TO

MY HILDEGARDE,

THE MOST VALUED OF ALL MY MEMORIES.

PREFACE.

In launching this, my literary venture, I am unfortunately unable to protect it with the conventional declaration that these notes have been collated without the remotest intention of publication, and that it is solely owing to the insistence of friends that they now see the light.

As a fact, like many old men who, after an active life, have retired from affairs, I have been much interested in my later years in talking over the times of the gone-by. And when I have lacked an audience, I have been amused, conversing as if it were with myself, and jotting down now and again some of my reminiscences. These I have wished to see in print; and with this desire I now send them forth, but not without a hope that they may amuse some of my old friends who still survive, to whom many of the incidents are well known, and that they may also help to entertain others to whom the stories are new.

I am fully conscious of the faults and shortcomings of this collection, and realise that it would be well to follow the advice of Horace and put the manuscript aside for a time, and then carefully to revise the text.

But I have now passed my seventy-first birthday, and having recently suffered from a long and dangerous illness, I have neither the health nor the patience to support the revision required. So these notes must go out even in

the careless, conversational way in which they have been chronicled.

No attempt has been made in this volume to enlarge on the social, economical, and political condition of India in my time. During the greater part of my service there I was closely associated with my near kinsman, the late Sir Richard Temple, and that very able and industrious man has left on record, in several published volumes, full information on all these subjects. But whereas his valuable works are the records of the council-chamber and the study, my contribution relates, so to speak, more to the smoking-room and the camp-fire.

As this volume has assumed an autobiographical form, the first personal pronoun necessarily recurs. Under the circumstances, it is hoped that this offence may be condoned.

J. H. RIVETT-CARNAC.

SCHLOSS ROTHBERG (CHÂTEAU DE ROUGEMONT),
SWITZERLAND, *December* 1909.

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MANY MEMORIES.

CHAPTER I.

PARENTAGE AND EARLY LIFE.

1838–1857.

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As this volume is to assume an autobiographical form, the notes being linked together with some account of my life and movements, it seems desirable that the first chapter should be prefaced with a short notice of my forbears, which although not coming strictly within the scope of my "Memories," is still necessary as an introduction to the subject of this memoir.

I was born in Portland Place, London, on the 16th September 1838, being the second son of Admiral John Rivett-Carnac and his wife, Maria, daughter of Samuel Davis, Esq., an officer of the Royal Engineers, and a Fellow of the Royal Society.

My father was a cadet of the ancient Suffolk family of Ryvet,[1] members of which were for several hundred years lords of many manors and holders of large possessions in that county. A copy of a pedigree in his handwriting, copied from the Suffolk Davy Collection in the MS. Department of the British Museum, shows him to have been 16th in direct male descent from Thomas Ryvet, who held the manor of Freton and died in 1272. His descendant, Andrew Revett, purchased in the reign of Edward VI. the manor of Brandeston, and built there the Hall which still exists, and remained the seat of the senior branch of the family for several hundred years until it was sold to the celebrated Parliamentary lawyer, Mr Charles Austin, in 1847.

My father's branch came from a younger brother of the above Andrew, from one Sir Thomas Revett of One-house Hall, Stowmarket, the "Maister Ryvet" who entertained Queen Elizabeth during one of her progresses, and regarding whom the chronicler records that "Then to Maister Ryvets, where all was well, and Meates liberally spent." The tradition of the family in this respect appears to have been well maintained in the county throughout several succeeding generations, at the expense of many manors and broad acres, until, at last, Brandeston Hall, the last possession of the Revetts in Suffolk, passed out of the family, as noticed above. My father was 16th in direct male descent from Thomas Ryvet of Freton, and 8th from this Sir Thomas Revett of Stowmarket, and was descended from William, the younger son of Queen Elizabeth's host. The elder son, Sir Thomas, who, like his father, was knighted, and was a man of large possessions in Suffolk and the

[1] The name is to be found spelt in a variety of ways, spelling not being included in ancient times among the exact sciences.

adjoining county of Cambridge, his chief seat being at Chippenham, near Newmarket, married Griselda, daughter of Lord Paget of Beaudesert, K.G., ancestor of the present Marquis of Anglesey. As Sir Thomas Revett left no son, his large possessions in Suffolk, Wales, and elsewhere went to his two daughters and co-heiresses, one of whom, Alice, married Sir Thomas Gerard; the other, Anne, the fifth Lord Windsor, ancestor of the present Earl of Plymouth. Thus many of the Suffolk manors passed out of the Revett family.

My father's grandfather, whose family had settled in Derby, was Thomas Revett, who in 1715 was Mayor of Derby and Member for that borough. His son, also a Thomas Revett, represented the borough in Parliament, and was High Sheriff of the county in 1745, the contest at Derby creating some excitement at the time, as described by Horace Walpole in one of his letters. But elections and other Revett extravagances must have told heavily on his resources, for, on his death, Mapleton Hall, the seat of the family, had to be sold, and the eldest son migrated to Lymington, in Hampshire. My grandfather, James, a younger son, appears to have tried his fortunes in India, and entering the Bombay Civil Service, rose there to be Member of Council and acting Governor of the Presidency. His sister, Elizabeth, had married General Carnac, M.P., at one time Commander-in-Chief in India. The General, of a noble French family of *émigrés*, had sat in Parliament with the lady's father, and marrying the daughter, probably persuaded the brother to try his fortunes in India, then unknown ground to the family. The General and his wife (the latter of whom is known by Sir Joshua Reynolds' celebrated portrait of "Mrs Carnac") having no children, the General left his property to his brother-in-law, Mr James Rivett, my father's father, on the condition that he assumed the surname and arms of Carnac. The necessary permission having been accorded by sign-manual in 1801, this branch of the Rivett family henceforth came to

be known by the name of "Rivett-Carnac," although they are Rivetts, with no drop of the blood of Carnac in their veins. My grandfather, Mr Rivett-Carnac, acting Governor of Bombay, died in 1802, leaving by his wife, Harriet, daughter of J. Fisher, Esq., "Beau Fisher," of Great Yarmouth, several sons, of whom Sir James Rivett-Carnac, Bart., M.P., was Chairman of the East India Company, Member for Sandwich, and, like his father, Governor of Bombay. My father, Admiral Rivett-Carnac, already noticed, was the youngest son.

In the meantime, all the other branches of the family having died out, my cousin, the present baronet, Sir Claud Rivett-Carnac, who is 19th in direct male descent from Thomas Ryvet of Freton, is now the representative of the ancient Ryvet family of Suffolk. A small foothold in the county has recently been recovered by me by the acquisition of the manor of Stanstead Hall, which was long in the Rivett family, so that there is still a Rivett, lord of a manor, in the county of Suffolk.

My mother's father, Mr S. Davis, was a man of some distinction. The son of a military officer who died on duty in the West Indies, he entered the Royal Engineers, and serving in India was appointed an aide-de-camp to the Commander-in-Chief there. Being an excellent artist, he was attached to Turner's Mission to Thibet in 1783, and, among other sketches, brought back with him a plan of the "canterlever" bridge used in that country. I first heard of this through an article published at the time of the opening of the Tay Bridge, when the discovery of this particular class of bridge was credited to my grandfather, who was described as a lieutenant in the Royal Navy, instead of the Royal Engineers. For his services he was promoted, after the manner of the times, to a place in the civil administration, and the year 1799 found him Magistrate of the important district of Benares. My grandfather had a taste for astronomy, and his published papers on the subject, which are understood to have still considerable

interest, secured for him at an early age the Fellowship of the Royal Society, an honour in those days unknown to officers serving in India. On the roof of his house at Benares, the well-known Nandesur House there, where His Highness the present Maharajah entertains royalties, viceroys, and other distinguished guests, he had erected his big astronomical telescope, and this could only be reached by a narrow winding staircase with barely room for one person to pass at a time.

This staircase my grandfather valiantly defended with a spear when Vizier Ali in 1799, having massacred Mr Cherry the Resident and most of the British inhabitants of Benares, attacked the house. He not only saved the lives of his wife and child, but by keeping the enemy occupied until the troops came up, was thus the means of saving also the lives of the other European residents who had escaped the general massacre.

In those days the Pagoda Tree must have borne abundant quantities of fruit, for my grandfather retired with a fortune from India, was Chairman of the East India Company, wrote the celebrated "Fifth Report," and died at the comparatively early age of fifty-two.

Mr Davis married a daughter of Mr S. Boileau, of the ancient noble French family Barons of Castelnau and St Croix de Boriac, in Languedoc, whose name is well known in the history of the Huguenot struggle in France. My ancestor, the head of the family, renouncing his titles and possessions in favour of his younger brother, who remained Catholic, emigrated to England, where the family is now represented by my kinsman, Sir Maurice Boileau, Bart., of Ketteringham Park, Norfolk. The historical old Castle of Castelnau, built by the Boileaus in the fourteenth century, is still in excellent preservation, and in possession of one of the family, the present Marquis de Valfons, who keeps up the most affectionate relations with the British branch of the Boileaus, and has ever a warm welcome for us whenever we pass into Languedoc.

My earliest recollections are associated with what always seemed to me the vast expanse of Portland Place, the gardens at the park end of the street, and the daily appearance of the detachment of the Life Guards, which passed down from the barracks to the palace. There must have been in those days a distinctly Eastern flavour about Portland Place, not unlike that which now pervades certain portions of South Kensington. For besides my grandmother, the widow of Mr Davis, there lived hard by, on different sides of the broad street, two of her sisters, married to Directors of the East India Company, and also several other Eastern magnates with whom we were on intimate terms. And I retain a vivid remembrance of a grim old great-uncle, whom I was periodically dragged most unwillingly to see, who gave me much good advice, but never a single tip, and who lived in a big house, at the corner, half-way down Portland Place. In this same house I was more recently the guest of a very different personality, Field-Marshal Earl Roberts, who never forgets those who have served with him in India or elsewhere, and whose cheery presence had effectually exorcised the spectre of the grim old Indian nabob of some sixty years before.

In the corner of my grandmother's drawing-room in Portland Place was the spear with which her husband had defended the staircase at Benares, and in that room, when I was a child, I saw several distinguished persons, whose importance was hardly realised by me at the time. But I remember well the stately figure of Mountstuart Elphinstone, one of the most distinguished members of the great service which I was later to enter. He would come at least once a-year "to do *poojah* to the spear,"[1] as he used to call it. Another great occasion is impressed on my memory, when, clad in our Sunday clothes, and with our hair specially brushed up for the occasion, my brother and I were placed

[1] My grandfather left two sons, the late Sir J. F. Davis, Bart., K.C.B., formerly Minister Plenipotentiary in China, who took the spear to his place, Hollywood Tower, near Bristol, and Colonel S. Davis, commanding the 52nd Oxfordshire Light Infantry.

on the landing to see pass Lord Hardinge, the Governor-General, who with his son "Little Arthur" soon after his return from India paid a visit to my grandmother. The great man patted us both on the head, and we graciously informed him that we purposed following his excellent example and becoming soldiers. My brother duly carried out his promise, and in later years, when colonel in the 11th (Prince Consort's Own) Hussars, was Military Secretary to this same "Little Arthur" when General Sir Arthur Hardinge was Commander-in-Chief in Bombay. Unfortunately I never succeeded in getting further than to be an officer of Volunteers, but as such I had the honour of serving as an Aide-de-Camp to her Majesty Queen Victoria, and also to his Majesty King Edward VII. I also acted for a short time as an aide-de-camp to Field-Marshal Sir Donald Stewart when he was Commander-in-Chief in India, and accompanied him to Rawul-Pindi on the occasion of the visit of the Amir of Afghanistan to India. I also commanded the Volunteer brigade at the great manœuvres at Delhi in 1886.

Besides his town house, my father had a seaside residence at Broadstairs, near Sandwich, for which his brother was Member. In those days Broadstairs was not so accessible as now, and was a quiet little place, not without some pretensions to fashion, as the Duchess of Kent and the Princess Victoria had more than once honoured it with their presence. There, when not travelling abroad, we spent the summer, and there we boys learnt to swim, to record the movements of the barometer and thermometer, and with my father's sea-glasses to watch the Goodwin Sands, where, alas! during our days of duty, we had to report more than one sad shipwreck. And here, after a series of pitched battles, in which I was ignominiously worsted, I swore eternal friendship to Charlie Dickens, whom I was later, after his father's death, to see much of at Gadshill and in London.

My father, an amiable man, save when the gout was upon him, had brought ashore with him much of the discipline and some of the language of the quarter-deck. We always called

him "Sir," and gave him a wide berth when my mother hoisted the storm-signals of gout. On some points he was particular, and two rules had to be scrupulously observed: punctual attendance at morning prayers, which were short and to the point; and full-dress at all meals, which latter regulation was unpopular, as it necessitated leaving off our games earlier than other children, so as to rig ourselves out according to regulation. He was an eminently God-fearing man, and exemplary in all the relations of life. But the custom of those days, among sailors at least, recognised the employment of certain expressions that are hardly considered Parliamentary in these times. I am sure that he intended no harm in it, but an exceedingly respectable old lady staying in the house was, it was related, much scandalised on hearing the Admiral one morning hailing the ship's company in the nursery and schoolroom with "Why the Hell don't you all come down to prayers"!!!

Frequent attacks of gout obliged my father to try many of the Continental springs, believed to be cures for the disease, and, as children, we generally accompanied our parents on their Continental trips. In this way I began early to pick up foreign languages, the knowledge of which has remained to me as a pleasure and advantage all my life. And I imbibed a taste for foreign travel, and acquired a fancy for Continental life which I have never been able entirely to shake off.

After exhausting such well-known "cures" as Homburg, Wiesbaden, and elsewhere, my father tried other baths farther afield, and one year we made for Loèche les Bains, or Leukerbad, in the Rhone Valley, not then as well known or accessible as now. We went as far as Dijon by railway, the terminus in those days. For the rest of the journey we had brought with us a great lumbering travelling-carriage with roof-seats and a rumble. In this carriage we all sat in state during the railway journey, our coach being mounted on a truck. From Dijon we lumbered along with post-horses over the Jura into Switzerland, a goodly party in that coach, as besides my father, mother, and sister in the body of the coach, there

And the order was so far carried out implicitly by us at football and other games, when the choicest Teutonic expressions of displeasure and contempt were scrupulously employed in the loudest of voices. But we certainly did get to learn German somehow or other. And I acquired a real liking for Germany and the Germans, which I hope to carry with me to my grave. In those days, certainly, they were the most kindly and considerate people, always tolerant of our boyish tricks, and good-natured and cheery to a degree. And the beautiful country round Bonn, the abundant fruit, and the cheap music at the opera-house were a never-failing source of delight.

My father happened to know the German General Fischer, the Governor of Prince Frederick William of Prussia, who with his cousin, the Prince of Anhalt, had just joined the University at Bonn. When we were at school, the Prince, who was later to be known as the German Crown Prince, and then as the Emperor Frederick, would very kindly call for us in his four-in-hand and take us to picnics at Heisterbach and Rolandseck, we talking English to him during the excursions. This kindness was extended to my brother and myself both by H.R.H. and the Empress Frederick throughout future years until their lamented deaths, and whenever we were in Germany we were invariably invited to the Neues Palais or elsewhere, and were allowed to keep up a correspondence with H.R.H. during the greater part of the time we were in India. In the same manner the Prince of Anhalt, who afterwards became reigning Duke of the Principality, continued to us both the greatest consideration and friendship. In a later chapter I hope to give some account of a week's visit paid by my wife and myself to this hospitable and delightful little German Court.

Not far from our school at Bonn, about a quarter of a mile down the Coblentzer Strasse, was the villa of Dr Perry, a very able man, who coached candidates for the diplomatic service. The students at the Bonn University, as is well known, mostly belong to clubs, and wear distinctive caps as

members of those clubs. Prince Frederick of Prussia, the Prince of Anhalt, and the cream of the students, all belonged to the *Burussia*, or were "White Caps" as they were called. The young Englishmen at Perry's, not to be outdone, instituted a distinctive British cap, of a good-way-after the manner of the cap worn in those days by officers of the Guards—that is, with a peak with an embroidered gold rim, similar somewhat to that which the guard of a train now affects. At one time my ambition was to grow up sufficiently to be admitted to the wearing of this cap, but I left Bonn before I was out of jackets, and never attained the coveted distinction. The great mind that invented this cap for the British young men at Bonn was that of Mr Bulwer-Lytton, who was then preparing for the Foreign Office. He was invariably gracious to me, when I occasionally met him with his gold cap on the road, and I was not to see him again until years afterwards, when he was sworn in at Calcutta as Viceroy of India. He showed me many kindnesses, often talked over Bonn days, and was much amused at my remembering his cap invention. During the ceremonies connected with the Proclamation of the Queen as Empress of India at Delhi in 1878, he appointed me to be his additional Private Secretary, and I had many opportunities of realising his great ability and appreciating his marked consideration to all who were brought in contact with him.

Much as I loved Bonn, I have always regretted that I never had the advantage enjoyed by most of my male relations, of being at Harrow or some other public school. I have a great belief in the advantage to a boy of passing some time on the Continent, and, by seeing foreign parts, getting his views enlarged, besides learning foreign languages. But nothing can make up to any British boy for the loss of the training and discipline of a public school; and the foreign visit should be deferred until he has been well licked into shape on his native territory, and has taken in sufficient ballast to steady him throughout his future career. Abroad

I certainly enjoyed myself hugely, picked up a knowledge of many things that were not in the least practical, imbibed a taste for music and a smattering of some of the arts, was prematurely forced, grew impatient and unstable, and failed to acquire the calm temper and sound judgment that I admired, and which made for the success of some of my more fortunate contemporaries.

I returned home in due course with a fairly good knowledge of German, French, and Italian, and a pronounced taste for music, *Mai-trank*,[1] open-air meals, and Continental life. When the question of our careers came under discussion, my younger brother, in accordance with his promise to Lord Hardinge, announced his intention of being a soldier, but was overruled in favour of an Indian writership. I also had leanings in a military direction, but I had been very much taken with the blue-and-gold coats of the attachés I had seen abroad, and I begged for a diplomatic career, which promised to take me back to music, Germany, and *Mai-trank*. As already mentioned, a relation of my mother's being married to Lord Palmerston's sister, we had some interest in the Foreign Office; and another cousin, Sir John Peter Boileau, having married Lady Catherine Elliot, a daughter of Lord Minto's, and the aunt of Lady John Russell, some of the valuable Elliot-Russell interest might be hoped for. Lord Palmerston, whom I saw occasionally later, when he would ride down of an afternoon to the Sulivan's beautiful place, Broom House, at Fulham, promised the necessary nomination, and I commenced to dream of the blue-and-gold coat, and of European capitals, and regular attendance at the opera-house.

The cheery old Lord Palmerston, too, helped to encourage me in my ambition, when I occasionally met him at Broom House, and I remember well his advice to me, when the great man had been reminded that I was a candidate for diplomatic honours, and that I was on the list for a nomination. "Practise writing a legible hand," said he, "and

[1] A glorified species of hock-cup.

remember, never stick your despatches together with pins." I fear me that I did not sufficiently take to heart the first part of this excellent advice, for, as will be noticed later, Lord Canning, when I was an Under-Secretary in India, had occasion to complain of the illegibility of my notes. But these diplomatic dreams were not to last very long. One morning it was announced that the Government had determined that, after a certain date, the appointments in the Indian Civil Service were to be thrown open to competition. Now my father, having several relations on the Court of Directors, had secured two Indian Civil Service appointments or "writerships," which in those days were regarded as valuable assets to any one who had several sons on his hands.

The last examination for entrance to Haileybury was fixed for the end of 1855. On that date I should have just reached my seventeenth year, the lowest age-limit for admission to the Indian Civil Service. My two brothers, for whom these two appointments had been destined, were both too young, and could not possibly take them up. I might just be able to save one of these appointments to the family. So my diplomatic hopes were shattered. I had to commence at once to prepare for the Haileybury examination. My younger brother had his desire, and was to become a cavalry officer, whilst the Foreign Office nomination was to be reserved for my youngest brother, then just preparing for Harrow. The months that followed were to me far from pleasant. The entrance examination for Haileybury was, perhaps, not really severe. But I had not very long to prepare for the ordeal. My knowledge of French, German, and Italian all went for nothing, not being included in the examination subjects. High marks were necessary in Latin, Greek, and mathematics, the two former of which had not received much attention at a foreign school, whilst my mathematics had been limited to certain very simple sums. During those days there was always staring me in the face the alarming fact that, if I failed in the examination, this valuable Indian

Civil appointment would be entirely lost to the family. This dread gave me many sleepless nights; and even now in my old age, when a nightmare does visit me, it is not in the shape of the ferocious tigers and merciless snakes with which my foreign friends firmly believe I was ever surrounded during my residence in India at Calcutta, Simlah, and other civilised centres, but the visit assumes the form of the examination fiend, who pronounces me unprepared for the impending ordeal and exaggerates the loss that my failure will cause to my unfortunate family. But, thanks to the exertions of dear old Tom Dillon, a master at Dr Greig's Walthamstow school where I then was, I managed to pass the examination which was held at the India Office during three dreary days of the winter of 1855. Early the next year saw me at Haileybury College, promoted, so I believed, to the status of a man, with a tail-coat, my own rooms and allowance, and my own cellar (ensconced beneath the window-seat of my sitting-room).

The two years at Haileybury passed pleasantly enough. I fear I never attempted to do more than keep a comfortable place in the lower half of my term. My want of classical knowledge, of mathematics, and other subjects taught at British public schools, was against me. Though I was fond of European languages, I did not take readily to Sanscrit and Persian, and never attempted to do more than just scrape through the examination. And I might have failed even in this, had it not been for dear old Bernard, a college friend to be noticed later, the guardian-angel of all the idlers, who came round to us regularly towards the end of the term and insisted on coaching us up in Sanscrit and other unknown tongues, and thus saving our appointments by securing for us just a scrape through and "pass."

The last term at Haileybury was a large one, and contained some men older than the ordinary run of the students, who were generally admitted at seventeen. Thus we had Jack Burney, a collateral of Madame D'Arblay's, who had been captain of Winchester before he went to Balliol, from

which he was brought to take up the nomination of one who, like my brother, lost the appointment by being under age. Then there was Charles Grant, a nephew of Lord Glenelg's, who, having passed through Harrow and Trinity, Cambridge, came to Haileybury after having served a year in one of the Government offices. These two soon took the lead among the young "Freshmen," and established a club in continuation of the "Wellesley Club," which had long existed at the college. This club, which was considered to be very exclusive and select, consisted of twelve members, who held closely together during their two years in college and carried along the bond during their later service in India. I was proud to be admitted to the club, and it certainly brought with it friendships which lasted during life and which I most highly valued. Alas! of the members who were at Haileybury, the only two survivors are "Billy" Lyall[1] and myself. And that staunch and valued old friend, from whom I heard only a few days ago under the signature of "Yours in the Bond," was ever ready in his high position in India to assist and support his old friends of the club, and to receive them most hospitably at Government House and elsewhere in remembrance of old Haileybury days. It is somewhat remarkable that out of the twelve members of our club three only reached their seventieth year. Nugent Daniell died only a few months ago, having barely reached that limit. Frank Wyllie, who, together with Daniell and Lyall, was of my most intimate friends, died a year before he reached that age. Lyall and I passed it just a year ago. The other members dropped off from time to time, and few of them reached their sixtieth year. In the face of the great age sometimes attained by India annuitants, the early death of my contemporaries appears somewhat exceptional.

The "last" term received one or two distinguished recruits

[1] Sir James B. Lyall, G.C.I.E., K.C.S.I. (brother of Sir Alfred Lyall), formerly Lieutenant-Governor of the Punjab. At Haileybury he was always known as Billy, presumably because his name was James.

in the person of some selected candidates who were chosen to fill the places of half a dozen unfortunates who had failed to pass the entrance examination, and to whom the valuable appointments were thus lost. Bernard, who was heading his term at Addiscombe, and Hutchins, who had run a distinguished course at Merchant Taylors' School, were two of those selected to fill the vacancies, and regarding whose passing there could be little doubt. Bernard,[1] who thus gave up his military career, and of whom Lord Roberts subsequently remarked, "A splendid soldier lost to the service," was to be during the rest of his life one of my closest and most valued friends, and to whom I was indebted not only for coaching in "Sanscrit roots" just before impending college examinations, but for innumerable instances of assistance and support during the distinguished career he ran in India. Hutchins[2] also rose to high office in Madras, but we seldom met, my service being exclusively in the Bengal Presidency.

It was during my time at Haileybury that the Indian Mutiny broke out, and connected as nearly every one in the place was with that country, the news of the progress of our army was followed by us all with intense interest. The enthusiasm was naturally enormous when it was announced that Ross Mangles, the son of the Chairman of the Court of Directors, and a young civilian who had passed not so long ago out of college, had earned the Victoria Cross, a distinction until then unknown among civilians. And we all went utterly mad with excitement and delight when the news of the storming of Delhi reached us. A bonfire was lighted in "Quod," the materials of which were not confined to old boxes and hampers, but included a run on the forms and doors and other available wooden properties of the establishment. The bonfire caused alarm throughout the countryside, and the fire-engines from Hertford and elsewhere came hurrying up the hill. The authorities caught the enthusiasm of the moment and did not attempt to

[1] The late Sir Charles Bernard, K.C.S.I. [2] Sir P. P. Hutchins, K.C.S.I.

interfere. Indeed, there was a story that the cheery old Dean had been seen with his coat off, chopping up some of his old furniture and pitching it over the wall to feed the flames.

At Haileybury we had a number of eminent Professors who gave daily lectures, and, if we had been so minded, much might have been learnt on a variety of useful subjects. I fear that some of us, at least, did not make the best of our opportunities. There was an eminent barrister to teach us law. We named him the "Legislator," because he had the credit of making much of his own law. We used some of us to try and waste time at his lectures by pretending to wish to discuss points in cases that appeared in the newspapers, and relating to questions of law. Certainly the result was that the lecture subjects occasionally got somewhat mixed. And probably it was partly owing to this that an untoward incident occurred that has remained much impressed on the memory of my Haileybury experiences. We were supposed to make full notes in a "rough note-book" of the words of wisdom that fell from the lips of our legal lecturer. Then we were required, in the solitude of our chambers, to proceed, with the assistance of certain law books that were prescribed for us, to elaborate valuable treatises on these legal subjects, taking our rough lecture-notes as guides. At the close of the month these "fair-notes," as the elaborated treatises were termed, had to be handed in to the "Legislator," who, having inspected them, returned the books a few days later to us in class with his remarks, complimentary or otherwise. One morning, after some very appreciative comments on the notes of the good boys of the term, he came to a notoriously idle man who was seated next to me, and addressing him more in sorrow than in anger, said: "Mr Simkins, I have been carefully through your notes, and it quite grieves me to be obliged to say that I have found them a tissue of unconnected nonsense from beginning to end." To my horror Simkins, taken aback and disconcerted by the

criticism, unwittingly blundered out: "Oh! I know, sir. I am very sorry indeed for the mistake. I sent you in my rough notes, sir, instead of my fair note-book. I put down every word, sir, as you said it, and I had not time to correct it." Tableau!

As good fortune would have it, one of my father's oldest friends—Admiral John Townshend, who had recently succeeded as fourth Marquis Townshend—spent part of the year at Balls' Park, his beautiful place near Hertford. He had known me since I was a child; and immediately he learnt I was at Haileybury hard by, he and Lady Townshend most kindly gave me to understand that I was always welcome at the house whenever they were in residence. My father and mother and many naval friends would occasionally come down for week-ends, and I thus got to know several of the celebrities of the "Admiral's Corner" at the end of the dining-room in the United Service Club, who were figureheads of the service in those days. There was Rodney Mundy, one of my godfathers, generally known as "The Marquis," whereas our marquis-host was generally known as "Jack"; "Fly" Martin and Henry Martin—the latter's special taste being old Dresden, and who, at his rooms in London, would show me with pride the thickness of the dust on his treasures, proving that during his absence no one had dared to touch the collection. "Harry" Keppel was comparatively but a boy in those days, and I saw more of him at Raynham than at Balls' Park. On one occasion Sir Edward Bulwer-Lytton, who was then contesting Hertford, spent a night at Balls' Park, and I can well recall the contrast between his fantastic figure and that of some old salts who were present on the occasion. And here I met for the first time Mary Boyle, a great favourite in all country houses, and of whom I was to see much in later years as a friend of my sisters. I little supposed in those days, when I occasionally called for my father at the "Senior" and caught a glimpse of the "Admiral's Corner" at the left-hand end of the big

dining-room, that I should ever have the fortune to belong to the Club, then strictly confined to the senior combatant officers of the Army and Navy. Yet it came to pass in after-years that, having been appointed an Aide-de-Camp to her Majesty the Queen, I was elected to the Club by the Committee — being the only Indian civilian who has ever yet enjoyed the privilege.

Lord Townshend had also in Norfolk the beautiful old family seat of Raynham, which had been the home of the Townshends for several hundreds of years, and was full of the portraits and other valuable records of that distinguished East Anglian family. Thither was I bidden regularly every summer and autumn, and there I made many Norfolk friends with whom I have kept in touch all my life. I was allowed to stay from a fortnight to a month at a time at Raynham, and to shoot and enjoy myself to my heart's content. Lord Raynham, the son, who always remained my intimate friend, sat in those days for Tamworth, and house-parties contained many of his political friends. And one met there also many of the Norfolk notables — for in those days great people in the county were not above seeing something of their neighbours, and had not yet adopted the process of destroying all local conservative coherence and cordiality by limiting their house-parties to smart visitors from town. Old Dan Gurney, with his two beautiful daughters — one of whom married later Sir Thomas Troubridge, when he returned as a hero from the Crimea,— were among the many guests at Raynham. The old gentleman wore, I remember, knee-breeches and a blue coat with brass buttons in the evening, which was certainly a more picturesque costume than the conventional evening suit. Augusta Keppel, then the acknowledged *belle* of that part of Norfolk, was a great favourite of the old lord's, and was a constant visitor at Raynham. She was the object of my boyish admiration, as she was indeed the admiration of very many of my seniors. Her father, the Rev. Tom Keppel, a younger brother of Lord Albemarle's

and of Lady Leicester's (the wife of Coke of Norfolk) and of Sir Harry's, was rector of East Creyke hard by, and there was much coming and going between the two houses, and visits to Holkham and to the Wells sands. Miss Augusta Keppel subsequently married Charles North of Rougham, the head of the Norfolk branch of the family, a warm and lifelong friend of mine. During the whole of my time in India I kept up a correspondence with my dear friends of Rougham, and my wife and I were regular visitors at the Hall on every occasion of our return home. The father and mother both assisted us in due course in ingratiating ourselves with the members of the several generations of Norths and its branches, which have since developed and flourished, and all of whom I number among my best friends. On one occasion during a visit to Rougham I narrowly escaped the honour, when after partridges, of being blown to pieces by Sir Harry and Colin, then a boy, now Admiral Sir Colin Keppel. They both of them concentrated their fire upon me as if I had been an enemy's cruiser. But, fortunately for me, naval gunnery in those days not having reached the perfection of accuracy it has since attained, I mercifully escaped and have survived to tell the tale.

When I saw Raynham again, after several years' service in India, and returned with my wife on a visit to the beautiful old place where I had spent so many happy days, both my father and his dear old friend, Lord Townshend, had joined the majority. But during our stay at the old Hall we had the warmest welcome from the Dowager-Marchioness, who had ever been so good to me as a boy, and who welcomed my wife, not only for my sake, but as the favourite of one of her own dearest friends and relations. Before my departure for India the old Marquis had given me a photograph of himself and one of Raynham, showing the bedroom always assigned to me on my visits. These followed my fortunes all over India during the many years of my service there, and are to be seen in

an honoured place adorning the walls of this old château where I have anchored with most of my belongings in my advanced age.

During my last few years at home, before leaving for India, I had better opportunities of seeing something of English life than generally falls to the lot of a boy of my age. I suppose that the fact of my having been much abroad made me somewhat forward and bumptious, so that I claimed to be quite "grown up" and fit for "society" at an early age. My cousin, Sir John Rivett-Carnac, who then sat for Lymington, had to be in town for the session, and used to lend me a horse to ride in the Row, and would take me down to Lymington, where he had the celebrated Royal Yacht Squadron cutter the *Heroine*, and make me help in canvassing at the elections. He could always manage, too, to get me a seat in or under the gallery whenever I wanted to go down to the House. I thus got to know some of his Parliamentary friends, who were certainly most tolerant to me, a bumptious boy. The Palmerston-Boileau connection also assisted me, as John Boileau was then Private Secretary to his kinsman, Lord John Russell. My youngest sister, too, was engaged to be married to Tilghman-Huskisson, the nephew and heir of Huskisson, the Minister, whose tragic death on the occasion of the opening of the first railway in England is well known. My future brother-in-law had a delightful place, which had belonged to his uncle, with excellent shooting, at Eartham Park, near Chichester. He was "Eton" and "Third Trinity," and he had a coterie of friends of the same mark, who used to gather occasionally at Eartham, where I was welcomed by him after the manner that the young brother of the lady is generally spoilt by the *fiancé*. At Eartham I met Ogle, a grand Northumberland squire, who had been noted in the boats at Eton, and was a great favourite in the set. Then there was G. Shaw-Lefevre, little Gurdon, who went by the name of the "Waxen Chatterer," and J. St Aubyn. My kinsman, Frank Boileau,

would also sometimes be of the party at Eartham,[1] which was ever most sportsmanlike and cheery. As all these men were in London in the season, and were most good-natured to me as the future brother-in-law of their friend, I had several to whom to apply if ever I wanted to attend any functions of interest. Huskisson, too, was related to Lady Palmerston, and to this and the Sulivan connection I was indebted for what to one of my age was a great privilege—a card to Cambridge House for Lady Palmerston's Saturday evenings. Here I would get one of my friends to point out to me the notabilities, and I can fairly claim to have seen there the great Delane, who on one occasion came up to Gurdon, who, I think, was then acting Private Secretary to Gladstone, and made some remark to him in my presence about the weather or some such unconfidential subject. I cannot boast that he ever addressed himself to me, nor can I claim that he said to me even as much as the man bragged that King William the Fourth had said to him, the conversation having been confined to the king shouting out, "Damn you, sir, get out of my way!"

Here must be interpolated a short story about Lady Palmerston, which, as it was very well known at the time, may be pronounced a chestnut. Still it is worth repeating, as if told in other books they are probably of the long past. And the story hits off both parties admirably—Lord Palmerston and his wife—as I knew of them. A kind friend thought it necessary to go to Lady Palmerston with a terrible story of the iniquity of Lord Palmerston and a lady who, if I remember right, was French. In relating these iniquities, the kindly woman, by way of pretending to help Lady Palmerston through, interlarded

[1] Of the members of the cheery parties at Eartham, Ogle died soon after I went to India. Tilghman-Huskisson failed to obtain a seat in Parliament, and died comparatively young. Frank Boileau succeeded to the baronetcy, but did not enter political life. His younger son, my kinsman, Captain Raymond Boileau, stood at the last election for the Eastern Division of Norfolk. The remaining three—Shaw-Lefevre, Gurdon, and St Aubyn—entered the House, and it is noticeable that each earned for himself a peerage, under the titles respectively of Eversley, Cranworth, and St Levan.

the discourse with frequent expressions of "Of course, my dear, I do not believe it." Lady Palmerston heard her patiently to the bitter end, then, looking her full in the face, replied, "Oh, my dear, you say you do not believe a word of it. Well, if you only knew Palmerston half as well as I do, you'd know he is QUITE capable of it." And this was all the encouragement the true friend received for her kindly information.

Thus, together with a goodly number of friends that my father and mother had in the Navy and in politics, I had a very good time during my last year in England. This, as preparation for an Indian exile, was perhaps hardly healthy. I never really liked the change in my prospects, and my parents' belief that India was "a most excellent place" never quite reassured me. Neither my father nor my mother, nor indeed any of my own immediate family, were ever in India, save my second brother, who served there with his regiment, and their ideas of the delights of the country were presumably founded on the length of the purses of the old nabobs who lived in our neighbourhood. There was indeed a legend current in the schoolroom that my father, after living on salt junk for six months, had arrived with his ship in Bombay harbour, where his elder brother was then the Governor, and that he had promptly been carried off to Government House by two aides-de-camp, where he had been fed for a fortnight on *pâté de foie gras*, champagne, and other luxuries, by which he naturally became impressed with the many excellences of India. But the dates of my father's commissions do not support this legend. Though the training I had received did not make me ever take quite kindly to India, still it had this advantage, that it left me with some knowledge of Continental and home life, and gave me, moreover, some political friends with whom I kept in touch during my whole service in India, and whom I constantly saw on my return home on leave. When then eventually, after my full service, I had to leave India, I did not return to the Continent and to

England absolutely without any tastes or resources, and wholly eaten up with regret at leaving India and the daily official grind. I was quite content to throw off the yoke, and I returned to find many old friends to welcome me, besides those I had made in India.

The old East India College at Haileybury finally closed its gates in the winter of 1857, when most of the "Last Term" left immediately for India, where the first batch of men under the competitive system had already preceded them by two years. As I was full young, it was decided that I should remain a year at home, so as to reach India in the cold weather of 1858. I much enjoyed my last season in London, and at its close left for Northern Italy and the Tyrol, on what was to be my last Continental holiday for many a year to come. And one of the pleasant landmarks of that trip was a day at Padua with Leighton and his friend Cockerell. I had met them both in London, and when they found me at the hotel they, knowing my youthful pretensions to interest in art, very good-naturedly allowed me to accompany them to Giotto's Chapel. There they not only instructed me in all that was worth admiring, but gave me an excellent luncheon of sandwiches and Chianti. And I spent there an interesting morning and afternoon, listening and admiring, whilst they sketched and chatted, and being allowed to pick up some of the scraps of the conversation which were to assist me in discoursing learnedly on Giotto and the old masters on later occasions in India.

Thence I passed into the Tyrol, and joining some of my family, we journeyed through Innsbruck and the Bavarian Oberland towards Vienna. I had always had a great liking for the country between Munich and Innsbruck, and some years earlier we had met at Munich the Baroness Tautphœus, who had written what I have ever thought one of the most delightful books in our language, 'The Initials,' a novel of the very long ago. This was ever my companion during our travels, and my sister and I were never tired of trying to discover Hildegardes and Crescenzs among the foreign young

ladies whom we met at the hotels. 'The Initials' also accompanied me to India, where it helped to temper the rigours of many a trying day, and where I was in due course to find my Hildegarde, resembling in many respects the heroine of the Bavarian hills. That Hildegarde and my well-worn copy of 'The Initials' has each now its honoured corner in this old château of my retirement.

I can remember how, soon after our arrival in Vienna at the close of August, we heard every bandsman that could be collected in the neighbourhood thunder out in the great square before the palace the glorious Austrian National Hymn, on the birth of the Crown Prince Rudolph. Some years earlier, when on the Tegernsee with Sir J. Milbanke, our Minister at Munich,[1] we had met two pretty young Bavarian Princesses, dressed in white muslin frocks, with light-blue sashes tied behind their backs after the manner of those days. The elder had become Empress of Austria and mother of the heir-apparent whose birth was now being celebrated. I saw her Majesty again in later years in Vienna, and long afterwards, when I had retired from India, once more on the Lake of Geneva, just before her tragic death at the hands of an Italian anarchist. From Vienna we went to Baden, the watering-place in the neighbourhood, which many years later gained an unenviable notoriety from the double death at the villa there of the Crown Prince Rudolph and his companion. Lord Augustus Loftus was then British Minister to Austria, there being no Ambassador to Vienna in those days. Lady Augustus was daughter of my father's friend, Admiral Greville, and they made our stay very pleasant. The grand manœuvres that year were held near the base of the Semmering Pass, and the Minister having procured my father an introduction, we drove over to the ground and, together with some other privileged visitors, saw the final review under the guidance of a most obliging Austrian Staff officer, a major of Hussars. The Emperor

[1] He was cousin of my brother-in-law, Mr Tilghman-Huskisson, on whose death he succeeded to his property and took the name and arms of Huskisson.

and the royalties lunched on the ground in a small pavilion, and we and the rest of the guests were entertained under some trees *al fresco* hard by. The Count of Meran, son of the Archduke John by a morganatic marriage, came round after luncheon and obligingly took some of us to see the horses of the Emperor and his staff—a sight, it will be believed, well worth seeing. I particularly remember the interest of some of the guests, including myself, in the various decorations and orders of knighthood worn by many of those present. Our good-natured cicerone made us sketches, displaying the several foreign orders, and ended by making a caricature of me in a grand uniform decorated with a large cross and star, which caused much amusement. I kept this sketch religiously, and curiously enough, many years later, after that I had, as Commissioner of Commerce with the Indian Government, accompanied and assisted an Austrian mission on trade sent out to India, the Emperor was pleased to appoint me to be a Knight Grand Commander of the Order of Francis Joseph, with a cross and star not unlike the decorations of the prophetic sketch. From Vienna we made for Trieste, and one glorious October morning my father and Mr William Forsyth, then Member for Marylebone, who was connected with my mother's family and was travelling with us, accompanied me to the Austrian-Lloyd steamer, which was to take me to Alexandria on my Indian journey. On board was Frank Wyllie, one of my intimate friends at college and a member of our Haileybury club. He also had remained at home later than our contemporaries, so that we were the two last of the civilians from Haileybury to reach India. He left us at Aden and went to Bombay. I went round by Ceylon to Calcutta, arriving in India a week after he had reached his Presidency, and thus winning the race in being the last Haileybury civilian to go out to that country.

We made a delightful passage down the Adriatic in glorious weather. We had some very pleasant fellow-passengers, who were all good-naturedly sympathetic to

two boys going out to try their fortunes in the East. Mr Dudley Fortescue,[1] then Member for Andover, was one of the party, and was particularly obliging and encouraging to us both. He left us at Ceylon, and from that time forth I kept up a correspondence with him, and on my visits home and at other times he showed me many kindnesses, extending over more than fifty years. This last New Year only he wrote me a cheery letter, alluding to the jubilee of our friendship, and adding that, notwithstanding he had nearly reached his ninetieth birthday, he was fairly well. He planned going down to the British Museum to see some specimens of "cup marks," in which we were both interested. A few weeks later I heard with deep regret of his death, and later Lady Camilla Fortescue wrote me that he had been fairly well until nearly the last, and that the projected visit to the British Museum on the matter in which we were both interested had duly been made.

Our fellow-passenger, dear old Frank Wyllie, had already died in the preceding year. He was the elder brother of Curzon Wyllie, also one of my intimate friends, and a constant guest at this old château, the news of whose tragic death at the hands of an Indian assassin has reached me, to my deep sorrow, whilst preparing these notes for the press.

[1] The Hon. Dudley Fortescue, M.P.

CHAPTER II.

ARRIVAL IN INDIA, AND LIFE IN CALCUTTA.

1857.

Calcutta—Arrival of the mail—First impressions—India transferred to the Crown—Colonel Mundy on caste—Sir H. Thuillier on Indian servants—The Bengal Club—The Calcutta season—The so-called college—Munshis—The competition men—Cream of the universities—Some drawbacks—Twins—Changes in society—The old style—Hospitality—Stay with Sir James Outram—His considerateness—Illness—The Bheel—Lady Outram's two *Wallahs*—Sir Bartle and Lady Frere — Their delightful hospitality — Major Malleson—Colonel Nassau Lees—Am appointed Master of the Revels—The town band—Lord Clyde—Memorable dinner given by Right Hon. James Wilson to Lord Canning—Sir John Peter Grant —Am passed out of college in Calcutta.

THE voyage was quite uneventful. We spent a week in Egypt awaiting the mail steamer, and saw the Pyramids and some other of the sights of that wonderful land. The good ship reached the Hoogly on a delightful cold weather morning of November 1858. The arrival of the mail was an important event to Calcutta, and was announced by the firing of three guns from the fort, in time to allow of carriages being got ready, and a drive to Garden Reach to inspect the new arrivals. In those days the fortnightly steamer brought not only the mails, but a concentrated stream of members of European society for Calcutta and the rest of the Presidency, and the early cold weather boats generally contained a considerable number of young ladies, known by the name of "Spins," who, coming out to join their families in India, were in due course to become

merged into society as the wives of the eligible bachelors of the Presidency. The arrival of these young ladies always excited much interest, and as the ship came up to her moorings we could see a large crowd at the landing-place, where many of my Haileybury friends were much in evidence. Of course they had come down with the sole object of meeting me! Anyhow, the greetings were most hearty, and I found myself carried off by my good friend Jack Burney to a house in Chowringhee where he was then living with his brother, a chaplain at the cathedral, and told, with true Indian hospitality, that I was to make that house my home until I could settle myself comfortably in suitable quarters. Certain events of one's life remain photographed on one's brain, and to me one of these is the morning drive up from Garden Reach, the first view of Calcutta as one got abreast of the cathedral, with Government House, the shipping, the fort, and then in front of us the great plain or *Maidan*, and on this side the long stretch of the large houses of Chowringhee, which have earned for Calcutta the name of the "City of Palaces." Since that morning of more than fifty years ago, much has changed in Calcutta, but this magnificent view remains nearly the same, save that some of the stucco houses have been replaced by finer buildings. The remains of a huge bamboo framework erected on the *Maidan* for fireworks were pointed out to me, and I realised that, whilst I was on board ship, India had passed from the East India Company to the Crown, and that I was not to be a servant of "John Company," but of her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen. The fireworks had followed the reading of the Queen's Proclamation of a fortnight before.

The delights of roomy quarters, and the breakfast on the broad verandah, and other luxuries so acceptable after a voyage on shipboard, how vividly they remain impressed on my memory after the lapse of even more than half a century! In the afternoon I was taken in hand by several college friends, driven down to the cricket-ground and en-

rolled as a member, then taken off to the Bengal Club, affected by the Haileybury civilian of those days, the United Service Club being more in favour with some of the military and the new group of what were termed "Competition Wallahs" or *wallahs*, the civil servants who were now taking the place of the Haileybury men. During the next few days I was introduced to many people, and favoured with much interesting information relating to India. And I had been set up with two or three servants, the necessary "buggy" with a respectable Cabulee horse, and was in treaty for my dear Arab, "Selim," and for a second Cabulee to complete my stable. At the Bengal Club I found installed Colonel Mundy, younger brother of Sir Rodney the "Marquis," my father's friend and my godfather. He had been in the Grenadier Guards, and had exchanged to India to command a line-regiment there. He did not like the country, and was not particularly encouraging, though he was most good to me, knowing my people so well. "My dear boy," he would say, "now that this Mutiny fighting is practically over, India, believe me, is no place for a gentleman. Oh, that fellow with a caste-mark who has just brought your racquet things is your bearer, is he? Wonder he condescends to carry your racquet! Caste, my dear child, is the bane of this country. Why, the fellow who cleans my boots, blowed if he will clean my shoes." But there were many others who sang quite a different tune, and being in possession for the first time in my life of horses and servants of my own, and drawing a monthly salary, I was hardly inclined to believe that India could be such a bad place for the younger son of a youngest son, —certainly not whilst the cold weather lasted. My faith in a most attentive and affable "bearer" with whom one of my chums had fitted me, the man being a brother of the robber attached to his own person, was soon to be shaken by the words of wisdom and experience of Sir Henry Thuillier, the Surveyor-General, who was most hospitable, and gave me much sound advice. "Oh, your bearer," said

he, "an Ooryah by caste, of course; that lot always stick to the civilian, young and old. Oh yes, I have no doubt his certificates are excellent — honest to a degree, most virtuous, and all that. But I suppose your mother got you an outfit at Thresher & Glennie's? Just so. I know all about it. Did not my own wife, when far away from me, do the same for my son? Three dozen pairs of white trousers — oh, you only got two dozen! I am sorry for your bearer! Shirts, coats, and waistcoats in proportion. Well, you say you have made them all over to your bearer. Now, by this time he has cut off two buttons from each pair of trousers, and one button from each coat and waistcoat. At the end of the month he will come to you deploring the iniquities of the *dhobi*, or washerman, whom, he will represent, has in the ferocity of his washing process dislocated all the buttons of your vestments, and even utterly destroyed not a few. This infamy has necessitated the purchase in the bazaar of a supply of buttons of the most approved British manufacture to replace the loss. This has then ended in the expenditure of thirteen annas on buttons. Moreover, to sew on these buttons and to fortify those loosened in the washing process has necessitated the engagement of a *durzi*, or tailor, for half a day, hence the six annas entered in the account. And the other four annas, that is for the thread. The charge may seem high, but the *durzi* always supplies the thread, and, as the *sahib* will soon learn for himself fast enough, the *durzis* are mostly Mohamedans, and the most rapacious of all classes in India. And," continued my mentor, "the bearer will then proceed to sell you back your own buttons, which he has cut off your clothes, and with the thread taken from the housewife which I am sure your mother put into the box, he, pocketing the wage charged, will himself sew on those buttons, which will come off again, and again reappear in your accounts periodically until you marry. And your bearer will then retire from your service with a much larger sum to his credit than your banking-account will show."

Although I had most excellent servants in India, it is not improbable that their contentment, on which so much of their efficiency must depend, was in part due to the system described by Sir Henry Thuillier, and which, I fear, extended even to a period later than my marriage, as my wife recked little of such matters, and we always retained an excellent and most contented establishment to the end.

After a fortnight's stay with my hospitable friends in Chowringhee, to be followed later by a visit to the great Sir James Outram, the Bayard, as he was called, of India,—a friend of my family's who showed me great kindness, and whom I regarded with much veneration,—I took up my quarters, as it was then meet for a fashionable young civilian to do, at the Bengal Club, as a student in college, or a "Lance Civilian," as my soldier-friends in the Fort called me. The system of keeping young civilians in Calcutta to study the languages has since been abolished, and I can pronounce, from experience, that no more unwise system could possibly have been devised. The alarm and troubles of the Mutiny were all practically over when I commenced life in Calcutta, and everything had resumed its wonted confidence and calm. During the cold season there was an unceasing round of amusements of every description, which the cool weather permitted one to enjoy. The young civilian who "went in for it," and was "in it," need never have had a moment to himself. He was an eligible *parti*, and, in the language of the country, "worth three hundred pounds a-year dead or alive." He was thus in demand at all the balls, dinners, and *fêtes* which were crowded into a cold-weather season. There was cricket, racing, paper-chases, and the tent-club later in the year, and one could play sufficiently high at the Bengal Club and sit up very late and eat heavy suppers there if so inclined. One's college duties consisted in having a *munshi* daily to teach one the language. One had to go up for examination periodically to show progress, otherwise there was no control of the so-called "students."

If, then, one was not very sensible and earnest beyond one's years, it will be understood that when the *munshi* presented himself in the morning after a ball, or a late night at cards and supper at the club, that then, like the small boy in 'Punch,' one would find that "the very idea of work in this delicious weather is quite repugnant to my feelings," and that the *munshi*, who was paid by the month, not unwillingly took a holiday and left you to recuperate. One had almost unlimited credit in those days, and there was nearly every possible temptation to a young man just beginning life to indulge in wholesale extravagance. There were legends of the debts piled up by former young civilians during their stay in college which might well have terrified the unsteady. I do not think that my time knew any really bad cases, but some of my friends, like myself, were not studious, and hardly economical, and certainly wasted time and money in the gaieties of Calcutta. A few had the good luck to be carried off by friends to stations "up-country," where they saw something of the people, learned the language, passed soon, and got a start in the service of the idler in Calcutta.

The competition man, being generally older and made of sterner stuff, was not so easily misled as was the youth from Haileybury. And as regards the "New System," as it was termed fifty years ago, and its men, if they did not materially improve the supply, it is, in my opinion, quite silly to debit against them, as has sometimes been done, any portion of the difficulties of recent years, the inevitable outcome of so-called progress and of the times. It is true that after the first year or so the service no longer attracted, as at first, some of the picked men of the universities, and that the exceptional high average was not sustained. Still, as a rule, the men were of a satisfactory class. It was a question whether the raising of the age limit was an improvement. The Haileybury boy, caught young, took kindly to his work. He had generally relations in the service, had been brought up to regard the appoint-

ment that interest had secured for him as a prize, and was proud of the career offered to him. The older, mature, university man, conscious of his own ability and the position this might command at home, would be inclined to disappointment when he found himself at some out-of-the-way station in the hot weather, and set to perform the elementary preparatory work of an assistant magistrate that hardly seemed commensurate to his education and powers. The average ordinary work in the districts demanded no selected university talent. What was most wanted was cheery good health, intelligence sufficient, and common-sense. And the Haileybury consignments, with all their faults, generally supplied this, together with a few picked men for the Secretariat and special posts. By degrees, as the first surprise of the change wore off, the position was readjusted by the service being recruited largely from the old class that had supplied Haileybury, by the sons and relations of those who were of the Indian service.

Before leaving the subject of the competition men, which bulked large during the first part of my time in India, I must illustrate the effect of the change in the age of candidates by the following story: The "Haileybury boys" came out generally at nineteen. Among the new lot were now often to be met a young civilian who had brought out with him his wife and perhaps a child or so. A clever little man, who had come out with his wife, had passed through college in Calcutta and had been posted to a headquarter station up-country, where he was yet faced by the two departmental examinations which all Assistant Magistrates had then to undergo. The Lieutenant-Governor's lady was credited with taking great interest in all domestic occurrences, and to be most good-naturedly successful in assisting all the young married ladies of the service in selecting personages of the Mrs Gamp persuasion when occasion required. The little be-spectacled gentleman above mentioned and his wife had come specially under the favourable notice of milady in this respect,

though the Lieutenant-Governor himself had had no opportunity of interesting himself in the young assistant magistrate or his affairs. One evening the pair were invited to dine at Government House, and his Honour, whilst going the round of his guests before dinner, rather hesitated as he arrived at his be-spectacled retiring young guest. But her Ladyship speedily sailed up to the rescue, and bringing forward the young couple announced before the whole company, "Oh, James, don't you know Mr Larkins? Why, he is the young civilian who has twice had twins, and not yet passed either of his examinations."

During the fifty-one years that have passed since little Jack Burney drove me up in his buggy to his brother's hospitable house in Chowringhee, Calcutta has undergone many changes. The buildings along the *Maidan* have improved. Tramways have ousted the palanqueens, and electric fans have exorcised the *punkah-wallahs*, while abundant ice has improved the *abdar*[1] off the face of each European establishment. But the greatest change has been in the society itself. I have not been in Calcutta for some fifteen years, but even at the close of Lord and Lady Lansdowne's delightful reign the real *Bahadur*[2] and the *Bara Bibi*[3] were, like the dodo, things of the past—practically only to be looked for in the new Indian Museum. And there can be no doubt that the excellent influence of that well-attuned Viceregal Court—quite the best of my time in India—had greatly assisted the development of sound ideas. When I arrived there in 1858, at the close of the Mutiny, Calcutta was still the headquarters of the Empire, and the whole machinery of the Government of India, and of the Government of Bengal, was not packed up just before the hot-weather and sent up with its whole staff to the mountains. The Members of Council and other high officers had big houses in Chowringhee, kept "curricles" in fair supply, and entertained in a hospitable, if after a somewhat ponderous and tedious, fashion. The white soup, the tinned

[1] The man who cooled the wines and water. [2] Great-man. [3] Great-lady.

salmon, were then much the same as now, but the whole of your dinner was displayed before your eyes on the splendid old mahogany table, which was duly uncovered, and its beauties revealed at dessert. Your host would himself carve the saddle of mutton placed in front of him, and the turkey and ham would be similarly sliced and distributed by the lady of the house. Possibly the ice-ship had been delayed and there was no chance of ice-pudding, but the clever *abdar*, to whom all the secrets of sal-ammoniac were well known, would cool the champagne to a nicety, and of this your host would be sure to invite you to drink with him a glass. In humbler establishments there was, perhaps, the hot wind and evaporation to make the bottle of beer a delight. All the furniture and appointments of the house were "early Victorian," the Georgian influence being sometimes noticeable, as most men on succeeding to office took over all the solid furniture of their predecessors. Your host and hostess, if they were at the top of the tree, were fashioned after the same style—early Victorian; and if somewhat pompous, still kindly, liberal souls, as you would learn soon enough were you unfortunately to be taken ill. In this case, though your acquaintance hardly extended beyond the dinner-party, your hostess would drive over to the club or boarding-house and, listening to no excuse, would carry you off to the Chowringhee mansion, and, installing you there in the best room, would tend you with every care until you were convalescent. And the pompous old *Bahadur*, the husband, would never fail to pay you his daily visit on return from office, and fire off a few platitudes for your delectation. "Society" with the big "S" in those days was mostly confined to the members of the Civil Service, with a sprinkling of military men. The "Outsider," as he was called,—the barrister, merchant, those connected with the railway and other enterprises,—was, so to speak, "out of it," and seemed often to appreciate being spared the terrors of the great man's *barra-khana*.[1] The Lower Bengal Civil Service was a close and somewhat fastidious autocracy, looking askance even at the

[1] Big-dinner.

civilians employed directly under the Viceroy, unless they had been drawn from the pure Bengal source. All civilians from the non-regulation provinces, such as the Punjab, were regarded as having fallen away from the tenets of the class to which they had belonged, and to be showy and unreliable. The men who were to supplant the Haileybury civilians, the "Competition Wallahs," or *wallahs* as they were termed, had made their appearance in Calcutta a couple of years before my arrival, and notwithstanding the strong class feeling aroused, had fairly made their way in social and official success. This was hardly to be wondered at, since, as has already been noticed, the first few batches included several picked men from both universities, who would have been welcomed everywhere in the best European society. These talented men, older than the Haileybury arrivals, and with greater experience of the world, did something towards leavening the old-fashioned ponderous routine of the Calcutta season. In those days Europe was still a great way off, and a journey there was long and expensive. The daily telegram to keep all up to time with European politics and ideas had not arrived, and the flood of cheap English literature of to-day had not yet swamped the old 'Calcutta Review' or the 'Journal of the Asiatic Society.' One had then to live to some extent in India, and one's thoughts were mainly of India. The remembrance of the past year's visit home, with the continuity of its events kept up by mail letters and contemporary literature, did not then cause one to live in, and think of, Europe, distempered by the obligatory return at times to the dull routine of one's official Indian duties. I went out to India long after the times of Malcolm and Todd, when men lived entirely for India, and being free from the worries of the telegraph, and untrammelled by regulation and incessant tabular returns, had some time to devote to a study of the people, of their history and their literature. Since then there has been much "Progress." When I openly avow I have some liking for the traditions of those bad old times, it will be seen how hopelessly old and fatuous I have become, and how little is to be expected from my recollections of

to send out cards: 'Sir James and Lady Outram hope that Mr X. will *not* give them the pleasure of his company at dinner on the ——. Rs. 16 are enclosed.'" "This," he would add, "would be sufficient to give a young man a decent dinner at the Club or elsewhere, and this he would much prefer to a drive all the way down to Garden Reach. And they could not then accuse me of being mean, and not spending a fair portion of my salary in entertaining." He was very scrupulous—unnecessarily so, I used to think—in returning all calls, even those of the last-arrived young civilian, who, in duty bound, left cards on all Members of Council. He would come into my room with a sheaf of cards in his hand and make me tell him, as far as I could, who the callers were. Then I would help to find out where these many callers lived. More than once, when leaving a friend's room, high up on the fourth floor of a boarding-house, or the Club, I have found dear old Sir James on the landing, very blown, for he had grown stout, searching for the room of some young man who had called upon him, and whose call, he would instil upon me, *must* be returned. In those days Calcutta knew no lifts, and a four-storey climb on a hot afternoon was trying even to the young and the light of figure. A catastrophe occurred on the occasion of a big dinner-party given during one of my visits to this hospitable house. Lady Outram had made out a list of two-and-twenty guests, and she decided to complete the two dozen by adding two of the young competition civilians, or *wallahs*. Intending to ascertain from me two names, she added, on her rough list, "and two *wallahs*." Having picked out, with my aid, the names of two of the callers, she wrote her notes of invitation, and then, after the manner that one had with native orderlies, when the invitations were sent out by hand, she wrote out a careful list of the names of those to whom the invitations were sent, with a note on the top, "Please sign initials in acknowledgment of receipt." By ill-fortune, instead of giving this fair list to the orderly, she gave him her rough list,

completed with the "and two *wallahs*." Every one to whom the invitations went saw this entry, and doubtless chortled much thereat. At last the two notes reached the two young civilians for whom they were destined, and one signed "Wallah No. 1," the other following suit with "Wallah No. 2." Poor Lady Outram was horrified when the return of the list disclosed the mistake. Then, on the evening coming round, she had to receive the two young men, and Sir James was insistent that she should express deep regret for the mistake. I had settled to be near my hostess when the guests arrived, but had just conveyed an old lady to a sofa when the two young men made their appearance. I rushed back to my hostess, and was just in time to hear Lepel Griffin introduce his companion with "This, Lady Outram, is 'Wallah No. 1,'" and, bowing low, continue, "and I am 'Wallah No. 2.'" Dear old Sir James then came up, and the hosts were full of kindness and apologies, which were of course accepted with much amusement and delight by the two young civilians. Sir James Outram fought manfully for two years with the, to him, hateful climate of Calcutta. He was present at the memorable dinner given to Lord Canning by Mr Wilson, noticed later, and resigned soon afterwards, and like many of those present on the occasion, died within a couple of years of the event. Grand, chivalrous old man! He well deserved his name of the Bayard of India, and all who knew him regarded him with the greatest admiration and respect. It will be well understood what a pride it was to me to be permitted to know this distinguished and delightful character, and with what regret I read during my first year's service in the Central Provinces of his too early death. For, without claiming to be young, I am, thank God, still enjoying life. And the great Sir James Outram, at the time of his death, was more than ten years younger than I now am.

