received the royal sanction on the 2nd of August, 1858. A few individuals, of whom the most distinguished was Mr. A. O. Hume, C. B., bethought themselves of forming a small syndicate to conduct a journal in the Provinces, under the ambitious title of "The new Times for all India."* The editorial chair was assigned to Sydney Laman Blanchard, a London *litterateur*, son of the Blanchard who married the daughter of Douglas Jerrold, and was much befriended by the first Lord Lytton. My own contributions included a light serial, on the lines of *Humphrey Clinker*, to which I gave the title of "The Simpkinses in India," it being intended to describe Anglo-Indian life as seen by a Cockney family who had come out to settle on a tea plantation. The paper swiftly collapsed; but Blanchard finished my serial and published it, with some papers of his own, in a two-volume book entitled "The Ganges and the Seine."

Of the causes of the Mutiny many things have been said: and, as the distinguished men of the Dalhousie school who have expressed their opinions are agreed that it originated in the greased cartridge, it would ill become a humble chronicler of personal memories to enter upon the path of controversy. In the volume already cited will be found some experiences pointing to a political origin; but this is ancient history, and our business here is of a less dignified character.

The military aspects of the time will be found admirably treated in the well-known work of the illustrious Lord Roberts ("Forty-one Years in India," Vol. I.). The delay in advancing from Umballa, which exercised our minds sorely at the time, is shown by Lord Roberts to have been no fault of the Commander-in-Chief—the Hon. George Anson—in regard to whom, by-the-bye, there was at the time current a rather good story attributed to John Lawrence. General Anson, it was said, sent a note to Lawrence at Lahore, in which he suggested that the force he was leading to Delhi might be intrenched at Umballa until it could be strengthened by reinforcements and supplied with ordnance stores. Anson was the great authority on the game of whist; and Lawrence is said to have returned the laconic answer—"Clubs are trumps, not spades." Anson, unhappily, had no opportunity

* The idea was quite sound, as may be seen from the success of the *Pioneer*, founded some years later by the late Rev. Julian Robinson. It is published at Allahabad, but is ecumenical to the whole country.

of acting on the suggestion of his civilian partner, for he died then and there; but the force advanced, was joined by Wilson from Delhi, and continued to act loyally and bravely under Lawrence's advice and assistance, until, many months later, the rebel stronghold fell. It was, perhaps, not wholly a misfortune that telegraphic communication with Calcutta was so soon cut off, and the conduct of the siege left to the inspiration of the vigorous Provincial. So far as Calcutta counsels prevailed—say as far north as Arrah and Patna—British prestige was less maintained, power there being for some time centralised in a small group of what Lord Roberts has described as "men of the doctrinaire type." Nevertheless, regard being had to the general blindness and infatuation of almost all, it is hardly fair to single out any group of individuals for severe and special condemnation. The most that can be justly done will be to record that the suspension of telegraph and letter-post left distant local officers a somewhat free hand; and that it was not until then that the mutiny of the sepoys was brought within bounds and kept from merging into a general rising of the whole population. Next to the unexampled capture of Delhi—than which history presents no more heroic feat of arms—India may possibly owe the speedy restoration of her peace and order to the destruction of communication between Calcutta and the Provinces, and to the action of emancipated subordinates. Some exception may perhaps be taken on the ground of Lawrence's proposed temporary abandonment of Peshawar, which was forbidden from Calcutta.

Having referred the reader to a work of which he is not very likely to be ignorant, the author may well be satisfied to leave him in the brave and kindly keeping of Lord Roberts. Other excellent accounts of the great catastrophe exist; and it can never lose interest for those who love a story of active and passive courage, and who realise the magnitude of the British Empire in India sufficiently to care for the toils and troubles to which it owes its strength.

Besides Lord Roberts, and the able and impartial work of Mr. Holmes, already cited, mention may be made of the ampler record of Sir John Kaye, completed by the late Colonel Malleison. An interesting military Memoir has also been published by General McLeod Innes, V. C.*

Among native friends in the Doon may be enumerated Raja Lal Singh, a political *detenu* there, and then under my charge. The Raja

* "The Sepoy Revolt"; with maps and plans. London, 1897. There is a delightful side-view in Mr. Sherer's "Daily Life during the Indian Mutiny." London, 1898.

had been a Regent of the Punjab and in joint command of the Sikh army during Hardinge's campaign ; he was not, however, a Sikh, and was suspected of a lack both of courage and patriotism. Be that as it may, he was a fine robust-looking man, always very well dressed and of frank, conciliatory manners. Though unwilling to take part, personally, in any expedition against the rebels, he freely placed at my disposal the men he was allowed to retain as a bodyguard ; and he was far from sympathising with the mutinous sepoys, for whom he professed the most profound contempt. He told me a story one day, bearing on the point. He said that, after the war, he was asked by Lord Hardinge what was the true reason why the proportion of casualties had been greater among British troops than among the sepoys ; whether there was any brotherhood-feeling between the latter and the Sikhs ? The Raja replied, No ! Whatever enemies came against the Khalsa (Sikh army) would be regarded as hostile and treated as such. " But with those who did not come, what was to be done ? Your Excellency's Europeans came, fighting like men, and suffered accordingly : the sepoys remained behind."* Though of great intelligence and good breeding, the Raja was completely illiterate, being unable to read or write. Another of his yarns was of a somewhat marvellous character, though related with artistic simplicity.

" One day," he said, " I was in attendance on the late Maharaj (Lal Singh had been an orderly at the Court of Runjeet Singh), when a fakir was introduced, who offered—if it were made worth his while—to die, and to rise from the grave after an interval of sepulture. So the Court went out to the jungle, and the fakir got into his coffin and expired. A grave being dug, the coffin was lowered into it, and then the ground was levelled and a crop of rice sown upon the place. When the rice was reported ripe for the sickle the court went once more to the spot : and when all were seated the Maharaj ordered men to cut the crop and dig up the coffin. And when it was opened the fakir's man came forward and dashed water on the body, making passes and uttering charms, until the life returned, and the fakir stood on his feet and made a salam to the Maharaj. And the Maharaj gave the fakir a lakh of rupees ; and a British officer was present and saw it all."

This solemnly substantiated narrative long continued to be the cause

* Lal Singh's testimony here tallies with what Hardinge wrote at the time, " The British infantry carried the day, I can't say I advise sepoy-fighting " This was in a private letter, publicly the sepoys were always extolled and flattered

of much perplexity ; for one did not see how it could be true, nor yet why such a man as Lal Singh should have invented such a monstrous falsehood as it seemed to be. One had heard of Colonel Townshend, whose catalepsies endured about forty-eight hours ; but never of animation and respiration renewed after many months' discontinuance. But ultimately some explanation was obtained by the mere chance of one's coming across a book by Captain Lord William Osborne, who had been on Lord Auckland's staff, and who brought his experiences before the public after his return from a diplomatic mission to Lahore in 1838.* Osborne relates that he was indeed present when the man made his offer, and that the Maharaj promised to bestow five villages on him if he carried out the programme, asking what the English officers would give on their parts. One of the party was a doctor, after consulting with whom Osborne said that they were unable to emulate the liberality of his Highness, being poor, young men, with no possession but their swords ; nor could they engage to wait at Lahore until the crop grew over the fakir's grave. Nevertheless, they were prepared to make up a purse of Rs. 1,500 on condition that after the man had been buried the place should be guarded for ten days and nights by British sentries. On hearing this the man fell at the feet of the Maharaj, crying that he must do as his Highness ordered, but that *it would be his death*.

Such is oriental testimony : not consciously false, but—so to say—subjective. Lal Singh did not know that what he related was impossible ; that was the way the affair stood in his mind, and he told it in perfect good faith ; only his memory dropped a link of which he did not perceive the importance. Probably, the fakir had a secret communication by which his friend brought him food and water. Or perhaps the man really remained in a trance for a short time ; and the rice-crop was added as an after-thought.

I may here close my collection of unconnected pictures from a long-vanished time. In the next chapters an attempt will be made to show the beginning of imperial India, as it now exists, or, at least, began to exist after the old system had been swept away by a terrible but beneficent tornado.

* "The Court and Camp of Runjeet Singh." London, 1840. Osborne was a brother of the Rev. Lord Sydney, once well-known as "S.G. O." in the columns of *The Times*.

CHAPTER VII.

FRESH WOODS AND PASTURES* NEW.

In 1860 I obtained the great object of a Mofussil officer's ambition, being put in full charge of a District with all sorts of powers, executive, judicial and administrative. My work was interesting, not only including the trial of cases and hearing of appeals, controlling communications and treasury transactions—all of which comes within the scope of what is known as a "District Officer." It also extended to the assessment of the State's demand on some eleven hundred estates, of which the leases had fallen in, and on which the annual payments for the next thirty years were now to be fixed. It was a duty which implied the confidence of the Government and would have an almost alarming effect on the welfare of about a million of human beings.

We sometimes hear old Indians bemoaning their altered lot and wishing themselves back in what one of the most distinguished of their body has called "The Land of Regrets." So far as these laments are founded on a supposed loss of consideration, power, or luxurious living, they will be less likely to excite sympathy than to make the judicious grieve. We may be sure that these are the very people who, when in India, were always abusing the land and its inhabitants, professing to hanker after the advowson of a broom in a Piccadilly crossing. Nevertheless, any one who has experienced the life of a "Settlement Officer" will wish he could have it again—provided, at least, that there was no hot season. The summer, in an up-country station, must always be a time of solitude, confinement and depression; but no sooner are the monsoon rains over and the autumn crops ready for the sickle than off roll the hackeries; the camels grumble; the horses neigh; all is bustle in the clear cool dawn, as the *Huzoor* sets out on his first day's march. At the end he finds a groom ready to take his horse, tents pitched in the shade of a mango-grove, breakfast laid under the *shamiana*, and an able, industrious *Mohurrir* awaiting orders with a pile of vernacular reports.

The scene of my new labours was the Mozafarnagar District, where I was already at home, and possessed of local acquaintance and influence. The station itself was about midway between Meerut and Roorkee; but the roads had been so much improved since pre-mutiny times that I was now able to run into these places on wheels, whereas the journey had once involved a toilsome ride on relays of police troopers'

* *Shamiana*, an awning, *Mohurrir*, native clerk.

horses. Meerut was an especially pleasant goal for a holiday outing, by reason of its club, Artillery Mess, and general social enlivenments. It was on one of these occasional visits that I met the then Commander-in-Chief, Sir Hugh Rose—afterwards Lord Strathnairn—whose gallant deeds in Central India have been pleasantly recorded in the "Rulers of India" series, by Sir Owen Burne. Though an earnest warrior in the field, Rose was a man of refined bearing and courteous address, having the indefinable charm that such a combination cannot fail to bear. Your hero is too often truculent or grim in general society; but Rose was rather of the type of the illustrious Nelson—desiring to please, however determined to command. In the one class, as in the other, a strong instinct of ruling must always exist; all depends on whether you prefer to rule through love or to act on meaner motives.