Sir Bartle Frere, who sat in Lord Canning's Council with Outram, was also an officer from the Bombay side. He, too, had known my uncle, Sir James Rivett-Carnac, when

Governor of Bombay, and was ready to extend a welcome to any of his kin. My first visit to the Freres' house in Chowringhee is one of the incidents of my life which, as I have said, has remained, so to speak, photographed on my mind and recollection. As befitted a Member of Council, Sir Bartle Frere, who always did everything well, had taken one of the finest houses in Calcutta. Before my hostess appeared, I had time after my entry to look around the room, and to gather some idea of its owners. It was certainly unlike anything I had seen since leaving home. The day was a bright pleasant one of the cold weather—hot outside, lazy and balmy within. The furniture, I noticed, was not of the solid mahogany, early Victorian style of that of the house I had just left on my visiting-round, and I had not to steer between islands of massive couches and heavily upholstered arm-chairs and colossal round tables. Everything was light, cool, and graceful. Even the usual door-swung-parallelogram-punkah monstrosity had been replaced by an arrangement in flounces which appeared almost æsthetic. That drawing-room as much resembled the conventional Calcutta interior, to which I had become accustomed, as a fine solid Victorian arm-chair, well upholstered in black horse-hair, resembles a dainty Louis Quinze *fauteuil* covered with delicate tapestry. Whilst I awaited my hostess, I found the last number of the 'Revue des Deux Mondes' on a small table near a comfortable chair, and had just opened it when Lady Frere appeared. From that day until I left Calcutta, Sir Bartle and Lady Frere never failed to send me a number of the 'Revue des Deux Mondes' as soon as the mail brought a new one to replace it.

Lady Frere was exactly what her room had led me to expect, and I found myself in the presence of the perfect hostess and accomplished lady who, for long years, was to be one of my kindest and most valued friends. That morning Sir Bartle was absent in Council. But I was bidden to come to dinner in the evening, and to see for the first

time the man whom I was to admire from henceforth, with a boyish enthusiasm, as an ornament to the service, and as one of the most fascinating men it was ever my good fortune to meet. At that time Sir Bartle Frere was just forty-five years of age. He had recently received the Knight Commandership of the Bath for his splendid services in Sindh during the Mutiny, and all in Calcutta, from Lord Canning downwards, were inclined to regard him as a man of exceptional brilliancy and strength. His looks were greatly in his favour, and when he entered the room one was at once prepossessed by the graceful dignified figure of the man, with a head like that of a Konkani Brahmin, and delicate well-cut features. He looked thoroughly well-bred, and was quite free from the ponderous pomposity of some of the local big-wigs. He was always carefully well dressed. In a word, he reminded me of the dignified diplomats I had seen before leaving home; and I remember deciding in my mind that he was just the type of man I should select as Cardinal, had I anything to do with the Sacred College. When he spoke, the fascinating effect of his presence was increased by a voice as gentle as it was insinuating. And he possessed an extraordinary knack of appearing to take real interest in everyone and everything, which, so far as everything was concerned, was not unnatural, as there was hardly a subject, small or great, with which he had not some acquaintance, and of which he had not some information to impart in a pleasant manner without making one feel an utter ignoramus. When one came to deal with him, one soon realised that beneath that amiable and sympathetic manner there was great strength, determination, and vigour, the same that had pulled Sindh through in the troublous days of the Mutiny, and which had earned for him so much distinction. Of this most distinguished man it was my good fortune to see much in later times, and frequently to enjoy his society and hospitality, as these notes will record.

With these, and other pleasant friends, my time passed cheerily enough. Having been a good deal abroad, I was,

I suppose, rather cosmopolitan in my views, and very bumptious, I have no doubt. Being devoted to Germany, I got admitted to the German Club, and long retained there friends who saw that I always had a full supply of sound hock at reasonable prices. In this way I got to know all the merchants, and many others who were regarded somewhat as outsiders by the stiff ancient civilians of the old school. Being able to dwell on the delights of the Tyrol, I was taken up soon after my arrival by no less a personage than Major Malleson, the author of the Red Pamphlet, then a person of much consequence in Calcutta society. And my having seen many of the galleries of the Continent, and being thus able to recognise some of the copies of the old masters in his collection, early secured for me the favour and friendship of Colonel Nassau Lees, the Persian scholar, the head of our so-called college, and the examiner before whom we had to appear monthly. I was constantly his guest at his small select dinner-parties, and acted as a sort of "solo chorus" in dilating, with the aid of the remembrance of some of Leighton's and Cockerell's remarks, on the merits of the great painters when the guests were taken round the collection after an excellent dinner. "My dear boy," Lees would say to me, "I fear I shall really be obliged to pass you at the next examination. You have been quite a time now in college. Your *munshi* says you are quite up to standard in Hindustani. Oh, and you have got to manage the farewell ball to Lord Clyde next month, have you? And if you are passed, you will have to be absent? Well, I will see if you can be spared *this* time. But understand, you must absolutely not ask for any further chance. It cannot really be done. I *must* pass you." For I had taken with great zest to the management of the balls and *fêtes*, and had received practically *carte blanche* from the inevitable and nominal committee, of which I had been elected Secretary; and to be passed, which would mean leaving Calcutta, was a terrifying prospect. One of my actions, by which I hoped to be handed down to posterity, was the

formation in Calcutta of a town-band. For all the dances and other functions we had hitherto been dependent on the band of the regiment in the Fort, which was not always available, or on a half-caste crew from the bazaar. The arrival in Calcutta of eight German musicians, of which I got news at the German Club, induced me to propound to their leader a scheme for a band, of which my eight Germans were to form the nucleus, supplemented by a dozen East Indians, who, if properly conducted, could play decently enough. My scheme was warmly supported by the Right Hon. James Wilson, the Financial Minister recently sent out from England, and by his family, who were very fond of music; by my cousin Temple, one of the leading civilians of the day, who will figure as chief personage in these recollections, and who had just been brought down from Lahore to be secretary to the great man; and by several others. The idea soon took shape, and secured for Calcutta a band which is still kept up, though my good Germans and most of the original crew have probably long since all joined the majority.

The farewell ball to Lord Clyde, who had come to Calcutta on the way home after his successful campaign up-country, duly came off, and to me fell the honour of management. It was a labour of love, as I knew the dear old man well, and had often seen him at our house both before and after the Crimean War, he being an intimate friend of my father's. During his stay in Calcutta at Government House, Lord Clyde had me over several times, and took me out with him, calling me his civilian aide-de-camp. He was good enough to pronounce that I would make an excellent aide-de-camp in time, and I little guessed in those days that I was to be an aide-de-camp eventually to Sir Donald Stewart when Commander-in-Chief, and also to their Majesties Queen Victoria and King Edward VII. The ball was a great success, and soon afterwards Nassau Lees carried out his threat and passed me at the examination, so that I had to be appointed to an assistant magis-

tracy in the districts, being no longer a "Lance Civilian." This meant farewell to Calcutta. Before leaving, however, I was, by good chance, present at what was quite a historical banquet given by the Right Hon. James Wilson, the Finance Minister, to Lord Canning. Never before had the Viceroy been known to accept an invitation from the outside, and the exception made on this occasion, which was much canvassed in Calcutta, was attributed to the exceptional position held by Mr Wilson, who, besides being a Privy Councillor, was supposed to be invested with some special powers by the Home Government. The party was to be small and most select, none of the personages invited being attended by any member of their staff save in the case of the Governor-General, who was to bring with him his private secretary.

Late in the afternoon I went over to Mr Wilson's house regarding some arrangements to be made for the town-band, which was to play during dinner, and found the establishment greatly exercised in consequence of an unforeseen *contretemps*. Temple, who, being Mr Wilson's chief secretary, was to attend the banquet, as was also Mr Wilson's son-in-law and private secretary, William Halsey, had written to say he had had a bad accident, had sprained his ankle, and could not possibly get over to dinner. The table was all laid: fourteen places—a dangerous number always. There was thus the chance of a party of thirteen, which, if possible, must be avoided. I was then told that it was absolutely necessary that I should attend as a *quatorzième*. I protested against the idea, as no one present would be under the rank of a Member of Council with the exception of the two private secretaries of the two great men. But it was insisted that I must save the situation by filling the vacant place. I had not much more than time to get back to the club and dress, and returning to the house found the staircase lined with men of the body-guard, and all preparations complete for the biggest function known in Calcutta for long years past. The fourteen who

sat down to table that evening were Mr Wilson, Lord Canning, Lord Clyde, Sir Hugh Rose (afterwards Lord Strathnairn), who had just arrived to relieve Lord Clyde, Sir John Peter Grant, Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal, the Chief Justice, Sir Barnes Peacock, Dr Cotton, the Bishop of Calcutta, Sir James Outram, Sir Bartle Frere, Mr Ritchie, and Sir Cecil Beadon, members of the Supreme Council. These, with the two private secretaries and myself, made up the party. An unfledged assistant magistrate, such as was I, was truly out of place in such a gathering of notables, and there were several good-natured smiles at my appearance in this august assembly. The Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal, in whose Province I was to serve, was then Sir John Peter Grant, a delightful man, beloved by all those who knew him, but who had the character of being just a trifle original. He was distinctly unconventional in some matters. It was related of him, not to his discredit, that, like Diogenes, he loved to sit in his tub, and that, on warm days, he transacted urgent business with his secretaries whilst enveloped in a bath of colossal dimensions. Ordinarily he preferred doing his work at night, and he kept to his bed during the day. I had dined several times at Government House, but had never yet had speech of the great man. When I was talking to old Lord Clyde before dinner, I saw my Governor eyeing me in his good-natured whimsical way, as much as to say, "Who the devil are you, my young person, and what the deuce are you doing here, I should like to know?" I suppose he ascertained during dinner who I was, as later, when we were in the drawing-room, he came up to me with a good-natured twinkle in his eye and said in a cheery way, "I was much exercised to find out who the distinguished stranger was who was seated opposite to me at dinner, and I now learn that it is Mr Rivett-Carnac." I bowed, and said, "That is me, sir." "Ah," replied he, "you have forgotten your 'Ingoldsby Legends,'" upon which I hastened to assure him that I was quite sound as to my grammar in general, but that my nerve had for-

saken me on being addressed by a Lieutenant-Governor. He good-naturedly accepted the explanation, and proceeded, "But which Mr Rivett-Carnac? there are several of the name; there is the excellent magistrate at Dacca, who behaved so pluckily during the Mutiny there." I explained that he was my cousin, and the great man said he hoped I was like him. "But," continued he, "there is yet another Mr Rivett-Carnac; I think I passed an order but a few days ago appointing him Assistant-Magistrate at Midnapore." "That is I, sir," I humbly made answer, remembering my grammar and the Rheims Jackdaw, and proceeded to explain my presence among the magnates by the urgent need of a *quatorzième* to fill the vacant place. "Well," continued he, "I shall rate my staff for never having introduced me to so important a personage as yourself. But you must come and dine with me quietly tomorrow. I cannot ask all these big-wigs to meet you again, but you will see what I am sure you will like much better, my pretty niece and some other young ladies, and you can all go on to the ball together afterwards." And I did not fail to attend that dinner-party, and Sir John Peter Grant was good to me ever afterwards, and always had a cheery word in regard to my importance and presence at great banquets. I do not suppose that the fact of our having been fourteen at table had much to do with it, but death made sad havoc, though not perhaps within the year, among those present at that banquet. Mr Wilson, our host, died from cholera during the following hot weather. Sir J. Outram, Mr Ritchie, the Bishop, Lord Clyde, and Lord Canning followed not long afterwards. They were, it is true, all middle-aged men. All the other guests are long since dead, except Mr Bowring,[1] then Lord Canning's private secretary, and myself.

[1] Mr L. Bowring, C.S.I., now in his eighty-sixth year.

CHAPTER III.

IN THE MOFUSSIL, MIDNAPORE, AND THE INCOME-TAX COMMISSION.

1861.

Appointed Assistant-Magistrate at Midnapore—Mr F. R. Cockerell—My work there—A dacoity case—Bears—Visit to Calcutta—Mrs Monty: Turnbull: her *salon* and its terrors—The Income-Tax Commission—Appointed Secretary to Commission—Press criticism—Shoe Question and truculent Babus—They answer it for themselves—Appointed Under-Secretary in the Home Department—Red office-box—Political uniform—Trap for a *gobe-mouche*—My new work—Anxieties with first despatch—Lord Canning on my handwriting—Appointed Joint-Magistrate at Burdwan—Our pleasant life there—Arrival of Lord Elgin—Reception held in Calcutta—Cholera—Colonel Denny attacked—No medical aid available—Incident at mail-train—Doctor refuses to come—Death of Colonel Denny—Indignation in Calcutta—Orders by the Viceroy on duties of medical officers—Temple appointed Chief Commissioner of the Central Provinces—Offers me post of Assistant-Secretary—Farewell to civilisation!

In the Mofussil.

As the Lieutenant-Governor had told me at the banquet above described, I was appointed Assistant-Magistrate of Midnapore "on qualifying for the public service." Midnapore was the station of my desires. It was not very far from Calcutta, and had what was termed an almost "up-country" climate,—dry, not damp like Lower Bengal, as it lay to the west, had a range of hills of its own, with fine jungles, where even bears and panthers might occasionally be met. The Collector had the character of being one of the best officers in the Lower Bengal service. Frank Cockerell—"old

Squares," as he was generally called—was a cousin of him of the Giotto Chapel, and of Horace and Roland Cockerell, a pair of brothers, quite the most distinguished, most pleasant and popular of the civilians in the service. They were both by several years my seniors; but I had become intimate with them during my stay in Calcutta, and they were pleased to take an interest in me, and decide that I ought to be posted to Midnapore under "old Squares." So to him did they write, vaunting my high moral qualities, with the result that Squares actually addressed the Secretariat begging that I might be sent to him. And sent I was. My friends, the brothers, said, "We are sure you will get on with old Squares. We would not have suggested you if we were not quite confident of that." And the Secretary to Government chimed in with, "Well, if he satisfies old Square-toes, he will about do."

My arrival at Midnapore in the early morning of a hot-weather day is another of the events of my life remaining distinctly photographed on my brain. I had been jogging along all night in the palanquin of those days, and woke up on the vehicle being suddenly plumped down on the ground. Rubbing my eyes, I found myself in front of a large house, on the broad verandah of which a grim-looking middle-aged personage was seated at a breakfast-table, employed in opening a number of letters. He rose as I tumbled out of the *palki*, and I stood in front of the man who was to be for a time my master, and ever my most valued friend. He certainly did look just a little bit grim, rectangular and starchy, and deserving of his nickname of "Squares." And his manner was hardly at first what one would term extremely cordial or encouraging. He was ever somewhat ceremonious—not a bad quality, however. But by the time we had had tea and discussed the weather, he unbent just a little bit, and by evening we were quite on amicable, if not intimate, terms. It was arranged that I should share the big house with my new master, who had hitherto declined to admit any "chum." And, notwithstanding the difference

in our ages, the arrangement worked excellently, and as his stiffness wore off by degrees, we became in due course firm friends. Old Squares was really one of the best of men, as well as one of the ablest of magistrates. It would have been difficult not to learn one's work thoroughly under so good a master. And I certainly did take to my work, and satisfied even a rather exacting superior. Having idled so long in Calcutta, I suppose I must have been glad to get at last to some interesting work, and to be steadied by some real responsibility. Cockerell made me go carefully through every detail of the Collector's and Magistrate's office, and gave me the most patient aid and wholesome encouragement. I was made a special assistant to him in working the income-tax in the district, an innovation due to Mr Wilson's budget. And my magistrate duly introduced me to the bears, of which Midnapore could boast a few in those days in its jungles. On one memorable occasion, when we were in camp, partly after bears, he unselfishly gave me a great dacoity case to work out all to myself, and told me to go in and win my official spurs. We had changed camp unexpectedly, and a band of dacoits, not suspecting our whereabouts, attacked a village in the neighbourhood. News was brought us in the middle of the night, and I galloped off at once with the head of the native police, who happened to be in our camp, and had the satisfaction eventually of getting hold not only of the poor Gondhs[1] who had committed the robbery, but also of the receivers, rich liquor-sellers, who had the poor creatures in their debt, and had put them up to, and made them commit, the dacoity. Cockerell allowed me to work the case up and prosecute it at the sessions in the Judge's Court, and two rich men, the receivers, important personages in the district, were convicted and transported. Some time after, when I was in Calcutta, acting as Under-Secretary there, one of the High Court Judges, who had heard and dismissed the case on appeal, came up to me and told me he had seldom seen a case more fully proved right up to the hilt.

[1] Wild hill-tribe.

All this and much more did I owe to the guidance of my good friend and preceptor, old Squares. For when I had been nearly a year at work, and had earned a report on my efficiency which, egotistical as is this book, I should not dare to put into print, I went up to Calcutta for a change, and found some local excitement about the appointment of Secretary to the Income-Tax Commission. The tax was the chief plank in Mr Wilson's financial scheme, and had been introduced in the face of much opposition. A carefully chosen Commission, composed of merchants, officials, European and Indian, with a dozen picked assessors, had been appointed not only to manage the Act in Calcutta, but to control its working in other parts of India. A well-known man, L——, who had once been a merchant in Calcutta, had been appointed Secretary to the Commission. The appointment caused some comment at the time, and just before my visit to Calcutta a despatch had been received from the Secretary of State ordering that the appointment should be cancelled. A new man had to be chosen, who, in the existing state of feeling in India against the tax, and about the appointment itself, would have no easy time of it. One of the most remarkable persons in Calcutta in those days was Mrs Monty: Turnbull, wife of Monty:, the most popular of sporting colonels, who had won the Calcutta Derby with that most glorious of Arabs, old Hermit. She was an acknowledged "character." The daughter of Apperley, "Nimrod" of the preceding generation, she had inherited all her father's knowledge of, and love for, animals. She had in Calcutta what was as nearly as possible a *salon*, tempered with the chance of one's great toe being nibbled or one's leg damaged during the evening by some squirrel from Zanzibar, or by some other wild beast that had strolled from the menagerie in the adjoining back drawing-room, and which would attack a guest quite independently of his having any special scientific interest in the particular species. At her parties were to be met what she claimed to be the most interesting people in Calcutta. She was an excellent

artist and good musician, so all of artistic temperament were welcomed. The distinguished Roman Catholic Archbishop, the learned Jesuit Father La Font, and many others were to be met at her house. And there also came Arthur Grote, the brother of the historian, and head of the Board of Revenue and President of the Asiatic Society, who was one of her great allies. Although his tastes lay in the line of rare plants and flowers rather than in birds, beasts, and fishes, he might be seen there having as companion the Superintendent of the Botanical Gardens, whom he had driven down to the house. He was known occasionally to produce at these periodical parties men with specimens of strange bugs, and now and again equally strange foreigners, who had come out with introductions to the President of the Asiatic Society. Besides her *salon* Mrs Monty: used to give Sunday luncheon-parties, to which Monty: was permitted to invite one or two horsey friends with whom to discuss 'Ruff's Guide,' and thus to leaven the scientific lot. To be admitted to these parties was, on a small scale, rather like the admission to Holland House of days gone by, and I considered myself highly favoured at being occasionally invited as a Sunday guest. Seeing me riding on the course soon after my return to Calcutta, Mrs Monty: had sent me an invitation to the next Sunday "tiffin,"[1] and there in due course I found myself seated among some of the foremost personages of Calcutta. Grote, already mentioned, head of the Board of Revenue and also President of the Income-Tax Commission, was present, and

[1] "Tiffin," though popularly supposed to be a word of impurely Indian extraction, is, as a fact, a good old British word, which, with some others still used by our American cousins, were carried out to India or America in Queen Elizabeth's time, and, though lost sight of in the old country, are still used by the descendants of the colonists or adventurers of those old days. Thus Skeat gives "Tiffin" as follows:—

"Tiffin"—luncheon (Scand.) An Anglo-Indian word, but originally provincial English. Wedgwood says, "It is the North country 'tiffing' (properly sipping), eating or drinking out of due season—Grose. I cannot find it in Grose (ed. 1790), but the Lowland Scotch has the word 'tift,' to quaff, from the sb. 'tift,' a drink; corresponding to which we should have provl. 'tiff,' to quaff; whence the sb. 'tiffin' = 'tiffing, a quaffing, a drinking.'"

he was asked as to the appointment to the vacant Secretaryship, regarding which there was then much speculation. He announced that Colin Mackenzie of Portmore, son of Forbes Mackenzie of liquor law fame, had been selected, but would not return to India for some months to come. They were looking out, he said, for a man to officiate in the appointment. "Why don't you take this boy?" says the impulsive Mrs Monty:, indicating me. The suggestion was received with a roar of laughter, in which I blushingly joined. Mrs Monty:, however, was not to be suppressed, and said squarely and determinedly, "But, my dear Grote, I assure you he would do *excellently*," and she looked so grim and decided that the laughter was not repeated. Grote good-naturedly tried to turn the conversation, but not until a testy old official had snarled out, "But he'd have to bring his wet-nurse from Midnapore with him, and we have no room for old Squares here." I returned to Midnapore the next day, and thought no more of the incident. On the Wednesday I was astonished by Cockerell coming into my room and handing me a telegram from Government directing him to send me at once to Calcutta to act as Secretary to the Income-Tax Commission. I left not without much regret, but elated with the prospect of so good a post after less than a year in harness. Grote was most good to me, and so were most of the other Commissioners and Assessors — the latter of whom were subordinate to the Secretary, who was also appointed a Special Commissioner under the Act. At first it was not a little appalling, having to sit alone in a large office-room and receive there great merchants, Indian and European, who had complaints to make or questions to ask about the unpopular tax. And I then had my first introduction to Press criticism. The appointment was much debated. Luckily I had always been on very good terms with most of the merchants, British and foreign, and their organ treated me tenderly. The other side, however, favoured me with some rather severe and personal criti-

cism. And I had the pleasure of reading that "the Government having already succeeded in making this iniquitous tax unpopular, there was nothing left to them but to make it utterly and contemptuously ridiculous. And in this they had succeeded beyond expectation by appointing a Secretary to the hated Commission—a young civilian who, not having yet passed the second Departmental Examination, is still in official swaddling-clothes." All of which interesting remarks were, I knew, read in the adjoining room by the assessors, most of whom were old enough to be my parents, and commented upon approvingly. For why, indeed, had not one of them been selected for the post? My youthful appearance, too, was, I fear, rather a joke among the elderly assessors, and did not altogether impress the natives who had to come before me to lodge their appeals. Soon after I had taken charge of the office a question presented itself which gave me no little anxiety, as it was specially necessary that I should not be represented by the native Press as a young person from the districts bringing with him the cast-iron conservative notions and prejudices of the very conservative Civil Service — some of which, young as I was, I had had sufficient time to imbibe. The question was the so-called "Shoe Question," which had for some time past been exercising the European and Native Press—that is, whether a native should remove his shoes when entering the presence of a European? One morning some half a dozen representatives of native firms appeared in my office to present petitions of appeal against the surcharge orders of the assessors. I noticed that these men all wore native slippers, with which they flopped about the place in a clumsy and noisy manner. In the *mofussil*, as the districts are called, my training had been altogether hostile, even to the admission of natives wearing European shoes—permitted as a concession in advanced Calcutta; and the idea of a native presenting himself with the flopping native slippers was regarded in the districts as utterly impossible. But,

fortunately, I did not hurriedly express my indignation and tell an orderly to ensure that the slippers were immediately and forcibly removed, as an irate magistrate was reported to have done in one of the districts. I inquired courteously from the Babus whether they were in order in entering the room wearing the native slippers? They one and all said I must be *quite* ignorant of Calcutta customs, and must have brought with me my *mofussil* (country) ideas. The removal of their slippers was *quite* out of the question—an indignity to which no self-respecting Calcutta Babu could possibly submit. One middle-aged man was specially truculent. "Did I really intend to insist on this absurdity?" he asked. "Very well; he would understand thereby that I refused to accept their petitions of appeal. They could all quite understand *that*. It was only another phase of the tyranny of this iniquitous Income-Tax Act, which mismanagement was daily making more and more odious. He would represent my action to the Commissioners, who, being senior men, knew something of the country and the people and their feelings. And the matter would also be fully explained to the native Press." It will be seen, then, that in those days even the Babu, when he supposed he had a weak vessel to deal with, could be sufficiently truculent. I thus found myself on the brink of what appeared to threaten to be a serious row. The tax was unpopular enough; and the President and the Commissioners were all most anxious to prevent the discussion of inconvenient questions, or to do anything that would present the Commission in an unfavourable aspect, or raise any point that might increase its unpopularity. And here I was, doing what might be considered as lighting up a pretty considerable conflagration! Fortunately, instead of acting hastily, I further dissembled; and saying to the Babus that this was a serious question which I could not decide myself, but on which I must take counsel, I begged my hecklers to accompany me whilst I sought the room of one of the assessors, who was a few doors up the passage. This hap-

pened to be my friend, the Maharajah Harendra Krishna, an Indian nobleman of high rank, who had patriotically joined the Commission as an assessor to assist the Government in the difficult task with which it was confronted. I opened the door of the room, my persecutors, who were already unduly triumphant, closely following me. At the table was seated this imposing Indian noble. As they came into the room, all my following intuitively slipped off their native shoes at the threshold and approached the table. I told the Maharajah what had occurred, and of my wishing to consult him as to whether or not I should insist on these gentry removing their slippers when they entered my room. I added: "It is hardly necessary, Maharajah, to trouble you now, as these gentlemen have answered the question for themselves. Here they are, and there, outside the door, are their shoes. I daresay you will kindly explain to them that if it is meet and proper that they should take off their shoes on entering the office of one of the assessors, it is equally becoming for them to do so when they are admitted to the room of a Commissioner—which, you know, is my position under the Act." The Babus promptly made for the door, slipped on their slippers, and hastily left the building. But they made no complaint of me to the President or to the local Press, and there was no further shoe difficulty in the Income-Tax Office after that morning. My friend the President was much amused at Harendra Krishna's relation of my experience, and much relieved that, by a lucky move, the raising of an inconvenient question had fortunately been avoided. Thus supported by Grote and some merchant friends, I got along well enough, and tried to look as old and judicial as possible when I had to sit with the other Commissioners to hear appeals. When my friend Colin Mackenzie[1] arrived, after my tenure of several months, the Commissioners were very complimentary; and Grote informed me that the Govern-

[1] Colin James Mackenzie of Portmore. He retired early from the service, and was Lord-Lieutenant of Fifeshire.

ment of India had written a letter highly approving of my work, and that, in acknowledgment, I had been selected to officiate as Under-Secretary in the Home Department, with charge of the Foreign Department's Office during the Viceroy's absence up-country.

I was, of course, very pleased. But if I had been wiser I should have realised that I was going unhealthily fast. I had not yet been at work a full year and a half. I had had little *mofussil* experience, had yet an examination to pass, and had already been named for two Calcutta appointments. My contemporaries, who were assistant-magistrates at out-stations, stared. The older men rather ignored me, making sure I was bumptious. And I know now that it would have been much better for me to have remained another couple of years perfecting myself under old Squares in district work at Midnapore rather than being employed in letting off fireworks in Calcutta.

The appointment to the Secretariat of the Home Office, especially with the temporary work of the Foreign Office thrown in, much delighted my vanity, and, I doubt not, made me more than ever bumptious and objectionable. My new post carried with it the honour of being allowed the use of one of the red-and-gold Foreign Office boxes, a limited number of which had been brought into the country in the time of Lord Ellenborough. It added immensely to my delight and dignity to be able to drive down to office daily in my smart buggy with this red-and-gold box well in evidence at my feet. This and other failings did not escape some of my seniors in the service who did not hold me in very high esteem, and some of whom were possibly not a little jealous of my good fortune. One man, a good deal my senior, whom I realised bore me little love, suddenly evinced much interest in my prospects, and anxiously inquired if I had not already arranged to supply myself with the blue-and-gold uniform of an Under-Secretary, such as befitted my degree? I quite realised that my appointment was temporary only, and that much as I

should have loved the garb, the matter was quite out of the question. But he was most amiably insistent in his unselfish advice, and assured me it was quite right, and even obligatory, that I should array myself in the longed-for uniform without delay. He lived in chambers adjoining mine at the club, and he would most affably drop in before dinner and return to the subject in which he evinced special interest. He was a notorious *gobe-mouche*, and it seemed not unfair to try and give him a fall. So, at last, I pretended to be somewhat taken with the soundness of his arguments, and promised to see Ranken, the tailor, on the subject, who, my friend thought, might be able to supply a full-dress uniform second-hand. Good chance arranged for me that just at that time Temple, my cousin, who was employed upon the Finance Commission, went down to Burmah on tour. He left to me the charge of his horses and some of his chattels, among which was a blue-and-gold political uniform, that of my desires. So I laid a trap for my insistent counsellor and friend, whom I expected to come in on his usual visit before dinner. Temple's paraphernalia were therefore laid out on the couch in my sitting-room. These I covered up carefully with a rug, but I was equally careful to allow the tell-tale hilt of the sword, the corner of an embroidered sleeve, and the end of the gold-laced trousers just to peep out from below the cover; and the semicircular proportions of the cocked-hat could not be mistaken as they asserted themselves boldly beneath the covering. *Gobe-mouche* did not fail in his visit, and the bait took. When he entered I was discovered nervously occupied in trying to cover up these splendours; but I threw myself into an arm-chair and pretended to be deep in the 'Revue des Deux Mondes.' *Gobe-mouche's* eagle eye, however, embraced the whole situation at a glance, as the tell-tale contours of the cocked-hat would have baffled even the most astute measures of concealment. A gleam of intense satisfaction overspread his fleshy features, and he ineffectually attempted to cover his emotion by some common-

places about the weather. Then he rushed away to dress for dinner and undo me. I had a notion of what was to happen, and, being already in my dress-clothes, hurried to the billiard-lounge of the club, where most of us met before dinner. I had several good friends among the audience, and every one was not devoted to *Gobe-mouche*. So I told my story, warned them what to expect, and, retreating to a corner, awaited developments. *Gobe-mouche* duly appeared, quite excited and full of the information he had to impart. "You know they have appointed that young ass R.-C. an Under-Secretary, and he drives down daily to office with a red-and-gold despatch-box. Well, I have been trying to persuade him for some days past that he should rig himself out in political uniform. Of course the idea is too preposterous. He is only acting temporarily in the appointment, and if it becomes permanent I am much senior to him, and could certainly, I am sure, have it if I liked. Well, if you will believe me, the young idiot, in his vanity, has actually been and got the full uniform. I was in his room just now and saw it all, though he tried to hide it." Then there arose a mighty shout from among the company which much disconcerted old *Gobe-mouche*, but which he understood when I emerged from behind the newspaper and mildly remarked, "But, my dear *Gobe-mouche*, you gave me no opportunity of explaining that the uniform you so much admired was Temple's, which he left in my care." *Gobe-mouche* then realised I was not quite the donkey he supposed, and after that never again did he try unpleasant conclusions with me.

Entering the Secretariat, I was to come under a very different class of master from those with whom I had hitherto served, and notwithstanding all the dignity and delights of the red-and-gold office-box, my daily companion, I had some quarters of an hour which were not altogether pleasant. Cockerell as Magistrate, and Grote as President of the Income-Tax Commission, had had great patience with me, and had taken much trouble to teach me my

work. They both invited me to go to them at all times whenever I wanted guidance or advice, and they never failed to encourage and to cheer me when faced with some official difficulty. The old Secretary in the Home Department was a man of acknowledged ability, but he was eminently dry, unsympathetic, and official. He was a widower, seldom went out anywhere, and seemed to live only for office-boxes and work. I realised that he did not much like my appointment, which was due to Sir Bartle Frere's recommendation to Lord Canning, Sir Bartle being Member of Council in charge of the Home Department at the time. On the first morning of my arrival in office, I was received into the Secretary's room and was told briefly what I had to do. After that the door between our two rooms was closed, and it was understood that communications were to be on slips of paper. Once or twice when I attempted to break through the rule my reception was so little cordial that I gladly returned to the system of official notes. At first I was painfully impressed with the responsibility attaching to my out-turn of *précis*, office notes, and draft despatches, believing that the stability of the Empire depended entirely thereon. And after working at a commonplace despatch, re-correcting, polishing and re-polishing, it was sad to see my composition come back in the afternoon from the next room slashed all over with one of the blue pencils that had recently been introduced into the Indian official system. The Secretary seemed to take a fiendish delight in causing the draft to look as hideous as possible, scarring it with blue pencil, making what appeared to me to be the most trivial and unnecessary alterations, and holding me up, as I supposed, to the contempt and derision of the office-clerks below. But I got some consolation from the old Superintendent of the Office. "Lor', sir, he does just that same to all of my notes too; it's his way only." And a very unpleasant way it was. Lord Canning and Sir Bartle Frere, I noticed, made all necessary alterations very neatly and considerately in ink, and from that day forward I

determined to follow their excellent example with all papers sent up in the future by my subordinates. I still vividly remember the first despatch I had to draft for transmission to the Secretary of State in London. It had reference to the water-supply of the shipping in the Hoogly. I do not suppose that the draft ever went farther than the Secretary's room in Calcutta, or that the Secretary of State, or even a senior clerk at the India Office in London, troubled themselves much about it. But the drafting of that my first despatch gave me intense anxiety. I wrote and re-wrote it a dozen times: took it home with me, re-copied it at night, and worked at it again in the early morning, and at last sent it up to the grim Secretary. It came back chopped up, with amended wording in small details which seemed to me to be of exactly the original lines of the composition which I myself had changed in the intense desire of improvement. Then I prepared with some trouble a *précis* of a file in the Foreign Department. It came back in due course with a note from Lord Canning. "This is an excellent note. I wish I could say the same for the handwriting of the new Under-Secretary. I hope he will be more careful in this respect." Alas! I had not heeded Lord Palmerston's excellent advice! I *was* more careful. Lord Canning wrote a beautiful hand. I carefully imitated his writing, and succeeded to some extent; for my friend, Mr W. S. Seton-Karr, who was afterwards Foreign Secretary, told me one day at Simlah that sometimes when opening one of the old files, he could not at first tell whether the handwriting was mine or Lord Canning's. In those days all the files were little brick-shaped monstrosities, the papers being folded in four. And very few notes were then printed. I was too young then to know much of Lord Canning, the Viceroy, though I saw him occasionally at dinners and functions. Like all others, I admired the beauty and grace of Lady Canning, and the dignity and charm of her manner to her guests. I remember her once showing me some of her excellent water-colour sketches. But in

those days the Viceroy was much absent from Calcutta in the Upper Provinces, and it wasn't my lot to accompany him.

I received much help and encouragement from Sir Bartle Frere during my few months in the Secretariat, but was not very sorry even to part with the red-and-gold box when the permanent man returned and relieved me of my office. I got some credit for my work, and found that instead of having to return as an Assistant-Magistrate, in which office I had yet hardly qualified myself, I had been promoted to act as Joint-Magistrate of Burdwan, a station on the railway near Calcutta, and the most sought-after in the whole Province.

My days at Burdwan, from the end of 1861 to the middle of the following year, were as pleasant as any I spent in India. I had for the first time in my life a house of my own. I was young, in good health, was getting on well in the service, had a fair income, and interesting and responsible work. And I had a stable full of good horses—my Arab, dear Selim, having a Cabouli and a stout, most exemplary, Kathiawar gelding as stable-companions to do the rough work of the establishment. My master, the Magistrate and Collector, Mr, now Sir, Stuart Hogg, was everything that could be desired. On the Collector, the happiness of the "Joint," as he was termed, much depended. His life could be made to him a burden, if employed on dismal, uninteresting work. Or the Collector could trust his subordinate, give him the charge of the Police, and make him even as the Magistrate of the District under wholesome supervision. Though I was quite young to the work, my master treated me splendidly, allowed me to gallop about and investigate all the troublesome indigo cases that were then cropping up in the district, and placed the police under my care. He kept, however, a pretty tight hand on me, which, considering my inexperience, was absolutely necessary. And we were the best of friends. He had recently married whilst at home, and his wife and the

whole establishment were thoroughly English, and the house one to which it was a real pleasure to go for a change after a hard day's work. He and his wife, Lady Stuart Hogg, remained my firm and valued friends during all my service in India. To add to my happiness, I had a very cheery circle of friends, and as I had a good house at Burdwan and a taste for, as the ladies expressively say, "having everything nice," my house was generally full at the week-end of visitors from Calcutta. Here would come Colin Mackenzie, who had succeeded me in the Income-Tax Office in Calcutta; Ewan Macpherson (Cluny of later years); Horace and Roland Cockerell, then the two leading of the civilians in the Province; Tom Cowie, the Advocate General; Seymour Blane, then on the Staff; Æneas Perkins,[1] then a rising young engineer officer,—and many others. Tom Cowie always sent up a case of champagne in advance, as a joint-magistrate's pay hardly ran to such luxuries. Temple, my cousin, who is to figure prominently later in these "Memories," was a regular visitor. I have since realised that the steady visits to me of my bachelor friends may not have been solely dictated by affection for myself. At that time Burdwan enjoyed the presence of at least two of the most celebrated Calcutta belles, one of whom, with her descendants, have been since recognised as distinguished beauties in English society. And the attraction of Burdwan may, possibly, have had something to do with the presence of these ladies. Anyhow, this all contributed to make my stay at Burdwan most pleasant, and caused me to hesitate when the time came to leave it on the offer of promotion in another Province that soon was to be made to me.

Before I left Burdwan, however, I was to have a very sad and unpleasant experience, which must find a place in these "Memories."

In March 1862 Lord Elgin arrived in Calcutta to succeed Lord Canning as Viceroy, and a great reception was given at Government House to introduce the officers of Govern-

[1] The late General Sir Æneas Perkins, R.E., K.C.B.

ment to the new Viceroy. All the civil officers at Burdwan received notice to attend, and it was understood that every one who could be spared was to present himself, a special train being run at night to bring us back to our station. Most of the officials left Burdwan for the purpose by the afternoon train. But I was detained, as I had to try the jailor of the place, charged with malpractices. The accused had brought up from Calcutta a leading barrister for his defence. The case closed sooner than we expected, and the barrister and his wife took the afternoon train to Calcutta. I had finished up my work and was just making ready to start by the later train, when the German assistant at Kellner's hotel came running up to the house begging me to come down to the hotel at once, as an English officer was lying there dangerously ill of cholera. The assistant had found that the doctor was absent, having gone down to Calcutta for the Viceregal party. There was no other medical officer in the station, and the German was in a state of excitement and perplexity. I found the sick man in an alarming state. He was a very distinguished and well-known officer, Colonel Denny, commanding a regiment in Calcutta. He had, he told me, when I came to his bedside, seen much of the disease on service; knew that his case was a bad one, but was wonderfully plucky and brave under the terrible pain he suffered. He had come up to Burdwan to escort down his relation, the barrister's wife, and take her to the Viceregal reception, as it was feared her husband would be detained. And he had missed them both. We did all we could for the poor sufferer. The Colonel had a most excellent and devoted native servant, who never left him for a moment, and had some idea of the necessary treatment. I telegraphed all over the place for medical aid. And as the mail-train that was to have taken me to Calcutta would soon arrive, I bethought myself of sending the German assistant to the station to see if, perchance, there was any medical man on board, and to summon him in my name as magistrate to the hotel.

I did not go myself, as the sick man could not well be left. But I wrote an official notice explaining the case and begging the assistance of any medical man who might be passing, and signed and sealed the document as magistrate. I was, as it may be supposed, furious when the assistant returned and told me that there had been a doctor in the train and that he had declined to come. As the train remained only a few minutes at the station, there was no time to send back and tell me. Early next morning all the guests who had been at Calcutta returned, and with them our civil surgeon and two other medical officers who had received my telegrams on their return to their stations after the Viceregal function. The poor patient received every attention that was possible. But the case had gone too far, and he died the next afternoon. All of us were furious at the behaviour of the unknown doctor of the downward mail. I wrote in great indignation to the Secretary to Government in Calcutta relating the circumstances. In Calcutta, where the Colonel was well known, the indignation was even more intense. An inquiry was instituted, and it was ascertained that the medical officer sought for was one holding a high office in Upper India, who had arrived in Calcutta on his way home on sick-leave and was to be a passenger by the mail-steamer. He was detained, called upon to explain, and ultimately it was announced that he had been removed from the high appointment he held in the civil department. At the same time an order of the Supreme Government was issued to the officers of the medical department reminding them that, in the interests of humanity, no medical man was ever off duty if his services were required in a case of urgency. I was very sorry for the officer on whom I had not willingly brought down so heavy a sentence. I was glad when later, and when the indignation in Calcutta had cooled down, that this sentence was modified. The officer had been very ill, had been waked out of his sleep towards the close of a long and tiring journey, and had hardly had time, during the short stoppage of the train at

Burdwan, to realise the position. Had he been fully awake and well, he would undoubtedly, like any other member of his distinguished profession, have at once started on his errand of mercy. Lord Elgin afterwards told me that one of the first cases he had to decide as Viceroy was that above narrated. And he commended me for having at once followed the matter up, and enabled the Government to notify to all officers of the medical service their position in such cases.

My connection with Burdwan, and what was then considered Indian civilisation, was after a six months' residence now to come to an end. My cousin Temple had, to the dismay of many, been selected as the Chief Commissioner of the new administration of the Central Provinces, which, as their name denotes, were situated in the very centre of India, far away from railway, steamers, and civilisation. He had received a good character of me from those under whom I had served in Calcutta, and had obtained the sanction of Lord Elgin to offer me the appointment of Assistant-Secretary just created in the new Province. The offer was tempting. The appointment meant great promotion, as I was still, so to speak, in official swaddling-clothes. For I had had but little more than sixteen months' district work, and had not yet passed my second departmental examination. Besides the additional pay, I should be relieved of nearly all expense, as I was to live at Government House, or the Residency as it was called, as the guest of my cousin, helping him also in the very confidential position of Private Secretary, besides being the Assistant-Secretary to Government. Several of my friends strongly advised me to decline the offer and stick to civilisation. I had already, it was argued, an excellent appointment, was getting on well, and could hope for the Secretariat in Calcutta later on. But, fortunately, wiser counsels prevailed, and early in June 1862 I found myself gazetted Assistant-Secretary to the Chief Commissioner and Assistant to the Agent to the Governor-General in the Central Provinces,

which latter part of the office meant that I was now a full-fledged political officer, with the right to wear the much coveted blue-and-gold coat of my ambition.

I had now only to dispose of most of my possessions and to send off my horses, and to prepare for a long journey into the almost unknown, or the "wilderness" as it was called. And to get to Nagpore from Calcutta fifty years ago, when there was no railway, no carriage *dak* even, was a matter of no little difficulty and arrangement, such as hardly any one now resident in India can readily realise, but of which some attempt at description must now be made.

CHAPTER IV.

UP-COUNTRY AND THE CENTRAL PROVINCES.

1862.

The journey up-country — Lepel Griffin — After a bear—Benares—In a bullock-coach to Jubbulpore — The mail-cart — Arrival at the Residency, Nagpore—The Central Provinces Commission—Value of the appointments — Temple, my new chief — His industry and power of work — Simplicity of his character — Formation of his staff—Distinguished careers of Temple's lieutenants—His method of work—Nagpore in the 'Sixties—The museum—The old chief's contribution thereto — His disappointment — The scientific Governor and skulls in duplicate — Dangerous results of the order —Wild tribes and skulls plentiful — Fate of the anthropological collection.

AT last all was settled, and one very hot day in June 1862 I started from Calcutta on my jungle journey, in company with my friend Lepel Griffin, who was then on his way up-country to commence the brilliant career he was thenceforth to run in the Punjab. As far as Ranigunge we could get by railway. From thence to Benares, all along the Grand Trunk Road, was to be done in a *dak-ghary*, a box upon wheels drawn by ponies changed at short stages. Each had his carriage, such as it was, but during the day we sat together for company, and allowed the other conveyance to accompany us as a tender. We had hardly been on our way for an hour when, being in thick jungle, we saw, to our delight, a fine old bear lollop across the road just in front of our carriage. I had already shot two bears in the Midnapore jungles. But the sight was new to Griffin, and

we two noble sportsmen promptly started in pursuit after the bear into the thick jungle. Each had a revolver, and we were determined to hold together and fight to the death. We stumbled about in the jungle for half an hour, and, of course, never got anywhere near to that bear. It was nearly evening. We had no idea where we were, but made a lucky cast in striking out for the Grand Trunk Road, which we regained in due course, after a tiring struggle through the jungle. Arrived at the road, we had no notion of where our carriage was, whether to north or south. So one of us went north, the other south, and Griffin coming luckily on the convoy after half an hour's walk, drove back and found me tired out, and halted at a small police-post by the wayside. We did not attempt any further jungle scouring after that experience, and reaching Benares after an uneventful journey, our roads parted, and we said good-bye for a long series of years, as we never served together in the same Province. But we kept up our friendship, and I ever retained a warm regard for that most able and generous man, who with his versatility and ability was a real ornament to the service, and whose death I have quite recently had to deplore. He was occasionally admittedly a trifle audacious, but it was refreshing to see his courage and independence, and to hear him valiantly express ideas which many felt, but few quite liked to enunciate, on difficult questions connected with the State and its personages.

Arrived in Benares, I found myself for the first time "up-country," that is, in quite a new land, differing in climate, in scenery, in its people and language, from what I had been accustomed in Lower Bengal. I had been invited to stay at Benares with the Agent to the Governor-General, and at about half-past eight of a very hot-weather morning my conveyance drew up at the great man's door. I was received by several imposing servants clad in red-and-gold, and conducted to my room. All was silent in the corridors, and I noticed the boots of the occupants of the bedrooms aligned outside the doors, indicating that the owners had not yet

dressed for the day. I was beginning to think that they kept rather curious hours up-country when, noticing the table-servants clearing away the *débris* of breakfast from under a splendid tree in the garden, from a table around which had been grouped a dozen chairs, I realised that the household had been astir before daybreak, that the *sahibs* had probably been out for a couple of hours already on horseback, had had their early breakfast under the tree, and were now resting for a space before commencing the more serious work of the day. In some other parts the official day commenced at six, and at noon all the offices closed, and the tired official returned home to bathe, breakfast, and rest. In Lower Bengal one sat throughout the usual official hours of the heat of the day, and *early cutcherry*, as it was called, or office was unknown. I visited, in pious pilgrimage, the historical staircase defended by my grandfather, Mr Davis, in the Nandésur House, and after a couple of days' halt in the holy city, packed myself and belongings into a bullock-coach, in which I was to rumble for days along the splendid road through the beautiful wild country leading through Mirzapore to Jubbulpore. The route was well supplied with dak-bungalows, or travellers' rest-houses, at easy distances; and as the weather was very hot, I would make up a bed in the coach, travel during the night, and spend the heat of the day at the rest-house. Relays of bullocks of a fine powerful breed were placed at stages all along the road, and at last, after several days' journey, one found oneself in Jubbulpore, the most northern, and one of the most important stations of the new Provinces to the staff of the Governor of which I had now been appointed. I had a very cordial reception from the Commissioner, with whom I passed a day, and then set out in tremendous heat to cross the hilly range that divides what were called the Saugor and Nerbudda Provinces from Nagpore. The road through the jungle country had been splendidly engineered, and being a main artery of traffic towards Bombay, was kept in excellent order. This was the post-road along which, in

those days, all the mails to Bombay were carried. As I was travelling on urgent duty, I had special permission to journey through the night on the mail-cart, which went at a great pace, drawn by a pair of good horses changed every six miles, and on the box of which there was just sufficient room for the driver and one passenger. It was difficult to keep awake during the night, hot as it was, and with the iron of the back of the cart entering into one's spine. But somehow or other I got through that night and a part of the next day, until I reached a stage where I found my dear Selim, who had been sent out for me with my other horses, and laid out in stages to take me through the last part of my long journey into Nagpore, where after a good gallop I was welcomed by Temple at the Residency. I still remember the joy of the swimming-bath, into which I plunged, making the warmish water fizz as my overheated body dived in again and again with repeated headers, prior to the dinner and the well-earned bottle of champagne which my cousin and new chief had had specially cooled for me by the accomplished Residency *abdar*, or official who, in the days before ice, cooled the drinks for the great man and his guests. In the house I found an old friend, Colonel Bruce, C.B., the brother of the late Lady Campbell-Bannerman, who had been commissioned to reorganise the police force in India, and I passed a pleasant time with my cousin and new master, and with my dear old friend.

The next day I commenced work in real earnest, and found a variety of duties awaiting me. I lived with my cousin, Mr Richard Temple—as he then was—the Chief Commissioner, at Government House, or the "Residency" as it was called, having been inhabited formerly by the British Resident and Agent to the Governor-General, in the days before the Nagpore State was annexed and erected into a British Province by Lord Dalhousie on the failure of an heir to the Bhonsla Maharajah of Nagpore. The Province, which extended from the southern slopes of the Sauthpoorah Mountains down to the Godavery river, and farther north

beyond Sumbulpore, almost within sight of Cuttack, Pooree, and the sea, included a vast tract of wild jungle-territory under a dozen small native chiefs. The Province had been divided into a number of districts, each ruled by a Deputy-Commissioner, generally a middle-aged military officer, who with no previous training, small encouragement, and without much supervision, still with the remarkable king-craft of his race, had made the tract, long entangled in many of the peculiarities of native rule, into a fairly satisfactory charge. These Deputy-Commissioners had been ruled over by a Commissioner, a distinguished old military civilian, who had succeeded the Governor-General's Agent at the Residency. The Nagpore Province had recently been joined, by the order of the Governor-General, to the Saugor and Nerbudda territories lying north and west of Jubbulpore, and numbering half a dozen rich districts, each with its Deputy-Commissioner, and also ruled over by a Commissioner, likewise a distinguished military civilian, Colonel Erskine, who had just retired from the service on succeeding to the Earldom of Mar and Kellie. It had now been determined to wheel these outlying territories into line with the other Provinces of the Empire, and joining them together to erect a new Administration or subordinate Government, to be called the Central Provinces. For this purpose three or four of the districts were grouped together, each group being placed under a Commissioner of Division. Over the six Commissioners of Division and the four-and-twenty Deputy-Commissioners was placed a Chief Commissioner, whose position in most matters nearly approached that of a Lieutenant-Governor in the older Provinces, save that here all was "non-regulation," the salary was smaller, and the Chief Commissioner was directly under the control of the Governor-General. To this Chief Commissioner had now been assigned a Secretariat, and a variety of officers had recently been appointed, judicial, educational, forest, &c., to bring it, the administration, up to the level of the older Provinces. The district staff, too, had been strengthened, and the resettlement of the land revenue

sanctioned in several districts, together with a special European staff for the purpose, and in the appointment of the new men Temple had been left a free hand under the general control of the Supreme Government. The permanent Chief Commissioner, a very distinguished military civilian, Colonel Elliot, who had long been Commissioner of Nagpore, had gone home, very ill, on long sick-leave. So the important task of welding these two Provinces into one, and starting the whole staff on what were practically entirely changed lines, fell to my new master. And in this I was to help him as Assistant-Secretary in the office, Assistant-Agent to the Governor-General in respect to the dealings with the Nagpore Royal Family and the Native States, and at Government House itself as confidential Private Secretary and friend.

Temple, the eldest son of one of my father's sisters, and a well-known Worcester squire, of the distinguished family settled in different parts of England and Ireland, and winners of several peerages,[1] was almost a stranger to me until, soon after my arrival in India, I met him in Calcutta. He was some thirteen years my senior, and when, occasionally as a child, I had been on a visit to my uncle's place in Worcestershire, the "big boy" had either been at Rugby or at Haileybury. And he had been shipped off to India when I was hardly out of the nursery. It always seemed to me curious that he, the eldest son of a squire of ancient family, heir to a fair-sized entailed estate, with a very beautiful Elizabethan home, should have shared the same fate as myself, the younger son of a youngest son, and should have been obliged to seek his fortunes in the East. But my uncle, on the death of my father's sister, had married a second time, and it had become necessary to economise out of the entailed estate for the sake of the second family. So I had the good fortune to

[1] At one time there were in India, all holding high office, three members of the house of Temple, all descended from a common ancestor—viz., the Marquis of Dufferin, the Viceroy; the Duke of Buckingham, Governor of Madras; and Sir R. Temple, Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal. Lord Palmerston, too, was of the same family.

find a relation and friend to teach me my work in this new Province. And from that date, the middle of 1862, until he left India, having then filled every high post in the country save that of Viceroy, I served under, or was constantly in official communication with, that remarkable man, who by his kindness, support, teaching, and example did his best to make of me an efficient public servant, and who placed me under obligations which I can never sufficiently acknowledge. He was a curious character, this my kinsman, and in relating some of my experiences with him in the Central Provinces, it hardly seems desirable to "leave out the warts" when an attempt is made to sketch him in as he appeared to me. Temple carried his defects on his sleeve, and it would be silly to ignore them. His vanity was proverbial, but its measure was often exaggerated by his detractors. He was ambitious and self-confident, or, with all he had against him, he could never have succeeded as he did. Even those who liked him least could not deny his great ability. Joined to this, he had what Lord Lawrence is supposed to have valued as highly as brains—viz., an admirable physique, without which, in an Indian climate certainly, the value of brains is much discounted. Then he had great industry, and having had the advantage of thorough grounding and excellent training in the Punjab, the best Indian school, under Sir John Lawrence, the best of masters, he had a knowledge of affairs which, when combined with his other qualities, made him a model organiser and administrator in a new Province. He was a curious mixture of shrewdness and simplicity. Supposed by some to be the most self-seeking and selfish individual in existence, he was, as a fact, in most things almost childishly innocent and simple; and it was often a wonder to me how a man brought up at Rugby and in a big country house, his father a man of great family and holding a prominent position in the county, the son should not have brought with him to India more of the protective knowledge of the world, so valuable in official and non-official life. If in those days I had ventured to advance that Temple, who

was regarded as the incarnation of self-seeking and ambition, was in reality one of the most guileless of men, I should have been received with a howl of derision. Many now, however, will recognise this description as a correct estimate of this curious character.

Our recollections and the characters of those we have known have, naturally, often been talked over by my wife and myself. She knew Temple almost as well as I did, and was not blind to some of his peculiarities. But she will be found to insist, together with me, on the simplicity of his character, and on one special characteristic of which all might well be proud. He never bore malice, and he never said a bad word of any one. He always tried to check uncharitable comment, and would ever try and excuse those who came under unfavourable criticism. Now I always bore malice, and sometimes a good deal of it. Some of this would occasionally be imported into my official dealings. On first arrival, Temple had to encounter from some of the senior officers of the "Old Gang," as it was called, and some of whom were old enough to be fathers, much opposition, sometimes of a disloyal and exasperating character. I used to mark down the action of these gentry for future recognition and observance. I remember well how a favourite station in the Provinces fell vacant, and as nearly every one in the Commission sent in a petition for transfer to this delightful district, I took up the list to Temple for orders. Amongst the applicants was one, a Colonel X., who had behaved disloyally and objectionably in a recent case. There might have not been enough to justify the stoppage of his promotion, but he was certainly not a man who merited special consideration and favour, or, to my mind, one to be selected for a favourite station. So I said, "Oh, there is X. He is the man who behaved so badly in the Local Funds case, and was so rude to you. Of course, *he* will not have it." "Oh, did he?" answered Temple; "I do not remember it, and anyhow, I do not wish to be reminded of it, please,"—and taking the list, he wrote de-

liberately and in a very clear hand Colonel X.'s name against the vacancy, signed the paper, and placed it in the office-box, signifying that all discussion on the subject must cease.

Though he was always generous and occasionally magnanimous, he would exasperate me now and then by not doing himself justice, and by omitting to give those graceful little touches to some of his actions which go so far towards winning the hearts of those with whom one has to deal. I remember well one of my first difficult discussions with my new master. A lady in the Punjab, the widow of an officer he had known and who had been killed in some frontier skirmish, wrote him a pathetic letter, saying she had been left very badly off, and begging Temple to assist her by giving her son, then an ensign in the army, an appointment in the Commission. Such appointments were then the most valuable patronage in India, and proportionately highly prized. A very young soldier could be appointed thus to the civil branch of the service without the labour, risk, and expense of a competitive examination, and he started work quite young, whilst the competition man was yet working at college. Save as regards pension, he was every bit as well off as a civil servant. He could rise to be Governor of the Province, retaining the while his army rank, and although he would never set eyes on a soldier, being employed the whole time purely on civil duty, he would be promoted through all the grades until at last, after five-and-thirty years of entirely civil work, he might retire from the service with the military magnificence and rank of a Major-General.

The applications for these valuable appointments were therefore numerous, and keeping of the patronage-book was not the least of my responsible duties. Temple would receive letters from all parts of the world from those interested in young officers who wished for the loaves and the fishes of "civil employ." When the widow's application arrived I brought up the patronage-book, with a very long list of applicants from political friends in England, important

men connected with the Government in Calcutta, and so on, the names of whose *protégés* had been for some time on the list. "This case," said Temple, "is an exceptional one—the father did good service and was killed in action; there is a vacancy, this young fellow should have it,"—and ignoring the other influential applicants, he immediately filled in the form for the issue of the necessary official orders from the office. "I will leave the letter with you," I said; "you will, of course, answer Mrs A." "*I* write to Mrs A.!" said he in amazement,—"*I* answer the lady! No, of course *you* will write to her." "But," said I, "you know her, and knew the husband, and an answer from you will be so much more appreciated and more graceful than a demi-official letter from me, an utter stranger." "Well," he replied, "I think secretaries are made for this particular class of work. I have given the lady's son the appointment, so I do not think she has any cause to complain. This will be quite enough on my part, without *my* having to write." When I attempted to argue the point, Temple, who could be obstinate on occasion, closed the conversation by commencing the next case on hand. The widow was doubtless overjoyed at the son being provided for for life. But if she were human, she must have resented the woodeny, demi-official answer communicated to her by the unknown Assistant-Secretary. This story is only told in order to show how really good he was, though he could exasperate one by not doing himself justice.

In those days Temple was eminently industrious, and had an enormous power of work. Being very abstemious, and having a splendid constitution, he never seemed to tire. He would ride twenty or five-and-twenty miles in the early morning, have his bath and breakfast, and work at high pressure all day. But he would be rather astonished when every one else could not do exactly the same, and he did not easily realise that perhaps a flabby old Deputy-Commissioner could not stand half the exertion. Thus he was sometimes accused of being inconsiderate. When I first commenced work with

him, I used to be astounded at the manner in which, after a long ride, he would sit down at a table, double up a sheet of foolscap paper, and proceed to write out, on half-margin, a long despatch or portion of a report, never hesitating for a sentence, and seldom changing a word when later he read over the despatch for correction. Of course I learnt the trick later, and knew that all this did not come from sudden inspiration, but that during a ride or a walk he would think out his report, arrange it in sequence, and be quite ready to commit it to foolscap when he reached the end of the march. And this was the plan I myself adopted in after-days when I had to compose reports on my own account.

With Temple, during the two years that followed, I scampered all over the whole of the Central Provinces, visiting every district, getting twice down to the Bay of Bengal from central Nagpore, and visiting Bombay as many times with my energetic chief. The Secretary was a man of great ability, and most valuable in the office. But he kept a bullock-coach, and I do not think he ever in those days had a horse. So I, who was known as the "galloping Secretary," had the good luck to do all the camping. I rode about ten and a half stone at that time, had always three or four fairly good horses, and when, as sometimes happened, we had to do sixty or even seventy miles in the day, I would pick out a sowar's horse from the escort, leaving him his own bit and using my own saddle. Temple always had one showy Arab that he could ride on parade, or when we went out to meet some regiment marching into Nagpore. And he would keep during the working season five or six animals of sorts, each one of which would do its eight or even ten miles when laid out on a stage. But he had no taste for a really good stable.

On the whole, we got on well together. No two characters could have been more unlike. He was a strong, steady Rugbean of great ability, very simple in his ideas and tastes. I had a strain of foreign blood in me, had been brought up abroad, was something of the *petit-maître*, and if I had any

ability, it was of an unsteady, not very practical kind. He was of a careful disposition, and had inherited no Rivett extravagances, which were all strongly developed in me, especially the standard that, with the chronicler, "all was well, and Meates liberally spent," as recorded of my Elizabethan ancestor. Temple cared little for comfort, and what is expressively termed by ladies "having things nice." I had been brought up to regard "niceness" as a necessity of one's surroundings. When living with him as his private secretary and guest, I was continually attempting to wheel the establishment into line according to my ideas as to what befitted a Government House, and occasionally I had pitched battles over infinitesimal details. His chief relaxation was sketching and painting. I only wish I could reproduce the excellent series of water-colour sketches that Temple made in those days — for, like his father, he was an excellent artist, and painting was his one relaxation. Before photography came much into vogue this accomplishment was of great value, and he made during our tours accurate sketches of all the chief places visited by us.

Later he fortunately married again, and under delightful home influences many valuable changes were gradually wrought in all connected with himself and household.