The period of which I am now speaking was one in which recuperation was going on in Upper India, hindered and delayed by the first appearance of drought and dearth since the great famine of 1837. A country more than one thousand miles from the sea, and dependent on incalculable vicissitudes of weather, must always lie exposed to such chances. Some relief is indeed expected to follow from the restoration of timber growth which has been undertaken by the Forest Department; but history has to admit the recurrence of famines in times when the country was far better wooded than now, and when there was less capacity for relieving distress than has been the case under British administration. The Government of India in 1861 was without practical experience on these subjects; but that of our provinces expended a quarter of a million on various measures of relief, besides remitting about ten per cent. of the year's land revenue. (For further details the reader may profitably consult Trotter's book, "India under Victoria", ii. 135.)

In connection with prices and distress, I may adduce a curious little experience of my own. One fine evening, in the winter of 1861-2, I was returning to camp after a day in the fields, when my path led me by the wall of a large garden. The gates being open, out of mere curiosity I strolled in, followed by an orderly to whom I was speaking, when I heard a voice from the wayside, "Is that a European that is talking?" Turning round I perceived, seated on a terrace, a gigantic old fellow, evidently blind, whose broad chest was bare save for a thick natural covering of brown fur, and on my giving a courteous answer, he asked me to sit down and chat, at the same time producing a paper of snuff of which he offered me a pinch. "Hard time, Baba!" said I. "Aye, Sahib," replied he, "I never recollect the price of food so high

since the *Chalisa*”—that being the traditional word for the great famine of 1783. I expressed surprise at his speaking of an event of that date as if he had known it personally. “Eighty years ago, was it?” said the veteran. “I dare say it may have been; all I know is that I was then a soldier in Himmat Bahadur’s Gosains; and I can assure you that food was as dear as it is now.”* Then, taking a pinch of snuff, he added reflectively—“I do not find the distress now so great as it was then: you only get eight *seers* (kilos) of meal now for a rupee, and that was all you got then; but there are more rupees now.” Here was a practical lesson in political economy which may be commended to the attention of any who may be inclined to the belief that famines are peculiar to the British administration of India. Doubtless, there were other features of those anarchic days, which tended to produce that intensity of distress, which the aged gosain had evidently not forgotten. A local collector of traditions published, in a paper of the day, some account of the *Chalisa*, to the effect that “the native Governments rendered no assistance to . . . relieve the wants of their unfortunate subjects.” He learned that “people died by thousands, or were eaten by wild beasts” (presumably these died also). Other multitudes sought safety in flight to less afflicted regions. But popular memories, however tenacious of ill-usage, seem unable to retain a sense of any improvement in the conduct of their rulers.

My work went on, for good and evil, for two full years: at the end of which I was seriously threatened, both as to general health and as to eyesight; and having put everything in trim for a successful completion of the settlements, I applied for a few months’ leave under medical certificate. I found afterwards that I had given deep offence by going away before the work was finished: but this I did not at the time possess the means of knowing; and the District underwent years of trouble by reason of the misunderstanding; but it is an old story now; and such as it is, has been already told.

Neither purse nor professional ambitions would have justified taking the then usual furlough of three years, yet I was anxious to see as much as I could within the few months at my command under the doctor’s orders. Taking therefore a passage to Egypt, I spent a week in what was then a comparatively little known country, during which I

* Himmat Bahadur was a leader of mercenaries during the decline of the Moghul Empire, whose followers professed to be gosains, or friars, of the fighting kind. *Chalisa* is from the word for “forty”; 1783 corresponding to 1840 of the Hindi era.

saw Memphis with its fallen colossus as also the remains of the Sphinx, the Pyramids of Cheops and Chephren—monuments of great age and impressive dignity. The colossus has since been raised, and identifies itself—we are told—as an effigy of Ramses the Great. The Sphinx, in its integrity, may have been admired by Abraham. Taking ship anew at Alexandria, I went to Trieste and Venice, places too familiar to require description; both at that time occupied by strong Austrian garrisons. After short sojourns at Milan and the Lakes I crossed the Alps by the Devil's Bridge and the Pass of St. Gothard, now left high and dry by the railway tunnel, making another halt at Lucerne. Here, it may be worth while noticing, was to be found a human link with the eighteenth century, almost more interesting than the old Muzafarnagar gosain. This was one Paul Joss, survivor (probably the last) of the Swiss Guard massacred at the Tuileries on the 10th of August 1792. Most travellers have seen the monument, a dying lion; but not many, perhaps, can have seen the old custodian who, in his red uniform, guarded the memorial of his comrades, slaughtered seventy years before. He showed a facsimile of the autograph order sent by Louis XVI. from the chamber where he had taken shelter. It was in these words:—"Le Roi ordonne aux Suisses de déposer à l'instant leurs armes, et de se retirer dans leurs casernes." It was this order—probably dictated by some revolutionary leader—which finally broke the defence of the Swiss and entailed the slaughter of 750 men with 20 of their officers, whose brave loyalty is commemorated by the Lion of Lucerne. From hence I remember driving north to Schaffhausen, where, in spite of an attack of fever, I enjoyed the beautiful scene where the young Rhine, already remarkable for an azure breadth of clear 500 feet, plunges over a fall of 70 feet, in three successive leaps. Thence, still by road, I passed along the bank through a fertile valley to Winterthur—not "the gate of winter," but a corruption of the old Helvetian *Vitodurum*—and so through Waldshut to the ancient town of Basel—the Roman *Basilia*—a city cut in two by the Rhine. Very pleasant was a rest in the Hotel of "The Three Kings" with the beautiful young stream flowing softly under the balconies.

My next halt was in Paris, where I had some influential acquaintances, amongst others the Marquis de Bassano, younger son of the diplomatist Maret. His brother, the Duc, was High Chamberlain at the Tuileries; and one got in this way a glimpse of the adventurer who then occupied the throne. After eight years of almost unruffled prosperity, Napoleon III. was now entering upon a second period marked by more or less convulsive efforts to preserve equilibrium; but of that

the public had not yet any clear perception. It was the heyday of sport and Anglomania ; with trust in the *Drei Kaiser Bund*, of which Hugo said: "A Trinity of Emperors may be a trinity, like any other : but it is not unity." Looking back on the apparent calm of France on the eve of the Mexican expedition, we see how very illusory it was ; to use the eloquent simile of the poet Campbell, "The torrent's smoothness ere it dash below." But as Fleury afterwards admitted, it was an "amusing" time.

The autumn was chiefly passed in country visits ; one in Lincolnshire, where at the house of the Rev. Charles Moore, near Boston, I saw a fragment of the triumphal car to which the first Napoleon harnessed the horses of Lysippus, which he had brought from Venice ; these being restored after the fall of the Empire are still to be seen arching their bronze crests above the great door of S. Marc's Cathedral. When they were being taken down from the Arc de Triomphe, 1815, Mr. Moore was looking on ; and this piece, being broken off from the stucco vehicle, was picked up by him and brought home to England. From Lincolnshire I went on to Scotland, where I was hospitably entertained in the modern Athens and met interesting people, including the late Mr. John Blackwood and Prof. W. E. Aytoun, author of "Firmilian ; a Spasmodic Tragedy," and "Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers." His last work, entitled "Norman Sinclair," had recently appeared, an autobiographical romance.* He seemed in poor health, and was in fact within three years of his death : but gleams of his peculiar humour were often seen. Thus, on return from a visit to London, he was with some young advocates in the smoke room of the then famous tobacconist of Prince's Street ; and happened to mention having shown some of the cigars there purchased to Alvarez, a Spaniard, who had a shop in a corner of the Opera Colonnade. On being asked what Mr. Alvarez might have said of these weeds, the Professor slowly answered : "I offered him one to smoke ; but he said 'Tank you : I will not light dat cigar. He is not foreign *tabac* ; not even foreign cabadge.'"

In the spring I made a short tour through the Basque Provinces, in whose hilly solitudes our soldiers had once marched and fought under Wellington. In recent times the Basques,—an interesting and mysterious race—have shown considerable energy as emigrants, and are said to be useful colonists in the congenial climes of South America. They

* Aytoun, William Edmonstone, born in Edinburgh, 1813 : in 1845 appointed to the Chair of Rhetoric in Edin Univ. Died 4th August 1865

were once the mainstay of Carlist pretensions, and have, indeed, through all historic times evinced a good deal of character, preserving a certain amount of Home Rule to quite recent days. Both Ignatius Loyola and Francis Xavier were of this ancient stock, as were, in later days Mendizabal and Zumalacarregin, the man who so nearly restored the cause of Don Carlos.* The ethnology of the Basque race has been much debated, the most accepted theory being that it is representative of the neolithic population who occupied Europe after the last glacial period. The vocabulary—and doubtless the blood—of the Basques has been modified by generations of intercourse with Spain; but the structure and the grammar are believed to be quite unique.

I found nothing in the parts of Spain that I next visited more interesting than the famous collection of paintings at Madrid. Murillo is, of course, well represented there, as is but natural and right. The question, however, whether the Assumption of the Virgin there ascribed to him is or is not genuine is matter for considerable discussion. The better known copy is that with which many of us are familiar—I mean that at the Louvre, in Paris. The Madrid picture may be no more than a *replica*; nevertheless, the face is quite magical in sentiment; and I remember seeing several artists engaged in unsuccessful attempts to reproduce the expression as correctly as could be found in a fifty centime photograph. It must, however, be remembered that in France, the Louvre picture has always passed for the original, having been bought by the Government at the death of Marshal Soult in 1852 for the then high price of £23,440. It was obtained by the Marshal in the plunder of a convent during his retreat from the Peninsula in 1814.