One of my first duties with Temple at Nagpore was to assist him in completing his staff for the newly formed Provinces. The district appointments were mostly already occupied by the members of the old Commission, senior "military civilians" as they were termed. Temple was desirous of introducing some new blood in the shape of young civil servants, for whom places could be found in the appointments sanctioned by the Government of India for the revision of the land revenue in many of the districts. Those so appointed were called "Settlement Officers." Their work was most interesting and important, bringing them in direct communication with the people, and necessitating an open-air life in camp whilst the investigations regarding

the reassessment of the revenue were being made. Some of the most distinguished of Indian administrators had risen in the settlement school, and there was generally keen competition for places in that department; and as these appointments were well paid, there was little difficulty in getting recruits even when the work was in an out-of-the-way jungly Province like ours. Temple, too, was regarded as a man likely to go far, and many ambitious young civilians were willing to join his standard. He had therefore to consider a vast number of applications for employment from men in every part of India, and it was a portion of my duty as private secretary to assist him in the sifting of these. Naturally enough I was anxious to get some of my college friends brought down to the new Provinces. And here let me say that Haileybury certainly had this advantage, that it admitted of one's learning, during the time spent together at college, something of the character of the men who were later to be one's contemporaries and fellow-workers in the service. I did not fail to put forward the claims of my friends. Temple, during the two years he had been with me in Calcutta, had rather got to believe in my knowledge of character. He had not himself seen much of the younger men in the service, to whom his choice was restricted. He therefore encouraged me to suggest names. He did not, however, blindly accept my recommendation, but would write off to the Secretary to the Government where my nominee was serving, make inquiries regarding his record, and, if satisfactory, ask for his transfer. In this way came down to us at Nagpore Bernard, Charles Grant, Bell, Frank Wyllie, who had all been at college with me, and were my intimate friends. I also suggested Alfred Lyall and Charles Elliott, both of whom were known to me, and connected with me by marriage. And they also in due course joined the Commission — the one as Deputy-Commissioner, the other as Settlement Officer of Hoshungabad. But in one case, although I was unsuccessful, the issue added not a little

to Temple's faith in my recommendations. J. B. Lyall, or "Billy" Lyall as he was called at college, was one for whom I had the highest regard, and on ascertaining that he was willing to come down from the Punjab, I got Temple to apply for his services. Temple wrote to the Secretary, who was an old friend of his, and I remember well the answer, which came in a private note, to this effect: "Oh, you want J. B. Lyall, do you? Well, he is the very best of our young men; and don't you wish you may get him!" So James Lyall, a younger brother of Sir Alfred Lyall, remained in the Punjab, to be beloved and trusted by every one, European and Native alike, and to rise there eventually to be the Governor of the Province in which all his service had been passed, and to leave it on retirement with the verdict of all classes that he was the best Governor they had ever had. Of the others named, Bell died, unhappily, a year after he joined us. Frank Wyllie retired early in bad health, and earned great credit in several political offices held by him at home. Sir Charles Bernard and Sir Charles Grant both rose to the higher posts in India, and might undoubtedly have succeeded to Governorships had they not retired before the conclusion of their term of service. Sir Alfred Lyall became Foreign Secretary, then Lieutenant-Governor of the N.W. Provinces, later Vice-President of the Indian Council, and is now one of the very few members of the service who have attained to the honours of the Privy Council. Sir Charles Elliott was member of the Viceroy's Council, and later Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal, and is well known as an authority on a variety of subjects, not all restricted to India. So Temple's subalterns may be said to have done him credit; and he generously acknowledged in his official reports, and on other occasions, that in his many difficulties in starting his successful administration of the Central Provinces he had received assistance from me.

Temple was soon busily employed in collecting information for his first report on the Central Provinces. He

had earned great credit for his share in the Punjab reports, and the Government required of him a full and descriptive account of the Provinces, which hitherto had been a *terra incognita*, and regarding which little official information was on record. For this purpose he visited in due course every single district in the Province, and interviewed every one credited with any knowledge of the people and the country. It was a very general and very unfair complaint in those days that "he picked men's brains." Now it was obvious that he, as a new arrival, must be quite ignorant of the circumstances of the Provinces. The Government required the information to be collected and placed before them. So Temple naturally went to the local officers as those best qualified to supply the information required, which was duly sifted and recorded, supplemented by the Chief Commissioner's own observation, the result of further inquiries. In his reports Temple invariably gave credit to those who assisted him. So the brain-picking complaint ever appeared to me to be preposterously unfair. I accompanied him always on tour, and did "devil" for him in most of his reports, as has been very handsomely acknowledged from time to time in his several publications. When he had some important report on hand, his method would be to send servants and all necessaries to some selected bungalow, situated at a picturesque spot at perhaps twenty miles from headquarters, and well away from all society distractions. Here there was no risk of being disturbed save by the daily post-bag, which, so far as official documents were concerned, was restricted by the Secretary at headquarters to papers of urgent importance. We would both work hard all the morning and afternoon, taking our amusements in the evening, he with his sketching-block and brush, I with my gun or fishing-rod. There, after two or three days' outing, with the report complete to its last polish, we would gallop back to Nagpore, and the daily routine of office-boxes and dinner-parties would recommence.

I now propose to exhibit, as it were, certain selected lantern-slides from my collection, so as to give some idea of our life at Nagpore in those remote days, and as explaining the difficulties and surprises that beset the path some fifty years ago of those connected with the administration in that new and distant Province of the Indian Empire.

A commencement will be made with an episode introducing one of the distinguished native inhabitants, a man of the old school, who is entitled to first place in this notice of the country which, until shortly before our arrival, had been under the rule of the Bhonslah Rajah of Nagpore.

The Province had always been, as Sir Alfred Lyall well describes it in his delightful verses printed later on, the Cinderella of India, and Temple, the new Governor, had to try and provide many necessaries which the more favoured Provinces had long enjoyed. Thus a Museum was started, and all the zeal of the district officers and that of the native chiefs and landholders enlisted in the collection of objects of interest for the new institution. The fiat went forth that every one was invited to bring into Nagpore all that was "marvellous and rare," and a special "durbar" or function was announced for the reception of the leading local nobles and landholders assisting in this meritorious object. As is always the case, there was no small competition among the nobles to minister to the hobby, as it was regarded, of the great man. But some earnest workers had rather vague ideas of the class of rarity suitable for a museum collection. The durbar, to which all the leading people of the Province had been invited, was opened with much state and ceremony in the great hall of the Residency. Temple, seated on a red-velvet chair of state placed on a dais, commenced to explain the object of the assembly in an impressive speech in the vernacular, and dwelt on the desirability of all bringing in what was uncommon and "rare," and repeated and dwelt upon the word "rare." An old chief from a wild part of the Province, who was seated in the front row, suddenly held up his hand as does a schoolboy in class when anxious to get in

his reply to some question, and echoing the "rare," with an excited yell shouted out, "Yes, Lord of the World, RARE!" The old chap was quieted with some difficulty, and Temple, who was annoyed at the interruption, continued his address, returning in due course to his great point, the importance of collecting all that was "rare." This was too much for the old chief. Loudly re-echoing the "rare," he struggled towards his servants, who were in the verandah of the hall watching the proceedings, and received from the hands of a retainer a young goat, which immediately commenced to make melody to the interruption of the formal proceedings. Pressing forward to where the great man stood, and attempting to thrust the precious gift into Temple's hands, the old fellow held up a fifth leg, with which the goat was endowed, and which with its screams made it an object of much interest and attention to all the natives assembled. The durbar was restored to order with no little difficulty, and not a few of the audience found it hard to understand why the great man was so little appreciative of a contribution which certainly in their eyes had the merit of being both marvellous and rare!!!

The next slide is of a later date, and exhibits an incident under Temple's successor. As it illustrates the character and views of the old native chiefs of those bygone days, dwelling in their distant, wild, hilly, little, semi-independent States, long before the railway and advancing civilisation had touched even headquarters, it is introduced here as a companion picture to the foregoing.

The Central Provinces were in my day the happy hunting-ground of the antiquary, and there I imbibed my first taste for prehistoric research under the distinguished missionary, Mr Stephen Hislop, my friend, whose tragic and deeply-lamented death occurred two years after my arrival. He laughingly held that no one bearing the Breton name of "Carnac" could fail to be interested in dolmens and the like, and at an early date of our acquaintance introduced me to a group of prehistoric tumuli near Nagpore, which

afforded me later much occupation. This subject has ever since been one of my favourite hobbies, and I recognise that it is to Mr Hislop that I owe my early election to the Society of Antiquaries, and to some of the Royal Academies and many of the learned societies of Europe.

One of Temple's successors in the government of the Central Provinces was a very distinguished, many-sided man who had a strong taste for anthropology. This taste included a great interest in facial angles and in the shape of skulls, &c., and at the date of his arrival he was especially keen on the conformation of the heads of the hillmen of India and the peoples representing the remains of the aboriginal tribes. Into the hilly country of Central India had been driven by the advancing invaders from time immemorial the Bheels,[1] the Gondhs, and other of the wild tribes, after the manner of the retreat to Wales and other hilly regions of the ancient Britons, as related in the histories of our childhood. In this new kingdom the recently arrived Governor found himself, so to speak, in clover. One of the first circulars that issued from the Secretariat was no longer about sanitation or criminal procedure, but invited district officers to forward the interests of science by obtaining for the museums and investigators the skulls of the aboriginal tribes. Dear old Bernard, then Secretary, drafted the circular, sent it up in print to his chief, and hurrying off to racquets, enjoined the printer to strike off this urgent circular at once and issue it without delay, as soon as it was returned approved by the chief. The great man, who also, perhaps, was in a hurry, had running in his mind the desirability of getting skulls for his private collection. So he added "in duplicate" to the circular.[2] The harassed district officers thus found them-

[1] An eloquent description of the Bheel from the pen of a native schoolboy has already been given on p. 38.

[2] The only known approach to this proposed arrangement of "skulls in duplicate" is the device of the crafty American showman who found his entertainment languishing from the counter-attraction of the show next door. His rival was daily drawing large crowds by having on view the skull of Robespierre. But he who claimed to have the biggest show on earth was not to be outmatched by such a trifle. In a few days' time he had carefully arranged in a row as a counter-

selves faced with the difficult problem of finding aboriginal native gentlemen endowed with a pair of skulls apiece to satisfy the hobby of the new Chief Commissioner.

The order very nearly had a tragic result in one district, and, for what I know, may not have escaped those results in some others. All in the Provinces, Europeans and Natives alike, were anxious to carry out the wishes of the new ruler, and far away on tour, in a wild hill tract, the district officer explained to an old native chief how anxious he was to make a good collection of skulls to gratify the whim of the Chief Commissioner. "I am with you," said the astute old fellow, "and quite understand what is wanted; there is plenty of material in *my* State." The next morning, when riding back to camp, the officer came across a long procession of Gondhs, young and old, roped together, and being driven along by matchlock-men to the old chief's palace. They howled out with one accord at the European officer, imploring mercy, and affirming they were guilty of nothing deserving instant death. The Deputy-Commissioner turned back to the palace, and there, sure enough, he found a good-sized block and an accomplished headsman in attendance, and all in readiness for immediate execution. When the old chief was remonstrated with, he urged, "Why not, Lord of the World? I have plenty of them. No? But you told me that the Great-Man wanted these skulls, and how else could I possibly get them?" These Gondhs were fortunately respited, to the old chief's disgust. But, nevertheless, a fine collection was made, in duplicate, under less tragic circumstances, and the magnate carried the selected skulls away with him, together with other treasures collected during his long service in the East. In due course he had to retire from the service, and he sent home his treasures stored in cases, and enjoined his wife, who was in England, to open

attraction the thirty-five skulls of Robespierre, from the first year of his birth to the date of his lamented death. The other show was soon deserted, and it is stated that in that out-of-the-way part of the United States it is still popularly supposed that prominent politicians shed their skulls annually, as the well-known local snake does its skin.

them up and have them arranged against his arrival. Milady had been at home a long time, being ill, and had left India before her husband had developed anthropological hobbies. As ill-luck would have it, the first of the cases opened contained the beloved skulls. The astonished lady was not a little alarmed and horrified, and ordering immediately a second-class funeral, had what she justly deemed human remains buried in a suburban cemetery. And there, on her lord's return home, he found his precious collection entombed. And there, I am informed, it remains to the present day, as nothing but a special Act of Parliament, they tell me, can reclaim human remains when once buried in one of our cemeteries!

CHAPTER V.

AT NAGPORE.

1862–1864.

European Society—"Camp fashion"—Ladies in Lower Bengal—The terrors of precedence, its difficulties and pitfalls—The army chaplain and his new rank—My blunder—The *amende*—A secretary's announcement.

TIGERS I have known—First experience at Dacca—Tiger on elephant—Tigers in the Chandah district—Merited appreciation of the tiger by Mr Rees, M.P.—The tiger's place in the village economy—The "virtuous" tiger—Relapse from virtue—Cattle-killer and man-eater—Death of a village scourge—Tiger killed on top of a man—My Swiss servant improves my tiger-skins—Merits of spherical bullets at close quarters—The panther—Tragic death of Lieutenant St John Shaw, R.H.A.—The brave Gondh beater—His reward, and consequent domestic ruin.

A search in the Nagpore record-room—Original despatches of General Wellesley (Duke of Wellington)—"Wesley [illegible]hib's" certificate in hands of a native landholder—Camping—The Chief Commissioner's big camp—Temple on the march—His patience with natives—Flying camp across Baitool—Major Baldwin and his district notes—Gives me the idea of a Gazetteer—My proposal—Testimony of Sir Alfred Lyall—Great Indian Gazetteer of Sir William Hunter follows.

THE social or "society" side of our life at Nagpore now claims some attention, and an attempt must be made to show the conditions under which, half a century ago, we Europeans lived and made "Society," with a big S, in the centre of India some five hundred miles from the coast, and before improved communications had come to help to mitigate the many difficulties of the situation.

As every article of European manufacture had to be

dragged by bullock-cart over several hundreds of miles of often indifferent roads, "Europe goods," as they were termed, were expensive, and could not be freely indulged in save by those with large salaries. For furniture, and the appurtenances of a house, the residents depended mainly on the chattels collected by former officials at periods more or less remote. An officer, in taking over an appointment, would generally take over at the same time the chairs, tables, and other belongings of his predecessor. The Parsee general-provider would have on hand some few odds and ends belonging to unfortunates who had died or had left the station without being able to dispose of certain uninviting domestic articles. But the choice was limited. A few high-placed officials had real houses, furnished, after the fashion, with massive round tables and chairs of an early Georgian era. And, thanks to the liberality of former days, there were generally several really good houses available for the senior officers. The smaller fry lived in somewhat temporary bungalows, dear to scorpions and white ants. Here the furniture was mostly of the well-known "camp" description — folding-tables, and the dangerous, gin-like folding-chair, which would suddenly double up and clamp an unfortunate young man, as a gin does a rat, when he was perhaps paying a visit of ceremony. All living was on about the same scale. That is to say, the biggish-wigs, with furniture and houses, gave occasional dinners, or *barra-khanas* as they were termed, with white soup, tinned salmon, a saddle of mutton, a turkey and ham, and tinned vegetables, with sweets in proportion. And there would be wine of sorts, according to the conscience of the host. In the modest establishments dinners were dependent on the distribution of the joints by the weekly mutton-club. If it was your turn for the saddle, and you were hospitably inclined, you invited one or two allies, and perhaps a lady or so. Of these, however, the choice was limited, for, when first coming to distant parts, a man, if he had a wife, generally sent her home until he could sample the climate

and social surroundings of his new station. On such festive occasions, the rule was that if you had any special delicacy on hand, you then, picnic fashion, contributed it to the feast. Your table-servant always attended, and probably he would, by an understanding with the head-man of your host, carry with him your *couvert* complete — knife, fork, spoon, and the silver goblet that accompanied you always in camp, and had survived several generations of cheap table-glass. In those days beer was the drink even of those who had attained high rank. The brandy-and-water which the Anglo-Indian was supposed to indulge in to excess had been drained off before my day. But every one was very particular about his beer. This was seldom indulged in, by those who had hard office-work to do, until after the sun had gone down. Some old files, indeed, could stand it even in the middle of the day, and all of us took our bottle at luncheon on high days and holidays, and at a Sunday "tiffin."[1] One looked forward longingly to the cooled drink at dinner, to the beer that seemed to be even as both meat and drink. There were several rival brands in those days, all of which had their special devotees and adherents. And one got accustomed to, and absolutely required, not only a certain mark of beer, but beer in a certain condition; and one's happiness might be entirely destroyed by one's host either producing a brand which one abhorred, or by his having you served, perhaps, with the correct brand, but still in a condition too ripe for your taste or digestion. Thus, then, it was understood that, your happiness being so much dependent on it, you were permitted to send, together with your knife and fork, even your own beer, which your man served to you, placing the bottle the while, if unfinished, under your chair. Now and then a ball was got up. But the dearth of ladies militated much against the result. This class of dissipation was more successfully carried out at the military station of Kamptee, ten miles off. Temple, notwithstanding all one's endeavours, never

[1] See *ante*, p. 53.

would favour this type of entertainment, and held in preference the hateful *barra-khanas*, or huge dinner-parties, the terrors of which I would do my utmost to temper. After the banquet Temple's sketches would be on view. And although many of the pictures were of real merit, there were some ill-natured persons who considered that they got rather too much of the artistic sequel to the dinner-parties. I cannot pretend that in those days the society side at Nagpore was inviting. Still, we were better off than they were at some little stations in favoured Bengal. For on my writing an account of our doings and social shortcomings to my friend Horace Cockerell, with whom I kept up a correspondence, with many others of my friends, during my exile from Calcutta, he replied, "Well, after all, you are not so badly off. I am sent to this place to officiate for six months. Here there are three ladies, and *they all drink beer with their soup.*" Further details were perhaps unnecessary. But we, the young men, had our compensations, and were much better off than the few poor ladies. There were racquets every evening, the tent-club once a-week, and the neighbouring station, with some soldier-officers not red-tape bound, and then the swimming-bath, and a club, in embryo, for whist. Lastly, there were the neighbouring jungles and their delights. But I must not anticipate my tiger-slides, and must return to describe some of the pitfalls that society, even in those out-of-the-way parts, occasionally prepared for the reception of the unwary like myself.

Here at Nagpore, dating from very early days, the demon of precedence, with the jealousies and complications attendant thereon, had duly invaded society, and had swollen to unusual proportions as the place became peopled with new officials of departments hitherto unrepresented. The precedence squabble is often very unfairly debited to India as a noxious growth produced by the unwholesome climate of that unjustly accused land. As a fact, it exists wherever military and naval men are gathered together. In England,

apart from garrison towns, much is not heard of it, because in general society, military and naval rank not being recognised, precedence is confined to those comparatively few in number who have real rank. But amongst these last, precedence, clearly laid down by royal warrant, is as scrupulously observed as in India, as any big dinner in London during the season would show. In India the case is quite different. There precedence is regulated by official rank. At Nagpore the society was composed entirely of officials, to each one of whom was assigned by royal warrant either the military precedence of his rank, or, if a civilian, certain "relative rank," which caused him to rank with a major or a colonel, as the case might be, and which rank and precedence encompassed his wife also. This had to be carefully observed in sending your guests to dinner on all official and, often for convenience' sake, on private occasions also, and the complications connected therewith caused from time to time no inconsiderable upheavals among our officials and their belongings.

I got into serious trouble at Nagpore in those early days over the precedence of a reverend clergyman and his wife. It was Christmas week, and to Temple occurred the hideous idea of one of his big parties, or of, as he called it, "opening the hospitality of the Residency to all and sundry in the station." It was hardly a part of my official duty, but living with him at Government House, I would try and help in working out the precedence list on these complicated occasions. With appointments and appliances which would hardly dine more than a dozen persons comfortably, Temple would sometimes let the invitation list swell to some sixty or seventy souls, and the necessary arrangements caused no small difficulty and anxiety.

At Nagpore we were on the confines of the Bengal, Bombay, and Madras Presidencies, and officers of all these three armies served there. Every one of these knew exactly his own place on the list, and whether he ranked above or below his military neighbour. The difference often was

one of a few days only, but told all the same. Besides the soldiers, whose cases were comparatively simple, there were the members of the Civil Service and other men in all sorts of other minor civil departments, all enjoying "relative rank." On the occasion of a banquet such as above mentioned, it was necessary then that the position of each one of these to the other should be laboriously worked out. A Bengal civilian ranked with a major after twelve years' service. Then the forest officer got this relative rank after, say, sixteen years' service, an irrigation officer after fifteen years, the police officers after so many more. So the number of different sums to be worked out on varying lines on a big occasion like that impending, so as to assign to each guest his proper place, was simply "kollosál!" I had made out the list laboriously for this stupendous Christmas party, when the reverend gentleman above mentioned and his wife arrived incontinently at Nagpore and called at the Residency. He was an army chaplain, and the pair had made the journey from Madras after weeks of jolting in a bullock-coach, and were bound for Agra. Of course Temple had them invited to the banquet, and of course they came. In a hurry, just before dinner, I had, in what I thought my wisdom, classed his reverence as a captain, and in, together with the captains and their ladies, did the Rev. Mr and Mrs —— go to the feast, by which I mean that they were paired off with possessors of that rank, and marched into dinner accordingly. I thought that the reverend gentleman seemed somewhat reserved after dinner, but put that down to Temple having asked the local missionary to say grace instead of this chaplain. But the next morning the real cause of the discomfiture was revealed. There came a letter from the aggrieved cleric addressed to Temple direct. He pointed out in finely rounded periods to the Chief Commissioner that by Her Majesty's warrant he, as a chaplain, had the honour to rank as a major in the army, and that his wife enjoyed the same status; that they had both been surprised and pained on the previous

beginning to find that what was undoubtedly their right by royal warrant had been ignored by the young secretary, who, if he might be allowed to say so, had mismanaged the arrangements of an otherwise interesting function. I was furious, and wanted Temple to allow me to write back and say the pair had come in at the last moment, when all the lists and arrangements had been completed, and that they should be grateful that they had been included at all. But with Temple, who had a proper dread of the church militant, wiser counsels prevailed. He made me bring forth the Army List, and between us we worked out an elaborate sum, which, when duly checked, conclusively proved that, three days before the arrival of his reverence and his lady at Nagpore, they had both attained, whilst travelling in the bullock-coach along the dusty road, to the dignity of major in the army, with precedence according. And that I had sent them both down as only captains I was guiltily forced to admit. Temple, with his own hand, was then pleased to write a letter expressing deep regret for the unfortunate mistake, and as the bullock-coach and its occupants left Nagpore the next day, I was spared their further wrath. But time and age soften one's prejudices, and permit me after nearly a half-century of interval to judge the reverend pair less harshly than I at first did. I can now realise the excusable elation with which they both recognised the arrival of their new rank when it overtook them in their bullock-coach on the long dreary road up-country. The function at the Residency was an unexpected opportunity of wearing their three-days-old dignity, and my bungling must have been a severe disappointment. But considering it was Christmas time, and that he was a parson, I do not think he need have been so insistent in demanding my blood. If in this truthful recital the sympathy of my audience is more with me than with my clerical exposer, I think they may agree that it would have served the reverend gentleman right had he been gibbeted as even was the pompous old civilian in the following anecdote of

a somewhat similar precedence claim that occurred to my knowledge in another part of India.

A Governor in one of the northern provinces had a cheery private secretary, who had little sympathy with those who fussed over their precedence. It was related how, as the company once assembled on the occasion of a big dinner-party at Government House, a pompous old civilian, button-holing the secretary before the arrival in the room of his chief, said, in his hot desire to secure the first place, "I think it ought to be generally known that I rank before everybody in this room. I have seen the list of those invited this evening, and know I am the senior of all." In due course the Governor entered and made the tour of his guests, saying a few words to most of those assembled. Then there was the usual silence and a halt in the proceedings, and the secretary, addressing his chief, declaimed in a loud voice before the whole company, "May it please your Honour, Mr —— thinks it ought to be generally known that he ranks before every single person in this room." In the meantime the old party had rushed forward, attempting to check his tormentor, who, however, persisted, adding, "You said you thought it ought to be generally known, and how then could I better advertise the fact than here?"

After a surfeit of uninteresting station dinner-parties, accompanied by unedifying squabbles relating to precedence, it may be a relief to get away from stuffy rooms into the far healthier air of the neighbouring jungles, which will admit of my bringing out some of my favourite slides, —those of my experiences with the, to-day, almost unknown tigers. Though these experiences are not confined to my first years at Nagpore, these sketches may be found to fit in conveniently here as a foil to the details of station-life, which, little interesting as they are, cannot well be omitted from what claims to be a notice of our existence in that part of India during the early years of my service.

TIGERS.

For in what purports to be a collection of Indian notes it is as necessary to introduce one or two stories about tigers as it is obligatory in an Eastern landscape to sketch in at least one palm-tree in the foreground, and with perhaps two or three in the middle distance.

As I went out to India now just fifty-one years ago, my statement that I have in my early days had the advantage of meeting some tigers will probably be credited. Nowadays, though tigers are still to be found in out-of-the-way districts, they must, in face of the advance of cultivation and civilisation, be becoming rare. And although the native magnates may be expected to continue to preserve a few of this rare species for the visits of some royal personage or specially favoured friend of the local Governor, the average young civilian's knowledge of the tiger will probably soon be confined to a study of the subject in its cage at the Zoological Gardens.

My first introduction to tiger-shooting was in the Dacca district, where my cousin, C. F. Rivett-Carnac, a mighty hunter, was then magistrate. During the first three days I was present at the slaying of several tigers, and even got a bullet into one of these. On the last day I had the unpleasant experience of the tiger up-top of my elephant,—an experience I have no desire to repeat, save on paper. One of the party had wounded a tigress, and we were following her up in high grass, when, suddenly, she charged my elephant. I admit that, up to the present day, I have an excited remembrance only of what occurred. I was quite taken aback, lost what little coolness I possessed, and firing off both barrels of my gun wildly, missed the tigress, and allowed her to get on to the elephant's head. Before going into action I had had visions of what one would do if the elephant was so attacked, and how, leaning forward gracefully, one would put a bullet through the tiger's head.

All these visions were entirely dissipated by the event. The tigress once up, I found it as much as I could possibly do, by clinging to the sides, to keep myself from being shaken out of the *howdah* in which I was seated. The elephant made desperate efforts to shake off the foe, and ultimately succeeded, but not until my guns and paraphernalia had all gone by the board. Then began a mad gallop by the affrighted elephant through the open. Fortunately, we were in grass, not in tree-jungle, otherwise that elephant's flight might have meant crashing through trees, and the *howdah* and its occupants being swept off and smashed. The elephant made straight for camp, and I got to my tent, having escaped with little more than a severe shaking. My guns were retrieved later by one of the party. There were, however, some of the sportsmen who thought that the *mahout* (elephant-driver) had much to do with the beast's rapid return to camp, and that neither *mahout* nor elephant had much confidence in my prowess after the double miss at the tigress at such close quarters. Later, I had a bullet in a fine tiger we killed actually on the Dacca racecourse, so close up was the jungle in those happy days.

I saw no more of the tiger for one or two years, until I was Settlement Officer in the Chandah district of the Central Provinces, a paradise for the sportsman and the artist. Situated in the wild country south of Nagpore, between the Godavery and Wyngunga rivers, the district in those days was little explored, and with extensive forests and pleasant hills and a profusion of artificial lakes, or tanks as they were called, it was the home of every sort of game. The country being wild, and it being recognised as a part of a European officer's duty to kill any really troublesome tiger, the Government had specially sanctioned an elephant for the use of the settlement officer, and dear old Bernard,[1] my predecessor, had taken care that that elephant should be of the staunchest and best. So when the hot season came on, and the jungle was in order, life was indeed a

[1] The late Sir Charles Bernard, K.C.S.I.

delight. In my old age many a pleasant memory of that beautiful country and those happy days comes back to me from time to time, with a fierce desire to be in camp again, in the wilds amid the tigers, the hills, trees, and lakes of beautiful Chandah. And before going further I would desire to add my humble testimony to what has been so ably advanced in defence of the character of the tiger by Mr Rees, M.P., in a recent letter to 'The Times.' There is no doubt that the tiger is often unfairly debited with sins of which he is entirely innocent. If a jealous husband, for example, in some remote village summarily disposes of an errant wife, the corpse will be thrown near the jungle at nightfall, and in the morning, when the jackal and hyena have mangled the remains, the police will be informed of another tiger-kill to swell the Government returns. The police, for a few rupees, will accept the story readily enough. And the village neighbours will much prefer that a tiger be unfairly accused than have a murder case opened up, which will bring many of the police to the village and result in a long and expensive investigation. In this manner, too, the character of the snake is often unfairly maligned. Domestic differences settled out of court are put down to him, the unjust accusation being sustained for reasons similar to those given above. In the jungle the tiger has his place in the local economy, just as the cat has in the villager's house or barn. He is necessary to keep down the vermin. In the districts of which I speak the tiger was easiest found in the jungle on the outskirts of the cultivation, where game was plentiful. If he was what I may call a "virtuous" tiger, that is, one in good health, who hunted and lived on game, he was respected, nay, even beloved, by the villagers. For in these wild districts the jungle impinges on the cultivation, and the deer, pig, and other wild animals are most destructive to the crops. One or two healthy tigers, then, would be regarded as a real blessing, as without them the game would flourish and increase too exceedingly. The "virtuous" tiger gen-

erally lived in some spot well known to the villagers, far up a ravine and near a spring. He remained there during the heat of the day, and generally did business among the big game at night, when the timid deer came down to the small lake to drink, and the families of porkers came out on the same errand. Such tigers the villagers would not like to see disturbed, as they were regarded as part of the village economy, and were certainly more useful than some of the village servants. But there were other tigers, regular jungle-wallahs, attached to no village community, who lived far away, well in the jungle, and fed on the game there, and to whom no villager owed allegiance. With these you might do as you liked. And there was yet another class, a thoroughly unrighteous tiger, whose death was eagerly sought, who, killing cattle, and sometimes even men, was the terror of the countryside. He, or she, was generally some originally virtuous tiger who, perhaps from no fault of his own, had fallen on evil times, and who, from accident, a wound, or disease, or old age, being no longer able to hunt successfully the wild game, was perforce obliged to take to some food secured with less difficulty. Some weak, lagging bullock would perhaps be the first prey. Then, maybe, it would happen that the tiger, emboldened by success, would go for some fat cow from among the herd. The herdsman would come, and with shouts try to drive the beast off. But hunger giving courage, the wicked one would turn on the man, and find, to its amazement, that he of whom the whole tiger family had ever been in terror went down before the blow even more easily than did a bullock. From that day forward that tiger would confine himself to the villagers, and becoming a confirmed man-eater, would remain the scourge of the countryside. Of this class I killed in my time but one only, and he had a hideously bad record, and was debited with the death of seventeen men and women. A petition came to me from a village in the south-eastern corner of the district to go thither and exterminate the

brute. I got him the second day over the body of a woman he had killed. The beast was not very old, but much out of condition. His off hind leg had been broken by a heavy slug from a native gun, and the animal was quite lame and unable to hunt the jungle game. So his depravity was not without some extenuating circumstances. This tiger was killed in the early afternoon. Soon the news of his death spread far and wide, and that hot-weather evening my camp was visited by hundreds of persons from the neighbouring villages rejoicing in the death of the common enemy, for the beast had included several villages in his beat and taken toll from them all. The people inspected, spat at, and abused the carcase of the tiger; then interviewing me, praised my prowess and virtues with many a *Wah-wah!* And that hot-weather night was rendered hideous by their rejoicings, celebrated, alas! with the consumption of much country liquor, and by an unusual amount of tom-toming and nasal accompaniments.

I had one hideous experience, in seeing a man seized by a tiger within a few yards of me and being unable to save his life. It was the 24th May (the Queen's birthday), a very hot day of the hottest season of the year. I had had to come into Chandah sick with fever. In the morning a half-caste employé of the Telegraph Department came to tell me there was a tiger close to the wall of the city. As he heard I was too ill to go out myself, he begged for the loan of my Government elephant to help him to dispose of the beast. It would have been as the dog-in-the-manger to refuse, so reluctantly I let my elephant go. About eleven o'clock my elephant and *mahout* returned, both violently perturbed. The tiger, the latter told me, was there sure enough. It had come out of its lair, and both the East-Indian and his mate had fired and missed, but the tiger, on his part, had slightly clawed the elephant during the retreat. The elephant, *mahout*, and I myself had all been dishonoured, the *mahout* said, and it was absolutely obligatory I should go at once and dispose of

that tiger and wipe out the insult and disgrace caused to the whole establishment. I put on some clothes and crawled into the *howdah*. Oh, the heat of that hot day! But the excitement, and even the fierce hot wind, seemed to revive me, and when near to the spot I was quite ready for the fray. I found that this tiger had taken refuge in a deep hole on the side of a dry water-course within a few yards from the wall of the city of Chandah, from which a crowd had come out to see the fun. The hole in the bank had been made in digging for white clay, and was large and deep. The tiger, all the people said, was there in the hole. According to some he was dead, having been badly wounded in the morning by the East-Indian sportsman, who, the *mahout* had declared, had missed the mark nobly. Attempts had been made to smoke the tiger out, but without success. I soon cleared the water-course of the crowd of idlers from the city, and posting myself on the elephant on the top of the bank above the hole, had the fire lit again. Notwithstanding the smoke, no tiger appeared. The sun's heat was fierce, I was feeling faint, and had just opened a bottle of soda-water when, with a sudden roar and rush, out came the tiger. Unluckily in the water-course had remained, notwithstanding all my efforts to clear it of spectators, a *sowar*[1] of my police escort who had assisted in lighting the fire at the cave's mouth, and was swaggering about in his long cavalry boots in a reckless manner. In an instant the tiger was upon him and had him down. I shall never forget the look the man gave me, seeming to implore me to do my best at once to save him. There was no time to consider whether there was danger of hitting the man in firing, and I let off both barrels of my gun almost simultaneously. The tiger was not twenty yards off me, and fortunately one bullet broke the beast's spine and rolled him over, freeing the man. The sight of him in the beast's clutches was such as to haunt me for many a long day. On a big scale it resembled the shaking of a mouse by a

[1] Native trooper.

cat; and the helplessness of the man under such conditions, and the enormous strength of the tiger, were most hideously impressive. The *sowar* was hardly severely mauled, but he was in bad health, and an opium-eater; the shock, too, had been terrible, and he died the next evening.

That year I brought back with me five tiger-skins to Nagpore, and fortunately sent away three as presents. For a sad fate awaited the remaining two. There passed through the station at the commencement of the rains a Swiss, who had been a waiter and a steward, and was making his way across country to Bombay. The chaplain, to whom he went for assistance, sent him over to me, saying I might like to talk German to him. I gave him shelter in my bachelor establishment, and in return he made himself useful in a variety of ways. It ended in my taking him on as a servant, and he proved thoroughly efficient and trustworthy. Having to go down to Bombay for ten days, I left him in charge of the establishment. On my return I found him beaming with satisfaction, and desirous of showing me all he had done during my absence. There had been a thorough spring-cleaning, and he, after the manner of his Swiss-kind, had polished up all the furniture and made the whole place look bright and clean. He took me into the double-bedded guest-room, kept in those days for the many friends who passed through Nagpore, bound Bombay-ward, and there he had to show me the crowning triumph of his handiwork. To all who travel on the Continent is the *descente de lit* familiar,—a narrow, oblong strip of carpet placed beside each bed in a foreign inn, and often the only bit of drugget to be found in the room. There, aligned carefully against the side of each bed, was one of these monstrosities to which he proudly invited my attention. But, to my horror, these narrow strips were my two best tiger-skins, which I had kept back to send to Ward, to be mounted in his best style, and to remain with me in my declining years as a memory of my jungle days, and as a joy for ever. Finding my establishment wanting in,

to his mind, this most necessary adjunct of the *descente de lit*, the faithful fellow had put himself to supply the void and to provide a surprise for me. And this latter, certainly, he had succeeded in doing. My two best tiger-skins had been squared with mathematical precision. The heads, tails, and legs and claws had all been shorn off. Any loss in this respect had, according to his view, been more than balanced by a fringe of red cloth running round the parallelogram with which each *descente de lit* had been supplied. His disappointment at my want of appreciation of his handiwork was only equalled by my horror at the fate of my two best skins. Poor fellow, he meant well, though his zeal was a trifle embarrassing. He served me faithfully, and left me a year later to return to his native mountains, being a German Swiss from near Lucerne. But he got no farther than Bombay, dying there of cholera the day before the sailing of the Austrian-Lloyd steamer in which I had got him a place for the voyage as steward.

After leaving the Central Provinces I had seldom a chance of tiger-shooting, save on an occasional Viceregal progress. I may mention that I shot all my tigers with a double-barrelled muzzle-loader, which "young" Charles Lancaster (as he then was) chose for me just before I went out to India in 1858, for in those days the breech-loader was only just making its first appearance. My weapon was of the best. With a spherical bullet and a heavy charge of powder behind it, the tiger, shot at close quarters, had little chance, so severe was the shock. And, under similar conditions, I used to prefer the spherical to the conical bullet, which a twig or a bone may deflect, whilst a round ball smashes through all opposition, and flattening and coming out at the other side leaves a ghastly wound.

The tiger, it may be added to his credit, is not usually aggressive unless wounded or cornered. But a tigress with cubs is to be avoided[1] as much as possible when one is

[1] As with the bear so also with the tiger, speaking generally. The native boy wrote: "The bear is a pleasing animal, and will not attack unless offended. But his ideas of offence are peculiar. Therefore, it is well to avoid the bear."

unarmed. In my day I have several times in the jungle, when on horseback or on foot, come across a tiger, and he has, so to speak, invariably taken off his hat, apologised, got out of the way, and passed on. I am, therefore, inclined to believe that the ancient story of the lady who, meeting a tiger one morning in a narrow path in the jungle, in her terror suddenly opened her parasol and thus put the pusillanimous tiger to flight, is probably no romance, and that any lady of the present day (I would, however, hardly recommend any one of the sex to repeat the experiment) might hold the field under similar conditions. An unwounded tiger will invariably slink away before an elephant. With the panther, a hideous animal, it is different. Many experienced sportsmen hold that he will generally open the attack. In my time I saw three only, two of which I bagged. So far as I remember, we both attacked simultaneously. But the panther is a terrible brute, more active and savage than the tiger. It is he, too, who occasionally has been found to be the dreaded man-eater when villagers have been carried off from their beds at night in the verandahs of their houses, or dragged out of the *machans*, or platforms, on which they sat guarding the crops. During my second year at Nagpore a friend of mine, Lieutenant St John Shaw, a very handsome, smart horse-gunner, an excellent shot, and first-rate all-round sportsman, and a great favourite with us all, was the victim of one of these brutes. Some years afterwards I was lunching at Simlah with Lord Mayo, and found H.E. and the aides-de-camp much exercised over what they regarded as a rather tall story, related by Sir R. Temple at dinner the evening before. But the facts were as then, and now again, stated. Shaw was out shooting in the Baitool district with the local police officer. A panther was afoot; Shaw climbed into a tree to get a shot at the brute. It was in the days before breech-loaders. Shaw saw the beast, fired, and wounded it. Before he had time to reload, the panther was up the tree after him. Unluckily the second barrel missed fire, and in another moment Shaw, lugged out of

the tree, had fallen to the ground, and the panther was on top of him, worrying him. A native policeman, posted in a neighbouring tree, seeing what was happening, shrieked the alarm, whereupon the panther, leaving Shaw, went for the policeman, and pulling him also out of his tree mauled him badly, returning later to again worry Shaw, who was lying on the ground badly mauled and calling for help. Suddenly a Gondh[1] beater, hearing the shouts, rushed out of the jungle, nearly stepping upon poor Shaw and the panther. In an instant the brave fellow drove the stout spear which he carried right through the backbone of the panther, pinning it to the earth, much as one affixes a butterfly with a pin to a specimen-tray. The rest of the party coming up, found both Shaw and the policeman still alive, but desperately mauled. The panther was dead,—Shaw's bullet and the Gondh's spear-thrust had been too much for it. The brave fellow was still holding on to the spear pinning the body of the panther to the ground, and seemed to think little of the achievement. But his bravery, alas! failed to save either life, and both the wounded men died soon after they had been carried into the station of Baitool. The Gondh, who failed to understand what all the attention bestowed upon him meant, and considered he had performed only a commonplace action, was the hero of the hour. I have now before me, taken from "my archives" as Temple called them, a faded sheet of foolscap paper on which I wrote an appeal to all sportsmen to give a small subscription towards rewarding that brave Gondh for his valour. The subscription-list was limited to five rupees, and the paper bears the names of nearly all in the station. The story of that Gondh was copied into many newspapers throughout India, and donations came pouring in to me from all sides for this fund. Eventually we were able to set that brave fellow up in comfort in a clearing we purchased for him, close to the scene of his plucky exploit. We gave him some cattle, helped him to build

[1] Wild hill-tribe.

a wigwam, and encouraged some fellow-tribesmen to squat near him, so that there was soon a village, which we named "Shaw-gunge" in memory of our poor friend. But I grieve to have to record that prosperity bringing to that brave but unfortunate young Gondh-man several wives, and as many troubles, his after-life proved neither domestically nor agriculturally a success, so that the name of Shaw-gunge is no longer included in the Settlement record of the Baitool district.

Returning from this tiger shoot, which has taken us rather far afield, and coming back to the office in the Nagpore Residency, where we are now to spend part of a hot, muggy afternoon in the rains, I have to relate my pleasant experiences in turning upside-down the contents of a dusty old cupboard, and searching for papers of interest of bygone times. The oldest of these dated from the days of the appointment of a Resident to the court of Nagpore, the Agent to the Governor-General as he was sometimes called. Now, during the whole period of the Mahratta war, Nagpore was not far removed from the scene of military operations in the Nizam's territory of Berar, in the south-western corner of which General Wellesley had gained the celebrated victory of Assaye. It must evidently have been the duty of the Resident all that time to keep in communication with the army, and do all that was required to supply the troops from the rich districts around Nagpore. So I was hopeful of discovering correspondence with the General,—despatches, perhaps, relating to the movements and successes of our troops during those stirring times. I had actually seen, and could have obtained from the man had I been mean enough to do so, a certificate kept by a native landholder of the Wurdah district, given his ancestor by the "Genraal Wesley Sahib," and testifying to the bearer having assisted in procuring supplies. What that old cupboard contained has now to be told.

The records of the old Nagpore Residency contained much

that was interesting, but, unfortunately, they were in very bad order. A pernicious habit obtained, even well into my time, of folding all letters in four. The paper might be fairly good, yet the folding and unfolding broke the fibre; and then there was the constant nuisance of opening out the files, unfolding and folding up again the papers, and tying up the file with the traditional red tape. In time came an improved system of folding all papers down the centre, and long ere now is the approved plan in vogue by which the paper lies out flat like a book, and is not folded even when placed in an envelope, the cover being made of appropriate dimensions. I am afraid to say how many of these dusty little bundles I untied, unfolded, refolded, and repacked, without ever getting, so to speak, a bite. But at last all my trouble was more than repaid by a splendid fish, glorious beyond all expectations. A bundle marked in the cramped hand of a native clerk of many years before, "Letters, chiefly from Mr Roplang," did not seem to promise much. But the first few papers on the top came near the description, being letters, or rather official despatches, signed by a Major Ross Lang, who, I found to my joy, was no other than a staff-officer of one General Wellesley, who had written to the Nagpore Resident of the day for information regarding supplies, in view of certain operations imminent in the adjoining territory of Berar. As I went deeper the interest increased; "Mr Roplang's" school-boyish characters disappeared before a clearer, firmer handwriting. The signature was in the same hand as the writing in the body of the letter, and there it stood before me, "ARTHUR WELLESLEY." I bounded off my chair in delight, and leaving the rest of the bundle scattered on the floor, I rushed, unannounced, into Temple's room, waving my find and disturbing a grumpy old public works officer, who was busy explaining to the Chief Commissioner the beauties of some hideous building-plan proposed for a dak-bungalow, or similar departmental monstrosity. Temple, to his credit be it

recorded, left the plans and the demonstrator, and was soon helping me in the search. In an hour's time we had landed a dozen holograph despatches of him who was later the great Duke of Wellington. There were other despatches not written but only signed by the great man. And in these it was noticeable that the practice was not, as now, for the despatch to bear the signature only of the sender, but that the whole of the dedication was in the handwriting of the official. Apparently this was because of the variety of expression employed in the concluding sentences. These were not confined to the "your obedient servant" of to-day, but expanded into the most honorific or affectionate addresses. Thus were to be seen, "I have the honour to subscribe myself, Sir, with the sentiments of profound respect and admiration, your obedient, humble servant, ——." Or, "Sir, yours with real devotion and the warmest affection and regard, ——." The scribe, who could not guess to what lengths his employer's respect or affection might carry him, was constrained to leave this complimentary part to be filled in according to circumstances.

I shall never forget the pleasurable excitement of that hot afternoon in the record-room at Nagpore. I have seldom experienced anything like it, save, perhaps, when the long-awaited tiger has at last appeared, or when the legend of some very rare coin has been developed, after careful cleaning, from a chance find, picked up in a handful of rubbish in an up-country bazaar. This find of Wellington autographs, interesting as it was, did not contain any unpublished despatches of the great man. Like other officials, he, perforce, had a letter-book, and into this his despatches, when he had written them off, were copied in due course. And from these books was Gronow's collection subsequently copied out and printed.

But interesting as the old records were, it was never given to me to remain long at the office at Nagpore. Save when the heavy rains rendered road and river utterly

impassable, Temple, whether the days were hot or cold, was, during the first two years of his reign, ever on the move. If a district was fairly near, it could be visited by laying out horses, and perhaps sleeping at a dak-bungalow half-way. But some distant parts of the Provinces were only to be reached by what was termed "regular camping"—that is, marching along a high-road with a big camp at the rate of about ten miles a-day. From this main camp as a base, flying camps could be sent out from selected points. When it was necessary to spend a considerable time at a great distance from Nagpore, the big camp was a necessity. This consisted of huge tents for state occasions, durbars, or occasional receptions to the European residents at large stations. These tents, difficult to pitch, were carried, together with all the other paraphernalia, in carts that creaked along at a very slow pace, and rendered the keeping to the high-road obligatory. The Chief Commissioner had his handsome office and sleeping tents, whilst there were tents for the staff, and dining and reception tents, the large durbar tents being generally used for this latter purpose. On such a march the actual staff would be limited to myself and a medical officer in charge of the camp. Sometimes the Secretary in the Public Works Department and the Inspector-General of Police would join, and be included as belonging to headquarters. This, with a few clerks, made up the centre party. But the big camp was attended by half a dozen or more smaller camps as escort. Thus with the Chief Commissioner on such occasions marched the Commissioner of the Division or sub-province through which the camp was passing. The Deputy-Commissioner of the district and the Deputy Inspector-General of Police were also in attendance, and these brought with them the Assistant-Commissioner and the District Police officer. Then there were also the Engineer in charge of roads and buildings, whilst the Educational officer of the circle, the Forest officer, and occasionally an Irrigation Engineer, would march with us to the limit of their charges

to demonstrate matters connected with their departments, or to settle any questions that might arise.

Each one of these officials would have his own camp, which would be pitched in line with that of the Chief Commissioner according to the rigid rules of precedence among these officials. Then the native magistrate of the beat, the *tehsildar* as he was called, was never absent for a moment, having to satisfy the continuous demands of all these officials and their retinues for supplies of every sort and description. The escort would consist of a company of Native Infantry under a European officer, whom I ought to have included in the personal staff, whilst a detachment of the old Mahratta Cavalry, now being transformed by degrees into mounted police, escorted the cavalcade on each march, and carried urgent despatches. When the number of servants and horses that accompany each official is remembered, it will be understood how huge was the gathering in all its parts. Most officers had a double supply of tents, one to inhabit and a duplicate to send on at night to be ready for the arrival on the morrow. All the Chief Commissioner's tents were duplicated, so it can be imagined how, on the march, the baggage-train resembled that of a small army. Temple always rode the marches, and it was considered *de rigueur* for all the other officers to do the same, though several attempted to shirk the ordeal. And the cavalcade, as it started in the morning with the cavalry escort in their light-blue uniforms, was quite imposing. There were occasional halts on the way to inspect certain points and to listen to native petitioners. At the end of the march the Chief Commissioner would be met by the whole staff of the neighbouring district, and by a mass of native officials, sightseers, petitioners, and the local musicians, who, with tom-toms and other weird instruments, would make music of a very decided, if inharmonious, description. The actual staff were the guests of the Chief Commissioner. All the other officers had their own camp arrangements, and were invited from time to time to join

the table at the big tent. On these marches there was ever a very heavy amount of work to be done, as Temple inspected everything, and the Secretary had always to be present to make notes and to issue orders. But he could occasionally get away for a morning's shooting, or a run after a pig. Temple, unfortunately, was no sportsman. All interest in this respect had been early denied to him by an accident whilst at Rugby to one of his eyes, and I do not think I ever saw him handle a gun. On arrival at a big station there were durbars and parties to the European officials. Here and on the march Temple was ever most accessible to all the natives. He had an excellent plan of suddenly, on the road, getting together a crowd of men who awaited the cavalcade, and dismounting and seating himself with his staff under a tree, he would have the native audience squatted round in a circle. Then, with infinite patience, he would try and find out, from men selected by chance from the crowd, what they understood regarding important orders recently issued, and affecting their interests. After a time the audience would gain confidence, and commence boldly to discuss the incidence of some new tax, or ventilate a grievance regarding some recent orders relating to village economy. And, as a story which comes in later will show, it was then possible occasionally to discover some abuse, and to check some villainy of the subordinate officials. Anyhow, it kept all official native miscreants in a constant dread of being exposed. The cheeriest time was in the flying camp, which generally took one away from conventionalism to interesting ground in hilly country, among beautiful views and delicious surroundings, and away from the steady office grind that could not be escaped altogether in the big camp, where all important work arrived daily, carried to us by mounted troopers or by the post.

It is now proposed to leave the main camp, which is marching steadily down the Nerbudda valley at ten-mile stages, and after returning on some urgent duty to Nagpore,

to rejoin it by way of the hilly district of Baitool, well off the main road. And this gives me an opportunity of noticing how, with the help of a worthy old official, a happy inspiration assisted me in starting the Gazetteer of the Central Provinces. And this Gazetteer, be it added, gave the idea and the lead to the preparation of the great Indian Gazetteer, as produced under the able direction of the late Sir William Hunter, for the whole of India, and which forms so valuable a record for all desiring information relating to the Empire.

At a recent meeting of the Royal Society of Arts, held to commemorate the completion of a new edition of this Imperial Gazetteer, Sir Alfred Lyall, who was in the chair, corrected the incorrect views expressed that the Indian Gazetteers owed their origin to Sir William Hunter. Sir Alfred said—and having been Commissioner at Nagpore the circumstance must have been well known to him—that the Gazetteers were first started in the Central Provinces in Sir Richard Temple's time, and that the suggestion to compile these records came from me. This is quite correct, and Temple, who was ever fair and generous, always gave me the full credit of the idea. But at the time I was the Assistant-Secretary, and not the Settlement Officer, as Sir Alfred Lyall supposed. The following note, however, will show that a part at least of the credit of the idea belongs to the late Major Baldwin, then Deputy-Commissioner of Baitool, in the Province.

In 1863 I accompanied Mr Temple, as he then was, on his official tour through the Northern Districts of the Central Provinces, of which he was then the Chief Commissioner. We halted at Baitool, a hilly district in the Sauthpoorahs, which we reached by flying camp. The district was in charge of Major Baldwin, a middle-aged Deputy-Commissioner of the old school, who had served long in the district. Like most of his comrades of the old lot, he had an unholy mistrust of the young go-ahead new Chief Commissioner, who was incorrectly debited with a desire to upset and

change everything in the country. The worthy old chap got rather mixed under the volley of questions fired at him by his new chief, and by the close of the day Major Baldwin seemed to be uncomfortably conscious that he had not come very well out of the severe ordeal of the cross-examination, whilst I realised that his modesty and nervousness had not allowed of his appearing at his best. Over a pipe before bedtime (Temple, who never smoked, had already retired), old Baldwin hesitatingly propounded to me that he was not really so ignorant of all relating to his district as he had made himself appear to be under the cross-examination of his chief. He produced a bundle of papers, and showed me a whole sheaf of notes regarding nearly everything in his district, which he had jotted down during his long residence in Baitool. Not only had the birds, beasts, and fishes, for which he had a real affection, received full attention, but the notes showed keen observation on most subjects connected with the physical and economic condition of the district. Carrying the bundle away with me, I showed the notes to Temple at our next camp, and he, quite appreciating them, bade me return them to old Baldwin with a complimentary official letter, which delighted the old fellow, and removed all apprehensions regarding the result of his official inspection. In sending up to the Chief Commissioner the draft of the letter, I added a suggestion that it might be well to encourage all officers to compile similar information regarding their districts, and to leave their notes on record for the benefit of their successors, so that a man's knowledge would not be entirely lost on his leaving the district. Temple highly approved the idea, and, if I remember aright, it was talked over with Alfred Lyall and Charles Elliott when we met them both a few days later in the Hoshungabad district. The orders then went forth for the compilation of what was the Gazetteer of the Central Provinces, and which was edited by Charles Grant. Later Alfred Lyall undertook the Gazetteer for Berar. The Government of India did not fail to

appreciate the merit of these beginnings, and determining to extend the system to the whole of India, put Hunter in charge of the work. Until then he had no connection with the undertaking, and had no hand in it until after the Gazetteers of both the Central Provinces and Berar had been compiled and published.

CHAPTER VI.

IN CAMP—BOMBAY.

1864.

The so-called Indian bison—Old men and new methods—Deputy-Commissioner No. 1—Book-circular on arboriculture—The old officer's failure — The young civilian No. 2—His marked success — The impudent mango bantlings—Halts by the way—The colonel's discomfiture—Administrative ability—Timely breakfast and appreciation in camp of this quality—The hideous secret of the great mango trick—Am sworn to secrecy—Punishment of the peccant *tehsildar* and its results — The Alfred Lyall Avenue in the Hoshungabad district—Afternoon tea on Terrace of the House of Commons thirty years later — The two Privy Councillors — The secret revealed—Temple's fury—Sir Alfred Lyall vicariously to blame—The astute police inspector, an Indian village idyll—Importance of explaining orders to the people—The new tax and official seal—The Gondh *shikari* and increased tiger reward—"Progress" since those days—"The Old Pindaree"—Popularity of Sir Alfred Lyall's poem—First published by me in local newspaper—Story of the Temple medal—His entire innocence of the whole matter—Proposed as Exhibition medal during his absence in England—My successful opposition—Medal struck privately—Mint-master adds laurel-wreath as a bad joke—Temple unfairly blamed—Visits to Bombay with Temple—The cotton famine—Wild speculation—Sir Bartle Frere's warning to the services—Hospitality at Government House—The Governor's great charm—His appearance at the Poonah review—Shares offered to Temple—His righteous indignation—His strictness in this respect—Insists on officers banking with Bank of Bengal instead of with native shroffs.

OUR journey from Nagpore through Baitool to rejoin the main camp, which was making its slow progress down the Nerbudda valley, took us across the jungle-clad back of the rocky Sauthpoorah range, which, running parallel with the river Nerbudda, separates Hindustan, or Northern India,

from what used to be termed the Deccan,—a vast territory, including the Nagpore Province, and extending far beyond the limits of what nowadays is included under that name. The country is wild and picturesque, inviting to the sportsman and artist, and boasts of several sacred spots visited annually by thousands of pilgrims, who, seeing in the rocky peaks some resemblance to the emblems of sacred Mahadeo, worship at these shrines, and sometimes immolate themselves there, casting themselves down from the peaks into the cañons below. The jungle in those days was swarming with every variety of game, and it was in this district, it may be remembered, that there occurred the tragic death at the claws of a leopard of that gallant sportsman, Lieutenant St John Shaw, related among my tiger experiences. On this range, too, in the neighbourhood of what is now the sanatorium of Pachmarhi, the site of which was selected during one of our tours, were to be found, besides the tiger and sambhur, what used to be called the bison. I myself never succeeded in bagging one of these much-coveted trophies, though Major Forsyth, the forest officer who wrote a well-known book on this tract, once took me with him on an unsuccessful expedition after them. Years afterwards, when staying at Hodnet with the late Mr Heber-Percy, his son, Mr Algernon Heber-Percy, in showing me over the remarkable collection of sporting trophies in the hall, secured in all parts of the world by members of the family, pointed out as a rarity a splendid head of a bison, brought back by him from Russia. I naturally commenced to hold forth on the Indian bison, and was surprised to hear that the bison was not to be found in India. I was not quite convinced, and remembering the frontispiece in Forsyth's book, 'The Highlands of Central India,' with the site of what is now Pachmarhi and the great dark animal in the foreground, I took the first opportunity of referring to the book at the British Museum, and therein, sure enough, found that Forsyth clearly explains that the real "bos" is not to be found in India, and that the Sauthpoorah so-called bison is of a different and inferior

specimen to that of the Hodnet horns. During this trip to rejoin camp we were in light-marching order, and hardly had even a flying camp. We put up, I remember, in all sorts of out-of-the-way places—in schoolhouses, *serais* (native rest-houses), and the like, which the local authorities obligingly made habitable. One gladly dispensed with all special creature comforts in exchange for the delicious clear air of the higher levels, the glorious views of the river and valley below, and the free life, with an absence of ceremonial dinner-parties and office-boxes. But what was practically a holiday soon came to an end, and descending along a very rough pass into the valley of the Nerbudda, we reached the main camp, from which Temple had been called back to headquarters on urgent business, and we were soon again condemned to re-commence with guards of honour, durbars, official interviews, and the like.

The big camp was pitched much after the manner described in the preceding pages, and peopled with the officers therein enumerated, who received the Chief Commissioner on arrival and formed the cavalcade during the daily farther progress down the valley. It was during one of the marches of this pleasant tour that, thanks to the enterprise of a subordinate native official, we were treated to the exhibition, on a large scale, of the famous Indian great mango trick, which, as it makes a good story, I, Mr Barlow-like, "will now proceed to relate."

Temple, as explained, had but recently commenced his attempt to bring these new Provinces up to date, and had had occasional difficulties with worthy senior colonels and majors of the old school, who, untrammelled by regulation, had done excellent work of a rough-and-ready kind in their day, but were hardly well-attuned to the high pitch of the new *régime*. The district now reached, which will be numbered (1), was presided over by a worthy old colonel of this ancient type, who had found it difficult to accommodate himself to the ideas and pace of the changing times and the new school.

In the Central Provinces, the new era was now one of Circulars and Book Circulars, as they were called, containing orders and instructions on every conceivable subject. It was computed that the Secretary, left behind at Nagpore, as he was not much addicted to "horse exercise," composed about six of these interesting documents daily, which, after having been approved by Temple from camp and duly scoffed at by me, were issued from Nagpore for the instruction and confusion of the district officials. One of the subjects to which Temple attached, and most properly attached, great importance was arboriculture, including the planting of trees along new lines of road, the provision of groves of trees at certain intervals, besides the much larger question of forestry.[1]

Native rulers had ever given much attention to the provision of shade by the way, and many a weary traveller during a long hot tramp has recognised their forethought, whilst even he who goes about in camp to-day has to thank them also for the glorious mango groves to be found at nearly every stage of a main road. The tree idea received the approval even of myself, and some months earlier I had condescended to draft a "Book Circular" on the subject, which was to be found sandwiched in between circulars relating to sanitation and other unsavoury matters, with which the other Secretary muddled the brains and broke the hearts of the officers of the old staff. We had during the march left the umbrageous main road to inspect a new line joining two of the districts to the south of the river, and Temple had now a fine opportunity of enunciating his views upon arboriculture. An attempt had been made to carry out the instructions of my circular, and to plant trees on either side of the new road. But the difficulties had been great. There were few villages,

[1] It is probably not generally known, though the fact is of interest, that the credit of starting the forest preservation system in India is due to the great Duke of Wellington, who, as Colonel Wellesley, then at Mysore, wrote a memorandum urging attention being given to the subject. The memorandum was sent to his brother, the Marquis Wellesley, then Governor-General, and was acted upon. I have not my copy of the despatches with me, but I remember the memorandum distinctly.

little water, and scant population along this new line. Temple, as we rode along, examined carefully the young trees on either side, and the whole cavalcade—a dozen European officers, as many natives, and a cavalry escort, with a proportion of squealing and fidgeting horses—would have consequently to pull up whilst the great man passed his opinion on some struggling sapling or withered stem. For a short distance the treelings were flourishing enough, being near a fine village, well supplied with water. But, alas! a little farther on the heat had played havoc, and the proportion of dead, sick, and wounded was enormous. The stout old colonel, the Deputy-Commissioner, who, mounted on a very quiet horse, had fallen far to the rear, was summoned and lectured on the condition of his would-be avenue. It was pleaded by him and the *tehsildar* (native magistrate) of the beat that the difficulties of water made success almost impossible. But Temple, who would accept no excuse, lectured the poor old colonel, then the *tehsildar*, then all of us assembled, on the ethics of arboriculture; and declaring that, with average administrative vigour, the lives of innumerable treelings might have been saved, gave us all a rather rough time of it, halting in front of nearly every measly-looking plant, reproaching the unfortunate officials the while, and keeping us all out in the sun and bringing us late into camp, tired, hot, and hungry. The news of the great man's sayings and doings were, of course, carried on ahead to the next district, which we reached the following day. Here we were met by a Deputy-Commissioner of a very different type, a young civilian, a friend of mine, a few years my senior, whom I had been instrumental in getting down to the Provinces to join Temple's new team. The old colonel had been invited to accompany the camp to the next stage and make the acquaintance of his new neighbour. Early the next morning, with the first few yards of the march, commenced the interminable tree inspection, and Temple impressed upon the new victim, whom I shall call Deputy-Commissioner No. 2, and who had been summoned to his

side, the importance of arboriculture, and again commenced a lecture on the subject in its many interesting branches. All this took place in the presence of a diminutive but perky-looking little mango plant, one of the new line by the wayside.[1]

"Not large," said Temple, "but vigorous, well-watered, and properly cared for; though young, just the sort of tree for our purpose," continued he, addressing the Deputy-Commissioner whom I have called No. 2. "This is indeed *quite* creditable, if sustained," and he rode on, satisfied at seeing a series of similar small, perky-looking bantlings posted at regular intervals on either side of the road. "Really very creditable," he added, as he drew up a few minutes later and admired a diminutive plant which had evidently been quite recently well soused with water. "Very creditable, Mr No. 2; I see this success has been well maintained on no easy piece of road, and I congratulate you." No. 2 modestly protested that he could claim no credit, that he had only recently joined the district, and until the day before had been absent sixty miles away, and had only just ridden over to join the camp. The *tehsildar*, he added, had been in charge of the work from the first. The old bewhiskered native magistrate, who on an ambling pony was present and understood some English, commenced to purr with pleasure like a huge tom-cat, and on receiving some gracious words of approval, assured the great man that he would find trees of exactly the same type the whole length of the march. This was verified along another half-mile of road, and then a halt was again made before another impudent-looking mango bantling who might have been the twin-brother of the last inspected.