After a short stay at Rome and Naples, well-known places much altered since 1863, I returned to India, to find that the completion of the Muzafarnagar settlement had been entrusted to another officer, and to lead for some years a wandering life, without meeting with important people or interesting adventures. John Lawrence was Viceroy of India, and held the post until the beginning of 1866, when he was succeeded by the Earl of Mayo. His reign was diversified by certain unhappy incidents, wars on the frontiers, and disasters in Orissa; but it was on the whole a period of great, and almost inconvenient prosperity, arising out of the Civil War in the United States and the consequent demand for Indian cotton. Lawrence was by nature and by training

* The great guerrillero was shot at the siege of Bilbao in 1835. His name affords a hint of the wonderful Basque language.

an administrator rather than a statesman; and he made vigorous attempts to ameliorate the condition of the people, of which a notion may be formed from a work by the present writer.* Of his relations towards Native Chiefs and rulers it may be said that they were generous to an extent that might not altogether have been expected from so faithful a disciple of Dalhousie. It was sometimes imputed to Lawrence that he was wanting in the suavity which lends grace to lofty station; and there is no doubt that his type was Cromwell rather than Chesterfield†, which might perhaps be unwelcome to Asiatic grandees. But he had the great gift of being able to learn in the school of experience; and he continued all his life to be more and more esteemed by a sensitive class of the Indian community.

I well remember, at the end of the year 1866, a tour that Lawrence made in upper India, in the course of which he held a Durbar at Agra for the purpose of conferring the Insignia of the Star of India in the Queen's name on a number of distinguished persons, potentates and individuals. The affluence of Chieftains was considerable: there was Sindhia, the Maharaja of Gwalior, in opulent but tasteful magnificence, with the quaint little Begum of Bhopal, unique among female Asiatics; and Rajahs from remote Bikanir and Marwar, followed by men-at-arms in mediæval caparisons. A strong force of British troops of all arms attended; and a grand review was held on the same parade-ground that had been the scene of Greathed's surprise nine years before. The investiture took place, in a vast canvas hall, on the forenoon of November 12th. Lawrence received the chiefs again the following day, standing up, rugged, burly; addressing the assembled chiefs, in their own language, a very solemn and serious admonition on the duties they owed their subjects and the determination of the Government of India to have those duties properly discharged.

Some soreness was understood to have arisen in princely breasts at the preference shown on this occasion to the Gwalior chief; and the *Pioneer* (a paper already mentioned) published some lines on the subject adapted from the celebrated song by Shakespeare—"Who is Silvia?"

"Who is Sindia? What is he
That all our swells attend him?
First in rank and place is he,
Such grace Sir John doth lend him,
That kotowed to he must be.

* "History of India; for the use of Students." Chapter xxi, London, 1893.

† Chesterfield, the Viceroy of Ireland, it should be noted.

" Then of Sindia let us sing,
 That Sindia is excelling ;
 He excels each Indian King,
 In Rajputana dwelling ;
 To him *Khilats* let us bring.

In the summer of 1867 I was once more ordered home on the ground of sickness. The heat in the Red Sea was abnormal ; and we lost a stewardess and a male passenger. In the harbour of Alexandria I met with a painful adventure ; for as I was hurrying down at night to catch the departing steam-vessel, I was beset by the man who had driven me to the quay—an Italian who demanded a double fare, and began to clamour in a frenzy of Levantine excitement. Regarding this at first as a matter of no moment I stepped into the boat, into which, as it put off, he managed to leap. As I continued to tender him his fare he thrust a hand into his breast, where he, doubtless, had a knife, at the same time crying that his blood was mounting to his head. His movement threatened to capsize the cranky boat, and it was impossible to conceive what would happen, had I not met his assault by a smart back-hander which toppled him into the water. I hoped he could swim, and that the bath would do him more good than harm ; but the Egyptian oarsmen calmly continued their task ; and I got on board but just in time, and without any means of learning the ultimate fate of my pugnacious cabinman. Arrived in Paris, I did not fail to visit the excellently managed exposition, enjoying the excitement of the Parisians over the concourse of sovereigns and grandees by whom the show was attended. Both as a glorification of the " Light City " and as a spectacle in itself, it was a great success ; yet an acute observer—the late General Fleury—deplored it as " cette damnée Exposition " : he would have preferred an attack on the Prussians, who were somewhat exhausted by the " Brothers' War " of the preceding year. But his Imperial Master gave them three years of preparation ; with the results that we know.

In the winter I went to Guernsey, by advice of Sir R. Martin, to seek shelter from the cold. The visit was interesting in several ways, especially as one's first introduction to those queer self-governed little fragments of the old Norman Duchy by which our England was once conquered and annexed. It was just at the height of the Fenian scare, when the American-Irish were creating so many alarms in London and elsewhere, that coming home early from a country walk I went into a shop in the town of S. Peter Port and enquired into the reason of my

having met so many blue-bloused peasants carrying firelocks. I was informed that a ship had come into harbour over night from Cork : there were Irish navvies employed quarrying stone on the island, with whose aid it was supposed that an attack would be made on the arsenal in order to ship the arms and carry them over to the rebels. A council of war had met during the night ; and the men whom I had met were militiamen in plain clothes providing themselves with weapons. Next night and until the departure of the suspected craft, these men joined the regulars and doubled all their guards. It was a curious instance of the result of Home Rule.

Another odd thing that I witnessed was the hearing of a petition by a philanthropic half-pay officer in which the " States " of Guernsey were invited to introduce the " Maine law " prohibiting the sale of liquor. It was of the nature of a trial, the petitioner addressing the court, and the law officers being heard in reply. I recollect the defence of the existing institutions made by Mr. Utermarck, the Attorney-General, who said, in effect, that the gallant petitioner had asserted that drink was the great cause of crime, and had added that Guernsey was the most drunken community in Europe. As the public prosecutor of that Island he was able to assure them that there was no country in Europe where the percentage of crime was so low as in this drunken population !

CHAPTER VIII.

AGRA.

After these somewhat wide and barren wanderings I was not sorry to get back to the work of a District and Sessions Court, and in 1870 I obtained a longer and more pleasant tenure than usual, in the station of Agra, which before the Mutiny had been the headquarters of the provincial government. Though the court of appeal and revision (reconstituted as " the High Court ") had been transferred to Allahabad, some of the advocates had preferred to remain in local practice rather than break up old associations and habits of life. The commodious buildings also remained ; and thus it happened that the Judge of Agra had what was in many ways the pleasantest post of the kind in the north-west. Some of the Subordinate Courts, too, were under able and agreeable men with whom to work was a real pleasure ; indeed, the result of my fifteen years' tenure of office, there and in other judgeships, was that natives of India are especially fitted for judicial duty.

I remember one of those gentlemen, a Hindu of good birth and education, making a very shrewd diagnosis of the famous Keshab

Chander, whom—at a distance—he had once admired. Baboo Keshab Chander visiting Agra, in the course of an autumn tour, I took occasion to ask my friend, the Moonsiff, what he thought of the Teacher now? And the Moonsiff had to reply frankly that he feared that the Baboo was a very vain man. “For,” said my friend, “the Teacher objects to be judged by ordinary rules and standards. He asked me whether I did not count, one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten? And on my answering that of course I did, he said, ‘Well! for my part I count, ten, nine, eight, seven, six, five, four, three, two, one.’ Now, what can you make of a man who does that?” And I was only able to answer that I did not know.

Life at Agra was much diversified and cheered by visits from interesting travellers; amongst whom was the famous Russian artist who has done so much by personal observation to place the horrors of war before the European public. At the time when Basil Vereschagin—to use the spelling of his own autograph—was at Agra, he was more peacefully employed, and would sit for hours, almost regardless of heat and glare, while he sketched a group of Moghul minarets or copied the diaper of an interior panel! He was at that time in the prime of life, with keen blue eyes and golden beard; adverse to general society, but one of the most friendly and agreeable of companions in a *l'le-à-tête*. French he spoke fluently, also writing the language with ease and practical correctness. In English he was not so strong.

Another of these enquiring foreigners was the King of Siam—the same who came to Europe in 1897: at the time of his visit he was quite a young man, speaking English well, and showing much intelligent curiosity. Having studied history and written a guide-book to the local monuments, I was told off by the Government to act as show-man to His Majesty; I had thus an opportunity of observing an Asiatic despot whose demeanour was not without a certain charm. One seemed to notice, indeed, a look which is, perhaps, found on most royal faces, betokening less any impatience of contradiction than a tacit assumption that contradiction was impossible. But, so far as voluntary kindness was concerned, the monarch's manner left little to be desired: whenever a statement was made by which he was at all impressed, he would turn about so as to face the suite and explain it to his followers in their own language. They ate and drank with us, appearing to have no caste prejudices, but mixing their liquors to an extent that can hardly have been wholesome.

The mention of the Agra monuments allows a brief explanation.

They are of great beauty, but mostly of like age and character, the place having been the capital of the Moghul Empire, though only for about one hundred years. That Empire had been founded, in the first half of the sixteenth century A. D., by Baber, chief of a Tartar tribe who established themselves in India much as the Manchus have done in the adjacent regions of China. One great difference, however, exists between the two cases; for the Manchus have assimilated with the conquered people, whereas the Moghuls, bringing down a strong tincture of Persian civilisation, preserved their manners, languages and arts, to such an extent as to have modified the indigenous habits of India to a great and durable degree. Among the various buildings of this dynasty at Agra are many vast and beautiful edifices blending Persian and Indian taste, and dating from the Fort or castle of Akbar. Baber's grandson, who finished it about 1566 A.D. But in addition to Akbar's buildings it contains a mosque of white marble built by his grandson so late as in 1653: the name of this grandson was Shah Jahan. But of all these monuments none is so well known throughout the world as the mausoleum of this last-mentioned Emperor, known to us as "The Taj," which was completed in 1648, excepting as to the tomb of himself, which was added at his death eight years later. This building, to view which pilgrims go yearly from all the ends of the earth, was originally undertaken by Shah Jahan in honour of a dearly loved consort, Arjumand Banoo, whom he lost in 1631, the fourth year of his reign.