"Really very creditable," repeated Temple. "Where is No. 1?" and I had to canter back and bring up the old colonel, who had fallen well to the rear. Then began a jobation, before the whole of us there assembled, in which

[1] Owing to the accident at Rugby already mentioned, Temple's sight was not good.

the shortcomings of No. 1 were vividly contrasted with the eminent success of No. 2. I could see that to No. 2 these remarks were eminently distasteful, and he again protested that he could take no credit for the result, as important work had kept him at the other end of the district until the day before. But Temple would take no denial. Wherever there was credit or discredit, the District Officer, he said, must come in for the largest share. He did not expect officers to do all the work, or water the trees with their own hands, but results such as he had seen that day, contrasted with what he had seen the day before, showed the value of *administrative ability*. And as the treelings all seemed to be flourishing, there were no further incessant halts that morning, and the cavalcade cantered gaily along into camp, thoroughly appreciating the advantages of "administrative ability," and feeling its debtor for a pleasant ride and a timely bath and breakfast.

Later, when we had all settled down to the work of the day, Nos. 1 and 2 came to my tent, No. 2 looking much perturbed. They then unfolded to me the whole truthful story of the great mango trick, which had been successfully performed that morning along the road for the edification of the great man and his suite. No. 2, as was known, had been absent at the other extremity of the district. His vigilant native magistrate on the spot had duly received the advance news of the great man's attention to the treelings along the roadside, and had been quite equal to the occasion. One or two fine trees in villages near the line had been despoiled of some of their branches, and these again had been chopped up into diminutive slips, which, stuck into small, newly-watered patches, had all the appearance of carefully nurtured young trees! No. 2's assistant, sent ahead in the very early morning to see all was in order in camp, had come upon a party of enthusiastic arboriculturists, just as they were giving the last finishing touches to some well-watered slips near the road leading to the Chief Commissioner's tent.

In these circumstances, No. 2 found the mantle of "ad-

ministrative ability," with which he had been invested, weighing heavily on his shoulders, and he was specially anxious to be relieved of it, and to have justice done to poor old No. 1, who had fared so badly in the comparison that morning. He wanted to go at once to the great man and explain the whole affair. But generous old No. 1, who had taken his whipping smiling and did not seem much the worse for it, vehemently opposed the confession. I saw the weight of his objection. Temple, with all his merits, had not the slightest sense of humour, and being quite incapable of seeing any joke in the operation, would have ordered out the wretched old *tehsildar* to immediate execution. The old native was a favourite, had done good service during the Mutiny, and was a man of some resource, as the proceedings of the morning had abundantly demonstrated. We adjourned to the tent of the Commissioner, a strong sensible man. He was of opinion that if I, as Secretary, could be sworn to secrecy, Temple should be kept in the dark. The *tehsildar*, who knew the game was up, had already suffered severely from fright, and would be dealt with mercifully, departmentally. We were now on the old road again, which from the long-ago had been liberally supplied with shady avenues, so the lectures on arboriculture were likely, for a time at least, to be suspended, and the subject kept in the background. I gladly, therefore, undertook to guard the story as a State secret, and save the culprit from all the terrors of gubernatorial displeasure.

But a well-merited penalty imposed upon that old *tehsildar* for his unrighteousness was that those mango-trick treelings of the morning were to be transformed into a real, living, abiding avenue, to afford grateful shade to the travellers of the future, and to remain as a lasting monument to the wisdom of my celebrated Arboricultural Book Circular. And I learnt later that the cheery old sinner undertook and carried out his task right earnestly and loyally, and selecting his young trees with care, and seeing that no mango trick was again played on that portion of the road,

he tended the saplings once planted with the devotion of the fondest parent. "For," said that well-whiskered old tiger cat, "*this* idea, at least, of the Sirkar's, this *Seerkularjee*, has some sense in it, and the order for the giving of shade to travellers is so wise it might have come from our own old Raj even." So during the remaining years of his service that avenue had his unremitting attention. And even when he retired on pension to his native village, his home not being distant from the cross-road, the old fellow still found in that avenue an interest and a delight, visiting it periodically, and from time to time replacing those trees that did not prosper by sturdier specimens, and seeing that the more vigorous ones were pruned or thinned out. And so it came to pass that, thanks muchly to that great mango trick of the Chief Commissioner's visit, there was planted and reared along that road an avenue that to-day, nearly fifty years after the event, is known as one of the most prosperous in that part of the Provinces, and is the admiration of all those who hoot past in motor-cars or creak along in the still surviving bullock-cart of the valley.

But that fine avenue is not known by the name of the author of the Book Circular, or of the mango-trick conjuror, but is the Alfred Lyall Avenue, after the brilliant young civilian, the author of 'The Old Pindaree,' who exacted the penalty from the *tehsildar*, and who for a short period was Deputy-Commissioner of Hoshungabad, the only district charge held by him during his service, before he was snapped up to fill, one after another, nearly all the highest posts in the gift of the Government of India and the Secretary of State. Temple himself remained for upwards of thirty years in blissful ignorance of the clever trick so successfully played upon him that cold-weather morning in the Nerbudda valley. And it was not until we had all three retired from the Indian service—Temple, No. 2,[1] and myself—that the truth was incontinently revealed to him under circumstances of very strong temptation and interest.

[1] The Rt. Hon. Sir Alfred Lyall, P.C., K.C.B., G.C.I.E.

After filling every high office to which an Indian civilian can aspire, save that of Viceroy, Temple had entered Parliament as member for a division of his own county. No. 2, following pretty closely in the footsteps of his former chief, had received the Knighthood of the Bath, an honour hardly ever conferred on an Indian officer, had ended his Indian career as Governor of the North-Western Provinces, had returned home and entered the Council of India, which he was to leave soon afterwards on being sworn of the Privy Council.[1]

Temple was entertaining us, two of his former lieutenants, one afternoon at tea at the House, and two other legislators joined the table. One of these having recently been at Nancy, commenced to hold forth on the advantages of the French forest system, and advocated similar measures in the United Kingdom. This gave Temple an opening for a dissertation on what he had done in India for arboriculture,—the planting of avenues along the roads and the like. And he waited for us to affirm in chorus the benefits of the measures undertaken. I caught the twinkle in No. 2's eye, and I think I should have been more than human if I could have resisted the temptation of then and there relating the history of the great mango trick as performed in the long ago, and as above described. Temple, who, as I have said, had no sense of humour, was furious, not with No. 2, who was at least vicariously responsible for the episode, but with *me*, because I had not allowed myself to forget the incident. And he would have rended me, had not No. 2 come gallantly to my rescue and, affirming the correctness of my statement, explained how, ever after that

[1] Temple also attained to the exceptional honour, for an Indian civilian at least, of being sworn of the Privy Council. For it may be of interest to notice that, during the whole history of the service, the number of its members who for their successes in India have received this honour may be counted on one hand, these being Warren Hastings, Mountstuart Elphinstone, Lord Lawrence, Temple, and Sir Alfred Lyall. Sir Bartle Frere, Sir Mortimer Durand, and Lord MacDonnell have indeed also reached this dignity, but the reward in these instances has been for successful services rendered outside India. Even Lords Teignmouth and Metcalfe, each of whom for a time filled the office of Governor-General, do not appear to have been included in the Privy Council. And in Temple's case also it may be held that the reward was rather for his Parliamentary than his Indian services.

morning, he had come to regard with suspicion all perky-looking little trees planted along the roadside, and so much so that on his gubernatorial progresses he had from time to time thought it desirable to have an occasional suspicious-looking little plant taken by the neck and hauled out of the ground for a proper inspection of its roots.

And this story has been included in my "Memories" chiefly for the edification of present and future administrators. For I am credibly informed that the great mango trick, even as I have herein related it, is still occasionally performed in India during the visits of the mighty. And to these I would commend the precaution adopted by No. 2, and the occasional examination of the roots of any very perky-looking treeling planted along the line of the morning's march.

Later we passed through a district the speciality of which was irrigation and cultivation by wells, and it was during this progress that the misuse that can be made of a Government order, unless its effect is carefully watched, came under notice.

It has already been said that Temple, when on tour, very wisely made a point of seeing as much of the people as possible, of speaking to villagers whom he came across by chance, and of getting the people together at our halting-places and talking over and explaining the recent orders of the Government. This duty was also strongly impressed on all district officers. How necessary these precautions were will be understood from the following story, which is only one of many of the ignorance and timidity of the native population in the districts, and the clever manner in which the astute native official can turn this to his own advantage. The orders of Government drawing attention to certain points and ordering certain procedure were issued from time to time by us secretaries in circulars, and these circulars would be translated and communicated by the European officer to the subordinate Native magistrates and officers of police, and with an ignorant and timid people there was ever great danger of these orders being misapplied or mis-

understood. One year the annual reports showed an increase in the returns of deaths from persons falling down wells, and, in my wisdom, I marked this, and suggested attention being called to the fact, and precautions being taken in the shape of old disused wells being filled in and the like. This was approved by Temple, and the usual circular issued. Some months afterwards, as we were on tour in a country with water near the surface, and liberally irrigated with Persian wheels, we discovered that this innocent circular had been the means of a smart police inspector feathering his nest, with much satisfaction to himself and commensurate discomfort to the population.

With a translation of the circular in his hand, the inspector had gone into the centre of the irrigated tract, and had called together the chief cultivators to explain the order regarding wells just received from Government. He read out the part about closing disused wells, leaving out the word "disused." "Close our wells!" cried the people with one voice. "Why, our lives and those of our families depend on the well-water." "Considering that my mother is from these parts, and that I have served here for the last seven years, I think I know that fact," replied the inspector. "But the point is, here are these idiotic orders of this foreign Government, which dwells a hundred miles and more away from here, and has no idea of our wants. Still, these orders I've got to obey, or disobey at my peril. Some of you have an idea of what these white men are, and Govind Dass, who is here, and went into the station last rains in the cow case, has told you how he saw the 'Barra Sahib' [Magistrate] open in court a bottle of water that made a noise like a matchlock, and that the white men drank of this water, which makes of these *sahibs* madmen, all more or less." "But, great one," answer the timid cultivators, "you, who are as our father and our mother, will save us from these madmen's ruin; you surely will never insist on carrying out this wicked, ruinous order?" "And if I don't," asks the inspector, "what suppose you will be the lot of this miserable one? I am an inspector

of police of long and honourable service, within a year and a half of my pension, and with a family of seven children for whom to provide. Don't you all know that the 'Captain Sahib' [the Superintendent of Police] will be round in six weeks' time, and will carefully inquire as to the carrying out of these orders? And if I fail, where will be my pension and my unfortunate family? They may be mad, these English, but they are powerful, curse them! and, as I have said, we have to obey them—at least *I* have. There is, so far as I can see, only one way out of it. For the pension I do not care so much, but I have always hoped to set my eldest son up in a cloth-business in the *sudder* [headquarters] station, the profits of which would support us all. For this the sum of two thousand rupees is still wanting. With this in hand I could afford to smile at the *sahibs* and their idiotic orders. Now there are at least five hundred wells in this circle: this means but four rupees a well. Do you see, then? Keep your wells going, and let the *sahibs* do their worst." After much confabulation it was determined by the headmen of the caste that the required sum should be levied and the irrigation saved. It was in reality more natural than it may at first appear that these timid villagers should give in at once to the wily inspector. For, as the French say, "Le diable paye argent comptant," and the return made by the inspector would be prompt. As for waiting to be righted by the magistrate, that might be a long business. That astute inspector did not, however, retire immediately he got the money: greed induced him to remain on and earn yet a few more illicit rupees. But the facts as above related having leaked out, unluckily for him, and being established in the criminal court, that inspector passed several years in the jail of the *sudder* station before he could commence to enjoy the profits of the coveted cloth-shop in that same station of the district in which the wells were not closed down.

"The man with a belt"—the Government *chuprassy* with

a belt, to which is attached an engraved brass-plate or *chuprass* designating his office—will probably ever remain a terror to most villagers. I remember one morning in the Wurdah district we were a merry party out pig-sticking. A villager who had helped us, and seemed to have gained some confidence by chatting with us, complained of a new *tikkus* (tax) which he said was being levied, and which his village had had to pay up that very morning, just before our unexpected arrival. The *chuprassy*, the man told us, was all right and no mistake about it: he had a *chuprass* (or badge), a red turban, and the necessary Government order, sealed with a large seal. We were all sceptical still. "Oh," replied our informant, "he can hardly have got much farther than the next village." So leaving the pig for the moment, the whole party prepared for a man-hunt. As we rode up to this village, one of us shouted, "Stole away!" and there, sure enough, was a red-turbaned figure sneaking off to the eastward. He had a long start of us, and the country he led us across was hideous with dry nullahs or watercourses. Of course we eventually got our man. He was faultlessly costumed, being a dismissed servant who knew well the tricks of the trade. The *parwannah* or Government order was a real work of art. It had been written in Hindustani, a language no villager could understand, save that about *tikkus* there could be no mistake. But the triumph was in the seal. In India wax seals are not affixed to ordinary official documents, but an impression is made by means of a brass seal and an inked pad, the most important seals bearing the royal arms. And here, sure enough, were both lion and unicorn and the arms of the United Kingdom! This astute person had carefully floated off the label from a broken sauce-bottle, found at some deserted camp, and the royal arms being all there, this label made a most efficient official seal for the purpose of extorting a contribution from the timid villagers.

In India it is necessary, even more specially than elsewhere, not only to give orders and see that they are carried

out, but also to watch their after-effect. Otherwise come surprises like unto that of the well case above cited. It was considered desirable at one time to increase the reward for each dead tiger brought in, and although some European sportsmen profited, the number of tigers exterminated by the native *shikaris* (or hunters) did not increase; on the contrary, these fell off. The result was explained the next season when I was in Chandah. A cunning old Gondh *shikari* joined us, and was to be well paid if he helped to show sport. A native chief who was with me at the time, and knew the old man well, took his matchlock from him, and examining the notches on the stock, said, "Holloa, Gunnoo, only two tigers last year; I thought always four?" "Oh," said the knowing old fellow, "yes, with the old reward four were necessary to fill the stomachs of my family and myself, but with the present big price I can do it on two tigers; and why should I risk my life unnecessarily?" And so also with an enthusiastic engineer who hoped to get some urgent work through sharp, and in his wisdom bethought himself of doubling the workmen's wages. The result was that they worked for one day and then all took holiday the next. For, as they elegantly expressed it, when they had enough in hand to fill their bellies for two days, why should they work unnecessarily the second day?

I am writing of the India of the long ago, and doubtless the change since my time has been great. The poor imposed-upon well-men of whom I have spoken had probably hardly ever been farther than to the neighbouring market-town, and the station with its English church and big houses in which the *sahibs* lived was quite unknown to them. Nowadays do not their sons and grandsons take return third-class tickets and run into the station and back by railway whenever so inclined? And the police inspector of the present day must look to his morals, otherwise the former timid villagers may show him up in the local native newspaper. The magistrate possibly may overlook the

paragraph; but are there not important persons sent up specially for the purpose to the Himalayas each hot season, Under-Secretaries to Government, who mark such items with red pencils for the perusal of the "Lord Sahib" at Naini-Tal, and even for that of the greatest of all "Lord Sahibs," he at Simlah? And in due course that paragraph and that village will have an unusual interest for the overworked officials on the spot, who will have to answer inquiries from headquarters by post and telegraph. In old days the ideas and the wants of the villagers were few. Our education and civilisation are daily increasing those wants and enlarging those ideas, and stimulating the ambition even of those in the remote districts. When a man seldom went beyond his native village his requirements were few, and he thought little of accumulating for future ambitious projects. Old Gunnoo's grandson has probably read on the illuminated poster, at the railway station, of the forthcoming Paris Exhibition, and being in the grain trade (the family do not depend any longer on tiger carcases), will probably think of sanding and adulterating his grain more thoroughly than usual, and getting together enough for a flutter on the Champs Elysées, of which he knows something already from the highly coloured announcement above mentioned. Whether the family are really happier under these new conditions is quite another question. Still, whether the advance makes them happy or not, it all helps to spell "PROGRESS" in the reports stowed away in the Indian Government offices, and presented annually to the High Court of Parliament under our Most Gracious Sovereign Lord King Edward at this time assembled.

A few weeks after we had left our camp on the Nerbudda, Deputy-Commissioner No. 2—Mr Alfred Lyall, as he then was—sent me some verses he had written, dated "On the Nerbudda." This was the text of the now well-known "Old Pindaree," which many in India, soldier and civilian alike, know by heart; which hardly any educated person in that country has not heard; which has been quoted more

than once in Parliament, and dozens of times elsewhere; and which will ever remain one of the most picturesque and faithfully descriptive pieces in Anglo-Indian literature. Lyall was very modest regarding these verses at the time. But Temple and others appreciated at once their immense merit, and realised the great literary power of the writer, which was later to be recognised far outside India. Just then we were trying to keep afloat a newspaper at Nagpore, and save it from the fate of sinking beneath contempt with the rubbish with which local organs were often weighted, and, with Lyall's consent, I published "The Old Pindaree" in 'The Central India Times.' I kept, however, the original paper, recognising its value, and sent a copy only to the press. This enables me to republish now, with Sir A. Lyall's permission, a copy of the original, which I know will be received with pleasure by many readers besides the existing admirers of this stirring poem. The original score I hope to keep as long as I live.

THE OLD PINDAREE.

ON THE NERBUDDA, 1862.

1.

ALLAH is great, my children, and kind to a slave like me—
The great man's tent is gone from under the peepul-tree:
With his horde of hungry retainers, and oil-fed sons of the quill,
I paid them the bribes they wanted, and Satan may settle my bill!

2.

It's not that I care for the money, or expect a dog to be clean—
If I were lord of the ryots, they'd starve ere I grew lean—
But I'd sooner be robbed by a tall man who showed me a yard of steel,
Than be fleeced by a sneaking Babu, with a knave in a belt at his heel.

3.

There goes my lord the Feringhee, who talks so civil and bland,
Till he raves like a soul in Jehannum if I don't quite understand.
He begins by calling me Sahib, and ends by calling me Fool;
He has taken my old sword from me, and tells me to set up a school!

4.

"Set up a school in the village! And my wishes are," says he,
"That you make the boys learn reg'lar, or you'll get a lesson from me."
Well, Ramlal the Oilman spites me, and pounded my cow last rains;
He's got three greasy young urchins—I'll see that *they* take pains.

5.

Then comes the Settlement Hákim, to teach us to plough and to weed
(I sowed the cotton he gave me, but first I boiled the seed).
He likes us humble farmers, and speaks so gracious and wise
As he asks of our manners and customs—I tell him a parcel of lies.

6.

"Look," says the school Feringhee, "what a silly old man you be.
You can't read, write, nor cypher—and your grandsons do all three;
They'll total the shopman's figures, and reckon the tenant's corn,
And read good books about London, and the world afore you were born."

7.

Well, I may be old and foolish, for I've seventy years well told,
And the English have ruled me forty, so my heart and my hand's got cold.
Good boys they are, my grandsons, I know, but they'll never be men
Such as I was at twenty-five, when the sword was king of the pen;

8.

When I rode a Dekhani charger, with a saddle-cloth gold-laced;
And a Persian sword, and a twelve-foot spear, and a pistol at my waist.
My son he keeps a pony, and I grin to see him astride,
Jogging away to the market, and swaying from side to side.

9.

My father was an Afghan, and came from Kandahar—
He rode with Nawáb Ameer Khan in the great Mahratta war.
From the Dekhan to the Himalays, five hundred of one clan,
They asked no leave of prince or chief as they swept thro' Hindustan.

10.

My mother was a Brahminee, but she clave to my father well.
She was saved from the sack of Juleysur, when a thousand Hindus fell.
Her kinsmen died in the sally, so she followed where he went,
And lived, like a bold Pathání, in the shade of a rider's tent.

11.

It's many a year gone by now, and yet I often dream
Of a long dark march to the Jumna, of splashing across the stream,
Of the waning moon on the water, and the spears in the dim starlight,
As I rode in front of my mother, and wondered at all the sight.

12.

Then a streak of the pearly dawn, the flash of a sentinel's gun,
The gallop and glint of horsemen who wheeled in the level sun,
The shots in the clear still morning, the white smoke's eddying wreath,
Is this the same land that I live in, the dull dank air that I breathe?

13.

But the British chased Ameer Khan, and the roving times must cease;
My father got this village, and he sowed his crops in peace;
And I, so young and hot of blood, I had no land or wife,
So I took to the hills of Malwa and the free Pindaree life.

14.

Praise to the name Almighty, there is no God but One.
Mahomed is His prophet, and His will shall ever be done.
Ye shall take no care for your money, nor your faith for a ransom sell;
Ye shall make no terms with the infidel, but smite his soul to hell.

15.

Tell me, ye men of Islam, who are rotting in shameful ease,
Who wrangle before the Feringhee for a poor man's last rupees,
Are ye better than were your fathers, who plundered with old Cheetoo,
Squeezing the greedy traders as the traders now squeeze you?

16.

Yes, and here's one of them coming. My father gave him a bill;
I have paid the man twice over, and here I'm paying him still.
He shows me a long stamp-paper, and must have my land, must he?
If I were twenty years younger he'd get six feet by three.

17.

And if I were forty years younger, with my life before me to choose,
I wouldn't be lectured by Kafirs or bullied by fat Hindoos,
But I'd go to some far-off country where Musulmans still are men,
Or take to the jungle like Cheetoo, and die in the tiger's den!

After a delightful march we returned for a time to head-quarters at Nagpore, where attention was demanded to a great scheme Temple had on hand. This was nothing less than an Exhibition at Nagpore to introduce the backward province to her more advanced neighbours, and to stimulate local manufactures by a display by their side of the products of their rivals. Situated as Nagpore was far from what was then regarded as civilisation, the undertaking seemed somewhat audacious. But, thanks to the loyalty of a legion of helpers, the scheme worked out well enough, and the Nagpore Exhibition proved a memorable success. After the lapse of nearly half a century, the experiment has been repeated at Nagpore this last year, but at a Nagpore now very different to that of our day,—a Nagpore with the railway and much civilisation, progress, and reform. But the old time, even without ice, was not such a bad time after all, and I was gratified to see that the advanced officials of the present day generously enough acknowledged that, considering our resources, we did not do so badly in those very inferior days of the long ago.

The remarkable rapidity and ever-sustained continuity of Temple's successful progress generated a jealousy the force of which was formidable, and which gave off, in the shape of stories concerning him, sparklets or shocks according to whether these were good-natured and amusing or designedly malicious and harmful. One of the most dangerous of the latter class was to the effect that Temple, in his extraordinary vanity, had caused to be struck of himself a medal, to commemorate his success in the Central Provinces, and that on that medal he had had himself portrayed crowned with the laurel-wreath of a victorious Roman emperor! As material evidence existed appearing to support this story, it was very generally accepted, and the efforts of myself and others to contradict it met with small success. Such a medal was undoubtedly struck, but that Temple was entirely innocent of all knowledge of the matter the following statements of facts will sufficiently show.

In the spring of 1864 Temple, being then Chief Commissioner of the Central Provinces, went home on leave, Mr J. Scarlett Campbell succeeding him temporarily in the post. Before leaving for England Temple had set agoing all the arrangements for the Exhibition that was to be held at Nagpore at the close of the year. A large committee of management was appointed, of which the Chief Commissioner was president, and there were several sub-committees, of the chief of which I was chairman. Soon after Temple's departure the question of a prize medal for successful exhibitors came up before the Grand Committee. Mr Scarlett Campbell had been in communication with the mint-master in Calcutta, and Temple's features being peculiar, the engraver had succeeded in producing a remarkable likeness of his subject. Mr Campbell showed the medal to the committee, and recommended its adoption for the exhibition prizes. The members were one and all delighted with the likeness, and the advocacy of the president naturally had great weight. But I, fortunately, realised the danger to Temple in the proposal, and stated my objections as chairman of the committee for general arrangements, to whose department the question belonged. I urged that only crowned heads and chiefs of States were commemorated on medals, and that if the medal was struck Temple would certainly be debited with the sin of it. Campbell had taken much trouble in the matter, and was disappointed at my opposition, especially when I succeeded in bringing several of the committee over to my side. He sarcastically inquired whether I could suggest anything better, and adjourned the discussion to the next day. In the meantime I prepared one or two designs, which went the round of the racquet-court and the club in the evening. The first, I remember, had on one side a copy of the excellent likeness of Temple on the medal. On the reverse was a hand with thumb extended, resembling, save in the extension, the bloody hand borne by a baronet in a canton on his arms. The designs were on a card, and to either side of the card was attached a thread, by

which the card could be twiddled round, after the manner of the mouse and the cage of one's childhood. The twiddling process brought the thumb up to Temple's nose, and was designed to represent his views on the subject. Yet another design was Temple as a dragon, gobbling up local funds, for which he had an insatiable appetite; and a third design exhibited Temple as Hercules helping a cotton-cart out of the mud,—a compliment to his improvement of the roads of the Provinces. Campbell, who was my warm and valued personal friend, took all the chaff in good part. At the next meeting of the committee wise counsels prevailed, and a colourless cornucopia-like design was adopted for the prize medal. Later it appeared that some expense had been incurred in engraving Temple's portrait, and Campbell suggested that, as the likeness was excellent, the members of the committee and others in the Province might like to purchase copies. This was done, and I have to this day this excellent portrait of my good old chief and kinsman. But the mint-master did what I always held to be utterly unjustifiable. To some of these medals he superadded a laurel-wreath encircling Temple's brow. Copies of these medals were given away, and soon were distributed over India, and presented themselves as incontestable proof of the story that Temple had had such a medal struck in his own glorification, on which he appeared laurel-crowned like a victorious Roman emperor! Later Temple had an excellent opportunity of making matters uncomfortable for the gentleman who had played him this trick, and I advocated a little ungentle discipline. But Temple would not hear of it, so generous was he, and so little given to malice. He always recognised that I had done him a good service in opposing the medal in committee, and was grateful for it. Over and over again was Temple attacked in the press on account of this medal, and although the story was contradicted by myself and others, few, in face of the medal itself, were disposed to accept our denial. So much for history!

Whilst with Temple as Secretary I accompanied him four

times from Central Nagpore to the sea-coast,—no mean journey, be it east or west, in those days before the railway. Once we marched through the wild country beyond Sumbhulpore to Cuttack, and Pooree on the east coast, and my dear Arab, "Selim," quite enjoyed there a sea-bath which he had richly earned. Then in the rains we made a perilous journey down the Godavery river, through Seroncha, to Rajumundry and the seaport of Coconada, as Temple had to report on the then vexed Godavery scheme, to which he was to give the quietus. On that tour we ran every possible risk of drowning, fever, and all other available Indian calamities, and, to the amazement of every one, we both escaped scot-free. I should not, however, care to repeat that risky experiment.

Our two visits to Bombay were of a very different character. We had the new railway part of the way, so the ride of a couple of hundred miles was as nothing, with the help of the excellent arrangements of a great man's progress. And at the end of our journey we enjoyed the most hearty delightful hospitality of our Calcutta friends, Sir Bartle and Lady Frere, who reigned at Government House, Bombay, and at Dapoorie, near Poonah. The Freres were quite the most perfect of hosts. Everything connected with Government House was thoroughly well done. All the members of the family and household were after the manner of the heads of the establishment, and those who had not inherited their charm appeared to have acquired at least some portion of it by living in such excellent company. So, on both occasions, our visits were most enjoyable, and I had the best opportunities of making friends with many of the merchants and other residents, which was to stand me in good stead later on in my new post of Cotton Commissioner. Bombay was, at the date of both our visits, in all the throes of the share mania, consequent on the immense rise in the price of Indian cotton on the breaking out of the civil war in the United States. The conditions were very exceptional. Every one, save those at Govern-

ment House, seemed to have gone mad, the speculation craze being hot upon them. This will to some extent be understood when it is told that in Bombay, in those days, the flood of silver had encouraged to a wild extent every sort of scheme for the investment of the superabundant rupees. One, for instance, the Back Bay Reclamation, which was to provide land for the extension of the city of Bombay, was announced with a capital of so many lacs of rupees, divided into shares of, say, 2000 rupees each. Such was the anxiety to obtain shares in this much-advertised and favoured scheme that, prior to allotment, the shares were quoted in the market at, say, 1000 rupees premium each. These figures are not intended as an exact statement of facts, but are given in the view of explaining the position. Well, this meant that any one who had a friend among the directors might hope for an allotment of shares. If he got a single one, he, by at once selling his share, could pocket 1000 rupees, which, as the rupee was worth in those days two shillings, was a sum not to be despised. If he were in power, or especially fortunate, he might receive an allotment of ten or even a hundred shares; and it requires but a simple calculation to show how a fortune might be obtained with no risk or trouble. Naturally, many were wild to obtain allotments of shares in the new companies that were announced with shares invariably quoted at a high premium, and scandal was rife with stories of how some of the greatest personages in the Presidency had been given allotments in the hope, it was insinuated, of their lending their official support to this particular or to other schemes. And there were other and much pleasanter stories current,—how a kind-hearted director had got together the names of certain worthy old officers known to be badly off and in debt, and in allotting to them shares, had spared them all further anxiety, and sent them home rejoicing. Government House was the only quarter that, admittedly, had been left untouched by the craze. Sir Bartle Frere seemed to Temple

and myself to move about quite unconscious of what was passing around him. He himself was such a perfectly clean, honourable gentleman that it did not seem to suggest itself to him that any others in the service could possibly descend to engage in speculations which, in view of their official position, were objectionable, and it was obviously in the interest of some of his advisers to keep him in the dark. Sir George Campbell, who was subsequently Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal, came to Government House the day after our arrival, and made some strong remarks in a very audible tone as to what was going on in Bombay. These were brought to Sir Bartle's knowledge, and in the evening he came up to Temple's room and asked him to give him frankly his view of the position, which, until then, the Governor had not sufficiently realised. Temple explained fully his own view of the situation. Sir Bartle was enlightened and convinced, and a Government resolution was promptly issued setting forth the obligations of officers of the service in respect to the spirit of speculation then raging. But it is to be feared that the warning came somewhat late, and that much harm had already been wrought before the Governor was able to put on the brake.

I was often to see Sir Bartle Frere after this visit, and to enjoy the much-prized hospitality of his household. And the more I saw of him, so grew my admiration of that eminent public servant and most delightful of characters. There was about him everything to captivate the imagination of a young man, whether an official or non-official. For everything he did, he did well; and he was so favoured by nature in figure and in face that wherever he appeared his presence was always agreeably impressive. Whether he turned out in riding kit for the morning gallop, which he loved, or stood in the drawing-room of an evening receiving his guests, clad in conventional black dress-clothes, relieved by the red ribbon of the Bath around his neck and the sparkling star of the order on his breast, he looked what

he was, a most distinguished and accomplished gentleman. In his robes as Chancellor of the University of Bombay, superimposed on his full political blue-and-gold uniform (an arrangement, by the way, which I subsequently attempting to copy on a smaller scale was ruled out of order), he looked both handsome and gorgeous. But I think the portrait that has remained on my mind, and which I like of all the best, is that of Sir Bartle making his annual inspection of the troops at Poonah. I can see him riding down the lines, splendidly mounted, and with his perfectly easy graceful seat in the saddle. The custom then was that the Governor did not appear in uniform at the review. Sir Bartle's *mufti* included, among other garbs, a perfectly-fitting frock-coat, on which glistened his star, all surmounted by an unexceptionable white hat. And he looked the part of the civilian Governor to perfection. "I thought," growled out an old officer riding near me, "that these civilians always put on uniform on such occasions." "I daresay they *did*," answered one of our companions. "I suppose in former times they never had any decent *mufti*, only bazaar-made clothes, you know." But I believe that facts hardly sustain the accuracy of this remark. Later, in England, I was often to see Sir Bartle and Lady Frere, ever the most generous and tolerant of my friends. And I had the privilege of corresponding with this truly noble character until a short time before his lamented death. The resentment with which, together with many others, I regarded the manner in which he was treated, and my real sorrow at his death, are still strong upon me whilst I write. And the pity that he was not spared until the Boer War could prove the accuracy of his forecast and the correctness of his little-heeded warnings! Looking into dates, I am surprised to find that, full of honours, but still far from adequately rewarded for his great services to the country, he died at an earlier age than I, who have been spared to write these notes, have already attained.

I myself was more than once tempted to have a plunge in

speculation during my Bombay visits. But, fortunately, I was not insensible to the obligations of my position with Temple, or of my loyalty to Sir Bartle, my host, and I wisely abstained. Temple found out what had passed, and sending for me one morning, obligingly assured me that if he had ascertained that I had accepted one single share, he would have turned me out of the Provinces that very day. An attempt "to get at" the rising Chief Commissioner of the Central Provinces, who was credited with much influence, was not unnatural. One day he brought me, with much indignation, a letter from a well-known firm, offering him a large allotment of shares in a proposed company which were already quoted at a high premium. This meant a very large sum into his pocket if he accepted the offer. He was furious, and made me write back a scornfully indignant letter, expressing surprise that such an offer could have been addressed to one holding his office. Some time later, when he was Financial Member of Council, Temple showed me some papers connected with this very same scheme, which had then come under the unfavourable notice of the Government of India. And he remarked to me, "A nice position I should have been in now, had I accepted the bribe these gentlemen so generously offered to me when at Nagpore!" In all his financial arrangements Temple, as I have reason to know, having been one of his trustees, was most particular. He never made any investment in India, and would not even touch Government paper. All that he saved either went to extending his family estate in Worcestershire, or was invested in British or foreign Government Stocks. Soon after his arrival he succeeded in having a branch of the Bank of Bengal established at Nagpore. Until then all Government officers had their accounts with a great local native banker, who was consequently a power in the land. He not only knew rather too much about every officer's private affairs, but had the *entrée* of the houses of all officials from the highest to the lowest. In those days, with the cotton famine on, the balance of trade was greatly

on the side of Nagpore, and the expense of bringing up specie by cart or camel was considerable. So any one who could save from his pay, and wished to send money home or to Bombay, had the exchange well in his favour, and could add each month a certain number of rupees to his account by watching and working the exchange. The wily native would come round occasionally with news of a favourable rise in the market, which might make His Honour desirous of remitting to Bombay? Before Temple's time it was the joke of the place that the banker could always command admittance to the great, even when the gates were shut to others. And occasionally, no doubt, when visiting an important official, the wily banker had a chance of inserting a word or two on some other subject in which he had an interest. The whole native world outside, at least, firmly believed that this was the case, and hence the man was a real power in the land. When officers' accounts were kept with the uninteresting Bank of Bengal, this native gentleman had less interest in, and excuse for, his constant visits to officials.

CHAPTER VII.

CHANDAH.

1865–1866.

Am appointed Settlement Officer—The assessment of the Government land revenue—The bestowal of proprietary right—The question in the Gurboree district of Chandah—The claims of the absentee Court-favourites *versus* the Coerie cultivators on the spot—The great tanks, or artificial lakes, made by these latter—I decide a ruling case in favour of the cultivator—Great joy throughout the district—My pleasures in camp—The people by degrees gain confidence—Commencement with the children—Elephant rides—Magic-lantern—The duck, fish, and magnet—Parents join in the revels—My success—Destroyed by counter-attraction—A six weeks' British baby arrives in camp—Is powdered twice daily in public—My shows are deserted—Companions of my solitude—Sport—Sketching—'Cello—Intelligent young elephant—My beloved "Selim"—How the old Sheikh selected him for me—The Arab's companionship in camp—Horse has no chance against dog as a house companion—Selim's services, extending over more than twenty years—His devoted old groom, Kurban—Selim dies of snake-bite—Sorrow and depravity of Kurban—Takes to native liquor, and follows his beloved companion—My books—Prinsep's 'Antiquities'—'The Initials'—'Undine' and 'Sintram'—'Mr Sponge's Sporting Tour'—Dangerous companion to a young man—Melancholy story of "Black Tommy" and this book—My successors with Temple—The brethren of St François de Sales at Nagpore—I assist their colony, and shoot heretic tiger—The band—Priest on the committee—The sick young priest's reasons for declining my hospitality—He is persuaded.

AFTER I had served for two years as Assistant-Secretary, Temple told me one day that my only chance of learning my real work was to leave headquarters and go out into the districts among the people. He held that the best of all training was to be obtained in the Settlement Department,

in which he himself, and many other officers well to the front, had been raised. The work of the Settlement Officer brought him directly into contact with the cultivators and landholders, whose conditions, wants, customs, and history had all to be investigated before even an attempt at a "Settlement" could be made; the settlement in question being the settlement of the land revenue of a district—*i.e.*, the determination of the amount of land revenue to be paid to Government by the people, and of many questions relating thereto, all requiring a very careful study of the district and its people in all its aspects. I was appointed Settlement Officer of the Wurdah and Chandah districts, in succession to Sir Charles Bernard, who came to Nagpore as Chief Secretary. The settlement of Wurdah was then about half finished; that of Chandah, the adjoining district, had only recently been commenced. So I was to have my hands pretty full. The districts were divided into a certain number of what were termed "villages,"—that is to say, not only the homesteads, but the lands thereto appertaining within certain boundaries. These were, in fact, large estates with a resident population, nearly entirely occupied with the cultivation of the land within the village limits. The Province of Nagpore had but recently been annexed by our Government, and the levy of the land revenue was according to the arrangements made under the native *régime*, which were known to be open to improvement. It is not proposed to enter here into any detailed description of the various and interesting duties which occupied a Settlement Officer's day. These included survey and measurements, the settlement of boundary disputes, the examination of tenures, the classification of soils, the inspection of villages, the hearing of complaints, and many other important duties which assisted to a complete education in the history of the country, economic and political. These notes, however, will relate chiefly to a very important part of my new duties—namely, what was termed the bestowal of proprietary right in these estates.

This work in Wurdah had already been completed by Sir Charles Bernard, but I had the good fortune of having this most interesting duty left to me to undertake and carry through in Chandah. In the old Nagpore Province the rule had been that all lands were the property of the Maharajah or ruler. Every man who held land was but a tenant, and had to pay towards the revenue. But the State did not trouble itself to deal with the individual cultivator. The native Revenue Department took a "village," or estate, as above described, and, making a rough estimate, decided that it should pay annually a sum of, say, 1000 rupees into the Government treasury. The collecting of this sum was entrusted to a farmer called a *Malgoozar*, with whom a contract was made for a term of years, generally thirty. The village and the villagers were then handed over to the man chosen as farmer, and so long as he paid in the fixed sum regularly, the Native Government did not ask many questions, and this *Malgoozar* might screw as much as he could out of the cultivators and pocket the difference between his collection and the Government demand. In the rich estates with good cultivation near Nagpore, affairs were fairly well managed: the farmer often lived on the spot, looked after the people, helped them in bad years, and was not so bad a master. But as one got farther away from headquarters, and found oneself in Chandah, in an out-of-the-way, hilly, and jungly district lying to the south, on the Wyngungah and Godavery rivers, the condition of the cultivator was not so satisfactory. The *Malgoozars* there were all absentees, and, never going near their villages, left their agents to screw from the people the largest amount possible. The out-of-the-way Chandah villages had all fallen into the hands of Court-favourites, the brothers of dancing-girls, pimps, and scoundrels of many sorts, to whom the *Malgoozarship* was a valuable asset. The term of years under which these gentry held was just coming to an end, and our Government had determined to make a complete change in the

revenue system. The lands, the property of the Maharajah, had now passed into the possession of the British Crown, and it was decided that the leasing system should be abolished, and that proprietary right in these estates should not be retained by the Government, but should be bestowed on those persons who should be considered, on inquiry, to be the most deserving of this valuable possession. It could hardly be maintained that any one had any real claim to the gift, as the *Malgoozar's* tenure of his farm had been precarious, and he had been liable to be turned out by the Native Government at the close of his lease, if not indeed before, if any one outbid him, or any other scoundrel about the Court came more prominently into favour. The cultivators had never entertained the remotest hope of becoming proprietors of their holdings, and many, so long as they were not too unfairly dealt with, would be quite content with the continuance of the old state of things, and even prefer it to a change and direct contact with Government officials. For the native of India holds very strongly and sensibly, "Better the devil you know than the devil you don't know." The Settlement Officer had then to decide the important question in the case of each estate, On whom should the proprietary right be bestowed? I had to commence by giving my decision in the Gurboree division of the Chandah district, where the conditions were somewhat unusual. The country was intersected with low hills, and the forest and jungle were extensive. What there was of cultivation was excellent, consisting chiefly of large patches adjoining the jungle. The value and merit of the cultivation was due to its being mostly irrigated from what were called "tanks,"—really splendid, and in many cases extensive, artificial lakes, in which the district abounded. The cultivators were nearly all of a caste called "Coeries," market-gardeners, who had come down from the Benares country several generations before, and, clearing the jungle, had made these artificial lakes, and with their aid had brought a considerable area under cultivation with sugar-

cane, betel-nut, and other crops of high class. The Coerie has a wonderful eye for irrigation possibilities, and this he brought to bear in the Chandah district, selecting sites between two ranges of hills, where a small embankment would throw back a stream and provide him a lake to supply the water for neighbouring village lands. So soon as the lake had been made and the cultivation well started, the village had been seized and made over by the Native Government to some scoundrel about the Nagpore Court, who promptly sent down an agent to bleed the Coeries. And this he generally did fairly thoroughly. Such was the condition of things as found by me in Gurboree when I went there early one hot-weather to determine the question of Proprietary Right.

I pitched my camp in the centre of the tract, near a beautiful lake, and spent some considerable time in riding about, making inquiries and collecting information relating to the Coeries, their doings and their claims. In due course a number of *Malgoozars* from Nagpore made their appearance at my camp, having for the first time in their lives come to see their estates in distant Chandah. They were nearly all of the same type: favourites of the old Court of an undesirable class, dissipated, wretched creatures who were very miserable in a jungle camp, and whose only interest in the village was the amount of rupees their managers could squeeze out of the cultivators annually. These gentry pleaded, through their advocates, and sometimes in person, their long connection with the villages, and, asserting that they had ever evinced the deepest interest in the country and their tenantry, claimed that proprietary right should be bestowed upon them. On the other hand, the hard-working Coeries prayed that they might be released from the yoke of these absentee rack-renters, who had never helped them in any way, and who would not even contribute when necessary towards repairing the embankment of the lake on which the village lands depended for their irrigation. The Coeries could invariably prove that their ancestors had come down

long years before from the Benares Province, had cleared the jungle, made the lake and cultivated the lands, and that then, when everything had been got into order, they and the village had been handed over to the *Malgoozar*, who had fattened on their industry for an admitted long number of years. It was known that in the other districts, where the *Malgoozars* had lived on their estates and recognised their duties as landlords, the Settlement Officer had accepted the fact of a man being in possession, and having long held a lease, as very strong points in a claimant's favour, generally securing for him proprietary right. So the proofs of long tenancy were produced before me with great satisfaction by the Nagpore men, who relied entirely on this occupancy and possession argument. I could not help remembering the decision of the Republican judge during the French Revolution, who encouraged a suitor of one of the old *noblesse*, who claimed an estate, to prove carefully step by step that the property had been in the family without break for four hundred and fifty years. That done, he said, "Citizen, I am entirely satisfied with the evidence, and consider it has been indubitably established that your family have held this property for four hundred and fifty years. Now, however, I think that that is long enough, and I consider it is quite time that some other family should have a turn at it!"

But it was, of course, not quite on these lines that the decision went. The question was, Who had the better claim, the Nagpore absentee with a very long record of ill-doing, or the Coerie headman with his many years of successful toil? For in each village there was inevitably to be found some family among these cultivators who had ever taken the lead, and had held the management of village affairs, and who would be accepted gladly as landlord, the tenant rights of the others being recorded and secured by the Settlement Officer. The cases I had to decide in Gurboree were practically all of the same type. Some *Malgoozars* had held longer than others; in some cases the arrival of the Coeries in the

district had been comparatively late. All these facts had to be inquired into and recorded. This done, I was in a position to announce my decision as to who should become proprietor, the *Malgoozar* or the Coerie. The decision was awaited with immense interest by all concerned, and a certain afternoon in May was fixed for the announcement. It was evident that the order in one case would govern nearly all the rest, so the decision in the first case on the list was to be read out in public by me under a splendid tree near the bank of the lake in front of my camp. Here assembled, from all parts of the district, on that afternoon hundreds of Coeries interested in the result. I had no difficulty in deciding in favour of the cultivator against the absentee *Malgoozar*. Not only had the former the better claim for past work, but it was certain that the Government interests would be more secure in the hands of the patient, industrious Coeries on the spot, than of the dissipated absentee at Nagpore. So Proprietary Right was bestowed according to my decision on the Coeries, and the district saw no more of the temporary visitors from Nagpore.

I am not likely ever to be able to forget the scene that afternoon and evening round my camp. The Coeries were in the wildest state of excitement and exultation at their success, and came round the camp until late at night with the most excruciating village music and melodies. Deputations brought me offerings of flowers, of fruits and sweetmeats, and the next few days wherever I passed the whole village would turn out and *wah-wah* me, which is the local mode of expressing great satisfaction. Thus were these deserving people righted and made supremely happy. And the whole countryside benefited. The Nagpore people appealed, of course, against my decision. But it was upheld, and is still, I hear, talked of by Coeries of the present day as the charter of their liberties and prosperity.

This was only one step in the many inquiries that had to be made and decisions given on every variety of subject towards the great end of fixing the sum to be paid by each

estate—the assessment of the Government revenue in the district. For this purpose I and my assistants had to pass all the hot-weather and cold season in camp, going into the station only when the rains made district work impossible, and when a mass of clerical work had to be undertaken by the native staff in less unstable quarters than tents. But the real time of enjoyment was the camp life, which, besides sport of all kinds, had many varieties of delights to any one interested in the country and the people. These latter were, of course, somewhat timid and suspicious at first. But with a little patience and management most of this suspicion could be dispelled. I found the easiest and surest way of getting at the people was through the children. These I enlisted as my allies; and the plan succeeded well, and has been applied with equally satisfactory results in the Alpine country around this old château, where some of our time is now passed annually. I had a couple of elephants with me. These were quite unknown in most parts of the district, and the arrival of my camp was of as much interest to the native children as the advent of a circus is to the youngsters of a British village. The camp would be besieged by all the *gamins* of the neighbourhood, and their joy would be intense when it became known that, in the evening, the elephant would take a select party for a ride on its back. I was generally present in person when the riding-party was chosen, and would help some of the small boys to climb on to the elephant's back, where they would cling together, like a number of young rats, during the ride through the village. Encouraged by this treat, they would return to the camp, where in the cool of the evening a show of some sort would be prepared for young and old, as the children soon taught their parents that the *sahib* was not to be feared, and persuaded their elders to accompany them. The magic-lantern had a long run of popularity, and both young and old were impressed by the resource of the British tar in the well-known old slide, the tiger in the tub, the tail through the bung-hole, the tying of that tail in a knot, the tiger's im-

prisonment resulting therefrom, and his final slaughter by the brave tar with his cutlass! But I think I scored even a greater success with a large basin of water, placed outside the tent door, in which was the fish, duck, and magnet of one's childhood. It was to those simple villagers indeed a marvel that the *sahib* could make the fish or duck follow him round the basin! They did not, of course, notice that the magnet was turned in the process of its being handed to them. And then great indeed was the astonishment when it was seen that the fish would not only decline to follow any native, but would positively retreat from before him!

By this and other means — by shooting an occasional troublesome tiger, by dosing a fever-stricken man with quinine, and so on—I managed by degrees to get on quite confidential terms with the people. Fortunately, I no longer relied so much as formerly on these shows and parlour tricks for holding their confidence. For I was soon to learn that my popularity as a Barnum must go down entirely before a great counter-attraction introduced by my married assistant. This officer, Captain S——, joined me in camp, temporarily, and brought with him his wife and quite a new baby. This baby entirely put the noses of the elephant, the magic-lantern, and the fish, duck, and magnet out of joint. It soon became known throughout the countryside that, in the cool of the morning and evening, that pink-and-white baby was taken outside the tent, its clothes removed, and its body powdered publicly. And the whole population of the neighbourhood, male, female, young and old, turned out and sat outside the camp waiting patiently to see the operation, and remained in breathless admiration until the close of the performance. Fortunately, by this time I had got sufficiently far with my clients not to fear the effects of such dangerous competition. I think now that one might have scored considerably if one had had in those days a megaphone or phonograph and the like. But I am persuaded that nothing would have stood against the exhibition and powdering of the pink-and-white British baby in its primitive state.

Whilst I thus provided some divertisement for my many native friends, I was myself also fairly well supplied with interests, and was thoroughly happy in camp. When I first went out into the districts, it was supposed that I had so long been accustomed to be surrounded by a very varied society that, the novelty once worn off, I should find the solitude of camp life intolerable. But so was it not to be. I quite enjoyed an occasional run into the station, to inspect my headquarters office and to take a few days' change amidst comparative civilisation. But, for the rest, I was absolutely happy in my tents, amidst my work, tigers, and other resources. I again took to reading, and even commenced the study of some Indian subjects, and, thanks to Tod's 'Rajasthan,' 'Ariana Antiqua,' 'Prinsep,' and other standard books recommended to me by Sir Bartle Frere, I imbibed a taste for, and acquired some knowledge of, Indian antiquities, which have remained as my valued companions ever since. I sketched and painted too, whenever it was fairly cool, and had even with me a 'cello during the cold weather, which, however, could not be expected to face the hot weather or rains. My great dread was the occasional appearance in my camp of some good-natured bore, who would ride over from some ten miles off to keep me company and "to cheer me up," as he would term it. "Don't you find it very dull where you are, out by yourselves in the district?" I once heard a lady, who was devoted to the local club and gossip (for in India the local club has its special ladies' quarter), say to another, the wife of a planter, who had a bungalow and pretty grounds some ten miles out. "I find it quiet," was the reply, "but never dull." For dulness, in truth, is an inherent personal quality. If you have no natural cheerfulness and resource, the more's the pity, and you will find it dull in most places. But with a certain stock of resource piled up for future use as required, and a happy faculty of being able to interest yourself in the minor things that surround you, it need never be necessary to be dull, whether alone in camp or elsewhere. At least, that was my experi-

ence, and, like my dear friend of later years, the talented and cheery "Elizabeth"[1] in her beloved German garden, I would much resent the appearance of the bore aforesaid, who, full of good intentions, would intrude upon one's solitude. This visit would mean my having to play company and talk platitudes during the day and evening whenever one's work left one spare time. Then the sketch would have to be left uncared for, just as it demanded a fresh "wash"; the 'cello must be laid aside; and after dinner there would be no chance for the book, which had had the marker left in a most interesting passage. And how grateful one was when the worthy old bore, thanking one, took his leave and cantered back to his camp!

Besides my books and other inanimate surroundings ministering to happiness in camp, I had also as "companions of my solitude" my dog, my horses, and a very intelligent little elephant, who would afford much amusement during the morning and evening visit to his tree, well outside the camp. Of dogs I had, in my time, a whole succession of beloved friends, but of whom I do not care to allow myself to write much. Alas! the then conditions did not admit of their being long-lived, and one was periodically harrowed by the sufferings and death of a valued companion, and the attempt to accommodate oneself to the characteristics of a successor. My wife and I had a dear dog who for fourteen years distributed its affection between master and mistress with such exquisite impartiality and tact that we were both devoted to it—the one as much as the other—as one might be to a favourite child. When that dog died we were both seriously unhappy, and wisely determined not to replace it. We both loved the dear little beastie too much to tolerate a successor.

Last, but not least, I had always with me in camp my Arab, my beloved "Selim," who had been with me ever since my first month in Calcutta. During my busy days

[1] The Countess von Arnim, whom I hope to be able to introduce later, some afternoon, whilst on a visit to this Château de Rougemont.

at the capital, or whilst scampering over the Provinces with Temple, my acquaintance with dear Selim had been almost entirely official. That is to say, I had ridden him regularly, and had earned several thousands of rupees on his back, in travelling allowance, whilst riding him on duty. But I had had little opportunity of knowing that brave horse in, so to speak, private life. Now in camp we were to be much together, and when it was off-duty and off-saddle of an evening we got to know one another intimately, and to appreciate one another, and to become firm friends. As I have said, he came to me early in my Indian life in Calcutta. I had already set myself up with the necessary buggy-horse. But to make my stud complete I required a really good saddle-horse, an Arab,—for riding then under ten and a half stone, I knew there was nothing like an Arab for my work. The Cabulis were all very well between the shafts, or to ride a stage when necessary, but for real enjoyment one must have an Arab, a real Arab, such as was yet to be found in those days, and not what was called then and thereafter a "Gulf Arab." A well-known character in Calcutta fifty years ago was the old "Sheik" who was to be seen every morning at Cook's Livery Stables, where he kept his string of horses. My cousin, Mr Charles Rivett-Carnac, then magistrate of Dacca, was a well-known sportsman, and most of his horses, which had made him famous on the Calcutta course and the Tent Club, had come from his friend the "Sheik." To this old character I was given by my kinsman a letter with the advice, "Leave the matter in the old fellow's hands entirely. I have told him you want a really good Arab, and will pay a fair price. And he will give you one that will be a joy to you for ever." And so it turned out. I did not attempt to pretend to know anything about horses. Nor did I bring down with me any one to inspect the stable or assist me in my choice. "Sheik Sahib," I said, "I trust entirely to you." And he answered by producing the most shapely, gentle, delightful beast I had ever set eyes upon. "This," said he, "is for the *bhai*

[brother] of my good friend at Dacca, who knows me, and knows a good horse. And Selim will disappoint neither of you. He is the flower of my flock." And so for the sum of 1200 rupees—a good sum in those days—I became the master of dear Selim and a *syce*, or groom, who had been with him some little time, and which pair for more than twenty years followed my fortunes.

Dear Selim! He was unusually large and powerful for an Arab. He had a delightful temper, great muscle, and what many, especially my female friends, thought most important, *quite* a beautiful tail. A horse has small chance against a dog in establishing himself in his master's affections as a companion and friend. Neither Selim nor I would have been comfortable companions had he curled himself up on my bed at my feet at night. And he bulked too large to be convenient either in an office-room or in a tent during the day. So, before I came out into the wilderness, we could only get to know one another when I went down occasionally to his stable in the club with a piece of sugar-cane, or when we went out together for a ride. He had many winning ways, and showed real intellect in some things. He learnt to understand the modulations of my voice, and did pretty nearly exactly what I told him to do.

Years afterwards, when I first took up the command of Volunteers, I rode him one day for the first time as a charger on parade, for he was well above charger-height. Little anticipating any such result, I roared out the word of command at the top of my voice, as I had been told to do, as this was a point on which our General was most particular. Before I knew where I was, we were right across the parade-ground. I was buckled up in an unaccustomed uniform, had my drawn sword in my hand, whilst the scabbard and sabretasche, to which Selim had not previously been introduced, smote him on the flank at every bound. We were well into the open country before, more by speaking to him gently than by tugging at his mouth, I persuaded him to come to the halt. Dear old Selim, he had never heard me

speak to him in anger, and my howl of command suggested that I was furious with him, and he had been fairly frightened out of his wits! He carried me several thousand miles during the two years I scampered with Temple all over the Central Provinces, and worked as Settlement Officer and Cotton Commissioner. And twice did I ride him from Nagpore, in the very centre of India, to the sea. I rode him into a very mild Bay of Bengal wavelet one morning at Poori. And a year later I wetted his feet on the same shores, but some hundred miles south, when I accompanied Temple down the Godavery to Coconada. On the former occasion we marched through some desolate jungles between Sumbulpore and Cuttack. The supplies ran short, and the horses had to put up with some wretched small grain, the best procurable. But Mr Selim the while had his gram daily like a gentleman. It turned out that his old *syce* (he was not young when he came to me with the horse) had insisted on each camel-driver carrying a small supply for his favourite, in case of accidents. For that service Kurban Syce, during the many years he was yet with me, drew regularly one rupee extra per month.

When for nearly two years I worked as Settlement Officer, in camp the greater part of the year, Selim and I were for the first time much together. He would come and moon about my tent in the cool of the evening, and had the most insinuating way of placing his neck gently on my shoulder, and keeping it there whilst I petted him and talked to him the while. I can well believe that the Arab-master of the desert, who having no fixed office hours and few society calls has much time to devote to his favourite steed, can thus manage to get quite on terms with him, and make him nearly as companionable as a dog. Brave old Selim! He and his groom, old Kurban, were together with me just over twenty years. Both were getting past work. To shoot the dear old horse would have gone to my heart. And India does not lend itself to paddocks for old favourites. The difficulty was solved for me in a merciful manner one

cold-weather morning at Ghazipur. Old Kurban, who, I fear me, had been gambling in the bazaar, returned early to find his beloved companion lying dead in the stall, and howls and weeping soon aroused the whole establishment. Selim had been bitten by a cobra. He probably did not suffer, and died peacefully in his sleep. Old Kurban never got over his loss. Put in charge of a new waler, he treated it with contumely, and got well kicked for his pains. Then he took to the most inferior bazaar liquor, quarrelled with every one save myself, whom he associated with Selim's memory, and in about a year's time followed his beloved companion and friend to the grave.

Then there were my equally beloved books, to whom, as "companions of my solitude," a passing tribute must also be paid. These included Prinsep's 'Antiquities,' and ranged from 'Undine,' 'Sintram,' and 'The Initials,' to 'Mr Sponge's Sporting Tour.' The presence of this latter gentleman in camp reminds me how he was, in former years, nearly the undoing of another young civilian, to whom it happened after this wise.

Among the intimates of my sporting cousin, who had introduced to me my first tiger and secured for me my dear Selim, was one Tomson, a civilian, also a mighty hunter, and universal favourite. He was known as "Black Tommy," in distinction to a red-headed gentleman in the service of the same name, whose tastes were more on the lines of *nuckshas*, as they are called (*i.e.*, tabular statements), than tigers. "Black Tommy" had been sent to a very serious-minded magistrate, with an equally serious wife, in the idea of mitigating his somewhat too pronounced sporting proclivities, and the poor young man had a real dreary time of it. It was now the cold season, in which he had pictured for himself pig and every variety of jungle produce. And here he was in camp, in the train of the most unsporting of masters, in a district which boasted of little more than an occasional paddy-bird. It was evident that he found but little favour with either the lady or her

husband, and he resented both the social and official discipline to which he was subjected. But, of a sudden, matters improved, and he was astonished to find himself bidden to the not very hospitable board of his superior. "My dear," had said the wife, "I begin to think that our bad opinion of this young man may not have been quite just. His tent, you know, is near mine, and last night I heard him say to his bearer, '*Jo khitab hum roz-roz partah hon, lao*'" (which, notwithstanding the bad grammar, being interpreted means, "Bring to me the book which I daily read"). "It is comforting," she added, "to know he is not entirely frivolous, and to think he sends his bearer to bring him his Bible every night when he goes to bed." So the assistant-magistrate was bidden to luncheon, or "tiffin"[1] as it is generally termed in India. The feast was of the skimpy proportions to be expected of this serious and frugal pair. But in the entertainment there was this advantage, that it was held in a tent with a stove, and the weather being very wet and cold, Tommy was glad enough to dry himself at the fire and escape temporarily from his own well-soaked shelter. He so far ingratiated himself during the scanty meal that, the rain having choked off all business in camp, he was bidden to remain by the fireside to complete his drying, and to stay even to the tea-hour, when the magistrate would improve the occasion by reading aloud from the works of the Rev. D'Ismal Howler, that eminent divine whose writings are so well known to his many admirers. Tommy gladly curled himself up before the stove, and having exhausted all his topics of conversation, asked permission to send for his bearer, to whom, being duly summoned, was repeated the formula, "Bring to me the book which I daily read." The man soon returned, bearing in his hand a volume of considerable proportions with a bright red cover on which were emblazoned a hunting-crop, a fox's brush, and various other emblems of the chase, and altogether as unlike as could

[1] See *ante*, p. 53.

possibly be imagined to the family Bible so hopefully expected. Poor Tommy unexpectedly found that the relations between him and his host were again somewhat strained, and thought it desirable to retire to his own wet tent, and there console himself with the company of Mr Sponge, whose well-known sporting tour was the subject of his daily attention. Poor Tommy fared badly for yet another space. He almost became desperate, and nearly sold his horses. But, fortunately, the Governor of the Province, who was of the same serious type as the magistrate, retired, and was succeeded by one of sporting tendencies, a friend of Tommy's father. This one had some sympathy for the smart young assistant condemned to a life among the paddy-birds. And when the fierce hot weather had dried the jungle into a sportsman's paradise, Tommy found himself with a sympathetic magistrate in a district in which the pig, the tiger, and the deer were a never-ceasing delight.

When I left Temple to take up work in the districts as a Settlement Officer, I had to provide him with a new assistant secretary and private secretary—no easy task. I suggested my great friend Frank Wyllie,[1] who had been with me at Haileybury and came out with me from Trieste, and who was then in Bombay. Temple approving the choice, Frank duly took up the appointment. But his health was never strong, and the work with Temple was not light. So, to the great regret of all, Wyllie left the Central Provinces after a year's work there, and later had, on account of bad health, to resign the service and retire from India. In England he obtained congenial political employment, and earned golden opinions from both political parties. He remained ever my valued intimate friend until his lamented death, which occurred a year and a half ago, he being, with Billy Lyall, Nugent Daniell,[2] and myself, the last representatives of the old Haileybury Club. Wyllie was succeeded by another friend of mine, Arthur Bloomfield,

[1] Elder brother of Sir Curzon Wyllie; see *ante*, p. 81.

[2] Since, I grieve to say, dead.

then an officer of the 1st Royals at Kamptee, who remained with Temple until the Chief Commissioner left for Hyderabad as Resident. He afterwards joined the Central Provinces Commission, and having inherited an old family property, is now a flourishing squire in Suffolk, who never forgets to invite me to his pretty Suffolk home, or omits to have a pleasant talk over the Nagpore times of the far gone-by.

On becoming Settlement Officer I had to set up an office and house in Nagpore, where the work of preparing the voluminous documents for each village was carried out, and where all the staff sought refuge in the rains. Among many pleasant friends of those days I could number several of the brethren of the Order of St François de Sales, who had their headquarters at Kamptee, the neighbouring military cantonment, with a branch at Nagpore.

Whenever opportunity offered, I always sought the company of foreign missionaries. They mixed much with the people and collected a mass of information, sometimes valuable, often curious, but not always of the most trustworthy quality. They saw most questions, however, from a standpoint different from that of the official, which was an advantage, and I had, moreover, an opportunity of talking French, or German, or Italian with them, and thus keeping up languages in a manner that reading alone would not ensure. For the dear brothers of St François de Sales who were at Nagpur and Kamptee I had a real affection, and I flatter myself they reciprocated the feeling in some measure. They were grand fellows, and entirely devoted themselves to their work, worthy of their great founder, who, besides possessing other grand qualities, was such a gentleman. India, and especially Central India, fifty years ago was very different from what it is now, and the brother who went there not only expatriated himself but plunged during his tours into a wild, often unhealthy, almost unknown, country. They seldom remained long at headquarters, were real pioneers these good brothers, like the Benedictines who

founded, in 1074, this old priory from which I am writing. In addition to religion, the Benedictines taught the people all crafts, and looked after the temporal as well as the spiritual welfare of the flock. Some of the Nagpore brothers possessed real kingcraft and were born administrators, such as Temple would gladly have enlisted into the Commission of the Provinces. Like the best class of our own devoted missionaries, they lived among the people and studied them thoroughly in a manner which the married missionaries, with all the best of wills, cannot always compass. They made the most marvellous journeys through the jungles to out-of-the-way places, and having generally some knowledge of medicine and a small stock of quinine, worked what were regarded as marvellous cures, and secured for themselves a welcome among the timid jungle folk. One of them, Father Bertrand, was great at bricks and mortar. He collected money from all sides, and built chapels and schools in places that boasted of no Protestant church. Following a plan he had noticed in some ancient native structures, he would allow no wood in the actual building, beams being avoided by a system of arches, a plan since adopted by some of our engineers. Sometimes in the most out-of-the-way places one came across examples of his handicraft, where no Protestant missionary had attempted to explore.

The good Fathers wanted to start a farm near Nagpore for their native converts: I interested the Government in the matter, and obtained for my friends a good stretch of land under the Waste Land Rules just issued. I helped to start the colony, and was even called in to shoot a heretic tiger who carried off two of the recently purchased mission cattle. Although I also was a heretic, all this was counted to me for righteousness, and stood me in good stead later with His Holiness and the Cardinals when my wife and I went on a visit to Rome.

The good Fathers lived hideously cheaply, and hardly allowed themselves the necessaries of life, whilst even in sickness luxuries were quite unknown. I had made friends

with a young priest, who helped me with one of my hobbies, the Station Band, which, like the Calcutta Town Band, I had recently started at Nagpore. Here, instead of having to deal with educated Germans as in Calcutta, I had a scratch team of Eurasians, discharged bandsmen from native regiments, of each of whom it might truly be said, as was once pronounced of a very high European official, that he had all the appearance of an Italian organ-grinder, with the morals of his monkey. These men lived with their families in some old barracks I had obtained for them, and the presence of a large number of dusky beauties, of all ages, resulted in occasional domestic complications with which I found it difficult to deal. The men were all Catholics, and it suggested itself to put my friend the Priest on the Band Committee, and to give him charge of the department of domestic morals. Accepting the post, he carried out the duties with marked vigour and success. Instead of bringing a culprit up before the Band Committee for a fine, entailing a reduction of the income of unoffending members of the family, he would give the fellow a real sound thrashing with the stout Penang-lawyer cane which he always carried on his rounds. And the men accepted this discipline as a matter of course, so that both music and morals improved and flourished. One rainy season my poor friend took terribly ill, and the surgeon of the cavalry regiment, who happened to be his co-religionist, told me that the poor fellow, who had had severe fever, was dying from weakness, and required feeding up with strong soup and port wine. He suggested that, as the young Priest and I were friends, I should take the invalid in hand, and invite him to stay with me for a fortnight or so. I was rather proud in those days of my cook and my bachelor establishment, and immediately hurried off to the chapel and urged my friend to come to me on a visit. Nothing, however, would induce him to accept my invitation. At last I said to him, "Come, we know one another pretty well; tell me honestly why you

won't do what is really for your good, and what the doctor recommends?" He answered, "My kind friend, all the station will think I am going to convert you." "Pardon me," I said, "the whole place will think I am going to convert *you!*" The idea of his being converted by me struck him as being so comic that, laughing heartily, he gave way, and came on a long visit, which did him, I am glad to say, some temporary good. Later he died, poor young fellow, from jungle fever on the Godavery river.

CHAPTER VIII.

COTTON COMMISSIONER.

1866–1868.

Appointed Cotton Commissioner—My duties with the trade—With the cultivation—Difficulties of the road-carriage—Cotton delayed at the railway stations—Lack of waggons—Bribes to station people—Regulation of traffic and institution of cotton yards—Become Puss-in-Boots on the line—European firms begin to come up-country—Foreigners and steam machinery introduced—My initial success in Bombay, thanks to a story—My Bombay friends—Little Birdwood—Indian 'Punch'—Charley Watts-Russell—Dr James Wilson—Rev. Mr Stephen Hislop—Temple goes to Hyderabad as Resident—"The Nagpore Cinderella," by Sir Alfred Lyall—Temple and the caricaturist—Ride with Temple across from Akola to Hyderabad—The Eastern mandate, "Prepare ye the way of the Lord"—The delights of the 320-mile ride—Excellence of the arrangements—My ride from Oomrautee to Nagpore—Visits to Khangaon—A rotund table and impossibility of "sitting on its head," according to Teutonic ideas—Some expensive liqueur brandy—Temple Finance Minister—Lord Lawrence as Viceroy—Am summoned to Simlah—Its delights—Interview with Lord Lawrence—His great State services—His kindness and encouragement—I find my Hildegarde—Engaged to be married—Lord Lawrence comes up to congratulate us—His magnificent present—Our marriage—MacGregor as my best man—His distinguished career—Marries one of the bridesmaids—Sir Henry Durand—My devotion to my father-in-law—His splendid qualities.

I HAD now done two full years' work as a Settlement Officer, and had had some of the most valuable possible experience of district life. I had finished the Settlement of the Wurdah district, and had written the final report with which an officer brings the work to a conclusion. In Chandah we were well forward, and I had secured for the good people

of Gurboree their Charta of Rights, and had ensured for the other deserving cultivators in the district the certainty of their claims being settled on the same equitable lines. In the autumn of 1866 I learnt, to my no small pleasure, that I had been selected for the new appointment of Cotton Commissioner in the Central Provinces and the Berars, to assist in the many questions relating to the interests of the trade that had arisen consequent on the breaking out of the civil war in America, and the distress in our manufacturing districts.

This was not only a new and important staff appointment, with a roving commission over a considerable territory, but it was very much to my taste, as making me Head of a Department, and bringing me in contact with Bombay and the merchants, British and foreign, with whom I had already made acquaintance during my visits with Temple to that Presidency. My position also placed me in communication with the markets, both at home and on the Continent, and brought me into correspondence with some old friends and some new political allies. I had virgin ground to work upon, and it would be my own fault if I did not make the new office a success. The next two years were about the busiest of my life. The districts lying around Nagpore, which were well known to me, Wurdah being the most important, were those producing the best and the largest quantity of cotton in the Central Provinces. The Berar districts, which also came under my charge, lying to the S.W. and along the line of the new railway, were an even more important source of supply. My first duties were to extend and improve the cultivation in order to increase the supply; then to undertake all necessary measures to assist the trade in getting these supplies to the coast in good order and without delay; to sift and report on the many demands made on the Government in the interest of the trade; to keep in touch with the merchants, a considerable number of whom of all nationalities were beginning to find their way "up-country" to

tap new sources of supply; and to collect and publish, for the information of Government and the trade, reliable statistics regarding the extent of cultivation, the prospects of the crop, and such general information as might be acceptable to the mercantile community in India and the cotton interests at home and abroad. The high prices ruling for the staple had more influence than would have had ten thousand Cotton Commissioners in extending the cultivation. The improvement of the plant was quite a different matter. The native cultivator considered he knew rather more about his crop than did even the expert Scotch gardeners who later came to our aid, and he was therefore not over-anxious to be taught. I fear no great progress in this last direction at any time was made. But the change of seed, which was carried out on a large scale, undoubtedly did good. My chief success was in the matter of assisting the traffic and encouraging and aiding the establishment of branch European firms with machinery for cleaning and pressing cotton at certain points in the comparatively remote inland districts.

After the manner of my great master, Temple, I rode about everywhere and collected what information I could, and in due time wrote and published a big report. This was well received in India and England, was republished as a Parliamentary paper, and had the honour not only of a review, but of a leading article also, in 'The Times,' and of equal appreciation from 'The Manchester Guardian' and other newspapers. The chief difficulty at first was to get the cotton to the railway and thence to Bombay, and in decent condition. In those days the Great India Peninsular Railway was not open beyond Bhosawul. The unwieldy loose bags of cotton called *dokras* had to be brought great distances in country carts. over bad roads and often unbridged streams. The result was that the cotton suffered in transit, and damp, dust, and delay much affected the consignment before it reached the railway line. And the complaints from Bombay and Manchester were loud and con-

tinuous. Nor was the trouble at an end even when the carts, after perhaps two or three break-downs, reached at last the railway stations. Cotton presses were still unknown "up-country." The unwieldy bags of loose cotton took up much room on the trucks. The rolling-stock was at first insufficient, with the result that at certain stations thousands of bags of cotton would be detained for weeks, even, in a serious block. The Bombay firms that had purchased the bags in the villages, would naturally be anxious to get their consignments to port to meet the market. Their native competitors on the spot sometimes got the better of them. To catch the market it was often worth a man's while to pay a large sum for a waggon supplied out of turn. And in this process some station-masters soon made small fortunes. My chief efforts were at first devoted to remedy these evils, and in my endeavours I was heartily seconded by several friends on the staff of the railway, with whom I worked in perfect harmony. "Government Cotton Yards" were established at most stations. Here each cart in order of arrival received from one of my staff a ticket with a machine-printed number thereon, and according to which, in sequence, the consignments were loaded on waggons and sent down to Bombay. Constant supervision by myself and the district officers ensured the system being worked with fairness, whilst a small fee levied on each bag paid for the staff.

I lived part of the time in a comfortable railway-carriage supplied to me by the company. And to this was attached a horse-box, so that I could, whenever necessary, ride off to some important point in the district where my presence was required. In those days I was known to the railway officials, merchants, and others as "Puss-in-Boots," and I hope I acted up to my sobriquet. The next object was to get enterprising Europeans to establish steam-presses up-country, and so by reducing the bulk of the bags, to relieve the pressure on the waggon-supply. And in the course of my tenure the progress of the trade and the increase of the number of steam-presses enabled great advances to be made in this respect, so that

a clumsy *dokra* on a waggon became unknown, its place being taken by a neat well-pressed bale. My early education abroad, and my knowledge of foreign languages, helped me much with the German, French, and occasional Italian merchants who established themselves up-country, and purchased under orders from Bombay. And I had the gratification of knowing, from the many testimonies offered to me, that, in respect to my keeping up satisfactory communications with the trade, at least, my endeavours had not been unsuccessful. I had occasionally to be in Bombay, where the firms who sent representatives into the cotton districts had their headquarters, and a good part of my time was now spent in the places which were springing up near the old native cotton-markets, and where European firms were now erecting cotton-cleaning factories, steam packing-presses, and were even building houses for their agents. At Khangaon, in Berar, the chief of these marts, there had come together quite a small cosmopolitan society, German, French, and even one Italian, representing Bombay firms, besides a dozen or so of our own countrymen. There was even an embryo club, and a special British magistrate had been appointed to the little place, which had hardly ever before seen a European visitor.

I believe I succeeded in establishing at an early stage of my office no mean reputation in mercantile circles in Bombay by the help of a story successfully launched, which had been current in Calcutta in my early days there, but which, owing to the absence of the railway, and to the utterly wretched state of communication between the two centres, had not reached Bombay before I, some years later, carried it thither. As I am under no small obligations to this story, and as I believe, moreover, that it will be voted good, I must again, after the manner of Mr Barlow, "now proceed to relate."

One of the most distinguished men of my time in India was Sir Ashley Eden, nephew of the Governor-General, Lord Auckland. Eden had very pronounced red hair. He was always up-to-date, and was generally among the first to

get hold of anything that was new. At the time of which I am writing, now upwards of fifty years ago, the well-known red pencil, indispensable to the office of to-day, had just arrived in India, and Eden, of course, had succeeded in capturing one of the earliest of these interesting and unknown specimens. He was then secretary to Mr Dampier, a dry, amusing old fellow, head of the Board of Revenue. A merchant calling on Dampier at the office one day on some question connected with custom duties, the chief sent a note down to the secretary, inquiring whether the orders of Government had been received on the subject. In India it is necessary to make all such communications in writing, as a native would probably hopelessly distort any verbal message. In his answer Eden had an opportunity of airing his new acquisition, and scribbled on the slip of paper sent him a reply in red pencil, "No orders from Government yet. (Signed) A. E." To old Dampier, who was quite ignorant of the existence of the new pencil, the red reply came as a complete surprise. The old fellow, after having held the paper close up to his nose and scrutinised it carefully, handed it on to his visitor, with the remark, "Confound the fellow, *he's been scratching his head with the pencil!*"

Years afterwards, that story stood me in good stead in Bombay. I had recently been appointed Commissioner of Commerce with the Government of India, and had to interview the merchants there on several questions then pending before the Viceroy. I was anxious to get on with them all, and to make as good an impression as possible. On the day after my arrival, I went to lunch at one of the great merchant-houses, which always entertained liberally at that hour, and where leading lawyers, brokers, and passers through Bombay were always to be met gathered together. My friend, the junior partner, was not at lunch. The head of the firm said he would send him up word I was there, and scribbled off the conventional note. The answer came down, written on the note, and this was handed over to me. My friend, who was noted for his flaming red hair, had scrawled on the slip an

answer saying he would be down as soon as he could finish his mail-letters. As good luck would have it, the answer was written in red pencil! Remembering the story of old Dampier, and trusting to good chance that it had not permeated to Bombay, I carefully scrutinised the paper, and throwing it on the table, remarked, "Confound the fellow, he's been scratching his head with the pencil!" This sally was received with immense applause, and before band-time that evening my fame as a wit was all over Bombay. And I learn that my memory is enshrined in that Presidency, not so much on account of what I succeeded in getting done for the trade whilst Commissioner of Commerce, but for that pirated story connected with that happy red pencil and the red-headed writer.

In those days in Bombay I had the good fortune to make several valuable friendships. I have survived many of those good friends, they having mostly been my seniors. But one, I am thankful to say, is still spared to us, and although he must be my senior, I am rejoiced to hear he is going pretty strong still, certainly so far as intellect and interest in all that is worth knowing is concerned. This is George Birdwood,[1] who was then a young medical man, and now happily remains to us, not young perhaps, but covered with honours. He was a great friend of Sir Bartle Frere's, and I got first to know him at Government House. We became friends at once, and have remained firm friends ever since. Birdwood knew everything, and was ready to help one in everything, and certainly helped me in dozens of cases. In those days, besides being ultra-scientific, he could, alas! be occasionally frivolous. And he did a great deal to help the Indian 'Punch' through its difficulties when Terry, poor Charley Watts-Russell, and I were interested in that defunct periodical. And though he has been long separated from me by great distances, we have ever kept up a friendship which is one of my pleasantest recollections of those very pleasant days.

Another good friend, but long since dead, for he was an

[1] Sir George Birdwood, K.C.I.E., C.S.I., M.D., &c.

old man when first I got to know him, now nearly fifty years ago, was Dr James Wilson, the well-known Scotch missionary, Vice-Chancellor of the University of Bombay. He and the Rev. Stephen Hislop, whose tragic death has already been alluded to, used to encourage me as a young man in my antiquarian hobbies, and gave me much support when we tried to start an Antiquarian Society in the Central Provinces. We did succeed in just starting it, but could not succeed in keeping it alive for any time. Such local societies are seldom a success. For a man who writes a good paper naturally wishes to place it before the largest and best scientific audience, and this is not to be found in local and newly formed societies.

Not long after my appointment as Cotton Commissioner, Temple was, to the surprise of many of us, suddenly invited to go as Resident to Hyderabad. Temple's great friend and master had recently succeeded as Viceroy, on the death of Lord Elgin during a journey in the Himalayas, and we all realised that there must be some urgent State reason for the change. And such, of course, was the case. Hyderabad was a specially important and difficult charge, and Sir John Lawrence required there at the moment a strong man in whom he had full confidence. And none suited the post better than his trusted pupil and lieutenant, who had served him so satisfactorily in the Punjab. In those days I amused myself, as already noticed, with my dear friend Charley Watts-Russell, who was then in Bombay, and with Terry and several others, in trying to keep agoing the Indian 'Punch,' a would-be comic paper that had not a very long or prosperous existence. Alfred Lyall, with his delightful versatile talent, sometimes helped us, and his contributions were of immense value and assistance. When Temple left Nagpore for Hyderabad, Lyall sent me the following verses, which, under the name of "The Nagpore Cinderella," appeared in the Indian 'Punch' of the day. They were immensely appreciated by us all at the time, and have more than once appeared in Indian newspapers, though they are not included

in Lyall's 'Verses Written in India,' in which, to my mind, they are well deserving of a place. They are now republished here with Sir Alfred Lyall's permission.

THE NAGPORE CINDERELLA.

For many a year, in times of old,
Dame India's wild, neglected daughter,
She dwelt in the Central forest wold,
A damsel fair, but no one sought her.
To North and South, to East and West,
Settled each rich and prospering sister.
They lived in towns, and danced, and dressed;
But Cinderella—no one missed her.

Where foaming o'er her curb of stone
Nerbudda leaps, and leads her fountains,
Or deep in southern forest lone
Where far Godáveri bathes the mountains,
She wandered here, she lingered there,
She knew no books, she wore no bodice;
With leaf and flower she decked her hair—
A simple nymph, a rustic goddess.

Sometimes through moonlit highland glade,
Like Grecian hamadryad flitting,
Or by the creaming cool cascade,
A naiad in the noon-day sitting.
And oft, when thus the savage wight
The lonely girl perchance had seen, he
Adored the huntress of the night,
Or scattered flowers to fair Undiné.

So passed the years. But as she grew,
And lonely winters, lingering, passed her,
The wandering Gondh came near to woo,
And him she took for lord and master.
He gave her of the wild bee's comb,
He showed her berries, sweet and sour,
He thatched with grass her woodland home,
And pressed for wine the mhowah flower.

She tended cows, she planted corn;
The dame grew proud as she grew fatter;
She left the honest Gondh in scorn,
And joined a freebooting Mahratta.

'Twas nothing but a greedy clown,
Who knew no manners, arts, nor letters.
He took her cash, and built a town;
But lost it, quarrelling with his betters.

PART II.

Behold our rustic housewife's fate!
Unkempt, uncouth, unused to dangers,
She weds a smart, outlandish mate,
And lives amongst sarcastic strangers.
Her foreign husband's kind enough,
But finds she wants some schooling sadly;
Her talk and garb are rather rough,
And then her lands are managed badly.

No time is lost. He takes command,
The lazy household now must waken.
Full soon they feel the master's hand:
His wife herself is smartly shaken.
For she must learn to write and spell;
To mend her manners broad and homely;
To sweep her house, and scrub it well;
To brush her hair, and keep it comely.

For ox and cart he will not wait—
The dame must ride! A horse is saddled.
They gallop o'er the whole estate:
Her breath is gone, her brain is addled.
He leaves the house, and lives in tents;
He travels by unheard-of stages;
He raises all the farmers' rents
(But then he raised the labourers' wages).

He rattles o'er the miry ruts;
He rates at every loutish farmer;
He pokes among the squalid huts,
Declaring dung and dirt will harm her!
But she must see the outer world,
To get her mind the proper form in—
So open all her doors are whirled,
He gives a regular house-warming!

From North and South, from either coast,
At roads and inns profoundly swearing,
The neighbours come, their sanguine host
Presents his wife confused and staring.

He welcomes to her drawing-room
  Each random guest who sends his card in,
He works her spindle, vaunts her loom,
  And walks them round the farm and garden.

Full loyally he plays his part;
  Praises his wife, her dress, her trinkets,
Her pots and pans are works of art,
  So are her tables! Who would think it?
He bids his neighbours show their wares;
  He challenges to competition;
He beats a drum, and holds a fair—
  Was ever such an Exhibition!

Her fashionable sisters come,
  With smiles and winks, and "Did you ever?
Dear Cinderella's looking glum;
  I'm sure her husband need be clever!
I'm told he makes her wash and dress,
  And drags her out to see society.
At home she lives in nasty mess,
  And scandalises all propriety!"

But, spite of sloth, of slush, and sneers
  From witty folks and sisters loving,
Her husband gaily perseveres—
  The land and lady both improving.
Till comes a shock which blasts all hopes,
  On which no virtuous dame could reckon—
With thee her gifted spouse elopes,
  Unruly Nautch-girl of the Deccan!!

Few can fail to appreciate the poetry of the opening verses. It would indeed be difficult to find lines more beautiful and graceful than those describing the wild scenery of the Central Provinces, followed by the faithful sketch of the vicissitudes of the old Nagpore Province under the rule, first of the Gondh, and then of the Mahratta. Part II. is in a different vein. It is to be remembered that the sketch was written for the Indian 'Punch,' and had therefore to be made what the Bengali gentleman described as "jokative." Still it would be impossible to record more faithfully in a small compass Temple's doings during his five years' tenure of the Central Provinces, and its only

rival in accuracy and conciseness is perhaps the monograph of the American Admiral on Morocco, recorded in chapter xii. of these "Memories." How Temple, on taking charge, shook up the old-fashioned staff, set them all to work, and then scampering over the Provinces introduced every sort of reform in the shape of education, sanitation, and land-revenue assessment, is sketched to the life. And it is still gratefully remembered by some, that when the land-revenue was raised, the salaries of the hard-worked staff were raised also. The proposal to hold an Exhibition at Nagpore was vigorously attacked by Temple's many detractors, but, as noticed in a former chapter, the scheme was successfully carried through in the teeth of very serious opposition. To my mind, the happiest hit in the whole of this most clever skit is Temple's desertion of the humdrum Central Provinces, and his elopement with the "unruly Nautch-girl of the Deccan." Those who only know the important and well-administered State of Hyderabad of the present day may hardly recognise her garbed in the above profane costume. But half a century ago the city of Hyderabad was an Alsatia that attracted many of the most turbulent and desperate characters from all parts of India. And, in the condition of the State itself, there was much requiring the careful attention of the Supreme Government. Hence the selection of Temple for the important post of Resident, and his transfer from Nagpore before his important work there was fully completed.

"The Nagpore Cinderella," when published, was accompanied by some clever sketches by Terry, the editor of the Indian 'Punch,' revealing Temple in several amusing situations. In face and feature, form and figure, Temple lent himself readily to the caricaturist, and during his time in Parliament he was frequently presented to the British public by Toby, M.P., in his delightful sketches, published in the pages of Mr Punch. I myself had a pernicious habit of caricaturing in years when I was younger. One day during the famine, in Lord Northbrook's time, I was summoned

to attend the meeting of the Supreme Council in connection with some question relating to transport, for which I was then Special Commissioner. I found myself seated next to Sir John Strachey and opposite to Temple. As the proceedings dragged somewhat, my hand strayed to the blue pencil placed by my side, and I commenced, half-unconsciously, to sketch Temple's well-known features on the sheet of paper spread in front of me, and destined for the recording of important points in the discussions. Suddenly Strachey swooped down on the sketch, and annexing it, folded it up and placed it in his pocket. When we came out of Council he produced it and showed it to Sir James Fitz-James Stephen, a very intimate friend of mine. Stephen inspected it carefully, and drawing his burly figure up to its full height, he, with a twinkle in his eye, pronounced in his deep sonorous tones, and in an amusingly melodramatic manner, "A man who could caricature Sir Richard Temple would strike a woman."

Temple, ever the most good-natured of men, but little resented the incessant gibes of the caricaturist. Indeed he used to cut out the sketches of himself that periodically appeared, and a book full of these is to be seen at his beautiful old family seat in Worcestershire, where it finds a place among his many other collections to amuse and instruct his successors and their friends when on a visit to the Nash.

With Temple at Hyderabad I had still official dealings, as being Cotton Commissioner of the Berars, a part of the Hyderabad territory then administered by our Government, I came under his orders. It was after one of his inspections of the Assigned Province that I made with him a memorable ride, and had the advantage of seeing that most interesting of native cities, Hyderabad. I met him at Akola, in Berar. He had determined to ride from thence on his return to Hyderabad, and careful arrangements had been made for the journey of the great man. At the last moment his Secretary went down with fever, so I volunteered

to attend in his place. I rode my own and then the Secretary's horses as far as they would go, and later depended for a mount on the escort of the Hyderabad contingent stationed at each stage. The journey was done in the greatest comfort. It was at the commencement of the glorious cold weather, when the days were neither too short nor too hot. There was a friendly nip in the air of a morning which both man and beast appreciated. The distance was over three hundred miles. We did the journey in five days, which gives a daily distance of over sixty miles. This may appear tall. But we travelled under the most favourable conditions. It has been pointed out before now that the words of the Gospel, "Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make His paths straight," are the text of the order always issued in the East whenever a great man is on his travels. And these were the instructions issued and duly carried out for the Resident's journey through the Hyderabad territory. The roads were mostly what the Americans call "dirt roads," —tracks leading from village to village, not macadamised, but in the Rotten Row style, dear to the horses' feet. The track had been carefully smoothed from one end of our ride to the other. At any unbridged stream or dry water-course a temporary crossing had been rigged up, either a rough bridge or some other arrangement with fascines and the like. Wherever doubtful, the road had been marked out with stones dabbed with whitewash, which could be seen in the dark, or, where stones failed, by inverted *gharrahs*, or earthenware pots, all also whitewashed, to serve as landmarks. The work had been distributed among the villages along the route, and carried out by the local officials by the express command of the Nizam, who was particularly anxious that the Resident should be favourably impressed with the arrangements of his officials. We would ride the longer half of the journey in the delightful morning air, and with horses every eight or ten miles it was not difficult to cover thirty or forty miles before breakfast. Then came a comfortable half-way camp, and bath and breakfast, so

that we were quite ready for a further canter of twenty or twenty-five miles in the afternoon. There was a camp with every comfort, and an excellent dinner at the end of the day's march. All the Nizam's officials attended and met the Resident as he entered their charges, and saw the arrangements were in order. And all these were carried out to perfection, so much so that after a brush-up just outside cantonment, Temple, who was not above a little effect, was able at the close of the fifth day's march to canter up with his escort to the grand-stand on the Mol-Ali race-course just as the bell was ringing for the second race. He answered the General's greeting with, "Oh, I've just ridden in with 'Kinnack'"[1] (as he would always provokingly call me) "from Akola," as if he had come in from the Residency of Bolarum, some five miles off, instead of a 320-miles ride from distant Berar! There was little merit in making the ride under such perfect conditions of weather and management. The difficulty lay in making the arrangements, and these, as stated, had been carefully thought out by the Secretary and the Nizam's people weeks beforehand. Temple had several of his own horses laid out at either end, and the officers of the Hyderabad contingent helped him with mounts. I had my three horses with me, as in those days I was always allowed to take horses about by train when necessary. Of course these did not go very far. But I had, as already explained, also the Secretary's horses, and those of the escort marked out for his use.

My longest ride, in one day, was from Oomrautee, in Berar, to Nagpore. I had been on leave in Bombay, and had suddenly to return, on account of some urgent work.

[1] Few of the family, I fear me, had any special affection for the foreign surname of Carnac which my grandfather had superadded to our ancient East-Anglian patronymic of Rivett. I was related of my youngest brother that, one day in class at Harrow, the master called to him twice. As my brother took no notice of the summons, the master, going up to him angrily, said, "I called to you twice by name; what mean you by not answering?" "I did not hear you, sir," says the youth. "Nonsense," replies the master, "I distinctly called out 'Carnac' twice." "Oh, I beg your pardon, sir," answers the cheeky youngster, "you see 'Carnac' is *not* my name!"

The railway was not open so far, but I was able to get to Oomrautee on the contractors' engine. All along the line were the contractors' European assistants, each one of whom had ponies for his work. The contractors, who were my good friends, sent word along the line to lay out mounts for me from end to end. And a curious lot were those horses and ponies! I had a hot ride throughout the day, and ought to have finished the 120 miles by dinner-time. But, late in the afternoon, one of the horses foundered, and I had to walk several miles on foot. Then night came on, and I could not get along fast. I did not reach the Residency until after midnight, and I then thoroughly enjoyed a bottle of champagne and my comfortable bed. And in such good condition was one in those days, that I did not feel distressed the next morning, and got to work in due course cheerily enough.

During my stays at Khangaon I was always in cordial communication with my several German friends there, and I was generally accompanied by my assistant, who was really my secretary, Mr Alexander Dunlop, son of the Chairman of the Glasgow Chamber of Commerce, whom, as will be related later, I was able to start on a career which has proved of the greatest value to the Hyderabad Government and credit to himself. One season, as the heat in tents was monumental, I proposed to a little German merchant, who was installed in a new house built for him by his firm at Khangaon, that he should let my secretary and myself "chum" with him during the weeks we should have to spend at the market, and occupy some of his available spare room. To this he at once good-naturedly assented. We found, to our amusement, that his dining-room had been furnished appropriately, according to Continental ideas, with a large long table, such as is to be seen in a hotel abroad, and capable of dining about eighteen people. At this we commenced to take our meals, seated at one end, which was garnished with a scrap of tablecloth, the little man seated at the top, and we flanking him on either

side. This long table, with the absence of cloth during three-quarters of its length, was too much after a short time for our feelings. So I propounded to the little man that among our camp-equipage was an inviting small round table, appropriate to his tablecloths, and capable of seating four or five people. And I begged him to adopt it in preference to the elongated parallelogram of the dining-room. He assented, and at this small table we sat through our dinner that evening, our host the while not appearing to be quite at his ease. With the morning came the explanation. We had again to sit for our early tea at the long table, which had duly been replaced, and which might have accommodated sixteen other persons. That "the rotund table should remain," said the little man, "that was of all necessity impossible. For from its constitution it was impossible that any one person could sit on its head. And if that person did not sit on its head, then how could any other person understand that that person, and not another person, was the head of the house?" Our little friend's knowledge of English was purely elementary. But he always insisted on conversing with us in that language, using us, as it seemed, as one might a strop, to give an edge to his much-desired knowledge of our tongue. There was no shaking him in his resolve, and in what he considered his duty to his firm as representing them in a foreign land. No suggestion, even that such an important a person as King Arthur had tolerated a "rotund" table, had any effect. He stuck to the parallelogram, and duly "sat on its head" during all the rest of our stay, and presumably for ever afterwards.

In justice to this worthy little Teuton, be it recorded that his view regarding the head of the table must be more deeply ingrained in foreign etiquette than occurred to me at the time that I ridiculed his insistence. Recently I read an account of the flight of the French King after the Hundred Days, and how the poor man was more concerned at his favourite old slippers having been left behind in the hurry of the flight than at the loss of his crown and throne.

"Ah, monseigneur," said he pathetically to a courtier who had not forsaken him, "you are young, and do not know the comfort of an old pair of slippers, and how indispensable they become to one." But my story relates to a later part of the day's operations, when dinner had been laid for the royal party in the little Belgian inn to which they had escaped, and when it was discovered, to the consternation of all present, that the dinner had been placed on a "rotund" table. Hungry as they all were, etiquette demanded that the dinner should be immediately removed, and no square table being available, the devoted courtiers drew their swords and laboriously hacked that table into a rough oblong, so that eventually His Majesty was able to sit "on the head of that table," and the honour of the French crown was, for the time, rescued from indignity.

One more story and I must leave Khangaon and return to my headquarters. During the wild days of the cotton famine I was dining with the French assistant of a Havre firm to meet his head partner, who had come up on a visit from Bombay. The visitor produced some excellent brandy he had brought with him, and of which the firm had recently received a large consignment. It was, however, he complained, a drug in the market, and none had been sold. "Oh," said the assistant, "it is the price that is against it." His principal replied that my friend was quite mistaken, as, considering the high quality of the spirit, the price was far from immoderate. "What I mean," replied the astute assistant, "is that the price is far too ordinary and unattractive to suit the present extravagant state of ideas in Bombay. Increase the price fourfold and await results." This was, to our amusement, done soon afterwards, and a fortnight later the principal, in sending his assistant a dozen-case of the brandy as a present, thanked him for his suggestion, and said that this was the last of the venture, the whole consignment having been rapidly bought up at the increased price. And visiting Bombay ten days later, and dining there with a big-wig, I was

invited to taste some of X—— & Co.'s celebrated very expensive liqueur brandy. "Costs Rs. —— a bottle, you know!"

In the meantime I was busy in considering and representing the requirements of the cotton trade. My office was inundated with applications for the improvement in communication by railway, road, post, and telegraph. And all necessary measures in this respect were reported by me to Government, and invariably received prompt attention, and the Government more than once acknowledged that my action had saved them from the continued complaints that formerly poured in upon the Secretariat. Temple, under whom I had served in the Central Provinces, and later in Berar, had recently gone up yet a step higher, and had been appointed Finance Minister under Lord Lawrence, who, as mentioned, had succeeded Lord Elgin as Viceroy. My constant representations that this scheme and the other were necessary for the development of the trade, and that such and such a grant was urgently required for the purpose, made me well known to the Financial Department, and in the autumn of 1868, when work was slack in the districts, the Viceroy, to my delight, summoned me to Simlah to explain personally one or two schemes that were being pressed by me on the attention of Government. I knew the Bombay hill-stations, thanks to the hospitality of my most excellent friends, Sir Bartle and Lady Frere. But I had never seen the Himalayas or the great Governor-General, for whom, as a member of the service, I could not but have a profound admiration. After knocking about during the whole of the hot weather on the railway-line and adjacent districts, living in one's riding-breeches and boots, the sudden change to a cool climate and civilisation was as a delightful dream. In those days a part of the journey had to be made in the *dak-gharry*, and the last fifty miles into Simlah up and down hill was done on little hill-ponies posted in relays. Riding into Simlah in the afternoon, I was much impressed by the delightful appear-

ance of the European children and of the dogs. White, very white children were indeed to be seen in the plains, often poor, listless, washed-out little bodies. But here they were the real thing, with warm colour and much vitality, running about laughing and as active as the big dogs that accompanied them,—great hairy creatures, Newfoundland and setters, which were never to be seen in the central plains. My dear terrier, indeed, lived through, somehow or other, the hot-weather, as did others of his breed, by lying snoozing most of the day near the *tattie*.[1] But, save in the early morning or evening, he seldom had much bounce or life in him.

Another delight offered to one by the hills, after a long residence in the plains, was the houses. Instead of the huge, whitewashed, rambling, airy habitations known below, the Simlah houses were mostly compact and cosy. The walls of the rooms were papered, and in place of the curtains separating the rooms were to be seen real doors,—doors that opened and shut, and ensured some privacy, admitting even of your "sporting your oak," if some unusually troublesome bore invaded the establishment, which in a house in the plains, open to all four quarters, was almost an impossibility. The situation is explained to perfection by Sir Charles Dilke in one of his books, in which he wrote of the delight of finding himself in a house in the hills, and in which he says, "Here I am in a *real* room, and not in a section of a street with a bed in it." How perfectly does this describe the room in the blazing plains, the whitewashed parallelogram of one's remembrance!

I was now no longer the Puss-in-Boots of the cotton trade, but found myself even as Jack-in-the-Beanstalk, enjoying quite a new world. To an Orson of the jungles who had ever had a taste for the delights of civilisation enjoyed by his brother Valentine, Simlah, with its climate, scenery, and society, had a dangerous charm. I stayed with my kinsman, Temple,

[1] Wetted grass mat.

and he, with his Private Secretary, Denzil Onslow, afterwards Member for Guildford, did everything to make my visit most enjoyable. I much looked forward to the interview with the Viceroy, with which Lord Lawrence had kindly consented to honour me,—for, ordinarily, a Viceroy cannot be expected to give any of his much-occupied time to the requirements of those of the minor Departments. I was then in a high state of satisfaction when I found myself, on the second day after my arrival, on my way to Government House, on a summons from the Private Secretary to his Excellency. And I was still more delighted when I found myself in the presence of the man who had done such great work for India, and for the honour of our service. I found him utterly different from the Indian big-wigs of Calcutta of my younger days,—a grand, dignified, quiet, oldish man, with the most kindly manner, which put me at my ease at once. On the table was a note of the many requirements of the trade as represented by me, and Lord Lawrence asked me some rather searching questions regarding a few of my proposals. He said, I remember, that the Government was inclined to do as much as possible, because the need of Manchester was great, and because the Government was satisfied with my work and thus had confidence in my representations. He was warmly complimentary on one or two points, and ended by telling me I must try and persuade Temple to provide the money for my wants. He knew, of course, that I was a cousin of his devoted pupil and henchman. The interview closed by his asking me to remain to lunch, and saying that if I were half as sound as was Temple, the Government would have every reason to be satisfied with me. I received after this many acts of consideration from this great and amiable man, of whose favourable opinion I was necessarily immensely proud.

I enjoyed the society part of Simlah to the top of my bent, and though the Departments kept me at work with many questions and objections, there was yet sufficient time for enjoyment and for the many delights of a hill-station in bright

autumn weather. Colonel Malleson, my old Calcutta friend, was there, and had not forgotten 'The Initials.' He had the character of being very able and "superior," and had a coterie of literary friends, including Sir Henry Maine, dear old Whitley Stokes (of whose death I, with sorrow, have heard whilst writing these notes), Temple, and several others. To this coterie I was fortunate enough to obtain admission. In those days, in this particular set, there was a great run upon Shakespeare, much as nowadays there is, in some circles, a still greater run upon bridge. The members of this set would give little dinners and evening parties in which certain ladies joined, and after dinner some selected play, chosen at the last meeting, would be read, each person taking the part assigned to him or her.

Among these was Marion Durand, the eldest daughter of General Sir Henry Durand, of the Royal Engineers, then the Military Member of the Viceroy's Council. We had met before in Calcutta, when she arrived as a girl with her younger sister on her father's appointment from the Secretary of State's Council in London to his Indian post. Malleson and I had long since christened these ladies Hildegarde and Crescenz. And so I was to find here my Hildegarde, and before my Simlah turn of duty was up, I was engaged to be married to the Hildegarde, who has been my valued companion for upwards of forty years, and who is my aid and kindly critic in preparing these "Memories." The engagement caused some little amazement at the time, as my fiancée and I belonged to two recognised opposite camps. Sir Henry Durand was known not to be always in accord with the Viceroy. Temple, of whom I was a disciple, was Lord Lawrence's devoted henchman. Old Lord Lawrence was much amused at the result. It was well known that the daughter was Sir Henry Durand's trusted Private Secretary, and Lord Lawrence laughingly told me that he was as familiar with her writing as with that of her father, as the most important minutes were invariably copied out by her! Sir Henry Durand was absent at the time in

England. But his approval having been obtained and the engagement announced, the kindly old Viceroy lost no time in toiling up the hill to our house, the "Observatory," and wishing us all happiness. A red-and-gold orderly, that had accompanied him, had carried a large package, of which Lord Lawrence asked our acceptance with his best wishes. This was found to contain a magnificent silver-gilt inkstand, the sort of equipment that one might suppose would be provided at the close of the Conference at Berlin, and with the aid of which, together with some magnificent pens, manufactured expressly for the occasion, the high-contracting parties of the various Governments would be invited to sign the Treaty. It was for some time difficult to assign to this splendid specimen a befitting place in a modest establishment. But, after my retirement, having rented the beautiful old Hapsburg Castle of Wildeck, I bethought myself of placing it in the big library there, on a high carved desk, which supported one of Bonn van Hauten's elaborate visitors' books, with arms emblazoned. There, flanked by two of Mr Hill's finest swan-quills, it invited visitors, after they had been shown round the Castle, to inscribe their names. And it now holds the same important post under nearly similar conditions in the library of this old Château. It is the admiration of many visitors, who, I am certain, are much more interested in it than they are in the various specimens of the relics of this old Schloss and of the adjacent valley in old times, placed for their instruction in the museum in the billiard-room. It will always remain a proud testimony of the countenance received by me from the great Viceroy under whom I had the honour to serve, and who was one of the most distinguished men of the great service to which I once belonged.

I had now to return to Nagpore and put my house in order for the arrival of a wife. We were married at Simlah in Christmas week 1868, on a hyper-glorious winter's day, when, after heavy rain, the weather suddenly clearing, revealed the mountain-ranges all clothed in pure bridal robes

in honour of the event. The assemblage was not large, as, fortunately, Simlah was then nearly deserted. My wife's sisters were the bridesmaids. My best man was Charlie MacGregor,[1] an old friend, then only a Lieutenant in the staff-corps, but already a soldier with a reputation who was employed on the staff at Simlah. He asked me in the gruff way peculiar to him what he was to do, and I jokingly replied that he had to hold the ring, and marry one of the bridesmaids. When the moment for its disposal arrived, he nearly swallowed the ring, and not long afterwards he came to me in a sheepish way and announced, "Going to marry one of the bridesmaids." He married my wife's youngest sister six months later, and, before that event, had already been promoted in that brief space from Lieutenant to Lieutenant-Colonel. He was widely recognised as one of the finest and most rising soldiers in the service, but, though not before he had gained great distinction, he died, at the comparatively early age of forty-eight, of a disease contracted whilst General-in-Command of a brigade during the Afghan war.

Our short honeymoon was spent at Simlah, near my father-in-law, Sir Henry Durand, who had returned from home in time to be present at our wedding. Until then, I had seen but little of this remarkable man, who had arrived in Calcutta during the latter part only of my term there. But he was known to all by reputation as one of the most distinguished of the great soldier-administrators of India, and to be a man of the highest character and of the first courage and independence. Many stood somewhat in awe of him and his commanding presence, but all respected him. I cannot trust myself to attempt to describe the character of this great man, which has already been portrayed more than once, both carefully and correctly, by other writers.

[1] General Sir Charles MacGregor, K.C.B., C.S.I., C.I.E. Although recommended for reward, he could not be promoted by brevet until he attained the rank of Captain. On that being reached, he jumped at once to Major and Lieutenant-Colonel.

My close connection with him, too, would probably not admit of my being accepted as an unprejudiced chronicler. It will be enough to say that, after I got to know him, he seemed to me to be, in all things, a head and shoulders above every one else, and will ever remain as such in my remembrance. We soon became the closest friends. It has already been said that his daughter was devoted to him. It was known that the distinguished father was equally devoted to the daughter, who was deservedly admired and respected by the many various elements that constitute Indian society. In due course Sir Henry accepted me as a devoted son. As I was soon to be in constant touch with the headquarters of Government, I had the privilege of being often with him until he left as Governor of the Punjab, not long before his untimely death. For him I had the greatest affection, admiration, and respect, and before he left us I think that he recognised that I was nearly as devoted to him as was the daughter I had taken away from his side.

CHAPTER IX.

WITH LORD MAYO.

1868.

Lord Mayo succeeds Lord Lawrence as Viceroy—We visit Lord Napier of Magdála at Bombay—Summoned to Umballa—First interview with Lord Mayo—Confides to me the construction of the first State Railway in India—The Amir of Afghanistan at Umballa—Simlah—Difficulties with the railway—Mr Alex. Izat appointed Engineer—His success—Capture rails from Bombay—General Trevor, R.E.—Major O. Burne as Private Secretary—His excellent management—Sir Henry Maine lends us his Simlah house—Personal work with Lord Mayo—Major Lucie-Smith's coal-mine—His discoveries in Chandah—Opposed by the Geological Department—His perseverance—Lord Mayo shows me the file—Orders further investigation—Tour in Chandah—Plot by the Staff—Lord Mayo's night-ride in a bullock-coach—Opening of coal-mine—Distribution of rewards—Major Lucie-Smith's great services—Lord Mayo opens Khangaon State Railway, the first in India—Rewards my Private Secretary—A Governor's views on patronage—A shoot in the Sauthpoorah jungles—The Viceregal, or so-called Local Fund, tiger—Expenses incurred therewith—Bullocks—Indisposition of tiger from overfeeding—Expensive medical attendance necessary—The shoot reserved for the Viceroy—Catastrophe of a chance shot—Lamentable immediate decease of the tiger—His cost—Difficulties raised by the Accountant-General—The Rev. Dr Wilson's veracious story of a Bombay tiger.

THE reign of Lord Lawrence came to a close soon after our marriage, and when I had returned to my Puss-in-Boots duties at Nagpore. The newspapers then announced what some represented as almost a calamity, the appointment as Viceroy of the Earl of Mayo, whom these, in their wisdom, represented as quite unfitted for the post. 'Punch,' too, who is seldom at fault, was misled into publishing a cartoon

representing beautiful, bright India suffering eclipse by the advent of the new Viceroy. So much for the value of public opinion in the case of the man who has since been recognised as one of the most distinctly capable Viceroys that India has ever known!

My work still occasionally took me to Bombay. Alas! the Freres had left, they who had ever been not only the best of friends to me, but also of my wife and her father. Lord Napier of Magdála, however, had come in the meantime as Commander-in-Chief, and being a brother officer of Sir Henry Durand's and the friend of my wife since she had been a child, we found warm welcome at his hospitable house. The speculation mania had abated. There had been failures and ruined fortunes. But trade was on a much more satisfactory basis than before. The price of cotton still admitted of money being made, kept business active, and encouraged many claims being pressed on the Government, all of which came to me for report. Among the most pressing of these was the demand for improved communications with Khangaon and Oomrautee, the chief cotton markets on this side of India. In laying out the Great India Peninsular Railway the originators had said in their wisdom, "Never mind the towns and markets. All trade must come to the railway. What is required is a cheap straight line, following that of least resistance." So the railway was carried through the valley in a bee-line, leaving these important centres of trade, the one at twelve miles the other at ten miles to the south. But the conservative Hindu was not to be so easily moved, and it was soon found that he was determined to stick to his old marts. It was naturally a standing grievance with the European firms who, with great trouble and at great expense, had set up cotton-cleaning and pressing machinery at these markets, that, after overcoming many difficulties and after bringing the cotton to the steam-presses erected for the improvement of the packing, and that process being completed, the bales should again have to undertake a journey by road to the railway station. In the interests of the trade

I had strongly urged upon the Government the desirability of constructing these branch lines, and the Chambers of Commerce and the Berar authorities had manfully supported my proposals. At Simlah I had been unable to get these projects through the Secretariat, and had been obliged to content myself with the success of some half a dozen minor schemes. But with a new Viceroy who, in his published utterances before leaving England, had expressed his readiness to give early attention to the requirements of the trade, I returned to the charge. During a pleasant visit my wife and I were making at Bombay to Lord Napier of Magdála during the spring of 1869, I learnt that Lord Mayo desired that I should proceed at once to Umballa and join there the Viceregal camp assembled to receive the Amir of Afghanistan. The Khangaon and some other schemes, I was told, would be considered by the Viceroy in personal consultation with myself. These orders naturally gave me the greatest satisfaction. Not only would I thus have an opportunity of seeing the new Viceroy, and personally urging my schemes, but this durbar was an important political event, at which it was a privilege to be present. Moreover, there I should be with Sir Henry Durand and Temple, who as Members of the Viceregal Council attended the ceremonies, and I should meet there old friends collected from many parts of India. The prospect, then, was in every way pleasing. Now came a repetition of the journey across the Sauthpoorahs to Jubbulpore, and thence on to the head of the approaching railway, which, steadily working its way through the intervening native States, was making fair progress in its work of rescue, which was to bring civilisation within reach of us. Early in March 1869 I found myself in the busy Viceregal camp, which had been arranged with full oriental splendour, so as to receive the Ruler of Afghanistan with all the pomp and ceremony befitting his high rank.

On the day of my arrival I was informed that the Viceroy would receive me the next forenoon. I went to my audience not without some misgiving. I was anxious to satisfy the

great man's expectations as to the progress in my Department, but I knew that the mighty are often not easily satisfied. Lord Mayo, of whom I shall have much to say in a later chapter, put me at my ease, and dispelled all my anxiety before I had been in his presence five minutes. I still seem to be able to see the look with which he first greeted me. It was dignified and quiet, but so amiable and straight that it removed all apprehension at once. He spoke to me quite freely and easily, without any of the stiffness and pomposity sometimes noticed in rulers of lesser magnitude. He commenced by saying that the question of the cotton-supply was of enormous importance to both India and England, and that he was prepared to give to it all necessary attention. He added that he had read my memorandum of progress and statement of requirements, and that he had received favourable reports of what I had done; and that so long as I kept up to the mark I might rely on his personal support. He said he gathered that the most pressing of the works recommended by me was the short line of railway from the great cotton market of Khangaon to the main line of the G.I.P. Railway. I was to see the Secretary in the Public Works Department (the late General Sir Richard Strachey), who had already placed the matter before the Government; I should talk the affair over with him, and attend with the Secretary the next afternoon to receive the final orders of the Viceroy. I went away relieved and much satisfied, and quite delighted with the great man of whom later I was to see so much, and to whom I was to be indebted for such constant kindness and support. I found that Colonel Strachey had quite accepted my recommendations, and that a scheme was all cut and dried for my little cotton railway, the first of the State Railways of the Government of India. The next afternoon I accompanied Colonel Strachey, with much less misgiving, to my second audience with the Viceroy. Lord Mayo went through the chief points, and then, to my utter astonishment, announced that, after consulting the Secretary, he had de-

termined to confide the whole carrying out of the scheme to me! He added, "You are on the spot, know the local requirements, and we have confidence in you,—so much so, that you will be allowed to select your own engineer for the work. He," Lord Mayo said, "must keep within his estimates, and you must keep him up to the mark. And it is absolutely necessary that the work should be finished by next spring, so that I may open the line in person at the close of my tour in Central India." It was enough, I think, to turn the head of a not very wise young civilian, to be entrusted by two such distinguished men with a work not in his own line,—the construction of the first State Railway in India! After dining with the Viceroy, and receiving a few more encouraging words from him, I returned to Nagpore in a very natural state of elation, which was further increased by the reception of a demi-official letter from the Viceroy himself, reiterating his confidence in me, and authorising me, if I found it necessary, to write to him through his Private Secretary on any urgent points. I had fortunately the good sense not to trust altogether to my own judgment in the choice of an engineer, and I at once consulted the head of the local Public Works Department. He was very strongly in favour of a pleasant enough fellow, a man I knew and liked personally, who was supposed to have great experience of railway work, having served for some years on one of the great lines before joining the Government service. So I took my man down to Berar and started him there. For some little time it was not easy to judge of the progress, but it was painfully evident that the time available for getting the work through was very limited. I was pledged to Lord Mayo to have the line ready for the formal opening in March. When I returned from a holiday at Simlah, and as the cold weather came on, it was evident that my man was making but slow progress. It was then explained that, though he had been long employed upon railways, he had always had contractors under him to do the constructional work, and that he was quite

unaccustomed to collecting labour and supervising it. I was in a serious dilemma. Fortunately, in Berar was now, as Commissioner, my life-long and valued friend Mr (now the Right Hon. Sir Alfred) Lyall. After consulting with him, it was decided that, if the line was to be ready by the time specified, the engineer in charge must be changed. My man was a very gentlemanly, cultivated person, a great favourite in society, who would be practically ruined if summarily removed. Still, there was nothing else to be done; and a change was immediately sanctioned from Simlah. Fortunately, there happened to be on the spot a young engineer, Mr Alexander Izat, recently out from home, and then employed as the engineer of the Akola Local Funds. Both Lyall and I knew him to be a man of special energy and resource. So him did we put into the breach, and tell to go in and win. And win he did. In a couple of weeks' time I was able to report to Simlah that all anxiety had passed, and that Mr Izat had the work well in hand, and guaranteed it being ready by the date fixed. And how the first State Railway was formally opened by the Viceroy, and how Colonel Strachey conferred upon me the title of "Honorary Sub-Inspector in the P.W.D.," must be related at the close of the tour made with the Viceroy in the spring of 1870. I would only add here, that although nowadays the construction of this little line in less than a year may, according to the present ideas, appear to be a very diminutive success, the conditions at the time were very different from those of India of to-day. The difficulties were considerable. Material had to be brought up long distances by country road by native cart, and labour was not abundant. A consignment of rails expected from England was delayed, and there were absolutely no new rails available in the country. Fortunately I ascertained that some rails brought back from Abyssinia were stored away unused in Bombay, and I rushed down there and persuaded my good friend General Trevor, then the Chief Engineer, to let me have them. He consented,

and that afternoon I proceeded to cart them to the railway-station. I was getting on well with the work when down came an order from the then Governor, who was at Poonah, to stop delivery, on the grounds that the rails might be wanted later locally. But dear old Trevor, who was all for the public service, and would be no party to the jealousies that occasionally cropped up between Bombay and Simlah, regretted his indiscretion deeply, but reported that I had already carried off all but three-quarters of a mile of rail, which was hardly worth while retaining! But he had tipped me the wink in time, and for two days, during which those orders were being registered, docketed, and the file got ready for action, my coolies and cartmen were working double tides, and the miserable residue of three-quarters of a mile of rail only was left in the yard for the veto of the unamiable and jealous Government of Bombay.

But I must revert. When the railway work had been well started, and the rains had set in, Burne,[1] Lord Mayo's private secretary, wrote me that the Viceroy would be glad if, during the slack season, I could manage to come up to Simlah for a time, there personally to represent and explain some of the questions then pending. The change, too, it was kindly added, would do me good after all the hard work in the heat. Since my Umballa visit I had been in constant communication with that pearl of Private Secretaries. For, however able others may have proved themselves, I doubt if any man ever filled this difficult and confidential post better than did Burne. For years we were in constant correspondence, and I had full experience of him, not only in Lord Mayo's time, but later also when he returned to India as Private Secretary to Lord Lytton. His tact, good temper, and courtesy in dealing with many difficult questions and persons, always filled me with admiration and envy. He was an ideal Private Secretary in the manner in which he entirely effaced himself, working always for the credit of his master, and never letting his own hand appear. He

[1] The late General Sir Owen Burne, G.C.I.E., K.C.S.I., &c.

was constantly thinking out graceful, kindly little attentions to those brought in contact with the Viceroy and Government House, and these being paid in the name of the Viceroy added to His Excellency's popularity, and oiled the wheels of the official machinery. For these kindnesses I came in for my full share in my time, and during my whole service I was under great obligations to my generous friend, who, whether at Government House or the India Office, was always ready to listen to my requirements, and to help as far as it was in his power to do. Alas! I have had quite recently to regret his death, and also that of several other of my contemporaries, who, like myself, have reached the limit mentioned by the Psalmist.

At Simlah my wife and I found a delightful house, not too huge, placed at our disposal by Sir Henry Sumner Maine, who was a great friend of Sir Henry Durand and also of my wife. The views on all sides were glorious. The climate, after the hot weather in Central India and on the coast, was most invigorating. My wife's family and our many friends were assembled round the Government, so that we had all that a young married-couple in India could wish for. Lord Mayo showed me the greatest kindness and confidence, and made all my official work most pleasant. And, in those days, I had no lack of encouragement from other quarters, as the Chambers of Commerce in Bombay and at home were quite satisfied with all that was being done to meet the many demands of the trade. Then, and afterwards, I was allowed to place personally before Lord Mayo questions that required special attention. And it was his practice whilst I was at Simlah to send for me and desire me to obtain information on, or to explain, certain points which presented themselves. I was nominally the Cotton Commissioner under the local Administrations of the Central Provinces and the Berars, and my doing business with the Viceroy direct was against all precedent, and placed me in a somewhat difficult position with the heads of the local governments under

whom I served. Lord Mayo realised this, and, as will be seen later on, saved me from the inconveniencies of the position by having me appointed Commissioner of Commerce, as well as Cotton Commissioner with the Government of India, so that my dealings could now be with the Supreme Government direct.

The following incidents relate to the times when I was at headquarters on attendance on the Viceroy. One afternoon at Simlah, when I had finished some business connected with my Department which I had had to take up to the Viceroy, Lord Mayo, opening one of the little, square, brick-shaped files of those days, said to me, "So you were in Chandah? I have just come across your name in this file, all about some coal, which an enthusiast of the name of Lucie-Smith insists upon declaring exists in the Chandah district. I see he says you once accompanied him to the spot. Now, come and tell me all about it. He has, I see, been snubbed by the Geological Department and the local authorities time after time. But he is most persistent, and returns again and again to the charge, and his earnestness impresses me." So I told the Viceroy the whole story of my friend, of his enthusiasm and persistence through good and evil report, and his unswerving faith in the Chandah coal-field. Major (now General) Lucie-Smith was a man of real king-craft. Living as a bachelor in an out-of-the-way but very interesting district, he was a little king among the people, and devoted himself to everything affecting the interests of his charge. One day in camp he came across what he believed to be a coal-seam. He realised how important such a discovery would be to his beloved district, and immediately went at the matter enthusiastically. He read up all the literature he could procure on the subject, commenced to study geology seriously, and went about in camp with a box full of specimens, a hammer, and a variety of text-books. A sack-load or so of his find had, in the meantime, been sent into Nagpore, and had been submitted for what it

was worth for the inspection and opinion of the Geological Department in far-off Calcutta. A scornful and disappointing answer came back to the zealous Deputy-Commissioner. The stuff was certainly as black as coal, but how could it possibly be coal when the Geological Department had never reported coal to be there? So poor Lucie-Smith was for the moment silenced. But he never then, or half a dozen times afterwards, gave in or abandoned faith in his discovery. He went for the Local Government periodically, bombarding them with letters and sackfuls of his coal. These were duly sent on to the Geological Department, which continued to be as disdainful as ever. At last they admitted that Lucie-Smith had found what was a species of coal, of which the Department had known all along, but had not been considered worthy of notice. The only use of coal was to burn, said the Department. This stuff would *not* burn. Major Lucie-Smith might have discovered coal if it so pleased him to say so, but it was not the economic product in which the Geological Department, and it was believed the Government also, were interested. So Lucie-Smith had to begin again. He saw that the early sackloads of stuff had perhaps been taken out too close to the surface, where the strength of the coal had evaporated under hundreds of years of burning sun. So he dug deeper, and to his delight found stuff that blazed merrily. He carried in several cartloads to Nagpore, and insisted on experimenting therewith before the Chief Commissioner. And behold there was such a Fifth of November blaze that Government House, the public offices, and the new church nearly all perished in the conflagration,—or rather might have been in danger, had not the timely arrival of the local fire-brigade swamped the most successful Chandah bonfire! But the Geological Department said, "Exactly; the coal *did* burn. That was just its fault; it was much too inflammable: the Local Government had had the experience of that bonfire, at which most of their public buildings might have been sacrificed. As a commercial

product the stuff was simply a terror and a danger, and might, if it could have been got safely to the coast in old days, have been employed in the fire-ships of the former wars; that was all." The file was in about this stage when Lord Mayo spoke to me about it. Poor old Lucie-Smith had made a last frantic appeal to the Government. I was able to relate how I had visited that coal-hole, and how I believed in old Lucie-Smith's find. The file went back from the Viceroy, with orders insisting on the subject being taken up seriously. And the end was that the Geological Department's Chief had to pay a prolonged visit to Chandah, and that, eventually, the Lucie-Smith coal-field had to be accepted as a fact, amidst the hearty re-joicings of those locally interested. Lord Mayo announced his intention of formally opening the pit on his approaching visit to the Central Provinces, and, notwithstanding many pressing engagements, managed to keep his promise.

In February 1870 I found myself once more in camp in the beautiful Chandah district; but no more as Settlement Officer, but as one of the suite of the Viceroy. Lord Mayo had directed me to accompany him throughout the tour, and it was a great delight to be again among old friends in familiar haunts. Bernard, best of men, was the Commissioner of the Division. Lucie-Smith was in his glory as the head of the district in which the Viceroy was encamped, and he was clothed in his fresh honours of discoverer of the coal-field, and consequently in high spirits and favour. The camp was on the high-road, some fifteen miles from the city of Chandah and about ten miles from the coal-field which was to be opened in state the next morning. Lucie-Smith had been most anxious that Lord Mayo should visit his beloved city of Chandah, in which he had worked wonders during his reign, transforming a poisonous native city into a habitable station, and providing it with all sorts of modern improvements. Dear, generous old Bernard, too, was most anxious for the visit. But the higher powers were dead opposed to Lucie-Smith getting any more credit.