In spite of its great celebrity, the Taj is not quite according to our ideas of architecture; and the too-studied symmetry of its design long caused critics to hesitate about accepting the current tradition which ascribed it to a European architect. But in recent times the discovery of an old Spanish book of travels has determined all these questions, and has demonstrated, beyond all possibility of doubt, that the general plan and elevation were due to an Italian artist. The monotony of the outline is attributable, in all probability, to the taste of the imperial founder, who wished to have it modelled from already existing monuments, especially the tomb of his ancestor, Humayun.* The Spanish book is the record of a mission undertaken by an Augustinian friar named Manrique, who visited the Court of Shah Jahan in the interest of some Portuguese Christians who had been made captives at the siege of Hooghly in 1632, and it contains very curious details of the life and manners of the Moghuls in Hindustan. Among

* Memorable as the hiding place of the last of the line, the aged Bahadur Shah, who was captured there by Major Hodson, after the fall of Delhi, in September, 1857.

other things Manrique relates that he went to Agra in the winter of 1640, when he saw the mausoleum in progress, and learned that the original specifications had been submitted to the Emperor by a Venetian named Geronimo Verroneo, and approved by His Majesty in all respects excepting as to the estimate, the latter being returned to the architect to be enhanced to the high figure of fifteen millions of dollars. Verroneo was dead when the friar visited Agra; but he knew the executor or administrator of Verroneo's estate and saw his papers. Native tradition mentions another European, a Turk sent by the Sultan from Constantinople; and perhaps this man may have completed the work with alterations of his own, as happened to St. Peter's at Rome. The coloured stone incrustations of the interior walls are usually ascribed to a French artist, whose portrait in the same material used, before the Mutiny, to be the centre of a *pietra-dura* panel in the throne room at Delhi. Such was the building especially admired by the King of Siam.

• In 1875 another royal visit occurred, that of H. R. H. the Heir Apparent to the British throne; and my humble services were again in requisition. I was also fortunate in renewing my acquaintance with several of the Prince's followers, amongst whom was Sir Bartle Frere, one of the last of the great servants of John Company, a man of courtly manners and fine presence; meeting also, for the first time, Count Goblet d'Alviella, whom I have since had the great privilege to call my friend. Ere long the Earl of Northbrook visited us, to be followed, soon after, by his successor as Viceroy, Lord Lytton, known in literature as "Owen Meredith," a man of a type quite unlike that presented by any other occupant of his distinguished station that I ever encountered. An imposing brow over visionary eyes of pale blue, a prominent but not arched nose, that was all you saw; the mouth—which you conjectured to be somewhat full—being completely masked by a full, brown beard which descended to the breast: there was something oriental in the whole aspect. He had both in speaking and writing an extraordinary flow of language, alike spontaneous and elaborate. In the decorative aspect of his great office he was impressive and admirable; the more cultured among Anglo-Indians highly relished his mordant humour and affable manners. Of the former an instance occurs to memory; looking down a long room at the wife of a newly-made knight, Lytton murmured in his dreamy way—"The more I think of that woman the more convinced I feel of the omnipotence of the Government of India: we have made her a *Lady*—a thing that the Almighty Himself could never do." To those who feel inclined to criti-

cise his administration harshly, it might be sufficient to point out that he literally had greatness thrust upon him. A diplomatic loungee of literary habits, he refused the Governorship of Madras when offered him by his father's old friend, the late Lord Beaconsfield, alleging the warnings of a physician whom he had consulted. The veteran politician is said to have replied—"Ah, Robert! You should consult nothing but the demon in your own breast." The refusal, however, was condoned; and the demon—which consisted of organic disease—was conciliated or put to silence. Lytton was ill all the time he was in India, and did not live many years after his return. I recollect one of his terse phrases which struck me very much at the time. I mentioned an opinion that his father's fictions were always improving, and that every one seemed to find *The Caxtons*, *My Novel*, etc., showing an advance over *Pelham*, and *Ernest Maltravers*. "Do you know why?" he asked instantly: "it was because he was always *taking in coals*."

Another great man to whom I did showman at Agra was the late Duke of Buckingham. His Grace had not the externals of a Puissant Prince—such as I believe he would be described by the Heralds—nor did he behold the sights with either sentiment or enthusiasm. When we were going up the cypress-avenue at the end of which gleamed the white marble of the Taj, the Duke did not betray any interest in the imperial lovers nor any admiration for their monument. "Do you think," he asked "that there would be any objection to my going down into the basement, to see how the place is drained?"

In the winter of 1878 Agra was visited by General and Mrs. U. S. Grant. The ex-President was a shortish man, of the appearance of a middle-class Scotchman, with a red moustache clipped to the calibre of a tooth-brush. I took Mrs. Grant in to dinner, and well recollect her homely but agreeable manners and her naïve conversation. One remark especially impressed me. "I can sit and cry," said the kindly woman, "over the foolishlest novel: now, Mr. Grant is entirely different." It was hardly necessary, with the veteran's firm face before one, to have recourse to history for a confirmation of that testimony; the bullet head, close lips, and sturdy figure spoke of one who would not weep on trifling provocation. The General—or "Mr. Grant," as his wife said—was grimly amused at the attention of an energetic official on the other side of the table, who kept pressing various dishes upon him with an assurance that he had personally attended to their preparation. At last he muttered, so that his neighbours on either side could hear—"We are a tolerant people at home; but we do not have our coloured

stewards to meals with us." In truth, the gentleman in question was of a somewhat swarthy hue; and it was said of him, when boasting of his ancestry, that "he might have plenty of European blood but he kept it dark."

* One result of one's interest in local archæology was that one was demi-officially associated with the Government architects in preserving and even judiciously repairing the remains of the past for which Agra is so famous. We set up a small antiquarian Museum in the Fort, where we placed the notorious "Gates of Somnath" carried off, by Lord Ellenborough's orders, from the tomb of the Sultan at Ghazni: as also some of the Moghul kettledrums found in a neglected corner. Here, too, was found room for some minor sculptures, Buddhist, Hindu and other, which had escaped the general removal of such things to Allahabad after the transfer of headquarters. Some undesirable efforts of "restoring" zeal were checked; and several important monuments were preserved from decay, the initiation of the good work being due to the taste and judgment of Sir John Strachey, then Lieut.-Governor of the Province.