He had succeeded in persuading the Viceroy to upset all local estimates of his coal discoveries. So a visit to the city of Chandah was cut out of the programme by the Local Government, and the Viceregal party, being dependent on the local authorities for most of the arrangements, the decision had to be accepted. But there were traitors in the camp; and Major Burne, the Private Secretary already alluded to,—a man who had a marvellous gift of being able to find out everything and to please everybody,—was good-naturedly exercised over Lucie-Smith's severe disappointment. So that day a plot was hatched; and if I was among the conspirators, it is quite enough for me to plead that Bernard was of the number to show that all was right-wise and fair,—for Bernard would never have permitted anything the least unfair or doubtful to be suggested even, much less carried through. The *dénouement* came off during dinner. That big tent, the dinner-table, the places of the principal actors, all remain photographed on my memory even to this day, after a lapse of forty years!

"This is the Chandah district already, is it not?" says Lord Mayo, addressing the local magnate.

"Yes, your Excellency," is the reply; "we crossed the boundary at the river a few miles down."

"Oh! And how far, then, is the city of Chandah from here?"

"Oh, about fifteen miles, sir," says the magnate.

"Bernard tells me," continues the Viceroy, "that it is the most interesting old city, with some fine native buildings and a magnificent wall running round the place. I should have liked to have seen it."

"It would certainly have been included in the programme," answers the other, "had not your Excellency been pressed for time; and although we are not far from the place, it would be impossible now to arrange for horses, which are laid out for the ceremony of to-morrow and the return to Nagpore."

"Oh, horses," answers Lord Mayo. "Rivett-Carnac tells me that, when he was in the district, he used often to make a night's journey in a bullock-coach. Not a bad means of conveyance, is it—eh?" adds Lord Mayo, addressing me.

I gave my testimony to the merits of this class of vehicle, when the Viceroy, to the amazement of those not in the plot, announced—

"I am thinking of trying a bullock-coach after dinner, as there is no other means of conveyance available, and having a look at Major Lucie-Smith's Chandah to-morrow morning before opening his coal-fields. I will not trouble you to change your arrangements in any way," continues he, addressing the great man. "Bernard has got me a cart, and will see me through."

This was indeed a bombshell. The Viceroy was evidently quite determined, and there was nothing more to be said. I can still see the whole scene outside the Viceregal camp that cold-weather night, now nearly forty years ago. Lord Mayo, preparing himself for the journey, had come out of his tent wearing a long coat covering a pair of pyjamas—if indeed it is possible for a Viceroy to be clad in pyjamas. The bullock-coach is there, the sentries are standing at attention. The local dignitary is perturbed and put out, but present. The staff are amused; the Europeans not of the party are astonished; the natives are amazed. Lucie-Smith is jubilant; Bernard looks serious. The red-and-gold *chuprassies* glide about like huge goldfish. Lord Mayo tumbles into the coach, settles himself down amid cushions and straw, and pronounces all "excellent, *most* comfortable." He lights a big cigar, waves his hand, and says good-night. Bernard and Lucie-Smith mount their horses and take position on either side of the coach. The equipage moves on, two sowars of the escort trot past, and the whole party disappears into the night. The next morning Chandah was fully inspected, and the Viceroy cantered into our new camp, with his escort of the night before, in plenty of time for breakfast, and to put on his costume and stars for the State opening of the Lucie-Smith coal-

mine. As we received him on alighting, he said graciously to the local magnate, who had hardly recovered from the shock of the previous evening, "I was delighted with Chandah. Most interesting place. I am so glad you were able to arrange for my going there. Major Lucie-Smith has done a great work there, and deserves much credit." As he passed me he brushed off from his overcoat a straw, part of the bedding of the night before, and said to me with a smile, "Excellent conveyance a bullock-coach; slept splendidly. So glad Bernard managed it."

With us of the Viceroy's party there was much merriment. The lot of those around the local magnate was not so cheerful. We drew up a comic programme of the ceremony of the State Opening of the mines, of which I remember so much. The Viceroy was with a pick-axe to hew out a first specimen of coal and put it in a sack, and this brought to the surface, pieces of coal were to be distributed among the distinguished persons present as souvenirs. This done, the head of the Geological Department was then to be presented with—the sack.

Of the cheery party that sped that night into Chandah, two out of the three—Lord Mayo and Sir Charles Bernard, two of the noblest characters ever known in India—are dead. Lucie-Smith, who discovered the coal and ruled long and beneficently in Chandah, still lives. And as he is older even than I am, he must have attained to a good old age. Lord Mayo marked him out for reward,[1] and had that generous master lived, the good service of the

[1] From a printed paper which I have by me, dated 1885, I am able to give the following statistics. Lieutenant Lucie-Smith was included in Lord Canning's celebrated despatch, written after the Mutiny, regarding officers recommended for reward, and was then recommended for the honour of the C.B. Lord Canning in 1859, Lord Lawrence in 1864, Lord Northbrook in 1874, and Lord Lytton in 1876, all recommended him for reward—the C.S.I. But up to the present day he has received no recognition of his services. It is not a satisfactory fact that if an officer fails to obtain recognition before he leaves India he has no chance later. It often happens that the list is full and a man cannot be rewarded before retirement. His name should not be forgotten at the India Office. But the India Office will do nothing for retired officers, and a Viceroy has his own men to attend to, and cannot think of those before his time, and whose services are ancient history. That General Lucie-Smith's distinguished services have never yet been rewarded is a scandal, which ought even at this late date to be remedied.

coal-finder and Chandah restorer would never have been forgotten. As it is, Lucie-Smith, now a General, has no letters after his name, although I and many hold that he earned them more than some of us more fortunate and less deserving ones. He is one of many District Officers who have done eminent service and have gone unrewarded, whilst others, who lived mostly in the hills, have carried off the stars and ribbons.[1] We, old friends of forty years' standing, have not yet lost sight of one another. Once or twice in the year we greet one another through the post, and occasionally we arrange to meet and have a hand-shake and a chat over old Chandah days. And the memory of Lord Mayo and Bernard is not then forgotten. The General lives in a beautiful house near the sea, where the roses of his garden are as dear to him as once were the coal-mines of his youth and the many improvements of remote Chandah. And if his establishment is administered with half the vigour and success that characterised his Chandah reign, that household must be of the most approved model type, and the admiration of the neighbourhood! Life in India, alas! has some demerits, and gives one many a heart-burn. But it has one solid merit, it gives one in exchange many a staunch friend.

From Chandah the Viceroy and his party, I being still of the privileged number, went on to Berar, where at Khangaon His Excellency was to open the little line linking the cotton market to the G.I.P. Railway, the first of the Indian State lines. Since the day that Lord Mayo did me the unprecedented honour of entrusting the management of this important venture to me, the Government of India have undertaken and carried out some thousands of miles of State Railways in India, and a new line is hardly a matter

[1] Alas! two days before the receipt of this proof, I heard that my dear old friend, who, although in his eighty-sixth year, had been well and hearty, has suddenly been overcome by a distressing illness. Although he is still alive, he is hardly in a state to appreciate even the highest honours were they suddenly, but tardily, to be lavished on him! So thus my effort to bring his claims under notice has been of no avail.

of particular importance to the public nowadays. But the opening of the first State Railway early in March 1870 excited interest throughout India. The making of the railways by the State was a new departure. The development of the cotton trade was of supreme importance, not only to the Indian districts, but to our home trade, and also to the continent of Europe. When Lord Mayo, after the ceremony of opening the line, made his celebrated speech, he knew that his audience included not only the representatives of British houses from all parts of India and doing business with Manchester, but a polyglot lot of agents and merchants from France, Germany, Austria, and Switzerland, some of whom had, as already noticed, set up steam-presses at the market, and sent their bales direct to various foreign ports. Lord Mayo had fully redeemed his promise, made to the Manchester Chamber of Commerce before leaving England, to give attention to the requirements of the trade, and every recommendation made by me in its interest had been immediately considered, and invariably promptly sanctioned when proved necessary. Sir Owen Burne, in his interesting 'Memories,' says truly that the speech made by Lord Mayo on that occasion was one of the best of the Viceroy's many excellent utterances. It was very well received in India and at home, and satisfied even the various cotton interests. To us workers it was particularly grateful. Lord Mayo was a most generous master. Izat, who had covered himself with glory,—he, the young Local Fund engineer, who, at Lyall's suggestion, had come to the rescue, and helped me out of a most serious difficulty,—was marked out for immediate promotion. Then began his career as a railway engineer of the first class. In India he held some high State appointments, but gave them up for the more remunerative management of some of the great railway lines. He has long been known as one of the leading authorities on Indian railways, and having now retired from the country, which did not treat him badly, he is still the managing director at home of

many successful projects. I was fortunate enough to be much with him later in my life, when he was a great man, the head of the railway system in North-West India, and I was Colonel of the Volunteers on his lines of railway. Never did Izat lose an opportunity, at Volunteer banquets and other occasions, of exaggerating what I had done for his early career, and ignoring how, with his energy and resource, he had saved the position for us at a very critical moment.

Lord Mayo rewarded me in various ways, and recommended me for reward elsewhere, and I shall always preserve with pride what he so generously said publicly in his speech. He took me away from under the Local Governments under which I was serving, and placed me directly under the Government of India as Commissioner of Cotton and Commerce, enlarging my responsibilities and increasing my salary, and giving me the enormous advantage of working directly under his orders at Calcutta and Simlah. I was going rather rapidly in those days, rather too rapidly, and the death of Lord Mayo, which came but too terribly and soon, put what was probably a very necessary drag on my pace. Lord Mayo bestowed upon me, through the intervention of his marvel of a Private Secretary, Sir Owen, then Major, Burne, who found out everything that was wanted, and constantly put his master up to doing graceful and highly appreciated acts, yet another most valuable benefit in recognition of my Khangaon success. I had as my personal Assistant or Secretary, as it would be called in England, Mr Alexander Dunlop, a man much too good for the post, who had done excellent work for me and the State. He was the son of the Chairman of the Glasgow Chamber of Commerce, and thus had a knowledge of, and interest in, the affairs of my Department. For him I was anxious to secure a permanent post in the higher ranks of the Civil Service, for which I knew his abilities well fitted him. The Berar Commission would be a splendid opening. But it seemed to both Dunlop and myself almost too good

to hope for. It will probably be hardly understood nowadays what a jump this would mean for my deserving Assistant. If appointed to the Berar Commission he would be nearly as well off, quite as well off save as regards pension, as any civil servant who had entered the service by competition. In those days a few, very few, of these appointments existed (they have long since gone the way of all such advantages), and were the very valuable patronage of the Viceroy. "That is what I call patronage," said a Governor once to me, who had a large family for whom he wanted posts. "I don't call being able to move about a number of Civil Servants from one post to another, like pieces on a chess-board, patronage." But Burne did it for us, much to our delight, and Lord Mayo said to me cheerily one morning, "Oh! I have got something for you that Burne tells me you wanted," and he handed to me the notification of Dunlop's[1] appointment to the Berar Commission. And Dunlop has ably justified my selection, and has risen to the highest distinction in the service, having long been the head of the Revenue Department of the Hyderabad Government.

The Central Provinces having been visited, and the little Khangaon line duly honoured, there remained yet a few days before the Viceroy was due at Jubbulpore, there to meet H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh, and open, with befitting ceremony, the railway line, now completed to this point. So it was ordained that the whole party, in reward for the hard work of the past few weeks, should have a few days' rest in the jungles of the Sauthpoorah hills, and that the Viceroy should shoot a splendid tiger that had been promised to him in the Jubbulpore district.

[1] It may be mentioned here that Dunlop was decorated some years ago with the Order of the Indian Empire, of which Izat of Khangaon fame is also a member. Lord Mayo recommended me on that occasion for the Companionship of the Star of India. But I was considered too young for it at the time, and Lord Mayo's death and subsequent events prevented my ever attaining to that honour. Later, however, my good friend Burne, who had come out with Lord Lytton as Private Secretary, and who knew what work I had done, secured for me the Companionship of the Indian Empire in the first list on the institution of the order in 1877.

And now has to be related the somewhat pathetic story of the celebrated "Local Fund Tiger," as he was named—perhaps the most expensive tiger ever recorded in Indian annals.

Special arrangements had been made for the accommodation of our rather large party in tents in a beautiful stretch of forest on the lower spurs of the Sauthpoorahs, and at some ten miles distant from the high-road. And hither we all hied in great glee, like a number of schoolboys bent on enjoying a holiday, Lord Mayo himself being as keen and cheery as any one in the party.

We all enjoyed the first night's rest in that well-selected camp, and were pleased to hear that the tiger was marked down and ready for us. And there, poor old fellow, he had been kept in the lap of luxury for us, or rather for the Viceroy, for some time past. One of the local officers connected with the arrangements—which were elaborate, and commensurate with their importance—revealed to me the whole scheme before we retired to bed that first night in the beautiful camp near the Pachmari hills. This tiger was, as has been described in a former chapter, of the virtuous type, who lived peacefully his own life, beloved by the villagers, and quite innocent of man- or cattle-killing. He inhabited a narrow valley near our camp, and living on the game there, was respected by the villagers for his virtuous conduct and magnificent proportions. This latter quality, unfortunately for him, marked him out as a meet sacrifice for the Viceroy; and all the wisdom of the neighbourhood was brought to bear to keep him undisturbed in his quarters until Lord Mayo could arrive to slay him. For this purpose the valley was surrounded by a small army of watchers, to prevent the tiger going too far afield. But the watchers, although they tried not to incommode the tiger personally, disturbed and drove away the game on which he fed, and as the arrival of the Viceroy was unfortunately delayed, it became necessary, the official told me, to provide relays of bullocks for the tiger's table. These were regularly sent out from the neighbouring

villages, the cost being charged to "Local Funds," then a milch cow of the district authorities. The tiger, it appeared, had at first taken kindly enough to this change of diet. But the ease with which it was put into his mouth, the loss of exercise in being saved the trouble of securing for himself the deer and other big game, and over-indulgence, perhaps, in the daily-provided bullock, engendered habits of indolence affecting his constitution, so that the watchers reported to headquarters that this pet tiger was getting out of condition, and showed symptoms of knocking up. There had even been traces of dysentery noticeable near his favourite walks. The position was getting serious; the Viceroy, though delayed, was to be expected within a week or ten days: there was no time to arrange for a substitute, and if this choice tiger sickened and died from over-feeding, great would be the disappointment from the Viceroy downwards. So the Civil Surgeon of the station was deputed to the spot, accompanied by a native cattle-doctor, and furnished with the necessary restoratives. It was understood that, with the help of some opium skilfully introduced within the carcase of the bullocks, the tiger was kept on his legs until our long-delayed arrival at last gave relief to all the anxious watchers by that suffering tiger's hillside. The Civil Surgeon had been unremitting in his attentions, and had made nearly daily visits to the neighbourhood of his interesting patient. And my informant, who was in charge of the finances of the district, apprehended a very long bill from that medical officer for travelling allowances and consultation fees, as his charges were to be on the higher scale, the doctor claiming that he had been acting throughout in consultation with his native colleague, who must be considered to have been primarily in charge of the case. "But confound the expense," said the cheery Magistrate, "here you are, all of you; and our well-fed tiger, whatever he has cost, will probably give the Viceroy tomorrow such sport as he has never before seen or is likely ever again to behold."

On the morrow, before being placed in our *machans* or stations, we were all carefully instructed by the chief local authority that the sport, if possible, was to be reserved for the Viceroy, and that this expensive tiger was not to be fired at by meaner hands save as a last necessity, such as to prevent his getting away far from the august presence. We all loved Lord Mayo, and would have each done his utmost to secure so good a chief fine sport. He himself, the best of sportsmen, the most generous and unselfish of men, would gladly have made over his chance to any young subaltern or youthful assistant who had not yet seen a tiger, had any such been in camp. And he would have been furious had he known that arrangements which he would have voted unsportsmanlike were being made in his favour. Still, we were all anxious that His Excellency should slay that tiger. If it was wounded by any one of us whilst trying to get away, Lord Mayo was immediately to be placed on a staunch elephant that was in waiting, and to be hurried up to the wounded tiger, who, splendid fellow as he was, might be expected to make a magnificent fight, showing the Viceroy some real sport, and justifying the time and expense expended in his preparation for the struggle. But it was not fated so to be. As the beaters approached, a single shot was heard from the extreme left flank of the line, and the shout was passed up, "Wounded tiger!" The instructions had evidently been carefully observed, and the gun on the flank had wounded the tiger when seen sneaking away, and had thus prepared him for a battle-royal with the elephant and its rider. Lord Mayo was hurried on to the *howdah*, and the elephant taken up at its best pace to where the tiger was supposed to be lying wounded and ready for battle. There he was, sure enough — but stone-dead, and with no ghost of a fight left in him. There lay this magnificent tiger, the devourer of many local-fund bullocks, and their worth in rupees, extended at full length on his back. Running the greater length of that part of the body was what resembled

a huge inflated white waistcoat, to such proportions had the stomach of that tiger been enlarged by insufficient exercise and over-feeding on the bullocks so liberally supplied by the Jubbulpore local funds, and doctored to his taste by the Civil Surgeon and his assistant. Coming up, we all then learnt the sad story of the sudden and too early death of this splendid specimen from which such great things had been expected. One of the party, who was on the extreme left of the line, had carefully carried out instructions. Seeing the beast slinking off, he had fired a shot to stop it, with no intention of spoiling sport, and quite innocent of any idea of immediate fatal consequences. Unfortunately, the bullet had caught the tiger on the nape of the neck, just where the head is joined to the spinal cord, and hence the untoward result. The Viceroy's body surgeon, who was of the party, and came promptly to the spot, felt the poor beast's pulse, or whatever is usual under such circumstances, and sadly pronounced life to be entirely extinct. He would not, however, express a decided opinion as to whether death had not been accelerated by full-habit and apoplexy induced by over-indulgence in butcher-meat.

I cantered back to camp ahead of most of the party. The unwilling tiger-slayer and I shared a large double-poled tent, divided down the middle by a curtain. I found his old bearer squatted outside and brushing up his master's evening clothes. "Your *sahib* has shot the big tiger," I shouted to him. But he gave me a quiet look from the corner of his eye, as much as to say, "You don't humbug *me, sahib.*" When I repeated the information, he said,—his master, it being well known, being no sportsman,—"I have had much *taklif* [trouble] with my master over quail, and I know he never killed that tiger." An hour later, when a pad-elephant deposited the huge carcase outside the tent, the sceptical old fellow was as haughty as if he had shot that huge tiger himself. Thus died, prematurely, the celebrated Jubbulpore Local Fund Tiger. It may be doubted whether any tiger before or since has ever cost so

much money, and it was rumoured that the Accountant-General hesitated for some time before passing all the charges for the long list of bullocks supplied, and demurred to the heavy consultation fees claimed by the Civil Surgeon on his many difficult visits to that suffering tiger's hillside.

I must now close my tiger stories with one less pathetic than the last, relating to the days when the first houses for Europeans were being built on the now well-covered western slope of Malabar Hill, Bombay. The jungle there was then thick, and wild animals abundant. An officer of the Royal Engineers, who, engaged on the works, had built him a bungalow there, was alarmed one evening, so said my informant, by a terrific row in his cook-house, and rushing thither, found, to his amazement, a tiger in possession of the place. The beast, attracted apparently by the smell of the viands, had entered the house, and put his head into a large *deckchi*, or copper cooking-pot, containing meat. Having filled his mouth with the viands, the tiger, who had squeezed in his head with difficulty, found it even more difficult to extract his swollen neck from out of the pot, and was floundering and blundering blindfolded about the place when the officer opportunely made his appearance. A shot, fired at close quarters, disposed of that tiger. My informant added that he was called in later to see that muzzled tiger, and that the copper pot had got so tightly welded on to the beast's swollen neck, that it had to be chopped off from the carcase! Some will, perhaps, hold that this is a companion picture to the lantern-slide of one's childhood, "The Tale of a Tub," noticed among my Chandah experiences. But when I state that my informant was no other than my dear old friend the late Right Rev. Dr James Wilson, the well-known missionary, the Vice-Chancellor of the University of Bombay, who himself was in at the death, it will be recognised that this is no traveller's tale, but is supported indeed by the highest credible authority.

CHAPTER X.

WORK UNDER LORD MAYO—HIS ASSASSINATION.

1872.

Sir Henry Durand goes to the Punjab as Lieutenant-Governor—I am appointed Commissioner of Cotton and Commerce with the Government of India—At Simlah—Franco-German War—Lord Napier's view of probable effect—'Alice in Wonderland' dramatised by us at Simlah—Lord Mayo and his household assist—Great success—Interview with uninvited "plunger"—Death of Sir Henry Durand—Foreign visitors—Employed as *cicerone*—Russian Mission—Austrian Mission—Appointed Knight Grand Commander of Order of Francis Joseph—General Vlangaly, Russian Minister—His ideas about dangers on the road—Monsieur Jacques Siegfried deputed by the Emperor Napoleon—Peace by establishing strong commercial relations—Germans find M. Siegfried's Report on Emperor's table at Fontainebleau—Our visit to the Château de Langais, since gifted to the French nation—Lord Mayo on infallibility of a Viceroy—Correspondent of 'The Times' temporarily—Of 'The Manchester Guardian'—Sir George Campbell and Sir Charles Bernard—Bernard not in accord with Campbell's policy—Leaves Secretariat believing Campbell his enemy—Campbell chooses Bernard as Secretary for Bengal—Asks me to sound Lord Mayo—Bernard's astonishment—Appointed Secretary—His immense success and merits—The Kipling family—Mr Lockwood Kipling at School of Art, Bombay—Young Rudyard's early theological ideas—His later contributions to 'The Pioneer'—Mr Lockwood Kipling undertakes for me sketches of Indian craftsmen—His visit to us at Simlah—High price realised for copy of Rudyard's early poems—Sketches of Lord Mayo—Master Terence in possession—His discretion—Lady Connemara's story of Lord Dalhousie's only confidante in India—With Lord Mayo in Calcutta in January 1872—Dine with him on last evening—His conversation with my wife—Good-bye—Assassination of Lord Mayo—Universal sorrow—His lovable character and success as Viceroy—Qualifications required for the office—Lord Minto's resemblance to Lord Mayo.

My constant presence in the cotton country becoming now less necessary, it was ordained that I should spend what

time could be spared at Simlah, or near Government headquarters, so that I could personally advise on questions relating to the trade that arose in India, or were referred to the Government from home. Early in the summer of 1870 Sir Henry Durand, being appointed Governor of the Punjab, left Simlah, and made over to us his beautiful house there, the Observatory near Government House, and which since our time has become the residence of the Viceroy's Private Secretary. There I removed with part of my office, and George Hart,[1] an able nephew of Sir Bartle Frere's, who had succeeded Dunlop as my Private Secretary. At Simlah I spent much of the close season in constant communication with Lord Mayo, who treated me almost as one of his personal staff. It was an exciting year. In July the inevitable war between Germany and France broke out, and at Simlah, as elsewhere, the telegrams announcing its progress were awaited with the keenest interest. These telegrams were printed and distributed among the Members of Council and the Viceroy's personal staff, and the Observatory was included in the privilege. On the day of the receipt of the news of the declaration of war I happened to be at Government House, and Lord Mayo, as he would sometimes do, invited me to accompany him on his evening ride. Soon after leaving the house we met Lord Napier of Magdála, who had recently come up to Simlah as Commander-in-Chief in India. "Well, my Lord," said Lord Mayo, "what think you of this news?" "The war is bound to be a most terrible one," answered the soldier. "What I have been thinking of is the effect that the result will have on our interests. The general sympathy seems to be with the French. Well, if they succeed, we must be prepared for the excitable victors turning their attention to us in the hope of wiping out old scores. On the other hand, if Germany wins, we have nothing to

[1] Mr George Hart, late Comptroller-General to the Government of India. After leaving me he served as Private Secretary to Sir Richard Temple, then to the Governor of Bombay, and lastly as Private Secretary to Lord Northbrook, Governor-General.

fear. They are almost of our own blood, are solid and reliable, and will never want to give *us* any trouble." This view seemed, at the time, entirely sound. How astonished would these two distinguished men be if they could realise the position of these three nations in this the year of grace 1909!

As our house at Simlah was large, we bethought ourselves of an entertainment, in acknowledgment of all the hospitality shown to us young married people at Simlah. With the aid of Hart, my Private Secretary, we determined to dramatise 'Alice in Wonderland,' then much in vogue, and which up to that time had not been put on the stage. Lord Mayo most kindly undertook to help us in every way, and all the staff joined in the idea most merrily. They were, like unto their chief, a happy and amusing lot at that time at Government House, and certain to make the venture a success. For the part of Alice we had the good fortune to secure Miss Norman (now Lady Newmarch), sister of Sir Henry Norman. She was pretty, fair, and *petite*, and with her hair down her back, hardly looked, on the other side of the footlights, the years of Alice. As Father William, to stand on his head, we had Captain Scott, a brother of Lady Napier of Magdála. He was a noted acrobat, and stood on his head most successfully. Lord Naas (now Lord Mayo) had in those days an excellent shock-head of hair, and got himself up perfectly as a ploughboy. Hart was, among other characters, the Caterpillar, and aided me in a variety of duties on and off the stage. Lord Mayo's Private Secretary—Major, later Sir Owen, Burne—was the March Hare, with excellent movable ears. Harry Lockwood, my cousin, one of the aides-de-camp, was the Mad Hatter. Lord Lascelles (now Lord Harewood) was the Dormouse; and Terence Bourke, then very young, who clamoured for a place, was eventually appeased by having assigned to him the important part of one of the spectators in the trial scene. Lord Mayo gave us every aid from Government House, sending over his European servants and the necessary workmen

to assist. A few days before the event, when I was at Government House on business, Lord Mayo jokingly said to me, "You have demoralised the whole of my establishment: my Private Secretary is away, rehearsing, I am told. I never see my aides-de-camp now, and Naas, and even little Terence of tender years, are taken from me! When does this entertainment of yours come off? And, by the way, I have received no invitation as yet." I replied, "No, sir; it is not etiquette to invite the Viceroy." "Anyhow," said Lord Mayo, "I suppose it is permitted by etiquette for the Viceroy to ask himself? I should like to see that little scamp Terence act, he is so full of it." I told His Excellency how delighted my wife and I would be if he would honour us. And he answered, "I come." I thought it necessary to add, "I should mention, sir, we are, as you know, quite young people, and this is quite a small affair,—no champagne, or anything of that sort." "Champagne," said Lord Mayo,—"they let me have as much of that as I want at Government House, and, as a fact, I seldom touch it. Lascelles tells me you give them good hock and seltzer; I shall be quite content with that." So the Viceroy duly came to that party. Everything went off splendidly. Alice looked and acted the part to perfection. Old Father William stood on his head long enough to dispose of all his brains. The Hatter and the March Hare and the Caterpillar all distinguished themselves in their respective *rôles*. With the Dormouse, unfortunately, there was nearly a catastrophe to the heir of Harewood. He it was who did the Dormouse, and for him we had provided a splendid teapot,—a tub, covered with silver paper, in which the Dormouse was to be duly suppressed. He was carefully bundled into the teapot by two brother aides-de-camp. But, unluckily, as part of his fur stuck out, it was held that he was not properly "suppressed." So the Mad Hatter immediately began to jump on him, just as one might on a pair of trousers that would not decently go into a portmanteau. And the results nearly ended disastrously in spinal dislocation!

After the play we all danced, Lord Mayo joining, and, as ever, delighting every one with whom he came in contact. Later in the evening, I had taken my partner to the buffet to get her some refreshment, when a burly pompous sort of fellow pushed by me, and taking up a tumbler said to one of the men who were serving, "*Simkin do*," which in the language of the country means, "Give me champagne." The servant replied respectfully, "*Khadawand, Simkin na hai*," which, being interpreted, means, "Lord of the World, there is no champagne." Whereupon the plunger, for such I correctly diagnosed him to be, turning to me, said, "Did you ever in your life see anything so infernally mean? The Viceroy and everybody in the place here, and *no* champagne!" I fear I was perhaps unnecessarily nasty and inhospitable, but not knowing the man, replied, "Well, you see, Lord Mayo told me he could do without champagne, and I did not know that *you* were coming." The unfortunate fellow collapsed and retreated, whilst several who had overheard the conversation soon sent the story all round the room. I found out afterwards that the offender was a plunger, a man much disliked in his (a British cavalry) regiment, the son of some candlestick-maker, or such sort, who had been brought to the party by a friend, who had omitted to introduce him to the host and hostess. Years ago, it was the practice of some people, who had been successful behind the counter, to put a son in a cavalry regiment in the hope that he might get there the status of a gentleman. And all such would naturally regard with righteous contempt those who, however good their blood, had to serve in India owing to their family not having been successfully engaged in shopkeeping.

On the eve of the New Year of 1871 Sir Henry Durand met with the lamentable accident which resulted the next day in his death, and deprived the Punjab of an able and vigorous Governor. We were at the time at Allahabad, where my central office had now been established, and we started at once for Lahore, and stayed with my good friend Lepel Griffin, who showed to the family the greatest sym-

pathy in the terrible blow that had fallen on them. My father, the Admiral, died at about the same time at a fair old age. During the rest of the year I was moving about, at Calcutta, Simlah, Berar, Bombay in turns, occupied on a variety of duties on which the Viceroy from time to time employed me. Sir Stuart Hogg, who had been my Collector at Burdwan, and was now the Chief Magistrate in Calcutta, told me that Lord Mayo had said to him, "A merit that Rivett-Carnac has is, that if you tell him something is wanted, he gets it done somehow or other, and does not spare himself." This was a fair estimate at the time. There was no concealing the fact that my part as Cotton Commissioner was nearly played out. The trade, thanks to the floods of silver poured into the country in payment for the cotton, had made great advances. The difficulties that had at first beset the Europeans in establishing themselves up-country had been mostly removed during the years of my tenure of the office. And with the support of the Government I had been able to show some results. I was now much in the position of a family tutor, whose pupils having grown up, there remains little need of his care and supervision. Still, I had my hands pretty full with a variety of other duties. As Commissioner of Commerce I had to do *cicerone* to the several Commissions sent out to India to report on trade prospects. This included one from Russia, which contemplated the establishment of a line of steamers from Odessa to Calcutta. The Austrian expedition sent round the world also visited India, and I made the acquaintance of my friend Herr Arthur von Scala, who was already proving himself useful in the Austrian commercial bureau. At the close of this duty H.M. the Emperor of Austria was pleased to confer on me the Grand Commandership of the Order of Francis Joseph. And I had to escort across India General Vlangaly, the Russian Minister at Pekin, who had made an adventurous journey to the Punjab through Siberia,—a very different journey fifty years ago to what it has now become. We had to travel between

Jubbulpore and Nagpore by the ancient *dak-gharry*, the railway being still incomplete. The General seemed impressed with the idea that India being held by the sword, there must be troops to be found at every step, though they were kept judiciously out of sight. When we stopped for luncheon a couple of hours out of Jubbulpore, he said he would like to see the post, and evidently expected a small fort, garrisoned with soldiers, employed in keeping the road open. He hardly believed me when I assured him that no soldier was to be found between Jubbulpore and Nagpore, and that there were hardly even any native police employed on the road. But before he reached Nagpore he ascertained that he had not been hoodwinked. He held afterwards the chief post at the Russian Foreign Office, and I met him recently on the Continent, just before his death at an advanced age.

Another interesting visitor, who was some time with me in camp and made a careful inquiry into trade prospects, was Monsieur Jacques Siegfried, since well known in the financial world, then partner in a firm at Havre and at Mülhausen, which had a branch in Bombay. He wrote a well-known book, 'Autour du Monde,' in which, after duly immortalising me, he concluded the chapter describing our adieux by inquiring, "When and where shall I again meet Mr Rivett-Carnac?" Arriving at Paris a couple of years afterwards, I bought at the railway bookstall a copy of his work, and marking the passage, added, "Demain, quatre heures et demie, Hôtel Meurice." Afterwards he never failed to open to us the hospitality of the magnificent Château de Langais, on the Loire, where Anne of Brittany was married to Charles VIII. of France in 1491. Monsieur Siegfried died within the last few weeks, and left the splendid château with its carefully collected contents to the French nation. My visitor told me that the Emperor Napoleon had confided to him the duty of reporting confidentially on the prospects of extending trade with India. The Emperor had said, so my informant told me: "Batteries

of French commerce all over the world will help to ensure peace much more than the creation of an equal number of thoroughly equipped batteries of artillery. For," said he, "these firms once started, many interests will be established that will all be in favour of peace. War will mean to them the stoppage of business and ruin." Monsieur Siegfried's visit took place just before the war broke out. His report to the Emperor, which he wrote and sent home as he went along, was, I read afterwards, found by the Germans in the drawer of the Emperor's writing-table when Fontainebleau was taken.

During all this time I had constant opportunities of noticing Lord Mayo's methods of work and appreciating the cheery considerateness with which he treated all his subordinates, and which resulted in his being beloved by them all, and in his being able to command the willing service of every one who came in contact with him. He did not attempt to assume that he knew everything, and one morning he, in a state of high glee, desired me to note how a Viceroy had to learn he was not infallible. I found him and Burne laughingly bundling out of the room a number of large office-boxes which had been carried up in procession by half a dozen *chuprassies* from the Public Works Office. "See the lesson General Strachey has taught me," says the Viceroy. "I said to him yesterday, 'I cannot understand why such and such a system is not adopted in India.' 'Would hardly suit our requirements, sir,' answers Strachey. 'Why not?' says I. 'I am sure it would do. Has it ever been tried?' 'No,' says Strachey, 'but it has been discussed.' 'Well,' said I, rather aggrieved, 'I should just like to see all that has been said on the subject.' 'Your Excellency's wishes shall be attended to,' says Strachey, and this morning he has filled up my room with this procession of *chuprassies* with boxes, showing by their contents that what I in my wisdom thought immediately applicable to the country had been thoroughly thought out and discussed by the best men in

India and proved to be utterly unsuitable. So much for the value of my ideas!"

During this time I acted occasionally as correspondent of 'The Times.' Later I was offered the permanent post. But the difficulties connected with my not always being at headquarters, and the objection to a Government official expressing his opinion on political questions, were against my undertaking the duty. I was, however, for years the correspondent of 'The Manchester Guardian,' my contributions being confined to trade subjects, and not touching on the personal or political. With the assistance of my good friend Mr C. P. Scott, M.P., I was able, with the aid of the money thus received, to help several others, and to educate the son of a friend, who has since attained to a high position in his profession.

The account of my service under Lord Mayo, to my mind the most interesting of my many duties in India, will now soon draw to a close. But I must include the following notice of an incident which, besides indicating the sort of confidential duty on which I was occasionally employed, will help to illustrate the characters of two very distinguished men in my service with whom I was on intimate terms, and both of whom, it will be seen, I had good reason to respect. The one was Sir George Campbell, Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal; the other my Haileybury contemporary and lifelong friend, Sir Charles Edward Bernard.

Of Bernard, when some years ago his son Arthur, then at Eton, was the hero of the day in the match against Winchester, I published in a sporting paper a skit, "The Eton Bowler," which treated chiefly of Bernard *père*, and which was pronounced by our mutual friend General Trevor, V.C., R.E., to be a fairly accurate sketch of the character of this most admirable man. In it I related from my personal knowledge the following incident:—

My wife and I were then in Calcutta. George Campbell[1] had recently arrived there as Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal.

[1] The late Sir George Campbell, K.C.S.I., and M.P. for the Kirkcaldy Burghs.

He had succeeded Temple before this as Chief Commissioner of the Central Provinces. There, after the manner of many others, Campbell had been inclined to be critical of some of his predecessors' schemes. Bernard, who had been taken over as Secretary by the new *régime*, and was most loyal to his old chief, found himself constantly in conflict with the new Chief Commissioner, and became impressed with the idea that Campbell abhorred him. Of this I heard in the letters occasionally received from Bernard, and I was not surprised when, after a time, he told me he had resigned the Secretariat for the more congenial post of Commissioner of Division. Soon after this Campbell left for Bengal, and Lord Mayo, making the tour in the Central Provinces described in chapter ix., saw much of Bernard, and did not fail to appreciate his splendid qualities.

One morning, after our return from tour, Campbell attended a meeting of the Legislative Council in his capacity of Lieutenant-Governor, and remained to luncheon with Lord Mayo. I happened to be at Government House on business, and, as was often the case, was also bidden to remain to luncheon. Before leaving, the Lieutenant-Governor came up to me and asked me to drive down with him to his Government House, Belvedere, just outside Calcutta. When in the carriage he, to my astonishment, commenced the conversation with, "You are, I know, an intimate friend of that most excellent man, Bernard" (him whom I supposed Campbell held in abhorrence !). I assented, saying I thought Bernard one of the very best of men, and was delighted to hear an appreciation of him. "Well," continued the Lieutanant-Governor, to my further amazement, "you know I have to appoint a new Chief Secretary to the Government of Bengal, and I want, if possible, to secure Bernard for the place." I was astounded. The Civilian of Lower Bengal was the most conservative of conservatives, and had for generations ruled the roost throughout the whole service. He was credited with having no small contempt for the civilian in other Provinces, and the most utter detestation

of those in non-regulation Provinces like Nagpore. To pass over all the chosen of the Province, and to bring down to Calcutta from the jungles a comparatively junior man, and to put him as Chief Secretary over the heads of numerous men of high reputation, who considered themselves to be quite the leading lights of society and the service, seemed to me to be almost too audacious to come within what was then termed "the sphere of practical politics." "Well," continued Campbell, "I know Lord Mayo has formed a very high opinion of Bernard, as he told me so the other day when talking over his Central Province tour." I said I also knew this to be the case. "Well," continued he, "I know you would be glad to help Bernard. You see Lord Mayo often, now that the affairs of your Department are under discussion. Will you ascertain for me whether there is any chance of Lord Mayo assenting if I apply for Bernard as Chief Secretary?" I, of course, gladly accepted the duty, and went off at once to my friend, Owen Burne, the immaculate Private Secretary, and related to him my marvellous story. Burne good-naturedly said I should have the whole credit of the undertaking, and that he would not breathe a word of it until after I had seen Lord Mayo the next day on some business for which I had been summoned. At the close of my audience I told the Viceroy of what had occurred. Lord Mayo was utterly amazed, and gave a prolonged whistle. "Bring Bernard down among these Bengalis, and put him over their heads," said he,—"what an experiment! Why, they will tear both Campbell and Bernard to pieces." I dwelt on Bernard's immense merits, in which Lord Mayo agreed. Then Burne came in, and suggested that Campbell and Bernard united could hold their own. I mentioned that Campbell had said that in three months' time Bernard would conquer all opposition, and would win the hearts and respect of every one. "But the three first months will be difficult," remarked Lord Mayo. Then we all three expressed our amazement at Campbell's selecting Bernard, with whom he was supposed to be on the worst of terms.

And Lord Mayo pronounced that the result was most creditable to both men. It was then decided that His Excellency should discuss the matter with the Lieutenant-Governor the next day, and I went off at once to Campbell to tell him that the outlook was far from unfavourable. In the afternoon Campbell drove up to my house to tell me that the arrangement had been settled, and asked me to write to Bernard and ascertain whether he would be willing to come down to Calcutta at once as Chief Secretary to the Government of Bengal.

Bernard was out in camp when my letter arrived. We constantly corresponded, and when he was busy, Mrs Bernard, as she then was, who had long been one of my most valued friends, would occasionally answer me. So she opened the letter before sending it on to Bernard in camp. They have since often told me of their amazement, and how at first they supposed the whole thing must be a joke on my part, so persuaded were they that Campbell regarded Bernard as a pet abomination. Bernard, too, was rather dismayed at first by the audaciousness of the proposal; but backed as he was by the Viceroy and the Lieutenant-Governor, he considered it to be his duty to accept the appointment. He was, of course, the most pronounced success. In three months' time he was respected and trusted by the whole service in Lower Bengal. And when Campbell's successor later on thought to please the civilians of the Province by shunting Bernard, he met with the greatest opposition from the very men who not so long before were furious at Bernard's appointment.

A pleasant remembrance of a happy time passed by my wife and myself in those days at Simlah is a visit paid us by Mr Lockwood Kipling, the father of Mr Rudyard Kipling, the latter of whom was then in swaddling-clothes. It had been determined to have prepared a series of sketches of Indian craftsmen to illustrate a report that was to be drawn up in the Department of Commerce, and I was fortunate to be able to obtain the consent of Mr Lockwood Kipling to

undertake the duty for me. It was in relation to the preparation of these sketches that he paid us a visit at Simlah, and the one of all these excellent sketches which we like the most is that made in our company one afternoon in the Simlah bazaar of the old man carving wood. The series, which technically as well as artistically has been pronounced to be of the highest merit, has been published by Government, and is well known to all interested in Indian art.

It was in the days of Sir Bartle Frere that I first became acquainted in Bombay with Mr Lockwood Kipling and his talented wife, the parents of Rudyard Kipling, and I saw them frequently during the rest of their time in India. Rudyard I knew, more or less, from his birth up. The father had come out to Bombay to fill one of the Professorships in the Art College, founded by the accomplished Sir Bartle, in the palmy days of Bombay during the American War and the cotton famine. Sir Bartle, the busiest man in the Presidency, had always time for everything. He, and indeed all his family, had great artistic taste and knowledge, and they took much interest in all branches of the School of Art. So, during my frequent visits to them in Bombay, I often spent a morning with the Professors in the wigwams in which they then lived and carried on work before the school was built. Of Rudyard, as a small boy, I have a sketch, made by his father, showing that young person's ideas of heaven and partiality for jam during his early Bombay days. His father also wrote me that Master Ruddy, at this early stage, entertained rather advanced theological views. Witness the following story. His sister was a couple of years the elder, and, after the manner of her kind, considered it necessary to assume a very critical attitude towards her junior's manners and morals. One day Master Ruddy had left a small quantity of pudding uneaten. "You must finish that," said the sister, "or God will be very angry with you." "Boo, boo," says the delinquent, "then I shall change my God" (as he might his *dhoby* or washerwoman). But

the sister, who claimed superior theological knowledge, replied authoritatively, "You *can't* change your God, it is the Sirkar's [Government] God." And Rudyard, realising even at that early age, thanks to the gorgeous *chuprassy* who accompanied him on his morning walks, that he occupied a sort of official position under the Government, which carried with it responsibilities, surrendered.

The father was now to come on a visit to us at Simlah for the purpose stated. When the Principalship of the Lahore School of Art was sanctioned, I was able to assist in successfully supporting Mr Kipling's claims to the post. He then moved to Lahore, where he was joined later by his talented son, who had just left school. There Kipling commenced his journalistic career on 'The Civil and Military Gazette,' and with what success is well known. Those who knew the father and mother could hardly be surprised at the son's ability and wit. They both, from the first, took a very intelligent interest in everything connected with the people and country, and even in their Bombay days were better informed on all matters Indian — religions, customs, and peculiarities—than many officials who had been long in the country. They both, too, could see persons and events from the humorous side, and were the most excellent company. Mr Lockwood Kipling's book, 'Beast and Man in India,' is considered by many to be quite as good as anything written by the son. I do not know that Mrs Kipling ever published any of her writings. But I used to think I recognised her hand in witty letters and articles in 'The Pioneer' and 'The Civil and Military Gazette.' Sir George Allen, the proprietor of 'The Pioneer,' asked me, in my Bombay days, to recommend him a Bombay correspondent, and I immediately suggested Kipling *père* (the son being then still quite a small boy), and Allen often expressed later his obligations to me for the result. 'The Pioneer' and 'The Civil and Military Gazette' were connected, and, in time, Rudyard passed to Allahabad, where he was often at our house. Some of the pieces written by him then for the Allahabad paper have not,

I think, been republished. But I cut them all out at the time, and still find them excellent reading. I know few things so irresistibly comic as a collection of sentences in the vernacular, supposed to be prepared as a vocabulary for the use of the British soldier on the frontier,—a mixture of Hobson-Jobson and pidgin-Hindustani, which to those who know something of the two languages is most entertaining. I remember meeting the writer in the afternoon after the article had appeared in 'The Pioneer,' and asking how he could possibly have arrived at so marvellous a result? He assured me he had taken down most of the sentences from the lips of men in the barracks. But without desiring to throw doubt on the author's accuracy, I cannot bring myself to credit "Tommy" with all the delights of the "Soldier's Vocabulary." I must not forget to mention my obligations to Mr Kipling and his mother for the provision of a considerable sum of money which enabled us to make a substantial addition to our library. After we had left India, and were living at Schloss Wildeck, I read one morning in 'The Times' how a small book containing a collection of Kipling's early verses had sold at auction for, I think, £120. I asked my wife to look for a copy of the verses which I thought Mrs Kipling had given us at the time. A search produced a booklet of about thirty pages in a brown paper cover. This I sent to Sotheran. In the meantime one or two other copies had come on the market, and the price had fallen. But I received within a week a cheque for the substantial sum of £80. And, for a valuable addition to our library, purchased with the money, we have to thank the family of Kipling, of whose friendship in old times this will ever remain to us as a pleasant remembrance.

In those days when we returned from Simlah to Calcutta, business men, cotton merchants and others, would frequently come out from home, or run across from Bombay on matters connected with the trade, and they would generally find their way to my office. It was part of my duty to keep the Viceroy informed of these visitors and their quality, and to say

whether I thought His Excellency should see them. They would generally be asked to dine at Government House, and I would also be bidden at the same time, and told to come early and see Lord Mayo before dinner. I would generally find him in his dressing-room, and whilst he was giving the finishing touches to his toilette I would tell him what I knew of the guests, so that His Excellency might be able to talk with them sympathetically after dinner. On these occasions I would invariably find the dressing-room already in the possession of Terence, Lord Mayo's favourite little son, who, knowing this to be the only time in the afternoon that his father was disengaged, would always demand admittance. He was invariably perched up on the top of a high chest of drawers, which gave him plenty of opportunity of observing and chattering, but did not admit of his roving about. "Well, tell me all about it," would say Lord Mayo. The first time I rather hesitated, Terence being in possession. "Oh, it's Terence you are thinking of, is it? Why, Terry-boy, you are my confidant, are you not? You are *quite* discreet, too, ain't you? Well, let us get on." And after that Terence was always a party to the deliberations, and would sit quite quiet until the time came for him to be helped off the chest of drawers, stood up on a chair, and permitted to assist in putting on his father's star, a great and regularly demanded treat.

Another Governor-General, for Viceroys were unknown until Lord Canning's time, had a confidant in the big room adjoining, which from Lord Wellesley's day had always been the Governor-General's study. During Lord Dufferin's reign Lord and Lady Connemara arrived on a visit to the Viceroy. She was the daughter of the great Lord Dalhousie, and had been at Government House with him as a girl. On the day of her arrival I was seated opposite Lady Connemara and the Viceroy at dinner. She said to Lord Dufferin, "Tell me, is the Governor-General's room still the large one down that passage to the right?" Lord Dufferin assented, saying that it had ever been sacred to the head of the Government. She

continued, "How well I remember the morning of my first arrival in Calcutta, all those years ago. My father took me into that room and gave me some delicious tea, so different from ship's tea, you know. Then he threw some crumbs of bread into the corner and a little mouse stole out. 'That,' said my father, 'is my only confidant in India.'" I know that, in those days at least, Terence was every bit as discreet as that mouse, and I have small doubt that in the present century H.B. Majesty's Consul at Biserta is in no wise wanting in this respect.

Since I have been writing this down I have opened the newspaper and noticed an Irish story told by Lord Charles Beresford, which brings back to me vividly Lord Mayo telling the same story many years ago, so that, even if it may seem somewhat out of place here, I must repeat it. Lord Charles's man describes the whisky going down his throat "like unto torchlight processions." Lord Mayo told the story somewhat differently. We stopped at a railway station for luncheon prepared for the Viceregal party. "What like's the sherry?" said Lord Mayo to one of the aides-de-camp. "I should call it a fine powerful military wine, sir," was the answer. "I remember," said Lord Mayo, "how years ago at an inn in Ireland a bottle of sherry was produced, of which my companion, fortunately for me, consumed three-quarters. The next morning he complained he had not slept a wink. 'Oh, that sherry!' said he. 'Why, I lay awake all night, and felt the whole time as if torchlight processions were *proceeding through my veins.*'" The "proceeding through his veins" was delightful, though perhaps not quite so much so for the unfortunate wine-bibber.

And here, too, must be interpolated a slight sketch of Lord Mayo, as I see him one afternoon in camp in the long ago, and which will better help to portray him and show what attached men to him than can any description I may laboriously attempt to compose of that entirely lovable personality.

There had been a durbar, and Lord Mayo's commanding

figure, arrayed in full uniform and decorated with his stars, had appeared quite magnificent, and had much impressed all present, Europeans and Natives alike. We were in a great camp, and my tent was in one of the side streets. The horses, which were also cared for in camp, were stabled out not far behind my tent. It was afternoon, and I had gone out to the stables with a friend, a young officer who had just ridden post-haste into camp to relieve a subaltern of the escort who had met with an accident. My friend had over-ridden his favourite Arab. There had been a stone, too, or something in the way, and there was serious trouble in the off fore-leg, so we had both hastened to the horse-lines to inspect the damage. As we were standing looking on, whilst a groom was preparing fomentations, a figure came up behind us, and stooping down proceeded to feel the damaged fore-leg, which the poor beast was hanging in a piteous manner. "Very hot," said the voice of the figure, which I at once recognised as that of Lord Mayo. And he began to give instructions for the poor beast's treatment in a slow, matter-of-fact manner. My companion had never seen the Viceroy, and had no idea who was the tall, good-natured person in a lounge suit who had suddenly come to our aid. I poured out thanks, with an "Excellency" carefully interpolated so as to explain the position to my companion and bring him to attention. He was a little taken aback at first, whilst Lord Mayo went on in the most approved fashion ministering to the wants of the suffering Arab. It seemed quite natural to Lord Mayo to come to the rescue and to assist wherever his knowledge could prove of any service to man or beast in pain. Having finished his office work, the Viceroy had escaped from his staff and *chuprassies* and had found his way by the back of his tent into a side street off the camp, and lighting a cigar, had strolled up to have a look at the horses hard by. In a few minutes a red-and-gold Jemadar, several *chuprassies*, and an aide-de-camp made their appearance, having discovered the whereabouts of their truant Viceroy. The poor Arab having been cared for as far as possible, Lord

Mayo strolled back to the big tent, having first invited the young subaltern to dinner, and told him to let him know how the invalid got on. "In the meantime," said Lord Mayo, "Captain X." (the aide-de-camp who was with us) "will see that you have a mount from the stable here." It was not unnatural that this sort of ruler commended himself to subalterns, to their seniors, and to many others in and out of the service also.

During the early part of 1872 my wife and I were in Calcutta, and constantly at Government House, and I was in nearly daily communication with Lord Mayo. His visit to Burmah and the Andamans had long been announced, and I had my last official interview with him on the day before his departure. He charged me with some special work during his absence, desired me to get it through and to return to Calcutta in about a fortnight, when the Viceregal party was expected back, and then with my wife to spend four days with him at Barrackpore, the beautiful Government House on the Ganges, a few miles above Calcutta. There I was to report to him the result of my inquiries and to take orders regarding some new schemes in view. On this, the last night of Lord Mayo in Calcutta, my wife and I dined at Government House, quite a quiet little party consisting of Lord and Lady Drogheda, who were staying there, the Burnes, an aide-de-camp, and ourselves. My wife had a long talk with Lord Mayo, and, after her manner, inscribed the conversation in her journal. Lord Mayo was tired, having been busy during the day with Secretaries and others, who all wanted orders at the last moment on many matters that had to be settled before the Viceroy left. He did not seem to be in his usual cheery good spirits, and this, from his conversation with my wife, seemed attributable to his having just received the news of an engagement in his family, which troubled him with the prospect of the young people not being well-off. He gave an amusing account of some of the troubles that encompassed him as a young man from want of means and the anxieties of his early married life, but cheered up

somewhat when he related some rather comic experiences he had in Ireland during that period. The party broke up early. His last words to me were, "Let me hear how you get on. And remember Barrackpore on Friday fortnight, when you will report progress. Good-bye." I was never to see again that most lovable of men and excellent of masters, who during the past three years had given me the fullest measure of his confidence and support, and had secured for me a position much beyond my abilities and deserts.

I left Calcutta next morning, and for some time was busy at Allahabad and in Berar. I then went down to Bombay, and waking at the Callian Junction in my travelling carriage, heard a ghoul-like cry of "Assassination of the Viceroy." I thought, at first, that it was the tag-end of some nightmare of the heavily-ladened morning air. But soon a half-caste vendor, repeating the cry, shoved a Bombay newspaper into my hands, on which, noticing the deep black border of the front page, I knew that some catastrophe had indeed occurred, and read how Lord Mayo had been assassinated on the 8th February by a fanatic at Port Blair.

It was a truly sorrowful story, filled full of hideous ill-luck. Every possible precaution had, it was thought, been taken by the able and devoted Viceregal staff. The party on their return towards the ship had reached the landing-pier, where lay the steam-launch only a few yards off. They were actually within the guard drawn up at the landing, when an officer, passing through to give an order, made an opening in the ranks through which the assassin dashed and twice stabbed Lord Mayo in the back, inflicting wounds from which he died a few minutes later. Until arriving at the pier in the midst of the guard, two aides-de-camp, one of whom was my cousin, Captain Harry Lockwood, had walked close to the Viceroy, one on each side, and no precaution for his safety had been omitted until they had come, as they thought, safe into port.

There had been some portents, not noticed at the time, but much talked of afterwards. The assassination but a

few months before of the Chief Justice on the steps of the High Court suggested the advance of a dangerous wave of fanaticism. Major Eddy Bourke, the Viceroy's Military Secretary and brother, had long been very anxious regarding Lord Mayo's safety, and had taken special precautions at the Government Houses, both at Simlah and Calcutta, with this view. Notwithstanding these, a native was found one afternoon in the throne-room in Calcutta seated on the dais. He turned out to be a half-witted table-servant who had been formerly employed at Government House. The incident, however, showed how even careful precautions could be circumvented. Lord Mayo used often to say, "Take every proper precaution. But remember, any man who is ready to sacrifice his own life can generally manage to kill his victim." And so, alas! was it to be.

I returned to Calcutta, my work completed, but to no cheery meeting at Barrackpore, and to no encouragement and appreciation from him, who indeed knew how to ensure loyal and efficient service from all who came within his command. Personally and officially the death of Lord Mayo was to me one of the severest blows of my life. That death, I find in referring to dates, occurred now more than thirty-eight years ago. I am conscious that I may be suspected of exaggeration and false sentiment, but I sincerely declare that I cannot even now think over, or write of, that terrible calamity without deep sorrow and emotion, so firmly had Lord Mayo attached me to him by his essentially lovable qualities.

It is not easy to explain what those qualities were, or to do justice to what was correctly described as a truly noble nature. First of all, there was what a native would term his "presence,"—his commanding height, his manly looks, and his ever-pleasant smile. Then there was the innate dignity of his manner, generally attributable to lions and big men. He never what is termed attempted "to come the don," or found it necessary to remind any one of his immense superiority as Viceroy, and his manner was always quite easy

and informal. But there was nothing about it to suggest that the same tone should be adopted in return. With this amiable manner he always seemed to command "attention," and he did not look the man with whom it would be desirable to try unpleasant conclusions. Then he had a quiet, rather slow and decided manner of speaking, with a pleasing voice, and just a suspicion of an Irish accent. I have seen him angry, but I never saw him cross, or unpleasant, or discourteous, or otherwise than considerate in his manner to those who had to deal with him.

I have been asked, "But was he really *able?*" The answer must depend on what exactly is meant by ability, and on the class of ability referred to. I doubt if Lord Mayo would ever have appreciated at any period of his life complicated competitive examinations. He had no pretensions to being a savant or a student, or what a native gentleman recently termed a "midnight-oil" Viceroy. But he was thoroughly well educated and intelligent, if that is what is meant, and could make a good speech and interest himself in any subject, were it education or cavalry remounts. He might prefer the latter, as more in his original line, but he would be quite up to the mark and sound on the former topic also. I hardly suppose any one considers that Lord Palmerston possessed marked ability in the sense of familiarity with examination subjects. But few will deny that he was a great man, successful in public life and a leader of men. And this must certainly mean the possession of ability. The verdict on Lord Mayo will be the same as on Lord Palmerston. Lord Mayo certainly possessed in an eminent degree the ability required of a Viceroy, if that is what is meant. That is to say, he understood men, and having a store of personal magnetism, he carried them with him. He was also in splendid health, and after working hard could throw off the troubles of office by a good run after a pig, thus keeping his digestion and temper both well in hand, In short, so far as my opinion goes, if the Secretary of State for India and the Cabinet

were to consult me as to the choice of a Viceroy, I should say, Try and find a man as like Lord Mayo as possible. Let him be big, with a commanding presence. Let him be cheery and manly, in good health, and a sportsman. A man who has been in the army is preferable, for in that school he will have had any natural priggishness knocked out of him, and will not be overwhelmed with the thought of his own importance when in high position. And he will have acquired a *camaraderie* which will help to carry him through with men, and with women also. For, as in other parts of the world, he will find that in India the opinion of the women counts for something. It will be said, "But Lord Mayo never was a soldier." It is difficult to believe that he was not. He certainly had all the soldierly instincts strong in him. But then he had been a Master of Hounds. And this also is a point to be remembered in the choice of a Viceroy. A successful Master of Hounds will be found successful in everything where tact, strength, and management are required. Your man must, of course, admittedly have education and ability. But please remember, a very clever man, as it is called, is *not* what is wanted. Such a one will probably be full of fads, and will rub every one up the wrong way in his desire to assert himself and make himself important, and in doing so will overlook the necessity of keeping the Government machine working steadily and quietly. If you employ a very clever man, the effect will be somewhat the same, as I have seen it described, as using a sharp pen-knife in cutting the leaves of your book. The very sharp blade will run off the line and commence to cut out curves on its own account, irrespective of direction. What is wanted for the purpose is in the nature of a good, solid, sound paper-knife, which, working steadily through the folds of the pages, will do its work honestly and neatly.

"But," says a friend who has just read over my recipe for a Viceroy, "this is a rough sketch of Lord Minto." I was not thinking of the present Viceroy at the time the above

remarks were written. I hardly know Lord Minto, having met him but once, years ago, as Lord Melgund. But re-reading what has been written, I do now see that it may well be said that Lord Minto answers all my requirements. And certainly the accounts received of him from India show him to come nearer to Lord Mayo than any Viceroy either before or since. And they all credit him with that quiet courage which was a characteristic of Lord Mayo, and the valuable power of making men trust him and believe in him, which Lord Mayo eminently possessed. And no Viceroy has had a more difficult time than has had Lord Minto, and no one could hope to come out of the ordeal more successfully and modestly. As a man in very high position recently wrote to me, "Lord Minto has shown the greatest courage and tact, and has proved himself to be a statesman of the first order." And this will, I am confident, be the verdict of all who are in a position to realise the enormous difficulties that have had to be encountered and surmounted by the present Viceroy in his dealings with the existing dangerous position in India.

CHAPTER XI.

HOME.

1872.

Homeward bound—The P. and O. steamer—Angels unawares—Dignatories of the Italian Court—Attention at Naples—Reception of Siamese mission—Royal box at the opera gala—Charlie Dickens—Rome—Monseigneur Howard—His Holiness the Pope—Cardinal Antonelli—Cardinal Barnabo—Monseigneur Stonor—The Archbishop's servant—System of tipping—Indian definition—Across the Continent—My uniform at the customs—An Elder Brother of the Trinity House and his alarming French—Foreign idea of a lady from India—Back at Bonn—Sad story of Sidonia—London—Northumberland House—Albury—Syon—Duke and Duchess of Argyll—Placed on duty at the India Office—The Exhibition—Mrs Rivett-Carnac's collection of women's ornaments—Lac ornaments—Derivation of the word—An invitation and its complications—Destruction of Northumberland House—The Duke's proposals—A posting tour—Bentley Priory—The Tile House, Denham—Lady Emily Drummond and the long ago—Bannerdown—Post and hearse horses—Salisbury—Mr Stevens the antiquary—To Manchester—Dinner in Town Hall given me by Chamber of Commerce—Gold medal of the Cotton Supply Association—My two supporters—Both now Privy Councillors—Difficulties of oratory—Mr C. P. Scott, M.P.—Sir Stafford Northcote—Mr Campbell of Islay—Lord Granville.

SOON after my return to Calcutta, at the time of Lord Mayo's death, I suffered again from jungle fever, which had attacked me in the Central Provinces, as I had foolishly remained out too late, and was caught by the rains when trying to dispose of a troublesome tiger. I was recommended to take leave, and was right glad of an excuse. I had been desirous for some time past of getting home. But invariably, just as I was ready to go, there came to me a new appoint-

ment, or some special work that put even a temporary absence out of the question. And, during all Lord Mayo's reign, the pace had been too fast and furious for any thought of a holiday. Now all had changed. My part as Cotton Commissioner was nearly played out, and I greatly wanted a holiday. So the middle of April saw my wife and myself, after an uneventful voyage, at Naples, in all the delight of a trip across the Continent on our way home after a long absence. There, at Naples, one of the first persons I saw was my old friend and enemy Charlie Dickens, who at once carried us off to his box at the theatre to hear "Barbe Bleu," and made us promise to come down to Gad's Hill, which he had inherited on his father's death. On the run between Alexandria and Brindisi, too, we had made the acquaintance of some Italian fellow-passengers, who among a crowd of Britons were rather "out of it" on board the P. and O. steamer, where they knew not the lines. We were fellows in misfortune, for, like them, I had omitted to rush down and secure a good place at the table, so that, when the time came for dinner, we found ourselves ruled out at a place just over the screw, at which were only the three Italians, outcasts like ourselves. We got into conventional converse during dinner, and met again in the smoking-room, where my fellow-Britons looked somewhat askance at the foreigners, whose mufti was certainly somewhat original and suggestive. It was whispered that one kept a hell at Port Said, and that the other two were partners in the business. We got on well enough, however, at the dinner-table, and I was able to practise my Italian after meals also. It was not until the last evening of the passage that, on exchanging cards, I found that the suspected "said" hell was hardly in it, and that, in reality, we had been entertaining angels unawares. For of the despised foreigners, the one proved to be the Marquis d'Aghémo, Private Secretary to the King of Italy, and the other two, distinguished members of the Court, who had been deputed on a special mission to Cairo to invest the Khedive with the Collar of

the Annunciad. On arrival at Brindisi, they were received with all honour by the local authorities, and our friends finding we were also bound for Naples, where the Court then was, they procured for us a reserved compartment in the train, and on arrival at Naples overwhelmed us with kindly attention. Naples was *en gala*, receiving a special mission sent by the King of Siam. The day after our arrival, Madame Aghémo called for my wife and myself, and taking us to the Palace, enabled us to have a perfect view of the State reception of the mission by the King Victor Emanuel. In the afternoon an equerry called and brought us the key of one of the royal boxes for what was to be the next night a gala performance at the San Carlo in honour of the mission, when the house (it was before the days of electric light) was lit up with masses of wax-candles. During the remaining days of our stay, our steamer acquaintances helped us to visit all that was worth seeing. And we were in time to witness a terribly active eruption of Vesuvius, and the red-hot lava cutting through a village, and knocking down the houses as if they were ninepins. I ascertained afterwards that our pleasant friend the Marquis d'Aghémo owed his position about the King to his being the brother-in-law of Madame Mirafiore, whom the King had eventually married. I was not a little proud of my Italian acquaintance. But it will be seen from my later experiences at Guy's Cliffe that the King's entourage was not admired or accepted willingly by the old Italian noblesse.

At Rome we got into quite another stratum of Italian society. I had received, before I left India, letters from my friends the Nagpore Fathers of St François de Sales and the Catholic Archbishop of Calcutta, in which I was recommended to Cardinal Barnabo and His Holiness for having aided these good men in their mission and in their colony near Nagpore, and for having slain that tiger, who, a greater heretic even than myself, had destroyed several of the mission cattle. So we were sure of attention at the Vatican. And here I found an old friend of my childhood,

whom I had not seen for many years. My father had been very intimate with Colonel Williams, then commanding the 2nd Life Guards, and would sometimes take me, when a boy, with him to the barracks to see the men and horses and hear the band practise. There Captain Howard, a splendidly handsome soldier, would occasionally join us, and, after the manner of big men, would be good-natured to me as a boy, explaining and showing all that was to be seen, and invariably finishing up with a bagful of cakes from the officers' mess. At Rome I found him, still the strikingly fine handsome man, though no longer a soldier, but an Archbishop *in partibus*, with the blue-ribbon of the Church, the Vicarate of St Peter's. He had at Rome a perfect establishment, his sisters—Mrs Marshall, as she then was, and Lady Hartopp—keeping him well supplied with all that was good and interesting from England. His horses and turns-out were what might be expected of a high dignitary of the Church—he was not a Cardinal then—and an experienced cavalry officer. During our stay at Rome he took us under his special care, and we saw all that was worth seeing. We had the honour of a private audience with H.H. the Pope, to which the Archbishop conducted us, and during which His Holiness referred to the aid I had been able to give to the good Fathers at Nagpore. And I had two interviews with Cardinal Antonelli, at the first of which I was introduced by the Archbishop. I was amused to see how the Cardinal seemed to stand much more in awe of the splendidly handsome British Archbishop than did that prelate of the Cardinal-Prince. Antonelli was a deacon, and much more of a politician than a cleric. Whilst old Cardinal Barnabo wanted all sorts of information about the position of the missions, which I could not always give him, Antonelli asked no question on this subject, but was much interested in the progress of the railways and the advance of Russia towards the frontier. He had all the best and latest maps, and these were produced, and I had to show him the new lines of railway and point out

to him and explain where I lived when in India. He asked a good many questions about the native troops, and whether they were ever allowed to be cantoned alone and apart from the Europeans requisite to look after them; and was much disappointed when he found that I was of little good as to information about the Russian advance. But he was interested when he found that I knew something about Indian coins, and he made an appointment for a couple of days later, when I went through his coin collection and explained, as far as I could, his Indian specimens. He then showed me his collection of gems and intaglios, which was particularly fine, and was again to be disappointed at finding that this was another subject on which I was ignorant.

We spent a very pleasant time in Rome, due chiefly to the kind attention of the Archbishop. I made the acquaintance also on this occasion of another British dignitary of the Catholic Church. Monseigneur Howard had driven me to the Church of St John-outside-the-Walls to some special service, and we were returning through the crowded streets of the city, his splendid pair of English horses taking us along at a great pace, when he suddenly tugged violently at the check-string, and the coachman bringing the carriage to a standstill, the violet-robed prelate leaped out of the carriage, I following him, and not knowing exactly what was going to happen. He made his way rapidly through the crowd in front of him, and coming up behind an ecclesiastic who was walking smartly along, he put his hand on his back, saying, "Old fellow, I am so delighted they have made you a Monsignore." So came out the Eton boy through the Archbishop's robe, and so did he greet his old friend, Monsignore Stonor, whose appointment as Monsignore had that day been announced. I was to see this latter Monsignore later at Guy's Cliffe, and later in London, his sister, the Dowager Lady Clifden, being long our next-door neighbour in Green Street. Monseigneur Howard obtained in due course the Cardinal's hat, being one of the few Britons who have ever attained to

that dignity. Later, his terrible illness was a great grief to myself and all his friends.

I had an instance in his case of how the master of a household can, if he is in earnest, put a stop to his servants taking money from his guests, and thus abolish the system of tips which, whether at a private house or a hotel, must ever be the greatest nuisance to a visitor. Monseigneur Howard had a most excellent body-servant whom he sent frequently to us on messages, and who escorted us several times on expeditions, besides attending at the table and in the house. When I was leaving, the man had been so attentive and useful that I was conscious that, according to the usual abominable practice, I ought to present him with a handsome tip. I communed much with myself as to what that tip ought to be, and being desirous of doing the thing handsomely, I got five louis d'or from the bank,[1] and on leaving tried to put them into the good man's hand. We were quite alone at the time, and he fully realised the amount, which was certainly not insufficient. But he very courteously and firmly declined the money, saying he had a most excellent place with the Monseigneur, and that the Archbishop would be disgusted and angry with him if he thought of taking money from any one of his guests. This is about the only case in my experience of such good feeling and form. And I grieve to say I have not found the retainers of the very biggest potentates less rapacious than the servants of the smaller fry. In India,[2] where I had a big house, and

[1] Paper money was generally in use.

[2] A point of interest in this connection, and which is worth noticing, is the difference between the Indian and English equivalents expressing the *douceur* dear to the heart of every native, and solicited or levied by him according to his position for the time being.

In Hindustani the word is "*Haq*," which, being interpreted literally, means "one's right, one's due," showing the light in which the levy has been regarded and recognised in native society for generations past.

Our translation of the word according to our improved lights—ideas which an Indian does not always find it easy to grasp—is "illegal gratification." And those who attempt to assert what they may have been brought up to consider as their "rights," may be faced with a further explanation of the term taken from the Indian Penal Code, para. &c.

often young officers staying as guests, I succeeded to some extent, I believe, in stopping the practice in my own establishment. I got my Private Secretary to warn the guests against giving, and to ascertain whether by any chance the rule had been misunderstood. If a culprit servant were discovered, he had to stand on an enormously high stool of repentance, specially fashioned for the purpose, and placed in the sun at the front-door near the sentry. There all passers-by would wag their heads at the delinquent, who would get terribly chaffed by his fellow-servants for having been such an ass as to be found out. That that stool had some effect I am glad to believe.

In India the servants of all officials receive tips from the native visitors, and the higher the position of the master the bigger the tip received by the man. At one time, years ago, when on a visit at Meerut to H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught, his head native servant being ill, my headman, a most excellent Mohamedan, took his place for six months. At the end of that period my man condescended to return to me. He told me the position had been in every way delightful, and that he had amassed a good sum in tips. According to the understood etiquette of the position, no native visitor ever gave my man, then the servant of a Royal Prince, less than a gold piece—a gold mohur being worth 16 rupees, or 32s. according to the old rate of exchange, or, say, 22s. even now. Anyhow, my servant did not do so badly for the time, and until his return to me, when he had to come down to the more modest standard of about a two-rupee tip.

I had several introductions to leading merchants and manufacturers on the Continent connected with the cotton-trade, and we received much attention and hospitality on our travels. At one of the cities we visited I called upon a leading merchant, a rich man with a fine house in the most fashionable locality, who received me with much kindness, and added that, having heard from his Bombay correspondents of my coming, he had prepared for me a

suite of rooms at his house, which he hoped I would occupy during my stay in his city. I thanked him, but explained that I could not accept his hospitable offer, as my wife was with me at the hotel. Madame, the wife of the merchant, who was in the room, also joined in the hospitable offer. She was a remarkably handsome woman, magnificently apparelled in the latest fashion received from Worth. On hearing that my wife had accompanied me from India, "How interesting!" ejaculated the lady; "may I come to the hotel and see her?" I said that it was rather the duty of my wife to call upon madame. "Oh no," she continued, "*do* let me come. And may I bring with me Baroness de B., who is *so* interested in India, and especially in Indian costumes, of which she had one at our fancy-ball?" Then were my eyes opened, and I realised that the lady hoped to find in my wife an Indian woman with a ring through her nose, clothed in appropriate costume, and carried about in a palankeen. My friend when she called was doubtless disappointed in finding my wife to be of European extraction, only, unfortunately, of a fashion in dress at least one year behind the last Worth model. Still, we became great friends, and have so remained from that day forward. On my return to India I related this story, among some other tales of my Continental experience. At dinner with us was a shy old civilian, a recent arrival at the station, and who was most desirous of ingratiating himself with my wife and myself. When I had told the story, his neighbour at the table, wishing to get him to talk, asked the old fellow what he thought of the position. "Oh," he blurted out, "I can quite understand how disappointed they must have been to see but a very ordinary Englishwoman after all." The delight of the audience was extreme and warmly expressed!

Leaving Italy we passed into Switzerland through the Mont Cenis. I had been told that an excellent way of saving oneself trouble at the customs house was to put one's uniform up top of the box, which the *douanier*

recognising, would then pass all your baggage without question or delay. So my blue-and-gold coat and cocked hat were placed well to the front. The train was very full, and there was more than the usual crowd of fussy tourists struggling to get their boxes through the customs. I was served early in the day, and noticing the kindly recognition given to the gold-laced coat by a leading official who was superintending the proceedings, flattered myself I should be immediately freed. To my horror, however, the inspector—or whatever he was—was so impressed with and interested in my finery that he made his subordinate bring piece after piece out of the box, and arrange them on the counter so that he might leisurely inspect it. The result was apparently so satisfactory that he promptly bade his colleague stop his work in another part of the shed and come and admire. And some of the subordinates thinking that they, too, might have a look in, the work for a time was checked, much to the fury of several travelling Britons and others who were not so much interested in or impressed by the magnificence of my trappings. "Monsieur est sans doute Amiral, n'est-ce pas?" said the appreciative and courteous official to me—he being deceived by the blue and gold, which he supposed must indicate the Navy. I modestly disclaimed, and explained. It is related how an Elder Brother of the Trinity House, clad in his uniform, at a Ministerial reception, was similarly mistaken for an Admiral, and being interrogated, replied in his best French, "Nong, je suisje Frère ainé de la Trinité,"—a revelation which caused the foreigner to fly, in not unnatural doubts as to the sanity of the person claiming such an extraordinary position and precedence!

We spent some days in Switzerland, passing under the imposing old Hapsburg Castle at Wildeck on the Aare, where, after my retirement, I was to spend so many pleasant years. And I interviewed many of the Swiss interested in the cotton-supply, some of whom had agencies in Bombay and even in Berar. At Zurich I saw the

venerable old antiquarian, Dr Ferdinand Keller, with whom I had had some correspondence regarding the cup-marks on monoliths found at Nagpore by me, and also not uncommon in Switzerland and other European countries. And thence we journeyed to Bonn, the place to me of the very happiest memories, with its delightful surroundings and picnic centres well known to my childhood. My old schoolmaster was long since dead; and the house had been pulled down to make way for a Fabrik, as, since the war, the place had become rich, and local industry had much advanced. But I found the daughter of my old master, and thereby hangs a tale. She was the younger, Sidonia, the elder sister being dead. Now, in my time at Bonn school this Sidonia had about nine years, and, when opportunity occurred, we used to make love to this youthful beauty and quarrel with her in turns. Her mamma was a Teuton, and in appearance the daughter favoured that race—having a fair complexion and hair of a lifeless light colour, yet abundant withal, and plaited into a pigtail, adorned with a shabby black bow on ordinary occasions, but one of a light-blue hue on high days and holidays. Now there had been temporary estrangement between us consequent on some toffee given to her elder sister, and Sidonia was burning for revenge. When, then, she saw me and another small boy enjoying the whiffs from a piece of cane which we were smoking at the end of the garden, this forbidden indulgence was immediately reported to the papa, who, coming upon us unawares, gave us both a considerable dose of punishment-stick, kept in pickle for such occasions. But we were to have our revenge. Sidonia was lured by my fellow-conspirator, under the promise of bull's-eyes, to the upper *galeta*—the attic where the German servants occasionally dried their washing. There, far from help, and where her screams would not penetrate below, we locked that abundant pigtail into the door; and so effectually imprisoned did Sidonia remain for a good hour until rescue arrived. When I again met

Sidonia, on the visit to Bonn now mentioned, some five-and-twenty years had elapsed. She had married a stout captain of artillery in the meantime, who, not being able to surmount the major obstacle which blocks the way of German officers who are not wholly efficient, had had to retire from the service, and had settled at Bonn. There were, I saw, three little Sidonias of that union — all like their mamma, pasty as to complexion, and with the towey pigtail of my remembrance. At first I feared the good lady might have communicated to her warrior-husband my wickedness of nearly a quarter of a century ago. But if she did, he certainly did not openly resent it; for he and his wife entertained us most hospitably to a supper, with a special species of sausage and sundry *bochs* of excellent beer.

We arrived soon afterwards in London in the midst of the season; and here I was detained some little time on business, as I was charged with several official questions connected with commerce and the Exhibition, then imminent, of which I was the Special Commissioner in India. My mother was established in a beautiful place some four miles out of Bath, and after a brief visit there I returned to town. My wife's eldest brother[1] was then in India, but her second brother[2] was in England working for the Indian competitive examination, which he was soon to pass. The youngest[3] was preparing for the Army, and was spending his holidays at Northumberland House, which in those days still survived, and where we met with a most hospitable welcome. My wife and her brothers had, from their childhood up, received the greatest kindness from the then Duke and the Duchess, and had spent much of their time at Albury and Alnwick. Indeed the Duchess was ever in kindness as a second mother to my wife, whilst my wife herself entertained for her and the Duke much of the affection she had

[1] Now Colonel Sir Edward Durand, Bart., C.B.

[2] Now the Right Honourable Sir Mortimer Durand, P.C., G.C.M.G., &c., late Ambassador at Washington.

[3] Now Colonel Algernon Durand, C.B., C.I.E.

devoted to the father she had so recently lost, and who had named the Duke as his executor and guardian of his children. During our stay in England, then, we spent a portion of our time with these very kindest of friends in London, and in succession at Albury, Syon, Kielder, and Alnwick. And with them I had the great advantage of meeting, soon after my arrival, the Secretary of State for India, under whom my official work in England was to be conducted. I first met the Duke and Duchess of Argyll at dinner at Northumberland House. It was the evening of a State ball at the Palace, and the Duke was in Highland dress and wore the Order of the Thistle, for I do not think he then had also the Garter. In that becoming costume he looked quite imposing. Although he had a remarkably fine head, he was small, and in ordinary dress his appearance was less impressive. Lord Percy, the eldest son of the house, was married to a daughter of the Duke of Argyll, so that the two families were closely united. The introduction to my official chief, made under such favourable circumstances, bore good fruit; and from that time on the Duke of Argyll showed us much kindly attention, and gave me his personal support in various matters which then and later I had to undertake with the India Office. In fact, after having seen him two or three times on business, the Duke was good enough to have me placed on special duty in England, and to assign to me temporarily a room at the India Office, where I worked on several questions in which the Secretary of State was then interested. This personal intercourse with this distinguished man was not only interesting and a great advantage to me at the time, but was most valuable as securing to me for the rest of his life a powerful friend who more than once assisted me most obligingly, as will be noticed hereafter, in matters in which I was concerned, and who encouraged me to correspond with him on Indian and antiquarian subjects until his death.

One of the periodical Exhibitions was then on, and to this

my wife had contributed a remarkable collection, which she had made at the suggestion of her father, of the various forms of ornaments worn by native women in India. It would be incorrect to call this collection "jewellery," as it was sometimes termed, for it included a much more extended class of ornament worn by Indian women than comes under that heading. The necklets, bracelets, and anklets, and other ornaments that the women affect, were shown not only in every variety of form, following, to a great extent, the localities represented, but included every sort of material used in this class of feminine adornment. The chief object in some cases being to show the shape of the ornament, it mattered little whether the material was of gold, silver, or zinc, so long as the workmanship and form were faithfully produced. There were a few specimens in gold and silver, but the majority were in the baser metals,—the articles worn by the poorer classes, — which still faithfully followed the shapes and ornamentation of the necklet or bracelet worn by the rich in gold. The collection did not extend to precious stones, but included several fairly good imitations made in the bazaar of the jewelled *sarpeches* and necklets worn by the higher classes. I was then amused when a well-known authority who had seen my wife's collection under a glass case at the Exhibition, but who had not, of course, had the opportunity of examining it at close quarters, in complimenting her on the variety and excellence of the forms, added that though he thought the emeralds very fine in size and colour, he did not find the pearls so good! Then there were the ornaments worn by the very poor, fashioned of straw and berries—graceful enough, and indicating sometimes the models from which the metal copies had been fashioned. There were also the shell and composite lac[1] ornaments of

[1] Our word "lac" comes from the Indian word *lakh*, meaning 100,000, and well know in connection with rupees, and derives from the myriads of small insects which, puncturing the jungle tree, cause to exude therefrom a juice which, drying on the branch, forms the resin or gum, and which collected with the twigs is the stick-lac of commerce. From this again, when purified, comes the *lac*, or shell-lac as it is termed; whilst the residue is the colour we call lake.

the substance from which sealing-wax is made, and which is the basis of the beautiful lacquered-ware of Japan and elsewhere. Altogether the collection numbered over 8000 specimens, and although the scheme has since been followed up on a large scale by the Government and other collectors, the idea originated with Sir Henry Durand and Mrs Rivett-Carnac. Many of the specimens have been the admiration of Castellani and other eminent jewellers, some of whom have since copied in their art the lines of the most graceful of the ornaments. I had occasionally to do *cicerone* to those interested in the collection, visitors to the Exhibition, and on one occasion I was horrified at an unfortunate *contre-temps* that occurred, and which, as the principal actors are now dead, may without indiscretion, perhaps, be related here. I had met at dinner a most pleasant and intelligent foreigner, the Secretary of one of the Embassies, who was artistically interested in the models in my wife's collection. I gave him a rendezvous at the Exhibition the next morning, where I had already arranged to meet me a friend, a well-known public man, who also was interested in artistic designs. When the latter arrived he introduced me to his sister-in-law, who had unexpectedly accompanied him. This introduction had hardly been made when, my foreign friend suddenly arriving, I proceeded to introduce Count X. to the lady. I thought from the expression on the faces of my guests there must be something wrong, and as we moved off the foreigner said to me in a sepulchral whisper, "I varrs engaged to marry for seeks monts to that yorng laydie." And so had it been. They had met at a foreign capital, had become engaged to be married, and all promised well. Then, so report had it, had come the season of young ducks, and with them green peas. The Count was socially sound on most matters. But the green peas and the gravy relating thereto were too strong a temptation for his knife, and with it they went to his mouth. A rupture of the engagement was the inevitable result. But how, unless I had been a prophet, could I possibly have known

of this? And before blaming me, be it remembered that the young lady came down quite unexpectedly to the Exhibition.

Whilst we were in town the construction of a great avenue from the Strand to the Embankment, involving the destruction of Northumberland House, was under consideration, and I heard the subject frequently discussed. The Duke and the whole family were strongly opposed to the scheme. When at Northumberland House one afternoon, I accompanied the Duke, Sir James Hogg, then Chairman of the Board of Works, the brother of my former master at Burdwan, and several others to the steps of the National Gallery, where the Duke pointed out how, by carrying a road on either side of it down to the Embankment, Northumberland House might be spared, and all the requirements of the Board met. But the scheme, which seemed to me excellent, was not accepted. The position, as I understood it, was that, much as the Duke would have wished to save the house, he would not allow his private wishes to stand in the way of a scheme really necessary for the convenience of London traffic and demanded by the voice of the public. And he preferred to yield rather than to appear to oppose popular requirements, and eventually to be expropriated by Act of Parliament. His fortune was so great that any prospect of pecuniary benefit cannot have entered into consideration. As far as convenience was concerned, the house was distant from what was then becoming the centre of London fashion. The staircase and many of the rooms were very fine, and the grounds down to the Embankment and the inner-court—for what was seen from the Strand was not the house itself, but the rooms and northern side of the inner-court—were such as were to be found in few other London houses. There was little ancestral sentiment connected with the place. It had been at a distant date—so Lord Northampton told me later, when on a visit to Castle Ashby—Northampton House, and had had other proprietors. But it is a question whether London has gained by the

change, and whether the monster hotel and avenue are preferable to the scheme of the fine old house preserved and a broad road on either side of it.

Before the season was over we commenced a series of visits to a number of relatives and friends on either side of the family who hospitably expected my wife and myself. In those days, being detained at home on duty, I was drawing an ample salary, and my natural Ryvet extravagant instincts suggested to me to do my journeyings in comfort. I had been much impressed with the idea that, to see England properly, the best way was to drive or ride through the country, and I had remembrance of my father's description of a carriage trip made by my mother and himself in old days. Motor-cars are now making this enjoyable way of travelling more than ever practicable. Thorne had provided me with an excellent landau, to which had been attached a removable rumble. I had it for years afterwards with me in India, and it was the comfort of the life of my wife and myself. It had sufficient room for four persons inside. But it was comparatively light without the rumble, and could be drawn by a single horse. So it was useful at night in town as a brougham to go out to dinners or the opera. This was our travelling carriage on our tour. My wife had an excellent French maid, and I had been able to secure an equally satisfactory footman-valet, which has ever helped to make me sceptical, united as it is to much further experience, as to the impossibility of the British servant question. With these two in the rumble, and a pair of good horses ridden by a postilion, harnessed to the carriage, my wife and I commenced our travels along the English roads of forty years ago, without any apprehension of motor-cars and immeasurable dust. Our first stage was a short one to Bentley Priory, Stanmore, then the property of our kind old friends, Sir John and Lady Kelk. The house, which had one time been the residence of the Queen Dowager, I believe still exists as a hotel. The rooms and grounds and all accessories were very beautiful, and not

inferior in comfort to those of the finest places in England. There was in those days a tennis court (not a lawn-tennis court, please) and a covered riding-school for the young people of the house. We had brought with us from India our favourite little dog, which we could not find it in our hearts to leave behind, and which on board ship and on the Continent had already cost me a small fortune in tips to menials of sorts, to butchers, railway-guards, hotel-waiters, and the like. After luncheon Sir John took me for a walk through the extensive and beautiful grounds that surrounded the house, and the small dog, which did not take kindly to either the French maid or my man, accompanied us on our stroll. Suddenly there was a series of yaps, and the sound of the rushing of many wings. The small dog had left the path, and entering an adjoining plantation had put up a hundred or so of pheasants which were packed there awaiting the first of October. The idea of pheasant-shooting within nearly cab-limit of Hyde Park corner seemed to me almost an impossibility, but showed what money could ensure.

From Bentley we went on to the Tile House, Denham, beyond Uxbridge,—a very different class of establishment, but quite perfect in its old-fashioned methods. There lived then Lady Emily Drummond, widow of Mr Mortimer Drummond, the banker, and aunt of the then Duke of Northumberland. The dear old Tile House had been the home for the greater part of his holidays of my wife's father, Sir Henry Durand, when a boy, and the whole family had been ever most kind to him, and had extended the same affection to my wife. Lady Emily cannot then have been less than ninety years of age, and was the last survivor of a large family. She had been abroad in the former century during the great wars, and had been a prisoner, together with other members of her family, of Napoleon. On arrival, after embracing my wife, she said, "Well, my dear, where have you come from?" My wife commenced by telling how we had landed at Naples. Before she could get any further the old lady said, "Oh, Naples; I believe

Murat made many changes there after I left," thus giving one a fair idea of the range covered by her experience and memory. Everything about the house was quite old-fashioned, but equally delightful. The grounds sloping down to the river, where were the Fisheries that in old days had supplied the table of the London dignitaries of the Church, were rich in every rare flower and shrub. It had been a tradition of the long past not to disturb any bird on the property, and the grounds were full of every variety of the feathered-folk, who knew that there they had found sanctuary. There were then three unmarried daughters of the house, who had been the companions of my wife's father in old days, and who were equally devoted to my wife. The discipline of the house as we then saw it would indeed cause any up-to-date young lady of the present day to open her eyes very wide in astonishment. The eldest daughter must have been then not far from seventy years of age. Yet the idea of any one of them going out without leave would probably not have been entertained for a moment. I am confident that not one of them would have thought of ringing the bell or ordering a carriage without first obtaining the permission of old Lady Emily. But, perhaps, even in her day she may have been considered a little strict, and I remember her sister, the old Lady Ashburnham, who lived near to us in Kent when I was a boy, and how she too had daughters who were not young, and who were supposed to be liable to equally strict discipline. At the "Fisheries," just below the house, I found Colonel Gerald Goodlake and his wife, both of whom I had known before I went out to India. I remembered him as a strikingly handsome young officer of the Guards, who had won the Victoria Cross, and who with Lloyd-Lindsay, Troubridge, and some others were the acknowledged Crimean heroes of my younger days.

From Denham we went to Bath,[1] where my mother lived in a lovely old place among the hills, some three miles from

[1] Bannerdown House, near Batheaston.

the city, and here we enjoyed for some time the delights of a fine English summer under trees nowhere to be seen in such perfection as in our own dear land. The place of my uncle, Sir J. F. Davis, Hollywood Tower, was not far distant, and there was my wife in due course conducted on a willing pilgrimage "to do *poojah*" (worship), as Mountstuart Elphinstone had termed it, to the spear with which my grandfather had defended the historic house at Benares, and which had now found a place in the library at Hollywood, besides having been enshrined, emblematically, as an honourable augmentation in the family arms. After a stay in this beautiful Somersetshire country we determined to post to Salisbury, and there to visit what was held to be the unique prehistoric museum, of great interest to me in my then hobbies. We started in state from my mother's place, our servants in the rumble, a pair of grey horses and a smart postilion as our conductors. We had taken the precaution to send word on to Warminster to have a change of horses and breakfast ready for us there. All went well on the road so far, and we were everywhere acclaimed as a newly-married couple on their state matrimonial progress. We had an excellent breakfast at Warminster, but on entering the carriage I recognised, to my dismay, that in the place of the bridal greys that had conveyed us so far were a pair of fine horses, but the blackest of black in colour, with crinkly tails, such as one sees at funerals. And, sure enough, these were the hearse-horses doing duty as post-horses for the occasion! Remonstrance was of no avail. "You'll find they'll do Salisbury all right in good time," said the host. And he explained that the demand for post-horses was so limited and exceptional, that he was obliged to keep horses that would suit either for funerals or other less melancholy purposes. We reached the White Hart at Salisbury in due course, but our entry into the town did not arouse the enthusiasm of the small boys and others as at the chief points of our first stage. And we had been a little delayed by our horses having insisted on turning into the cemetery

en route, and apparently having been surprised at our not having being duly deposited there. At Salisbury our object was to see Mr Stevens, the celebrated antiquary, the founder with his brother-in-law, Mr Blackmore, there of the prehistoric museum in the town. A man was sent with us from the hotel to show us the way to Mr Stevens' house. He led us to the door of a draper's shop, and our arrival having been announced, we were taken up to a clever-looking man who was engaged in attending to two old ladies, and who, excusing himself for the moment, sent us up to his rooms above the shop in charge of one of his assistants. In the ten minutes during which we awaited our host, we had an opportunity of admiring his excellent library of antiquarian books and the signed photographs which adorned the walls, the gifts of many of the most distinguished scientific men of our own country and the Continent. At last Stevens appeared full of apologies. The two old ladies, he said, required only a small length of ribbon. But they were very particular indeed as to the shade, and he had had much difficulty in matching the pattern and satisfying them. The idea of the time of a distinguished scientific man being wasted over four-pennyworth of ribbon struck one as comic. But Stevens was never above his work. Offers were made to him to stand for Parliament and to accept municipal honours. But he would not accept anything that might interfere with his business, or his other favourite occupation, antiquarian research. We duly visited the excellent museum in Stevens' company, and there saw the unique collection of prehistoric implements made by Mr Blackmore and himself, and which had all been excellently classified and arranged at eye-level,—an advantage not then generally appreciated in our museums. On my return to India I was careful to put together, with the assistance of my wife, who knew almost more about such matters than I myself, a careful selection for Salisbury from the large number of flint implements found by us in various parts of India. I think Mr Stevens had died in

the meantime. At least I find that the collection presented by me to Salisbury was sent through my old friend Coleridge Kennard, who was then the Conservative Member for the borough. And this brought down upon my head, and that of the party, the sarcasms of the local press on the opposite side. "Mr Rivett-Carnac, of the family," it was said, "of the Conservative Member for Lymington, had presented through Mr Coleridge Kennard, their local Conservative Member, a collection of prehistoric implements to Salisbury for its museum. Now nothing could be more conservative or appropriate, for nothing was more prehistoric or so antique and antediluvian as conservative methods!" Rather hard on the poor Indian flints, who were no parties to party politics or recriminations.

We gave up posting soon afterwards, as I had to go north to Manchester to have the honour of a public dinner to be given me there as Cotton Commissioner in the Town Hall by the Chamber of Commerce, and to receive the gold medal of the Cotton Supply Association which had been awarded to me. I was invited to bring with me two "best men" as supporters, and I had the advantage of the company on that occasion of my wife's second brother,[1] who had then just passed for the Indian Civil Service, and of the Deputy-Commissioner No. 2 of the great mango-trick performance of a former chapter, the talented author of "The Old Pindaree."[2] He had ever been one of my warmest and much valued friends, and had given me the heartiest and most generous support during all my work in the cotton districts, and which was duly recognised by the cotton magnates on the occasion. He was connected with me by marriage, and had always been admired by me for his ability and power, so I was delighted when he kindly consented to accompany me. It is a curious coincidence that the two young men who then were my supporters on that occasion

[1] The Right Honourable Sir Mortimer Durand, P.C., G.C.M.G., K.C.S.I., K.C.I.E.

[2] The Right Honourable Sir Alfred Lyall, P.C., G.C.I.E., K.C.B., &c.

are now both members of H.M. most Honourable Privy Council, to which honour they have attained after very distinguished careers in India and elsewhere. We were the guests in Manchester of Mr Hugh Mason, M.P., then the President of the Chamber of Commerce there, and we revelled in the most sumptuous hospitality. Mr Taylor, then the proprietor of 'The Manchester Guardian,' was also particularly attentive to us, and with him was young (as he then was) Mr C. P. Scott, with whom I was to be on terms of intimate friendship. He was until recently Member for a division of Manchester, and is still the proprietor and editor of 'The Manchester Guardian,' of which for many years I was the Indian correspondent.

The speech that I had to make at the banquet was rather a trying ordeal for a young officer from India, where the making of speeches, save by the Governors and others in high authority, is almost unknown, as one's words of wisdom are generally recorded on paper. But I got through my speech well enough, the subject being familiar to me, and being chiefly a narration of what had been done in the interests of the trade during the past few years. But I confess that an uncomfortable sensation ran down my spine when I stood up to commence speaking and saw the eyes of a dozen reporters fixed on me, with their pencils and notebooks in hand all ready to start off. I had given the audience what seemed to me to be enough, and was getting towards my peroration, having had no reason the while to be displeased with my reception, when the Secretary came up behind me and whispered that it was hoped I would go on for another ten minutes, as Sir Thomas Bazley, the next on the list of speakers, was coming down with a dozen others from town by special train, and that the train had been delayed. There was nothing for it but to try and do my best and go on. And this I managed to do, and spun out the time mainly by relating some anecdotes of the effect of the plethora of wealth on Bombay and the up-country cultivator, some of which had already had a place

in my official reports. These stories suited the audience quite as well as the details of official progress and the measures for meeting the demands of the cotton trade, and I was getting on merrily enough, when the door of the hall was opened and Sir Thomas Bazley and his company appeared and relieved me. During that visit to Manchester I made many friends, some of whom, being much my seniors, have since joined the majority, but others of whom, like Mr C. P. Scott, I am glad to say, still remain to me. And I shall always feel thankful for the opportunities that were permitted me as an Indian civilian of being able to render what were considered services of some value to the trade of Manchester and others interested in our national cotton-supply.

On this and all subsequent visits home we were warmly welcomed during his lifetime by Sir Stafford Northcote and his family. They had been our neighbours in London in old days, and I had known him, when I was a child, as Mr Northcote, and I was to know him again later as Lord Iddesleigh. He was the simplest and most amiable of men, and seemed always to me to have quite a marvellous knack, even on the busiest days when he was leader of the House and exposed to all sorts of torments, of being able to find time for everything. When I would notice this with surprise he would laugh, and repeat that the busiest persons could always make the most time. We would now and then, my wife and I, go to the house in Downing Street on Sunday afternoons to tea with Lady Northcote, and would find him taking a perfect holiday, no secretaries or office-boxes in the house, though this was often at the busiest time of the session. When Sir Stafford was Secretary of State for India he used to allow me to write unreservedly to him on a variety of subjects, and although he did not answer at length himself, he never failed to give attention to anything in which I was really interested. Destroying lately a large number of letters, I was astonished to see how, in the comparatively early years of my service in India, I managed to carry on a correspondence at different times with two Secretaries of State—the

Duke of Argyll and Sir Stafford. But then one had considerable assurance in one's younger days, and both my chiefs at the India Office were, fortunately, tolerant.

A most pleasant rendezvous on a Sunday afternoon in fine weather during the season was the garden at Niddry Lodge, then the property of our very valued friend, Mr Campbell of Islay. There my wife and I always found a warm welcome from that most accomplished and original of hosts, who never failed to attract on those occasions some of the very interesting persons in the artistic, literary, and diplomatic world. We often would remain to a Sunday dinner, which was generally joined by his sister and Lord Granville and some members of the clan Campbell, Argyll Lodge being hard by. In Lord Granville, too, I found a hard-worked Minister who could apparently always find time for everything; and when he was Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, Lord Granville most obligingly helped to make many of our Continental trips pleasant by giving us introductions to the Embassies abroad.

CHAPTER XII.

AT HOME.

1872.

At Guy's Cliffe—Lady Charles Percy and smoking—Duchesse de la Marmora on my Italian acquaintances—Lady Dormer and the Tichborne case—Lord Dormer's entomological collection—General Jim Dormer routs the mission from the Mahdi—Kielder Castle—Chevy Chase—Grouse and my grey-hen—Alnwick Castle—Its splendours—Baron Hübner thereon—Mediæval castles *v.* modern habitations—Cup-marks at Alnwick—Views of the Duke of Argyll—My hobby—Sir John Drummond-Hay—Lord Iddesleigh and Morocco—Artistic description—Sir John and the great Elchi—Visit to Edinburgh—Glories of the place—At Raynham again—How a barrister was created—Rougham Hall and its inhabitants—Sir Harry Keppel and naval gunnery—Castle Ashby—A distinguished medico—Lord and Lady Alwyne Compton—Lord Northampton—Lady Marion Alford—The footman on Niagara—Partridges in real stubble—Some experiences of London charities—The late Marquis Townshend—Large sums given in charity—My efforts to assist—Society of Universal Benevolence—A case before the committee—What resulted therefrom—Difficult question of charitable relief—My heretical views—Sir Henry Maine and incorrigible young civilian—Estimate of value of being relieved from the question of poverty.

IT was soon after this that we went for the first time to Guy's Cliffe, known to most visitors to Warwick, Kenilworth, and the neighbourhood for its grand avenue leading from the road—a visit that was to be repeated regularly in future years whenever we were at home, and as long as Lady Charles Percy and her daughter and successor in that beautiful old property remained alive. It was during a fortnight of summer weather there, when Guy's Cliffe and

the Avon and the avenue and mill are at their best, that I incautiously found myself in the trouble, already referred to, with the old Duchesse de la Marmora, next to whom I was seated at dinner. I began by talking in self-satisfied terms of my Roman acquaintances, and the Marquis d'Aghémo, a relation of Madame Mirafiore's, and I had, of course, little idea of how strongly feeling ran, and it did not at first appear to me that the Private Secretary of the King could be regarded as otherwise than a very desirable acquaintance, even by one of the *ancien régime*. To my horror the old lady expressed her surprise that Lady Charles Percy could ever have admitted into Guy's Cliffe one who had made such questionable acquaintances! Two other friends were there on that occasion who were to render this visit and many future years pleasant at beautiful Guy's Cliffe,—the Dowager-Lady Dormer, and her son, Lord Dormer, who lived at Grove Park hard by. The old lady was by birth a Tichborne, aunt of the man the Claimant attempted to represent. She related to us how she remembered as one of the peculiarities of her nephew that he had certain devices, which she could describe, tattooed on his left arm. This information was kept a profound secret until she appeared to give her evidence in court, and the Claimant, it will be remembered, had omitted to equip himself in this respect. One morning Lord Dormer brought over with him his little girl, as she was in those days, to luncheon with Lady Charles Percy. I had just received and showed the young lady the volume of fairy-tales delightfully illustrated by Walter Crane, in one of which the Princess is depicted flinging the frog in her rage against the wall, and the realistic evolution from that frog of the handsome Fairy Prince. After luncheon we repaired to the garden and to Guy's well. The child, naturally enough, went for the first fat frog to be seen dozing near the step, and flung him with smashing effect against the wall. It was sad to notice her disappointment when her childish faith in the fairy-tale did not, even at the expense of the death of that unhappy frog,

produce the hoped-for Prince. Lord Dormer was a many-sided man. He had served for some time in the Life Guards. But his tastes ran towards entomology, and, like Lord Walsingham, he had a fine collection of insects at Grove Park, many of which he had collected himself whilst travelling for the purpose in out-of-the-way parts of South America and elsewhere. The dining-room at Grove Park contained two portraits of his father and grandfather in Austrian uniform. On my expressing my surprise that they had not, like himself, entered the British service, he told me, what I had not realised at the time, that, belonging as they did to an old Catholic family, they were not, until his time, eligible for the service which, thanks to the Catholic Emancipation Act, he had been able as the first of his family to enter. His brother, the General, generally known as "Jimmy Dormer," was also an occasional visitor at Guy's Cliffe when he was not abroad on duty. He is known to fame as having put to flight the mission to Lord Wolseley sent by the Mahdi to enjoin the whole British host to follow him as the true Prophet. The mission supported their arguments with relations of the miracles performed by the holy man. "Can he do this?" says Jim Dormer, taking out of its socket his glass eye, and then chucking it into the air and catching it, refixing it in its socket, glaring at the mission the while, and adding to the effect by putting both hands to his nose, after the naughty manner of our childhood. The members of the mission gave a howl of affright in chorus, and were soon miles away across the desert. The General died from a regrettable accident when out tiger-shooting in the Ootacamund hills, the tiger clawing him and inflicting wounds from which he succumbed after some suffering.

Forty years ago smoking was not such a universal accomplishment among all ages and sexes as it has since become, and in some old-fashioned houses a smoking-room was yet unknown, whilst smoking in your own room or anywhere else in the house was, of course, out of the question.

Lady Charles Percy had the greatest aversion to tobacco and the smell thereof. I was in no way a slave to the habit, and having, since my illness, been obliged to give up smoking, I find I utterly detest the smell of it, especially of stale smoke, and am now better able to realise how distasteful the smell must be to ladies and others. It was related how one poor old visitor at Guy's Cliffe, having on a wet day attempted to smoke a cigar in the housekeeper's room, and having been ignominiously ejected, went forth into the garden to finish his, to him, necessary smoke, and stood there for some time in the rain under an umbrella. Then there appeared old Long, the butler, a well-known character at Guy's Cliffe. "Please, Sir Paul, milady don't like smoking in the garden." In later years Miss Percy established a smoking-room, for, after all, true hospitality means meeting the reasonable requirements of one's guests. And smoking, in course of time, came within that category. Smoking, as a general habit, dates back to a period within the memory of many still living. I remember Dr Smith, the editor of 'The Quarterly Review,' telling us how he asked the Marquis d'Harcourt, when he returned as Ambassador after an absence from England of some years, what struck him most as changes during his absence? He replied, the smoking habit, and the noticeable increase of people with titles, especially ladies. He said that when he was last in England men certainly smoked, but that if they did so, they did it privily as if they were ashamed of it, going away into corners, or behind trees in the garden. To smoke in the presence of ladies, even with permission accorded, was impossible. Now, he said, you see men in the park driving with ladies and lolling back in the carriage and smoking. As to titles, he added, "When I was first here, if you were introduced to Lady X—— you knew that she was probably some one of distinction. Now," he said, "every second woman you meet is Lady ——, and you have to ascertain whether she is, perhaps, the wife of a marquis, or that of a mayor of some small town, recently added to the enormous

list of knights of sorts." On one of my later visits a new interest was developed in me at Guy's Cliffe, when I found that, as far back as 1320, it had belonged to a grandfather of mine in the 14th degree, Sir Michael de Beau-Foie, or Bellafagio,—my ancestor John Ryvet, lord of the manor of Freton, Suffolk, having married Alice, daughter and co-heiress of the knight about that same time.

At the end of August we were at Kielder, where the grouse season opened rather late on account of disease among the birds. My wife's French maid was greatly excited at the idea of *la chasse*, as her father, she said, shot many beasts and birds in Languedoc, and was famous in the neighbourhood of her home as a sportsman. On the evening of our arrival I was going to my dressing-room to get ready for dinner, having left my wife in the drawing-room, when the maid, who was in our bedroom overlooking the river, came rushing to me in a great state of excitement, begging me at once to bring my gun for the *chasse* she had marked down. And there, sure enough, on the other side of the Kielder, not much more than two hundred yards away, was an old black-cock, looming large in the evening light, at whom she thought that, according to the rules of the game, it was my duty to take careful aim and slay from the bedroom window. Monsieur, her father, she said, and his sporting friends would undoubtedly have done it, and that successfully too.

This was my first experience with grouse. I had always been good with the rifle and the pistol, partly owing to my spending a considerable portion of my pocket-money when a boy at the *tirs*, to be found at every foreign watering-place. And in my time in India I carried off several prizes, among them the Regimental Cup for the best rifle-shot in the battalion. And even at my present age my eye and hand allow me to do fairly well at the shooting-matches, which I regularly attend, of the local Swiss club, of which I am the Hon. President. The fact of my being good in this respect is presumably against my being very successful as a snap-shot, as from being accustomed to a long aim with a rifle, I

often fire too late. In the batteries at Kielder, a great moor on the borders of Scotland with its Castle, near which was fought Chevy Chase, I did not disgrace myself, though my bag was not of the largest. When the birds were laid out at luncheon, my contribution was found to contain a grey-hen. I did not in the least know the difference between it and a grouse, and others, I believe, occasionally find at first a similar difficulty. I acknowledged my iniquity, and the old Duke of Northumberland, our host, good-naturedly said the mistake was quite pardonable under the circumstances. But his Adjutant of Militia, who came to the shoot annually, was not so merciful, and was inclined to be unamiably sarcastic regarding my clumsiness. After the second shoot, following luncheon, and on our return to the Castle, the last new lot of birds was duly laid out. And, lo and behold! there among them was yet another tell-tale grey-hen. Then all, with one accord, began to chaff me—quite good-naturedly, however. But my gillie, who was present, would have none of it. "My gentleman had no grey-hen," he said, "this time; must be some other gentleman, your Grace." One after another the other members of the party disclaimed, until it came to our Militia friend, when it was ascertained without denial that he indeed was the culprit. The old Duke, remembering the ill-natured remarks of the morning, did not let the offender off, and said what is excusable in quite a new man is not so easily condoned in an old hand. "But," he added, with a good-natured smile, "you know all about it, for I heard the complimentary remarks you made on the subject at luncheon." I think the offender deserved it.

From Kielder we went to Alnwick, our first visit to this splendid old Castle, which, according to the hospitable invitation of the then Duke, and his son and successor, has without fail been repeated every year we have been at home, and of which we have fortunately been able to avail ourselves on many occasions. The verdict on this ancient feudal fortress, restored with the greatest care and at immense expense, must

be that it is magnificent. It is difficult for any one for the first few days to find his way through the many passages leading to the various wings and towers of the Castle. Some of the rooms are remarkably fine, and the carvings by the Italian workmen—brought over at the time for the purpose—are as perfect as any to be found in England. I was dining one evening, later, at Lord Granville's, and Lady Granville asked Baron Hübner, the well-known diplomatist and traveller, who was sitting near me, and who had been travelling over England, which of the many places he had seen was the finest. He replied without hesitation that, next to Windsor Castle, certainly Alnwick. And that, I should think, would be the general verdict. But having now myself for parts of fifteen years inhabited buildings of this feudal description, though on a more minute scale, I am beginning to think that there may be something to be said in favour of the modern residence, even for the villa up-to-date, with all modern improvements. The old Hapsburg Castle of Wildeck, though one might have put four of them into Alnwick, is, as it has been said, almost perfect of its kind, and good enough for an Emperor. And though the Berne Governors altered much of the ancient character of this dear old place, Rougemont, from which I write, adapting the Priory to the wants of the Baillis three hundred years ago, and more recent Governors added many comforts in the shape of open fireplaces, &c., still, even with electric light and central-heating, it is behind modern residences in many appliances and advantages. An objection to a castle is, to my mind, that if it is sufficiently supplied with moats, drawbridges, courtyards, and other picturesque paraphernalia, you cannot step out at once on to the lawn into the gardens. And, ordinarily, in a feudal-keep, the windows are not so large as those which the architect of to-day will supply. The consequence was that, at Wildeck, the beautiful old oak-panelling had been painted white. We must have more light, said the lord of the time; and I want light,—I do not care for the æsthetic result. At Rougemont, too, the panelling, generally of selected

pitch-pine, had also, in some cases, been painted in the same way and for the same reasons. At Alnwick, in restoring the Castle, the question of the light had not been overlooked. And as regards going out into the garden easily, I suppose the owners of Alnwick might say if we want *that*, we go to one of our many other places for the purpose.

One of the most absolutely perfect places I have ever seen, combining modern comfort with feudal magnificence, with position, views, and everything in its favour, is the Castle of Lenzburg, famous in history, and situated in Canton Aargau in Switzerland, near Wildeck, already mentioned. There my friend Mr Jessup, after years of unremitting care, has, at immense expense, restored this glorious Castle according to the original plans, and yet made of it the most picturesque and comfortable of modern abodes, amid scenery and country which are equally romantic, attractive, and interesting. It is indeed, as has been said, like a Castle of the Niebelungenlied, though replete with many conveniences which Siegfried and his followers hardly required.

It was on a visit to Alnwick that I had my interest first seriously aroused in what are termed "cup-marks," and which have remained my chief hobby during the remainder of my life. In early days at Nagpore, my friend Mr Stephen Hislop, the distinguished missionary, had drawn my attention to certain marks on the great stones surrounding the prehistoric tumuli found in several parts of Central India. These are marks hollowed out on the surface of the stone, apparently with some blunt implement. To my amazement, I found markings of almost exactly similar description on some rocks on the moor not far from Alnwick. A great folio volume, prepared under the orders of Duke Algernon of Northumberland, and of which his successor gave me a copy, opened my eyes to the fact of the remarkable resemblance, not only of the so-called cup-marks but of other marks on the Northumberland rocks and monoliths, to those found in India. The subject is a large one, and cannot be

entered into here, but has been discussed by me[1] and others in books and papers written on many occasions. Suffice it to say that my belief was, and is, that these "cups" are a species of early ideographs, and that some of the other markings relate to the nature worship of the time, and which has a resemblance to the cult prevailing in India and other parts of the world. The late Duke of Argyll, himself a distinguished antiquarian, to whom I communicated my views at Alnwick at the time, did not at first favour the idea of the phallic connection of these markings. But in later years, having consulted Sir James Y. Simpson and other authorities on the subject, he came round to my view, and during the rest of his life used to take much interest in all I could communicate to him on the subject. My host and his successor at Alnwick have also always encouraged me in my further inquiries and finds, and I am glad to say that there is now a general consensus of opinion, certainly among the leading foreign antiquarian societies, that the significance attributed to these markings is mainly correct.

I find among my notes an account of a conversation I had when staying at the Castle with Sir John Drummond-Hay. This, it is true, must have been not at our first but at one of our more recent visits there, as it will be seen that the story relates to the time when Lord Iddesleigh (Sir Stafford Northcote) was Foreign Secretary. But as I do not propose in these further notes to proceed absolutely chronologically, or to attempt to record annually the events of visits to England or elsewhere, the story is inserted here.

At Alnwick one autumn we met Sir John Drummond-Hay, a cousin of the Duchess. He was a delightfully keen, brisk, little man, active as a tiger-cat, and always well forward in long tramps through fifty-acre turnip-fields. He had just come from his post at Morocco, and I asked him one day what sort of a place Morocco was? "That's rather a big question," said he, "but Lord Iddesleigh said to me the

[1] "Cup-Marks as an Archaic Form of Inscription."—Proceedings of the Royal Asiatic Society, &c.

other day something of the same sort. He said, 'Sir John, I should like to hear from you *all* about Morocco.' I answered, My Lord, I am only away on six-weeks' leave, but if the Foreign Office would prolong my leave to say another six months, I think, within that time, I might get through most of the subject, supposing always that you could devote your whole days to me. The Secretary of State looked doubtful, so I said, perhaps it would be enough to relate to you what the American Admiral remarked to my daughter about the country the other day. 'You are,' he said, 'Miss, I guess, daughter of that distinguished diplomatist in Morocco, where I was until I came here, to Gibraltar, yesterday afternoon? An interesting place, Miss, Morocco. Whilst I was there, give you my word, Miss, I felt exactly as if some one had taken me by the scruff of the neck and dropped me into the middle of the Old Testament!' That, I said, gives a fair idea in a few words of the Morocco of the present day. 'Thank you, Sir John,' said Lord Iddesleigh, 'I don't think it will be necessary to detain you here beyond your leave; your friend's description gives me a very good idea indeed of the country and the people.' And perhaps," added Hay, "this will be sufficient for you also?"

Hay it was who, as a young attaché at Constantinople, came to serious grief with the great Elchi, who, on that occasion, certainly showed a serious want of humour in dealing with the offender. The story,[1] though probably well known, is worth repeating, and has the merit of being true, as Hay at Alnwick admitted the soft impeachment. After a very heavy night's work, Hay told his Greek valet, before going to bed, that he intended to sleep until eight o'clock the next morning, and that he would shoot any one who, on any pretence, disturbed him before that hour. And fierce little Hay always looked as if he meant what he said. In the early morning arrived some despatches of importance, which should have been placed at once before Lord Stratford

[1] See Lane-Poole's 'Life of Lord Stratford de Redcliffe.'

by Hay. But the valet, remembering the threat of the previous night, did not dare disturb his master before the appointed hour. The Elchi, on hearing the attaché's late explanation, thundered out, "Damn your eyes, sir!" Little Hay drew his little self up as high as possible, and bowing low, replied in the most respectful tone, "Damn Your Excellency's eyes!". It would have been more like the great man if he had accepted the position; but, unfortunately, as a historical fact, he sent Hay off at once in disgrace in a despatch-boat, to purge himself of his offence before the Foreign Office in London.

I must not forget to mention that it was after one of my many visits to Alnwick that I had the good fortune to see a portion of Scotland, though unfortunately my stay there was not long. Although I had been much in many foreign lands, yet, like the average foolish Briton, I had never seen much of my own country. My wife,[1] besides boasting of much Highland blood, had been in Scotland as a child with her grandmother, and was very properly Highland in many of her instincts. In the smoking-room at Alnwick I got much chaffed at never having seen Scotland. So thither we went, and saw Edinburgh under the best of auspices, having as our hosts and *cicerones* Trotter of Colinton, General Yule (Marco Polo), Ewen Macpherson of Cluny, my old friend already mentioned, and Mr Douglas the publisher. I have seen in my time many cities and many beautiful sights, but I do not think there is anything I have ever seen that can equal the beauty of the combination at Edinburgh of sea and hill and splendid buildings. And I returned south delighted with my visit, and appreciating more than ever everything that is Scotch.

Travelling southwards, we halted for a couple of days to visit some tombs of my father's family, some members of which, forsaking for a time Suffolk, had established them-

[1] Her mother was a daughter of General Sir John M'Caskill, K.C.B., K.C.H., a distinguished Highland officer from the Island of Skye, who was killed at the battle of Moodkee.

selves at Derby, where two had represented the borough in Parliament. Our next visit was to Raynham, already noticed in the opening chapter, and of which I had ever retained the happiest memories. My father and his good friend the Admiral, the fourth Marquis, had both been gathered to their fathers. But we were the guests, in the place in which I had formerly passed so many happy days, of the Dowager Marchioness, who was then living at the Hall, and of her daughter, then Lady Audrey Townshend, from whom we received all the kindness and hospitality I had so long associated with Raynham. Here I visited many people and places known to me in former years, and renewed several old acquaintances. The shooting season had commenced, and a distinguished Queen's Counsel, who had rented a place in the neighbourhood, was one of the guests I met at dinner during my stay at the Hall, and it was due to him that my brother-in-law Sir Mortimer Durand can number among his numerous honours that of being a barrister-at-law.

Many years ago, on his being appointed Ambassador to Washington, some of the newspapers attached undue importance to the fact that Durand was a barrister, and suggested that he had been selected partly for that reason, in view of the necessity of having some one with legal acumen and experience to watch British interests in America. It is true that Sir Mortimer Durand is a barrister, but he has never practised, nor has he ever had much legal experience. The manner, too, in which he was admitted to the bar was not a little amusing, and as it is a relic of past times, and came about under circumstances which would be impossible to-day, the story may be related here. Learning that my neighbour at table was a barrister, I told him how my brother-in-law, who was then eating his dinners, had found, to his great disappointment, that he could not complete the operation before leaving for India, and that thus he must lose his chance of being called to the bar. The old gentleman then asked me to what Inn

my brother-in-law belonged. On my telling him, he answered, "Oh, I am a Bencher and Treasurer of that Inn. Come both of you and dine with me on Wednesday next, and I'll see what can be done." To dinner we duly went, and the result was that our friend, being in authority, got Durand excused the remaining dinners, and my brother-in-law went out to India a full-fledged barrister. I remember his great chum and dinner companion at the time was Ralph Neville,—now Mr Justice Neville,—who throughout life has remained his intimate friend. The call to the Bar nowadays is a very different matter, with very stiff examinations, and no friendly Bencher could, I fear, haul any one successfully through the rules.

From Raynham we went on to Rougham. I am now writing of as far back as 1872, and we found then at the Hall a brood of the most excellent North-Keppel blend, a company of children endowed with every splendid physical attribute, who rode horses barebacked and did everything they were forbidden to do, had innumerable accidents, and yet have all happily survived to introduce other broods not less dangerous and wicked than themselves, and who one and all have, with their parents, remained my valued friends. It was on this occasion that I was nearly blown to atoms by Sir Harry Keppel and his son, as related in the first chapter of these recollections.

Our next visit that year was to Castle Ashby, the fifth Marquis being then alive. There we found a large house-party, included in which was one of my sisters, who on the evening of our arrival hurriedly told me who most of the company were. I knew that one of the ladies was a sister of the Duke of Westminster, and at dinner, by a process of exhaustion, I made out which of the men was her husband, and paired off the rest of the guests fairly satisfactorily in my mind. After the ladies had left the room I found myself sitting next to the husband of Lady Agnes Frank, and was surprised by his asking me some questions regarding men I had recently seen in an

out-of-the-way station in India. Then he told me that, until not very long before, he himself had been in the Indian medical service, and had recently retired. I heard later the history of this well-known, talented medical man, to whom many sufferers at Cannes and elsewhere have owed much in the alleviation of ailments and the improvement of their health. He had been on leave from India when he went to Madeira one year with Lady Marion Alford in charge of her son, Lord Brownlow, who was then very ill. My brother-in-law, Mr Tilghman-Huskisson, and sister were of the party, and owed much to Dr Frank's attention. I believe that, at his death, Lord Brownlow left a handsome legacy to his distinguished medical attendant. On this Dr Frank retired from the Indian medical service, and going later with a red-cross party to the Franco-Prussian War, he there met Lady Agnes Campbell, who had lost her husband, and who was also assisting in ambulance work. Later they married. And this was how my neighbour at dinner, the husband of a sister of the Duke of Westminster, knew, to my surprise, much about Mainpuri and some other remote Indian stations. Castle Ashby is, I believe, acknowledged to be one of the most perfect of the fine Elizabethan mansions of which England is so justly proud. My host told me that Compton Wynyates, also the property of the family, is equally meritorious as a specimen of the architecture of that time. But it lies somewhat off the line, and I have never seen it. Still, I think any one who was not content with Castle Ashby would be hard to please. The rooms and everything in them were very beautiful, all in the most perfect style, Lord Northampton being well known as an accomplished artist with strong artistic tastes. In the sitting-room allotted to my use was, I remember, among other valuables, a Garter that belonged to Charles I., and the treasures in this and other rooms were untold.

In those days Lord Alwyne Compton, who was vicar of Castle Ashby, and Lady Alwyne lived with their brother at

the Castle and kept house for him, Lord Northampton being an invalid. Lord Alwyne, afterwards Bishop of Ely, had the most delightful library in a wing of the Castle, full of rare books, to which his taste always ran, and which he was most generous in showing and explaining. Lady Marion Alford, the sister, was also in the house,—one of the most amusing of women, many of whose sayings and doings have been related by Mr Leveson-Gower, her brother-in-law, and others; whilst Lady Alwyne Compton has long been known as one of the most perfect of hostesses and accomplished of women. There is to be found at Castle Ashby, as in many old houses, more than one side staircase, which, to those who know the place, give short cuts down below. The system under which a servant of a visitor in a house goes by the name of his master or mistress is well known. Lady Marion Alford's maid was supposed to resemble her mistress somewhat in figure and appearance. The story went that one afternoon as Lady Marion was running down the side staircase, known to her from her childhood, she came in the dusk upon the butler escorting upstairs the valet of a new arrival. Mistaking the mistress for the maid, he said, "Oh, let me introduce you to Lady Marion Alford." She amused us much, I remember, by producing one afternoon a letter received from the son of an upper-servant who had gone to Canada as footman with Lord Monck. He had sent his parents an account of a visit to Niagara. After giving some details, he finished up with—"But, after all, what is it but water falling over rocks? Still, how great an effect is produced with such scanty materials!" Castle Ashby will remain in my mind as one of the last places at which I shot partridges over dogs—the very preferable system obtaining in old days before machinery had abolished a decent stubble. Lord Northampton being an invalid, machinery, with its noise, was not allowed near the Castle. The consequence was that there was stubble to be found, and that the birds were not driven, but were shown to us after some pretty working by the dogs. And we went from

stubble to turnips, and turnips to stubble, quite after the manner of old days, to the high appreciation of Colonel Dickins, one of the house-party, and myself.

When in town I did my best to see what could be done to check my old friend, the then Marquis Townshend, of the extravagant tendency he had developed of giving away his money with both hands to all who came to him, and, telling a harrowing tale, asked for assistance. I had known him intimately when I was a boy and before I went out to India, and knew that his extravagances did not run, like many of his class, to the turf or cards. But he had developed these other extravagances almost as ruinous. In his not-always-well-considered generosity Lord Townshend occasionally, it is to be hoped, did some good in relieving here and there a deserving case. But there is no doubt he was frequently imposed upon, and that much money went to undeserving persons. The mischief caused by indiscriminate charity is undoubted. Still, if occasionally some deserving case is relieved, or some poor sufferer goes away with a shilling or so, feeling that the rich man is not always so deaf to entreaty as represented, then some good may result, even if the measure is not large. Lord Townshend was painfully impressed by his responsibilities in respect to the poor, arising from his being a rich man and having a great title. Undoubtedly he carried the idea too far, and helped to ruin himself without doing the good that carefully administered charity might have secured. But all that he did was done most unselfishly and with the highest motives. Some of my time then was taken up, at his mother's earnest request, in trying to put on the brake, and to introduce more economical methods. And for the moment I had some hope of success. This I at least saw, that many of the poor, even those who imposed upon him, had a great respect, not for his cunning, perhaps, but for his undoubted kindness and generosity. It was said, I remember, by some socialistic agitator of the time, that if the poor broke out and despoiled the houses

of the rich, as agitators sometimes counselled them to do, the man who in all the poor quarters of London went by the name of "The Good Marquis" would be protected by the mob, both in person and in goods.