In 1877 another famine visited us, more general and more severe than the one noted in Chapter VII. The question of the social habits and condition of the people began to attract attention: and a commission was issued to several experts, Sir Charles Elliott, afterwards Governor of Bengal, being the able Secretary. The late Sir James Caird was one of the members; and I remember hearing him relate that his party, going round on inspection in the Agra District, once found an aged peasant sitting against a sunshiny wall, shivering as in an ague fit, and with bones pushing through his ill-furnished and half-naked skin. Being asked what had brought him to this pass, he sadly answered, "*Shād*,"—a word which in Persian means "gladness," but doubtless used by him in its more ordinary vernacular sense of wedding.* The rural population, demoralised by generations of anarchy and uncertainty, had lost all idea of economy, and lived from hand to mouth, squandering on fakirs and fireworks, spending on the marriages of their offspring sums that would go far towards launching them in life.

My time now drawing to an end, I was in 1879 allowed to leave Agra for a less expensive station, where I might make gradual preparation for retiring from the service. I spent the next two years at

* The unlimited extravagance with which the rural population of Hindustan celebrate the nuptials of their children has been often deplored: but, as the one glory of a most dull existence, the practice will not be easily abolished.

Meerut, where I endeavoured to do the little modicum of good permitted to a bird of passage. Here also were excellent Subordinate Judges, into whose lives one was able to introduce elements of self-respect and comfort; with a Bar, less numerous perhaps than that of Agra, but eminently capable and well-conducted. A Bar Library was opened in the Judge's Court House, chambers being at the same time provided for the senior Advocates: but much remained to be done, especially for the accommodation of the Lower Courts, of which there were eight or ten scattered about the District.

Meerut is not a place of interest like Agra. In history it will be known as the scene of the outburst of arson and murder which ushered in the great Revolt on 10th May, 1857. It is only relatively old; namely, as one of the first British Cantonments founded after Lake entered Delhi in the autumn of 1803. It is not altogether an ideal seat of military occupation, being in so low a bottom as to have no natural outfall: in the rainy season the drains overflow, and sewage-water percolates into the wells. Hence it has long been the breeding ground of malarial and enteric fevers. A few miles to the west is Sardhana, once the principality of Begum Sumroo, with a Catholic Church, a convent, and a palace which, in the days of my record, contained a few portraits, and was somewhat of a show-place. It was then the property of Lady Forester, but has been since sold, having been knocked down for twenty-five thousand rupees to the Rev. Father Philip, on behalf of the Romish Archbishop of the Agra Diocese.†

And so an official course—one can hardly call it a "career"—dawdled slowly away until in the autumn of 1882 the end finally came. A year or two before, an amusing idealisation of the District Judge of the period had appeared in *Vanity Fair*, in a series of papers of which the earlier portion was published as a book, with the title of "Twenty-one Days in India; or the tour of Sir Ali Baba, K.C.B." The writer was M. G. Aberigh-Mackay, a man engaged on educational duty in Central India, who, unhappily, died before he could reap the full maturity of his reputation. He displayed, in the whole series, a sympathetic insight into the conditions of Anglo-Indian life, half comic and half pathetic as they were, and his English was conspicuous for purity and grace, with a peculiar and delicate humour: had he lived longer he might have taken his place by the side of Mr. Rudyard Kipling. Mr. Mackay was opposed to the policy of making orientals into Europeans, and did not show much

† For an account of this building and of the career of the Begum the reader may be referred to "The Great Anarchy," Calcutta, 1901.

sympathy with the mills of official routine. Speaking of the central authorities—by that time more connected with Simla than with Calcutta—he thus wound up his paper on the District Judge, whom he was pleased to regard as one capable of better things: “It gives one heart to fight the enemy when the magnificoes of wit join our ranks. In a defiant tone we say, with the Syrian, ‘our gods are gods of the hills, and therefore they are stronger than we: but let us fight against them on the plains and surely we shall,’ etc., etc.” The hills had by the time taken the room of Calcutta in the perennial strife between centre and circumference.

Yet there is doubtless a side to such cases which the merry essayist did not just then care to bring to prominence. Officials taunted with neglecting popular measures and men marked by public opinion can answer that they can only do what they think right, and charge themselves with the fortunes of those in whose loyalty they feel confidence. Young officers therefore should beware, remembering that unless they can really command the *respect* of their superiors they will do well to seek their *regard*. The late Master of Balliol, whose energy and originality did not always perhaps advance his personal aims, was wont to quote a passage of the unhappy Rochester, to the following effect:—

“Till old age and experience, hand in hand,
Lead him to death, and make him understand,
After a search so eager and so long,
That, all his life, he has been in the wrong.”

Many a good public servant, both at home and abroad, has missed complete success by a want of skill in commending himself to the dispenser of patronage. Sydney Smith was perhaps as fitted for lawn-sleeves as Bishop Blougram. In any case there were cakes and ale while the life lasted; and a fairly good time was to be had in India whether in the service of the Company or under the Empress.

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