Lord Townshend, in the days of which I write, was connected with a number of societies, of more or less merit, all having as their object the alleviation of distress. Since that day 'Truth,' with great ability and success, has exposed many undeserving and even not a few swindling societies, and has shown how even some that claim merit waste an undue proportion of their funds in keeping up well-paid staffs with comfortable offices, and 'The Times' to consult daily as regards the progress of charitable relief. I fear me that some, at least, of Lord Townshend's charities were not well administered. It was the old story. A certain number of persons, sometimes men with great titles, allowed their names to appear on the list of the committee. After that they took little part in the proceedings of the society unless specially whipped up for the occasion. In most cases Lord Townshend was the president, and there was generally a paid secretary. When I first arrived at home I was put on to some of these committees, and when I was employed under the Duke of Argyll at the India Office I would go over to luncheon in Dover Street and attend the afternoon sitting of the committee. I do not ever remember any question about forming a quorum, and I think, when I was not there, the president and the secretary were considered quite sufficient to dispose of most business. Inasmuch as this was generally represented by urgent cases for the relief of which no funds were available, but which were immediately disposed of by the president writing a cheque for the amount required, no large attendance of members of committee was necessary.

Before I left for India, at the end of the year, I had succeeded in getting at the interior working of one of these so-called charitable societies, and had seen it receive its quietus. I am now an old man, writing of the events of forty years

ago; and although I have forgotten the names of some of the actors, and as they, being all men much older than myself, must have long since disappeared, still I am quite clear as to the salient facts. It was the day of the committee meeting of a society which, if I remember right, had for its objects universal benevolence, and was highly meritorious and chivalrous indeed in its aim. As I arrived in Dover Street, just before lunch, a respectable-looking man, addressing me at the doorstep, told me he was a party to a case that was to come before the committee that afternoon, and begged that it might not be disposed of without his being first heard in explanation. I told him I was not the president, for whom he had mistaken me, but that I would see to his wishes receiving attention. In the hall was the usual crowd of beggars, of sorts, to whom admittance was seldom denied if they appeared sufficiently squalid and in want. After luncheon the committee of this society, to which I had only recently been appointed, met in the library. As usual in similar cases, it consisted of the president, the secretary, and myself. After a few minor matters had been disposed of, the secretary, who looked shifty and of the Jewish persuasion, said, "This is a case to which I wish your lordship's signature, as we must engage counsel to prosecute in the police court,—a very bad case indeed." And as he mentioned the names, I recognised that of the man who had given me his card at the door, and to whom I had promised a hearing. "Not so fast," I pleaded. "There is a man outside to whom I have promised that he shall tell his story in this case before we proceed to judgment." The secretary was all astonishment. He had been at this business for some time, and had ever had his own way, there being never any one present to interfere. He protested. I insisted, went myself and produced the man, who was waiting outside, and who commenced to tell his tale, which was something after this fashion.

He held a good place in a well-known firm in the city, the principals of which were strict Nonconformists. He

had been married several years previously to a woman, a Jewess, who had made life so intolerable that eventually he was obliged to separate from her. Since that time she had followed him with relentless ferocity, trying to ruin him and avenge what she described as her wrongs. He had, he told us, taken to himself another woman. He did not defend the morality of it, but had found it difficult to live alone and manage a house, and the woman had been devoted to him, and had nursed him through a dangerous illness. Recently a child had been born to them. The birth had been registered by him, and as the woman was known in the neighbourhood, respected and supposed to be his wife, he, in entering the mother's name on the register, had given her his own name. That might have been incorrect, and he regretted it if wrong. But the Society for Universal Benevolence now, he understood, had, in the cause of public morality, determined to take the case up and to prosecute him in the police court for forgery, false entry, and possibly other counts. He had taken advice, and was assured that some of the charges at least would not stand. But what he wanted was to prevent the case being published by getting into the police court, and reported as prosecuted backed by the support of the powerful society which had so many distinguished men on the committee, and who would be supposed to be quite incapable of supporting a case that was not clear and deserving of the most exemplary punishment. The case, he said, had been entirely got up by his persecutor, the wife, who had hunted it out, been to the secretary with it, and had accompanied this man to the house that morning in the full hope of getting the society's imprimatur, and then taking the case into the police court. She wanted little more than that. His principals would read the whole case in the papers, and he would be ruined. They would not tolerate a scandal connected with one of the managers in their office. That was the whole story. Did we condemn him to ruin?

The court was cleared for deliberation. The secretary considered it necessary to favour us with his presence. He volunteered that it was absolutely one of the worst cases that in his experience, &c. I, however, said that the order was utterly preposterous, and that the society should certainly not, so far as I was concerned, spend one halfpenny of its funds in instructing counsel in such a case. The secretary appealed to the president that his experience, &c. But I stuck to my guns, and informed him that if I had not much experience in London cases, I had been a Magistrate, was a Justice of the Peace, and had some knowledge of mankind. He made a last struggle, and, appealing to the president, said that it was quite evident that the very natural desire of the new member of committee was to protect the funds of the society. He had omitted to mention that another party was quite ready to guarantee any expense that might be incurred, so long as the prosecution was in the name of the society. I said this made it more than ever evident that it was all a put-up affair by this spiteful woman, and that nothing would persuade me to allow the name of the society to be used. The secretary seemed to think he had his match, and ungracefully gave way. I insisted in it being recorded that the society declined to prosecute, and thought no more about the matter.

Ten days later, returning from Norfolk, where I had been shooting, I read in 'The Times,' to my extreme surprise, a report of this case, with names and facts all complete, prosecuted in the police court in the name of the society. I saw at once the hand of the secretary, who thought I had left for India, but did not know that, at the last moment, the Secretary of State had detained me for six weeks longer. I was furious. I went off at once to Dover Street and asked the president whether, by any chance, he had changed his mind in my absence and authorised the prosecution? He said no, he had not seen the secretary since. A well-known Q.C., a friend of mine,

was on the committee, but, like the others, seldom troubled himself about the society's affairs. To him I went and unfolded my tale. He was a strong, sensible man, and with his assistance something of the doings of the secretary was revealed. After further investigation my friend and I found ample evidence on which to get rid of the secretary, even if, with a desire not to wash the society's linen in public, he were allowed to escape prosecution. Eventually, before I left for India at the close of the year, that committee met, this time in force, all those with big names attending in their chivalrous desire to be of use in the universal cause of benevolence. And my barrister friend stated the case pretty squarely. The secretary was ill, and did not appear. But the case against him was quite clear. Allowed to have pretty well his own way, he had thought out a system of feathering his nest with the aid of one or two intelligent police-constables. If gossip brought the news of some girl misbehaving with a man and resulting in a child being born, the offending father would be sought out, and he would be told that the case was considered so black that the society would have to prosecute it in the police court. Only such cases were touched as included a man able to pay and to whom it would mean ruin to be exposed. He would in such a case probably be ready to pay a fair sum to get the threatened prosecution stopped, and the parties to the plot would divide the spoils. This, we learnt, had been going on for some time. And the evil that could be wrought by a society started with all good intentions, if its management were not properly overlooked, was sufficiently apparent. The society, I heard, broke up soon afterwards, and probably no one has since been much the worse for its decease.

I saw in those days enough of London poverty to convince me that, if I came much in contact with it, I should probably take it to heart nearly as much as did my good, generous, but not well-advised friend, the late Lord Townshend. I estimate roughly that, by living abroad and being spared

the, to me, real distress of seeing those around me in terrible suffering, to which I cannot adequately minister, is as good to me as an addition to my income of £1000 a-year, calculated on the following basis. Sir Henry Maine used to tell us how the son of one of his best friends had entered the Indian Civil Service long ago, in the days before competition, when bad bargains for the service were occasionally known. This son was a character in his way, but extremely idle and unmanageable. The result was that, whilst his contemporaries had advanced to good positions with high salaries, this gentleman, after many years' service, was blocked in the unpromising appointment of Small Cause Court Judge at an inferior station. This had exercised his family, and Sir Henry Maine then being in high position in India, had undertaken to see what could be done to mend matters with the unpromising young man. Halting one day at the station where lived the subject of this notice, Sir Henry Maine went to the Judge's house to interview him, as nothing would induce this eccentric to call on Sir Henry or on any one else. Opening the conversation, Sir Henry explained the concern with which his parents had noticed the small progress made by their son in the service. The young man announced himself to be entirely contented with his excellent appointment. "How can you be," answers the Member of Council, "with your contemporaries all ahead of you? Why, what do you consider this wretched little appointment worth?" "Worth?" replies Mr F——. "Why, sir, I calculate roughly about five thousand rupees a-month." "Absurd," says Sir Henry. "Why, such a salary is not paid to any one much under the rank of Member of Council, and even your contemporaries who are all well ahead of you do not draw such a salary." "Oh, pardon," replied the offender, "I thought you asked me what I considered my appointment worth, not what salary I received. It is true I draw but a modest one thousand rupees a-month as pay. But then, sir, you see that, as Small Court Judge, there is no appeal from my decisions.

And I put down that valuable advantage as at least worth one thousand rupees a-month. I don't really know what would happen to me if my decisions were appealed. And then," continued the incorrigible, "being no longer a District Officer, I am spared all the nuisance of being mixed up with that intolerable humbug of Education. I reckon that gain at, at least, another two thousand a-month, and that is quite a moderate estimate, I think." Sir Henry had begun to see the class of man with whom he had to deal, and cut short the visit, writing to tell the father that the son was *quite* impossible.

Well, according to this style of calculation, I consider the saving to my feelings by living here, in the mountains, amidst this Swiss population, where distress from insufficient means is practically unknown, and where the people are all fairly well-to-do and quite contented, to be worth to me at least one thousand pounds a-year. This valley knows no very rich men. But, on the other hand, it is free of those in the opposite extreme. For the most part the men are yeomen farmers, each with a certain number of acres and a cow or two. There are some without capital and estate, who work for their daily bread, and are safe so long as health lasts or accident does not overcome them. Then there is trouble. Health is counted as above all treasures, and the greeting always is, "Good conservation." An excellent system of communal relief will generally see the poor man through his troubles if sickness and accident overtake him. I have been here some years, and have as yet seen no real distress, though there are some who are poor. And a beggar is quite unknown.

Is it too much to apprise the advantage of this relief at £1000 a-year?

CHAPTER XIII.

THE FAMINE.

1874.

Return to India—Change in the Government—My special duties nearly worked out—Proposals to abolish my appointment—Lord Northbrook's fairness and support—Major Baring his Private Secretary, now the Earl of Cromer—Appointed Special Commissioner for Bengal Famine—Purchase of grain and organisation of transport—Bullock-carts and mule- and pony-trains—Large number of military officers employed—Trains organised in charge of sepoys, commanded by British officers—Their patience, energy, and splendid services—Difficulties on the road—Sir Ian Hamilton's first appearance at Allahabad—Other workers on the Famine—The Native staff—Romany Babu—The Great Gugun—Appreciation by the British officer of the Native staff—The local chaplain and his candidates—Clerk and chorister—His disappearance—Accounted for—Subsequent career—A different specimen—A Rugby boy—Officer—Fireman—The new moon fatal—Efforts to pull him through—Vicissitudes—Ultimate triumph—Peaceful end as planter and sportsman—Experiences with drunkenness—My theories regarding food and cooking as a deterrent—Difficulties of providing for me—Am appointed Benares Opium Agent—Advantages of the appointment—In harbour—Babu's interpretation of a haven—The Indian opium revenue—The Benares agency—The staff—Methods—The pleasures of patronage—An impossible yet strictly true experience.

I LEFT England at the close of my holiday in December 1872, and the commencement of 1873 saw me back in Allahabad, where the headquarters of the Commissioner of Cotton and Commerce then were. But the official life to which I now returned was very different indeed to that in which I had been indulged, under the personal support of

Lord Mayo, during the preceding years. A new Viceroy had arrived — one who knew not Joseph, and whose views on many subjects were different from those of his predecessor. I had good reason to like and respect Lord Northbrook, who, from the first, treated me with the greatest fairness. But I seldom came into personal contact with him, whilst with Lord Mayo I had almost been as one of his own staff. Lord Mayo was much interested in the affairs of my Department, and gave to them his personal attention. For Lord Northbrook they had not the same interest. He was new to the work of Viceroy, and had many other much more pressing and important matters to occupy him than those connected with cotton and commerce. Moreover, as already noticed, even towards the close of Lord Mayo's reign it was beginning to be apparent that, in respect to the cotton trade, my work was nearly played out, and that, consequently, I had been occasionally employed on work that did not strictly belong to my office. The state of the finances necessitated economy. My high-paid appointment was no longer a necessity, as it might have been during the cotton famine and before the European merchants were comfortably settled up-country. Moreover, my Department had, it was said, been spoilt, and the sooner we could be disposed of the better. I am obliged to admit that much advanced by those who urged that the appointment should be abolished was fair enough. That my work was nearly played out was admitted by myself. And that I was not an economical administrator of my own or any other funds was equally true. As Lord Mayo had said of me, if I was told to do a thing I could be trusted to get it done, but I seldom reckoned the expense either to myself or any one else. There was, then, a fair case for the abolition of the Department, and many did not care much if this left me without office, so long as the saving could appear in the budget. I had a very unpleasant time during the next few months, but Lord Northbrook, who was essentially fair, and who had treated me well throughout, would

have none of these things; and I was conscious that I owed much to the support of his Private Secretary and kinsman, then Major Baring, now the well-known Earl of Cromer. The appointment was retained, as to abolish it then would have appeared a reflection on me. Still, it was hardly clear how my services were to be utilised. The Berar cotton trade had, so to speak, grown up, and no longer required me as a preceptor or guardian. The Viceroy had no place for me in Calcutta, and was occupied on affairs other than had chiefly interested the past *régime*. But I was soon to have my hands as full as ever. A serious famine was recognised in Behar. Large supplies of grain were required. The difficulty of getting food to the distressed districts was great. The absence of railway communication necessitated special arrangements to carry the grain to the districts affected, and to distribute it when there. Lord Northbrook was pleased to appoint me as Commissioner of Commerce, to be also a Special Commissioner for Famine work, and to entrust to me the purchase of large quantities of grain in the Upper Provinces, and also the purchase and organisation of a vast transport-train, bullock-carts, mules, ponies, and the like, to carry the grain from the railway to the distressed centres. And then began again a further spell of special work which, for the time it lasted, was to be nearly as severe as that of some of the special undertakings with which I had already been entrusted in the former years of my service.

The headquarters of my office had for some years past been at Allahabad, and I was established there in a well-known double-storied house in cantonments, known as the General's House, built originally for the General, but which no General had yet occupied, and which by permission was rented by me. This, with a whole camp full of tents within the grounds, was now to become a very busy and active centre of Famine Supply. The Government treated me liberally as to staff. I was given an officer of nearly my own standing in the service, my friend Mr J. H. Twigg, I.C.S., as

my deputy, and to carry on business during my constant scampering about and absence. I was supplied with an experienced officer of the Financial Department, Mr Gugun Chunder Rai, who had charge of the financial side of my office, and performed towards me the same duties as an Accountant-General does to a Local Government—that is, check of expenditure, observance of rule, and general advice on financial matters.

In addition to these, the number of military officers employed under my orders was very large, and at one time nearly reached the figure of 100. These were mostly passed on by me to the famine districts in charge of transport trains. For, having purchased the grain, it had to be placed at certain distant points in Behar, and for this purpose the carts and cattle already noticed had to be organised into trains. Army headquarters supplied a considerable body of non-commissioned officers and men from native regiments. To each train of carts was attached a certain number of sepoys or sowars, who looked after the cart-men, guarded the grain, and saw the carts through the many difficulties of road and camp. Being accustomed to carts in their native villages, the sepoys were adepts at these duties. Each train was in charge of a British officer. At my headquarters I had a considerable staff. After my deputy, Mr Twigg, C.S., came Major Affleck-Graves, R.A., who during the whole of the period was my most efficient chief Secretary. With him were Captains Apperley and Vivian, employed in my office, and Lieutenant Algernon Durand,[1] my wife's youngest brother, who had now come out to India with his regiment, and acted as my Private Secretary. We had not only to purchase large numbers of mules and ponies, but we had to make for these and fit on to them saddles and bags to carry the grain. Those who have had experience of such matters can form some idea of the trouble entailed. For the management of this difficult duty, I had, at headquarters, two experienced officers, Major Anderson and Captain Pearson,

[1] Now Colonel Algernon Durand, C.B., C.I.E.

both of the Horse Artillery, and as such accustomed to both horses and harness; and under them, in the districts, to help select and purchase the cattle, several officers were employed from time to time. In the Behar country, to take over the carts when they arrived, there was, as my deputy, Colonel de Kantzow, a very able officer, whose work was at all times of the hardest, but who was specially valuable to me when, at the close of the famine, the large number of surplus mules and ponies had to be disposed of. We all worked at high pressure in those days. My house at Allahabad and the camp in the grounds were like a beehive. What with the staff at the office, and officers passing through, we seldom sat down less than a dozen at any given meal. Some senior officers down-country who found themselves similarly situated, obtained from Government a sumptuary allowance to cover what was obviously a great expense. But although this was offered me, I fortunately declined it, and so was at no time liable to some ill-natured fellow considering he had a right to loaf about my house, abuse the food and liquor, and declare that my time was chiefly occupied in saving money out of the liberal allowance made me by Government to supply him and his "pals" with food and liquor, and of their share of which they were being shamefully defrauded!

The scene to be witnessed at the railway station at Allahabad on a very hot hot-weather day during these times, when British officers, very lightly clothed, were trying to persuade some little-travelled ponies or mules to accommodate themselves to the comforts of a railway truck, was a sight to be remembered, and the patience and resource exhibited shamed, and eventually overcame, even the innate and experienced obstinacy of the mule.

There, and in the famine districts, and on other occasions, I have seen something of the British officer. And some of them have known me not only in famine times, for as a Commandant of Volunteers I have had, in my day, many adjutants. And I have put in my term of duty with a regiment, and have attended a garrison class, so I can speak

from some knowledge of the species. In the heat and the dust, in the rain and the mud, in the dark and the cold of the seasons, during which those officers laboured at famine work, and I looked on, I was the witness of the most exemplary devotion to their work, of patient good-temper and ready resource, all of the very highest merit. I doubt whether Job ever had any experience with a mule, always a past master in obstinacy, but unusually troublesome on a very hot and rainy day. The way the beast would dispose of his load, roll on the ground, and by some subtle process of communication, based on example, bid the rest of the train to do the same, was not encouraging. One would perhaps find a fair-haired young subaltern in command,—one who, in despair, had allowed his young beard to grow, and who looked haggard and worn with the incessant worries of his team. The mule-man and a sowar of the cavalry escort have become tired of the performance, and but for the young officer, supported by my presence on inspection, they would try and educate that mule as to the way in which he should go by lighting a fire under his belly, taking care first to remove the Government property in the shape of the saddle. But watch that young man's patience with that mule which he cannot love, and see how, eventually, the beast is persuaded to behave himself as should a mule holding a responsible post under Government in the train commanded by our young friend, Lieutenant A. of the Pomponettes. But how, if you have ever seen the British subaltern on his *shikar* trip, can you possibly be astounded at any outturn, however great, of his patience and self-denial when he has an object in view? He is in nearly a treeless desert a couple of hundred miles away from any European habitation. He has little food, and has quite run out of liquor. His camp comforts are of the most primitive description. He has had a touch of fever, and is weak and rather weary. Yet nothing will persuade him from breaking his shins, and risking the breaking of his neck, after the quarry his *shikari* says is on the well-scarped ridge beyond. When this patience and pertinacity are extended to

anything else in which he has an interest, how can you doubt his ultimate success? Ever and anon it is the fashion to decry the British subaltern. But, fortunately, the men he commands and some others know him as he really is, and have their own opinion of him.

I would here introduce a subaltern whom I met years ago, and who has since developed into a very distinguished and prominent General Officer.

India being the training-ground of British and Native armies, there is hardly an officer of distinction who has not served in that country; and as, during a great part of the last half of the century, I was constantly moving about India, and was much interested in military matters, I had the opportunity of meeting many of the leading soldiers of the day. My acquaintance with General Sir Ian Hamilton came about at Allahabad in a strange manner in the early Seventies very soon after he had got his first uniform. We were then living, as related, in cantonments, in what was called the General's House, a large double-storied building which no General could ever be induced to furnish and occupy. One hot-weather evening we had just sat down to dinner when a piece of paper with a name written in pencil was brought in to me, and I was told that a European required to see me immediately. I found awaiting me in the study a very dusty, tired, good-looking young man, who told me his name was Hamilton; that he had just landed in the country, and was on his way to join his regiment, the Gordon Highlanders, as junior Ensign, at far Peshawur. He had lost, or been robbed of, all his belongings, and found himself stranded in Allahabad. All the offices were closed, and after wandering for long in the heat, he had come to our gate, where, according to cantonment rule, the name of the occupant was displayed on a board on the pillar. He had known several Rivett-Carnacs at Harrow, through which a constant stream of youths bearing that name flowed during a series of years, and he had, in despair, invaded the house in the hope of finding some one to befriend him. I made him come in to dinner, as

soon as he had got rid of some of the dust, and later sent him off full of gratitude and a sufficiency of rupees to land him comfortably at Peshawur. A week later, I received back my loan, together with a most grateful letter from the young officer, who, having since passed through all the grades of the service with ever-increasing distinction, is now the well-known General, Sir Ian Hamilton, lately Commanding-in-Chief in the Southern District, and now Adjutant-General of the Forces. Unlike some others I have known, Sir Ian Hamilton is not inclined to ignore a service, however small, rendered to him in his young days, and on more than one occasion lately he has generously and promptly assisted me in matters where his aid was most valuable. He laughingly told me he had often related to an interested audience the story of his first appearance at Allahabad, and that he generally found some difference of opinion as to which was most to be admired—his impudence, or my childlike confidence in a dust-begrimed, impecunious, Indian hot-weather visitor!

I would now introduce some of the Native staff who worked with us in the Famine Office, among a crowd of British officers, mostly young, who might not be expected to appreciate the Babu.

My personal clerk was poor cheery little Romany Babu, who now, alas! has joined the majority,—the Bengali Babu, the despised native clerk (as popularly represented), he whom all European officers, military and civil, are supposed to detest, and to lose no opportunity of snubbing and humiliating. And it is said they treat him "like a dog." But hardly though, for the dog has mostly a good time of it in India with his European master, especially with the subaltern. But rather the Babu is supposed to be treated as would be a cockroach, had the European in India much daily intercourse with creatures of this species. Romany, notwithstanding some little weaknesses, was one of the best of men, beloved by Natives and Europeans alike. So despised was he and another, "grand old Gugun," also of the Babu

persuasion, that soldiers and civilians alike who had served with me in India never lost an opportunity later, when they passed near me, of slipping off to shake these two by the hand and to have a cheery word with them. A goodly lot of soldier-officers were they—hussars, plungers, gunners, infantry of many regiments, and of the Indian army in its many branches, and civil servants who were with me in the famine, employed in my office, or in charge of the train of carts, or teams of pony- and mule-carriage, busy in throwing grain into the distressed districts. They one and all had to do with cheery little Romany and the grand Gugun, and one and all were on the best of terms with their Hindu friends of the Famine Office. Many of these good soldiers have, with poor little Romany, joined the majority, claimed in Afghan sangars or African kopjes. But some remain, and are now Generals and the like. And when we occasionally meet and talk over old days, the much-decorated warrior invariably asks me, "And little Romany and the grand Gugun?"

Gugun, I am glad to say, yet lives, a "Rai-Bahadur," and as fine-looking is he as the title of honour received by him from the Government on my recommendation. He had great advantages over others, both in fine physique and good birth. There could be nothing mean about one so handsomely endowed by nature, and Bengali Babu or what-not, he was likely to be able to hold his own wherever being a man counted for something. The last time I saw him was when we were both at the Abbey, at His Majesty's Coronation, I as an Aide-de-Camp to the King, he accompanying a kinsman, an Indian Maharajah of high degree, who had been invited to come to Europe for the ceremony. He looked what he is, a splendid specimen of an Indian gentleman. But there are Babus and Babus. Perhaps, too, the Babu may say in his experience, "Yes, your Honour, there are also *Sahibs* and *Sahibs*."

The transport trains with their European officers in command, and the sepoys and sowars of the Native army who assisted, together with the Indian gentleman who worked in

my office, have been noticed, as also the officers on my staff at headquarters. There was yet another class of employé that must not be overlooked—the Europeans temporarily engaged in purchasing, packing, and despatching the grain, and in a variety of other duties in connection with the operations of the famine.

Unfortunately, at all large stations like Allahabad are to be found a considerable number of Europeans,—"poor whites" or "loafers," unlucky Europeans out of work, who are generally glad to take up any temporary job that may come in their way.

We employed temporarily a considerable number of men of this class, though not a tithe of those who applied for employment; and in selecting the candidates I often received the assistance of our neighbour, the clergyman, who did excellent work among the poor at our end of the station. For, as already explained, my headquarters were in the "General's House" in cantonments,—that is, far from the Civil Station, and near the railway lines, where the poorer part of the European population was to be found. Here there was a small chapel-of-ease in a shanty. This little church was attended chiefly by the railway people. As it was near our house, and the station church, where all the fashionables went, was distant, my wife and I generally attended the chapel. The clergyman in charge had a history. He came from one of the oldest of the great families of the Midlands. I think he had been originally in our Church. But I know that at one time he was a Roman Catholic priest employed in China. He left that Church, was reordained, and when we first knew him was employed by the Additional Clergy Society and in charge of the little chapel mentioned. He did admirable service among all classes, and his work was specially admirable during a severe outbreak of cholera that occurred about this time. Mr M—— used to dine with us quietly on Sunday evenings, when we had a small party of friends—men from the mess or the club, who were glad to get away from those institutions on Sundays. Our clerical friend had bad health

and a very small stipend, and to him it would be an enormous advantage to get on to the Government establishment of Chaplains, by which pension, sick-leave on half-pay, and an increased salary would be secured. So, having a good friend in the Duke of Argyll, who was still Secretary of State for India, I wrote him, detailing the good work Mr M—— had done at the cholera time and later, and begging that he might be appointed a chaplain on the Establishment. The answer came without delay that Mr M—— had, on my recommendation, been appointed a Chaplain in Bengal.

My friend was delighted. But not so the Bishop. And I saw that that dignitary had grounds for disapproval of a chaplain being appointed over his head and without any reference to that ecclesiastic. The Bishop necessarily must be the best judge of the deserving men in his diocese. And there were possibly several candidates on the Bishop's books whose claims, in his opinion, were superior to those of my nominee. All this I realised afterwards, though I had not bethought myself of it at the time. So the Bishop sent home a protest. Mr M—— was, among other things, over the age limit. So for a time the good man was anxious about his fate. But I knew the Duke of Argyll, and was pretty certain he would not go back from what he had promised me. So in course of time came back a very civil despatch, saying that on the —— of ——t His Grace had been pleased to appoint Mr M—— a chaplain. And a chaplain Mr M—— remained until he died, a year and a half later. It was to him as chaplain that I went for advice regarding the candidates who presented themselves in great numbers at the Famine Office praying for employment.

One morning my clerical friend called and asked my aid for a young man in whom he said he had a great interest. Among other accomplishments, the candidate had an excellent tenor voice, and the chaplain wanted him to manage the choir. So a billet for the candidate was a necessity. I learnt that he knew all about me—my father, as has been stated, being an Admiral. This applicant said his father was the head of a

Naval College of which my father was one of the Governors. He was a gentlemanly, good-looking, well-spoken specimen. His story was that he had come up from Australia, hoping to find Government employment, that he had run through his funds, and would be glad of any temporary work. At the time there was a vacancy in the office, and so this Mr B—— was taken on. He behaved quite satisfactorily, and had charge of the register of military officers employed, their comings and goings, transfers, pay, &c. After having been with us three months, and having duly reorganised the reverend gentleman's choir, Mr B—— suddenly disappeared. The chaplain came to tell me that he was aware of the reason of the disappearance, approved of the step, but could not for the present reveal the facts. A week afterwards I received a letter from my younger brother, then a Major in the 11th (Prince Consort's Own) Hussars at Umballa. "A nice fellow you are," wrote he. "B——, a deserter from the regiment, gave himself up last week, and has just been tried by court-martial. It appears that for months past you have been harbouring in your office this deserter from our ranks!" The man kept the officers' register, and saw the order appointing Captain Apperley of the regiment, and learnt from a telegram that passed through his hands that Apperley would report himself at my office the next day. Now, unfortunately, this was the captain of the deserter's troop. So he thought he had better go off at once and give himself up at Umballa. He received a light sentence, but was again tried some months later on a much more serious charge—the attempted murder of the sergeant of his troop, whom he shot, wounding him in the shoulder. He was acquitted, I could never make out how. General Sir Arthur Lyttelton-Annesley, who commanded the regiment at the time, was with me recently, whilst I was writing the above incident. Nor was he less astonished at the fellow's fortunate escape. B——, the offender, though of well-known family, was an utter bad lot. Later he bought his discharge, and tried to pass off and get credit as Lord Marcus Beresford. I think

for this he got a term of imprisonment. But I read of him again some years later. He was brought up in the police court for annoying his sister, a well-known member of society. I think he went again to jail. I had had quite enough of him, and have not attempted to follow his subsequent career.

Another man, employed under similar terms on famine work, was of a very different stamp. One morning my Secretary, Major Affleck-Graves, announced through the speaking-tube that he wished me to see a candidate for employment. I protested: we had our list full. But my man was insistent, saying he thought he had a really promising article. So the two came up to my room. The candidate was a powerful, worn-looking man of about forty-five, with a very keen eye and intelligent face. He was deaf. After asking twice, "What are you?"—Affleck-Graves having shouted the question into his ear—he looked me full in the face and replied, "I am a confirmed drunkard." The answer certainly did not fail either in frankness or directness, and rather prepossessed me in the poor fellow's favour. Then my Secretary told me the man's sad story, which he had got from him. He had been a confirmed drunkard for years, and his hearing had become affected. He was determined to have another shot at saving himself from the habit. He had been employed for two years in firing the express engine between Allahabad and Cawnpore—firing the engine in this awful heat, when a bed under a punkah even was almost unbearable! Under such conditions he had small chance of freeing himself from the habit. But he thought if he could get some quiet work he might pull himself together. "And by the powers," had said Affleck-Graves, "I'll help you, my man!" I consented to give him a chance. Then his story was unfolded by degrees. He was the only son of an old officer, then living, who as a boy had been at Waterloo, and who was a celebrated artist, an honorary Royal Academician. Our man had been at Rugby in the eleven, and he was splendidly made,

all muscle, firing an engine in the hot-weather being unfavourable to adipose matter. He had first been an officer in the Queen's Army, but had had to leave for drink. His father had had influence sufficient to procure for him then a commission in the Company's Army. During the so-called "White Mutiny" he had broken his arrest, and had been cashiered. We afterwards ascertained that his story was perfectly true, and that, beyond the drink, there was nothing disgraceful in his record. He had married, and his wife had separated from him — his drunkenness being insupportable. He was hideously earnest in his prayer to be helped. He said to me and to others, "If I can only get past the next new moon, I shall be all right." He was posted as an overseer to load grain at an out-station.

All went well at first. Then came the new moon. And Affleck-Graves came to me with a disappointed face. "Our man has disappeared." But he had worked splendidly, had left his accounts and all in perfect order, with a note to say, "The new moon." I learnt afterwards, on the highest medical authority, that, like fever and other well-known ailments, such attacks are liable to come back periodically, and that they are practically a form of brain disease. And so it certainly was with this poor fellow. "No," added my Secretary, "I do not intend to give him up." And the good fellow sought out his man, found him huddled up in a native *serai* recovering from his attack of drink—miserable, weak, sick, ashamed. He was brought up to the house, washed, fed, and clothed, and in a week was quite himself again—a very careful, useful clerk. After that new moon we thought we would watch the phases from near by, and from that day forth he lived for years in my house. During the next new moon the poor chap was seldom left to himself for a minute. Affleck-Graves or some one had him in hand continuously. And the period was passed through in triumph; and so a second and a third moon. So amid infinite care, L——, as I shall call him, improved daily. He was invaluable in the office,

hardworking and careful to a degree, could turn his hand to anything, and was always cheery and willing. I did my best for him one way and another, and he became very attached to me. He was exceptionally powerful, and this one day caused a slight trouble below in the office.

A young officer, not being pleased with some order he had received, made some disparaging remarks about me, which, being repeated to L——, he went for the young man; and forgetting that the offender was a commissioned officer, whilst he, poor fellow, was now only a clerk, he seized the youngster by the scruff of the neck and ejected him into a rain-puddle outside. The young man did not care to make a fuss about the matter and reveal the cause, so passed over the offence. By degrees L—— cast off his fireman shell and became more after the manner of what he had been in former days. At first, smartened up, he came in to lunch; then much later we got him into dress-clothes, and he appeared at dinner; .and he was a great favourite, whether in the cricket-field, or shoving ponies into waggons, or in the office. There was always a double guard on at new moon time, and to our delight he kept perfectly steady. In the meantime I had been in communication with his father at home—a well-known man, very old, rich, a member of the Royal Yacht Squadron, and this his only son. The father had had terrible experiences—would not believe in any real cure; but, thanking me, said that if I could succeed in bringing the son round, he would put him back in his will to be heir to his considerable landed estate. When the famine work was over, my man had done so well and proved himself so invaluable that I took him with me to Ghazipore and gave him an appointment in my new office. He still lived in the house, and was very useful under my Private Secretary in a variety of work. Affleck-Graves, alas! had left after the famine. But there were others who kept a look-out for the new moon.

L—— was devoted to horses, and there was nothing con-

nected with a stable that he could not manage successfully. He was a splendid horseman, and all animals were devoted to him, so strong and patient was his manner with them. His special favourite in the stable was a big Cape horse of my wife's, and the horse was equally attached to him. We had been a year and a half at Ghazipore, and all had gone well, when, to my disappointment and distress, L—— broke out again suddenly. I was half afraid there was harm brewing, and had shown him just before a letter from his father saying he would let him have his old place, if really cured; but that if he could not be got round, then he would receive nothing. With this all before his eyes, even, he could not, poor wretch, hold himself; and for the next few days his conduct was such a scandal that I was forced to send him off to Calcutta, where I got him a place under a stevedore.

For six months all went well. Then the usual break-out; so the firm wrote me, and they said they had no idea of what had become of him. A week later, on a day of the most terrible heat, word was brought me that "L—— *sahib*" was lying dying in the stable beside the old Cape horse. And there I found him, almost a skeleton, and burning with high fever. The doctor thought he could not live. But we took great care of him in the house, for all Europeans and Natives liked him, and in a week's time he was able to crawl about and tell us his story. It had been the most hideous of the hottest weeks, just before the rains brought relief. He was penniless, and had started to walk to us from Calcutta — over five hundred miles. Then an old friend, an engine-driver, had given him a lift on the engine. He had had at the end a fifteen-mile walk in the fierce sun, had eaten nothing, drunk much; and the last he remembered was arriving at the stable, the horse whinnying, and then, he supposed, he must have fainted.

Well, he was taken back again, and for years worked satisfactorily. In the meantime the father died. On my advice he left the son an annuity only, as L—— was not a man to entrust with a fortune. He also came in to a

couple of thousand pounds from his mother. With this he bought a tea estate in Kumaon. But though he kept steady he was unlucky, had bad seasons, and soon had only his annuity to depend upon. I was in constant communication with him, and knew he was respectable and steady. Eventually I helped to establish him at a milk farm near Naini-Tal, and every summer he was constantly with us. He had become stone-deaf, but was as keen and active as ever, was perfectly steady and much respected, and had a fairly good business at Naini-Tal. When we left India in 1894 he had established a satisfactory position, and passed his time pleasantly — making regular shooting-trips in the off-season. That he kept steady I knew from his handwriting, and also from the good reports I had of him from critical neighbours. Some years previously, returning from home one winter, I heard that his wife had died abroad. She had long been separated from him, and had kept her whereabouts from being known. It then appeared that, for many years, she had been the valued English governess of the young Crown Prince of Italy. She was held in the highest esteem by all about the Palace, whilst her young pupil was devoted to her. On her death all her effects, including some valuable presents from the royal family, had been sent to Naini-Tal; and there L—— had sold them all off by auction, not appreciating their value. I regretted I had not been present to advise.

On our last interview, when L——, now an old man, came to say good-bye to us at Naini-Tal, before I retired from the service, I wrote on a piece of paper—for he was too deaf now to hear what was said—"Keep straight, old fellow." He said, "I promise, and I'll write it here." This he did. For years afterwards, when in London or at Wildeck, I would receive, on the anniversary of the day, this slip of paper, with a note from L——, "Thank God, I have been able to keep my promise." And so my poor old friend—Rugby boy, soldier officer, railway fireman, famine clerk, planter—lived on his life, always a keen sportsman and a cheery,

handy neighbour. He wrote periodically to my wife and myself, and his handwriting was always steady. We kept him posted in all we did, sent him Jubilee literature, or anything on at the time. He always remained grateful and devoted to me, and to the end of his life would have treated any enemy of mine even as he did the subaltern that day in the famine office. He wrote one January in great spirits. Notwithstanding his seventy-five years, he had shot a big tiger the week before. He was perfectly steady. We never heard from him again. A month later a friendly neighbour of his wrote saying how he had died quite peacefully and happily.

He had often spoken gratefully of having been saved by Affleck-Graves from the killing work of fireman on the express engine during the hot-weather, and had been thankful for the happy time he had had during his last years, with no cares and plenty of sport in a glorious climate among those beautiful Kumaon mountains. Poor old chap! he had had a chequered life. But he was honest and loyal to the core and to the last. Among the very pleasantest of my memories is the knowledge that, under Providence, I had in my time the great happiness of assisting to save one poor fellow from utter misery and ruin. It was a real mercy that he was saved. And this was only compassed by infinite attention and patience by other workers than myself. After the trouble we had more than once, my wife, with a woman's natural disgust for a drunken man, would have been amply justified in refusing to allow him to return to the house. But, with the most exemplary patience and devotion, she assisted us all in the work of mercy, and was rewarded by seeing him remain quite steady and live his last years in comfort and contentment. The father's large property went all to his sister. L—— had sufficient. Had he received much more, I might not have been able to write so satisfactory an account of the result of our efforts to pull him through his troubles. The father at one time overwhelmed me with

his gratitude. He promised to leave me one of his pictures. I should have valued it as his appreciation of some interest taken in one of his blood. But I fear he forgot his promise, for I never received the picture.

Having had some experience, not only in this but in several other cases, I am inclined to support the view that, unless the patient is caught young, it is almost a hopeless task to cure the drink-habit after long indulgence. L——'s case was the exception that proves the rule. And he had working for him a whole staff of people connected with my office, who, liking him personally, lavished upon him for years a care and attention that few could hope for. With him it had become a disease of the brain, and he dreaded its return, and fought against it as does a man subject to other hideous fits. I satisfied myself, in studying many other cases, that inferior food, affecting the digestion and the appetite, is responsible largely for drunkenness. The human machine not being properly stoked up with good fuel, in the shape of food, takes to drink to supply the force required. By degrees the drink burns out the stomach as petroleum would a boiler. The stomach will not take food, and the poor wretch depends almost entirely on drink. His only chance then is some devoted friend, who by feeding him with strengthening food and reducing the stimulant by degrees, will in time get the stomach to assimilate the food, and again stoke up and set the machinery agoing. In fact, I firmly believe that much of the liquor-drinking among our lower classes is debitable to the ignorance of our women in cooking and in food economy. "Feed the beast" and there would be less necessity for recourse to the bottle. But the subject is too big to be discussed here. And there can be little hope of improvement until the whole system of the cooking arrangements in the houses of the poor is reconsidered, and the women taught to cook what is palatable and nourishing, and until they are provided with appliances with which to cook, of a better class than small grates and the frying-pan.

By the end of 1874 all the work connected with famine operations was over, and the big double-storied house at Allahabad and the grounds surrounding it had resumed their wonted calm. I had had one or two experiences of persons and things in the meantime, some of which have duly been committed to what I may call lantern-slides, and will be exhibited later if time permits. If official reports, Government resolutions, and such things were to be believed, our Department during the famine had been a great success, and to us, in part, was due the saving of many lives during those distressful months. We all received the thanks of the Government, and later I was created a Companion of the Order of the Indian Empire, partly it was understood for these services, partly for what I had done in times before.

My work on the famine finished, it was evident that the Government would have a difficult question to decide in what they should do with me, as I could hardly be allowed to go on, so to speak, eating my head off on a large salary in an appointment that had worked itself out.

Fortunately about that time, the Opium Agency in the N.W. Provinces became vacant,—a very coveted appointment, with an extensive charge and a high salary. And this prize was awarded to me in recognition of my work.

In March 1875 I took over charge of the Benares Opium Agency at Ghazipore, in the North-Western Provinces, now known as the United Provinces. After fifteen years' service, during which I had much work in a variety of appointments, and in a manner that does not often fall to the lot of an Indian civilian, I found myself in a comfortable berth generally reserved for an old officer at the close of his career. The belief in the service was that the work of an Opium Agent was of the lightest description; and although it could not be compared with that imposed upon administrative officers, such as Collectors and Commissioners, it was not, as I was in due course to discover, such an easy post as was generally supposed. Still, compared with those I had hitherto held, the billet was an easy and comfortable one,—"Opium cum

dignitate," as was sometimes said. Here, after some difficult voyages and occasional bad weather, I had at last got into harbour, and could, if I wished, take a good long rest with ample leisure to refit. In fact, when, just before my retirement, one of the Commissioners of Division, who wished to succeed me, wrote for my advice as to his applying for the appointment, I told him, after warning him that there was little scope for ability such as was to be found in the administrative command of a Commissioner, that yet the post offered this advantage, that here a man towards the close of his service might make for himself a comfortable and quiet *haven* for his later years in India. The intelligent native clerk, not finding my writing very distinct, and having his own thoughts perhaps running on what he would like to arrange for himself under similar circumstances, copied my words of advice thus: "Here a man towards the close of his service might make for himself a comfortable and quiet HAREM for his later years in India."

And though at first I made a good deal of work for myself, the appointment was one of the greatest comfort, and allowed of my devoting much of my time to a number of interesting subjects, for which the overworked district officials have absolutely no leisure.

To most of my readers the name of the Indian Opium Department will convey no information. It seems necessary then to explain that the Indian Government draw from opium a revenue of about four millions sterling. As to the merits of this source of revenue it is not my intention to enlarge. A Commission was sent out to India in 1893 to examine the whole question, and in their report will be found all the information that the most exacting inquirer can demand. The chief sources of supply were, and still are, the Behar districts of Bengal, and the southern and eastern districts of the North-Western, now termed the United Provinces. Under the Act pertaining to the subject, no one could grow the poppy plant without a licence from Government. And all the produce of the plant so grown had to be delivered over

to the Government officials in the poppy-growing districts at a fixed rate. The opium so collected was then despatched to the Government factories, where it was packed and thence sent down to Calcutta. These chests of opium were there sold by auction, and the difference between the price thus obtained and the cost of the drug, and of the establishment of the Opium Department, represented the opium revenue.

The establishments necessary for the working of the Department were presided over by two so-called Agents, the one of whom had his headquarters at Patna, where was a factory, the other at Ghazipore, where the second factory was situated. The operations of the first of these Agents were confined to the Behar districts. Those of mine, called the Benares Agency, extended over the portion of the North-Western Provinces above mentioned. Each Agent had under him a considerable European and Native staff, generally a European officer, with sometimes a European assistant, in each of the districts where opium was cultivated. This officer had to select the lands on which the plant was to be grown, and issue to each cultivator a licence in approved form. To the headquarters of this officer was brought the drug when collected, and by him it was weighed and payment made according to certain rules which it is unnecessary here to detail. It was then sent down by rail or boat to Ghazipore. The opium when received at the factory was not "manufactured" in the true acceptation of the word, inasmuch as it went to China in the state received from the districts—that is, without any addition or manipulation. The processes at the factory were confined to seeing that the drug was of a uniform "consistence" as regards the moisture therein contained, and to making it into balls, like large cannon-shot, of which the covering was formed by the flower-petals of the plant. For the duties of granting licences, inspecting and measuring the lands, seeing that none without licence were sown, for receiving, weighing, paying, &c., and for despatching the drug to the factory, the European officer had a considerable Native staff, and some two or three

Gomashtahs, of about the rank of Native officers, a contingent of Native clerks, and a large number of men employed in the districts to supervise cultivation, prevent illicit cultivation, smuggling, &c. These in the whole Agency numbered several hundreds. In the Benares Agency the European district staff was, in my time, about sixty strong. This was supplemented during the busy time of the weighing of the drug by an additional twenty or so young fellows, taken on temporarily, and from whom were chosen later assistants to fill permanent vacancies. At Ghazipore, besides an office-staff of secretaries and clerks, the Agent had a superintendent of the factory, a medical man, generally a Surgeon-Major in the army, and a dozen or so employed at the works, two of officer's rank, the remainder chosen from retired army sergeants, and so forth. It will be seen, then, that the Agent had a considerable staff to control, and that what with this and the many other questions connected with a large Department and a great revenue, his hands could be pretty full. A troublesome duty that now came to me was the distribution of patronage, which many may suppose to be a source of delight. That this was not always the case will be realised by the following truthful relation of my experience in this respect.

When vacancies occurred among the European Assistants the appointments were made by me. The service was poor compared with that of many of the more favoured Civil Departments of the Indian Government, but still it had no small merit in the eyes of fathers of limited means struggling with the education of several sons and daughters. Any young fellow to whom an appointment was given could in those days enter the Department at seventeen years of age. And here was the great point—no examination difficulty had to be faced on entry, there being no educational test of any sort until the young man went up for the Departmental Examinations in the course of his service. The assistant commenced on a salary of about, as reckoned in old days, £200[1] a-year,—not much,

[1] These figures, alas! represent the rupee of old days, the two-shilling rupee.

but enough with economy to keep a boy off his father's hands. Promotion was slow, and prospects were not good. Still a man could rise eventually to a salary of £1200 a-year, with a pension on retirement of £500 a-year. A young man so started was provided for, in a way, for life, and there were many who could not resist the temptation of thus disposing of a son, and relieving themselves of the expense and anxiety of further education. So there was a considerable demand on my miserable patronage, and having fortunately no poor relations to provide for, I did my best, whilst trying to secure a good class of youth for the work, to assist deserving old officers who were known to have large families and proportionate difficulties to struggle with. The actors in the following scenes have now all passed off the stage, and this account of my curious experience is not likely to harm any one, or it would not be here related.

Among our many acquaintances, some thirty-five years ago, was an old Colonel of a distinguished family which had rendered excellent service in India, and a lady, his wife, of somewhat decided character, who was a religious landmark in the district. They had no children, but the lady had a considerable number of poor relations whom she administered on approved sanctimonious principles. Soon after my appointment to my new post, she attacked my wife and myself in the interests of a nephew for whom she desired to secure an appointment in the Department. The husband, I am bound in justice to say, dissembled, which should have put me on my guard. She appealed to me by relating how the young man was an orphan, the father—an infantry officer—having been killed many years before on the frontier, the mother having died soon afterwards, and the children having had to struggle for long years on small pensions. I invariably made a rule of personally inspecting candidates, and finding out more or less about them before appointment. In this case, however, there were difficulties; the old lady was very insistent; and the case appearing to be deserving, I weakly departed from my

rule. I found out, however, that the young man had two sisters, and that the whole family were then living together in a distant part of India. The circumstances of the Department work were such that no young assistant could possibly move about in camp and do his work in a satisfactory manner if encumbered with a wife or female relations. So I went to the old lady and carefully explained the position, whereupon she solemnly assured me that the sisters would not accompany the young man or join him afterwards, and, on these conditions, the nomination was given. In due course the new assistant appeared at headquarters, and proved to be a miserable specimen, both physically and mentally. Still, we tried to make the best of him, such as he was, and it was satisfactory that the understanding regarding his women-kind had been duly observed.

There was considerable difficulty at Ghazipore about cheap house-accommodation for the junior officers, and most of the young fellows lived together in chummeries of some three or four together. My private secretary, however, and another assistant who had been some years in the Department, and were, comparatively speaking, well-off, had one of the few cheap, small houses in the place, and had installed themselves very comfortably in their pretty little abode. They were absent from home all day, these young officers, the one taking his luncheon with me, the other at the factory where his work was. One afternoon, after he had left office for the day, my secretary came to me in a great state of mind to say that, on his return home, he had found, to his amazement, his servant standing out in the garden over some trunks, into which clothes had been bundled, and announced that he and the other man's servant, who had been away for the day, found on their return that they had been turned out of the small house, which was now in the possession of the new assistant and his two sisters. These two ladies were both in bed, said to be ill, and the brother was also in bed, and could not be drawn, as to get to his room it was necessary to pass through that occupied by the ladies.

Going to the house with the homeless young men, I found it even as described. The clothes and necessary goods of the owners had been turned out into the garden for them; the two sisters were in possession, either in bed or occasionally appearing at the window in very light and airy costumes: they were ill, it was said, and could not be interviewed. It was evening, and there was nothing to be done but take the two dispossessed young men into my house for the night.

The next day the whole story was developed after the capture of the brother, the two ladies discreetly still keeping to their beds, *déshabillé*, and diplomatic indisposition. The plot had been carried out by the sanctimonious old aunt. The old Colonel, who had been all his life in civil employ, and who for nearly forty years had never been near a soldier, had just become entitled to his pension, and, necessarily, to the rank of General, which in old days was always given on retirement to this class of ancient person, who often knew less about a soldier than did even a junior officer of Volunteers. To the retirement from India of the pair the obstacle had hitherto been the nephew, who had, however, been palmed off upon me, and the two sisters who had yet to be disposed of. This done, the worthy couple could retire to Cheltenham or to Bath in comfort. An engagement, it is true, had been made with me that the sisters were not to join the brother. But, after all, this was but a matter of detail. The old lady, too, was eminently religious, and it cannot have escaped notice how eminently religious people are sometimes able to permit themselves to do what those who do not assume quite so high a place in the synagogue would hesitate to undertake, as being neither right-wise nor just. So, keeping the plan a profound secret, she determined that the young ladies, despite the promise to me, should join the brother. It was so bad for a young man's morals that he should be left alone, said the old lady; so, with convenient casuistry, the matter was arranged with her conscience. The housing

of the party was the sole difficulty. The resourceful old campaigner sent a trusty servant of her husband's down ahead to report. He discovered the cheapest convenient house to be that occupied by my secretary, and he telegraphed the result to his mistress. This one had the boxes all ready packed and the young women prepared, so they started at once, and all came down to the travellers' bungalow where they spent the night, keeping their movements a profound secret. The next morning, watching the departure of the owners of the bungalow, the ladies, accompanied by their retainers, had carried out the *coup-d'état*, and had taken possession of the house as already described. The old lady, having accomplished her object, hurried off to join the General second-class in the mail train for Bombay and Cheltenham, taking good care not to come near me.

The difficulty was left for us to solve. The wretched half-witted brother had not been in the plot at all, and had been absent at his work during the *déménagement*. It was difficult to say how far the young women themselves were in it. They remained in a state of diplomatic indisposition and *déshabillé* for several days, during which it was difficult, under the circumstances, to get into the small house or to attempt to oust them. Later, it appeared they had been left with hardly any means, and that a further move would be ruinous to them. So the two young men who had been dispossessed chivalrously accepted the position and left the party undisturbed. And there these ladies remained for some time to become a thorn, or rather several thorns, in my side. The brother, poor fellow, was hopeless. He was scarcely more than half-witted, could pass none of the Departmental Examinations, and eventually had to retire. Fortunately, he died soon afterwards. The two ladies, however, soon found husbands, though I may fairly say I never saw two women in all my experience more ill-favoured in every single possible respect. One married and ruined one of the best officers of the Department, who, it was supposed, had chivalrously taken compassion on her forlorn

condition. The other mated with an utter scoundrel among the assistants, who had subsequently to leave the service.

I attempted some correspondence with the General on the whole position. He, however, asserting his entire innocence in the affair, declined to be drawn. Mrs General, entrenched behind a chapel and a favourite divine at Cheltenham, was quite equal to the occasion. If, she wrote, there had indeed ever been any such understanding, as stated by me, about the dear girls joining their brother, that, of course, could not stand before the *moral* aspect of the case, to which I might not perhaps attach much importance, but to which it was her duty as a Christian woman to give the fullest weight. The brother being left alone in the place was exposed to various temptations from which it was her duty, so her conscience told her, to protect him. Had she anticipated any sympathy from me in such a matter she would not have failed to have consulted me. But, alas! she feared that on such, what she had the highest authority for terming *spiritual* questions, there must be a vast divergence between her views as a Christian woman and those of one who would regard the case from the material standpoint only. She was glad to add that all she said had the full approval of the Rev. D'Ismal Howler of the Cheltenham Chapel, one of whose sermons she sent me. And she promised that she and the reverend gentleman would not fail to remember me in their prayers, as apparently she considered that this attention was very necessary to my future.

The poor old General did not remain long in it, being soon gathered to his fathers. But this eminently Christian lady, having shunted her responsibilities on to me, lived for many years at Cheltenham, a great authority on the composition of mango-chutney, and much admired in a certain set as the embodification of all the many varied and well-known Christian virtues and well-advertised spiritual excellences, of which she was one of the High Priestesses.

CHAPTER XIV.

AT GHAZIPORE.

1876 *onwards.*

Examinations—Importance of the language question—My sympathy with the examinees — Old Nuckshahs and his terrors — Other members of the committee—The best bull-pup in Upper India—Lob Lane and Departmental Examinations—The old Colonel's views on the language—Original method of drawing a proof of an examination paper—The Powers that was—The Paramount Power—The "Belly-Gerant" Power—Their splendid conduct during the Mutiny—Storm in a flower-pot—Sad effects of a green waistcoat—Failure of my diplomacy—Our palace on the Ganges—Pleasures of life—The delights of camp—A morning in the bazaar—Coin-collecting—Metal work—The *purâna chiz*—Old blue china—An enterprising collector—Lord Ralph Kerr puts us on the track—A friend from home—Native leather—A pair of bazaar shoes—Terrific result—Signalling by lollipops—An astute banker and peccant signaller—On the road to Fatehgarh—Railway ballast—The ruined temple—The preservation of antiquarian remains—My paper before the Asiatic Society—Government complications—And orders resulting therefrom.

ANOTHER and far from pleasant duty that came to me as head now of a great Department was in respect to examinations. With these examinations themselves I had little to do, as they were conducted by Boards. But appointments, promotions, and some other questions depended thereon, and the subject was constantly coming under my notice. No one in authority can ignore the necessity of examinations, inconvenient as they often appear to be. I myself entertained very strong opinions regarding the necessity of officers being "good at" the native languages.

But my views did not prevail. Though I had learned French, German, and Italian as a boy, and always kept up my knowledge, I had never taken kindly to the native tongues. During nearly all my time, too, I had been employed on the staff of the service in English offices. But I always thought, and still think, that our officers in all Departments in India are not sufficiently versed in the vernacular. By this I mean that even if they can speak it well, few can read it readily. The native scrawl is often painfully difficult to decipher. But unless an officer can read it, he must be, even in the most confidential matters, in the hands of a native clerk, whose interest it may be to garble the context. And what dangers and injustice may be the result? There are, of course, some men in the service, called "Pundits," who have taken seriously to the language and are really efficient. But the number who can take up a record in the vernacular of a case and read off any document are rare. I knew one barrister who could do this, and the advantage he had over his brethren was huge. He had, I think, been brought up in India.

I had, however, ever much sympathy with the young officers over their examinations, which did not always ensure knowledge, and which occasionally obtained for some inferior man an advantage over a much more deserving companion. I must relate now some of my amusing experiences with examinations at different times of my service.

The Secretary of the Board, at an examination of which I had knowledge some little time after I took up my appointment at Ghazipore, was an eminent civil servant of the very severe type, who was a terror to those who had to appear before him. His name was Tomson,[1] but he was generally known as "old Nuckshahs," or "tabular statements," and could proudly claim to have added seven columns to the already sufficiently bloated annual tabular statements ordered by Government. It was he who was the patron of the Wasil-Bakee-Nawiz, the friend of the

[1] A cousin of "Black Tommy's," *ante*, chapter vii.

well-known Wajib-ul-Arz, and other native notables, not so popular among district officers. He was the permanent member of the Board before which all young civilians had to appear for the Departmental Examinations, a refined system of torture imposed by Government on those who were laboriously attempting to gain some district experience. And Tomson was determined that the examinations, during his time at least, should lose none of their terrors. The Board, on one occasion, was composed of this permanent and dreaded member, the Commissioner of the Division, and the Inspector-General of Police. The Commissioner[1] was one of the best type of men that had been produced by Haileybury under the old system, and which it would have been a crime to destroy had all its products been of this same type. A perfect administrator, fearless and resourceful, he was an excellent sportsman, and had full sympathy with those of his officers who considered that the jungle should occasionally be inspected as well as the more cultivated corners of a district. At Haileybury he had distinguished himself not so much in the classes as in the cricket-field. He himself had not found the Department exams. easy or to his liking, but had got through them in time to find himself in charge of a district when the Mutiny broke out. Then came his chance; his gallantry and resource were of the very first class, and by soldiers and civilians alike were held in the highest esteem. At the close of operations the young man who had not been at the top of the term at Haileybury came out very high on the list of those whose names were submitted by the Governor-General for special honour, and the junior civilian received the Companionship of the Order of the Bath,—an honour until then quite unknown, and since then but little known, to the members of the service.

The third member, the Inspector-General of Police, was a popular old Colonel, who, excellent at his own administrative work, had little sympathy with the torture of young

[1] Mr George Ricketts, C.B.

officers in the examination hall. He had had a good lunch, washed down with a pint of dry champagne, and with a big cigar and 'The Pioneer' of the day had established himself in a comfortable arm-chair. The other two members would form a quorum and settle off nearly all matters without his aid. So it was tacitly agreed that the Colonel should be left undisturbed, unless he snored really too loud, or his casting-vote was required on some point on which the other two could not agree. The pair got through nearly all the work, many meritorious candidates had been passed; there remained only for consideration two somewhat doubtful cases which had been put aside to see whether the record had anything to say in their favour. This record meant a report from the candidate's Magistrate on his general merit. Thus, for instance, if an Assistant had perchance been recently long engaged in the field, assisting in the hunting of dacoits, this would be recorded in his favour, as showing his time for studying law-books had been trenched upon. On opening the first record, the Secretary said, in a fine pure Glasgow accent, to which it would be difficult to do justice in print, "I know all about this young man; he should be passed; he is the son of a verra raspaktarble Scottcch meenister." The Commissioner gave a grunt, looking unconvinced, and not exhibiting any marked preference for the class. "How about the next man?" said he. "M——, is it, of Mirzapore? Oh, I know all about *him;* I met him the other day; an excellent man; he must certainly be passed—he has got quite the best bull-pup in Upper India." "A tayrierr?" says the astonished Secretary. "No," says the Commissioner, "not a tayrierr. I said a BULL-PUP." "I dinna see," retorts he, "whart that hass to doo with hees offeecial mayrits or quarlifications." "Oh, anyhow," growls the Commissioner angrily, "it is every bit as good as being the son of a verra raspaktarble Scottcch meenister. And look here, Tomson," he continued, "if you don't pass my man, blowed if I pass yours." The Colonel's siesta had been seriously disturbed in the early part of the discussion, and he awoke

to a consciousness of some distinct duty towards a bull-pup. "Yes, the bull-pup," he cried; "I vote for the bull-pup." And the Secretary, realising that he would be in a hopeless minority if he persisted, caved in. So passed both these candidates—he, the son of the meenister, and he, the owner of the bull-pup. And having known both of these officers intimately of later years, I can bear testimony to the credit that each has borne to his enthusiastic sponsor.

Soon after this story had been related to me, I was riding up the long, dreary road leading from the river up to Ranikhet, when, meeting a stranger journeying in the same direction, I joined him, and, in process of conversation, related to him my new story as above told. "Yes," he said, "I have heard it before, having been present at its birth. It is I who am the son of the 'verra raspaktarble Scottcch meenister,' but I cannot congratulate you on your Glasgow accent." For some twenty-five years now that meenister's son has been one of my most intimate and valued friends. As for the other, he has since worthily sustained his bull-pup reputation. Like most of those mentioned in these notes who have not joined the majority, he has retired from India, where he was ever known as one of the cheeriest and most generous of men. Quite recently I came across him at a palatial hotel at a foreign winter resort, a place loaded up to the muzzle with American millionaires, Russian princesses, Moldavian magnates, Armenian aristocrats, German Jews, and a mob of Britons of sorts. By all of these was he beloved as of the cheeriest and brightest. His distinguished surroundings perhaps prevented his according to our former acquaintance more than a very diminutive passing recognition. If, however, you should notice in the Paris edition of 'The Daily Mail,' which devotes so much attention to the high life of these very smart resorts, an announcement of the engagement of a distinguished Hibernian to the widow of a Moldavian Mogadar, you will recognise my man, and you may exclaim, with absolute accuracy as to facts, but quite regardless of grammar, "That's him."

I remember that at one Departmental Examination I had to attend, poor old Lob Lane, who died recently, was also a candidate. It had ever been difficult to get him to accept any work seriously, and necessarily he did not appear to advantage before the examiners. Among other tests, the candidate had to carry on a conversation with a native gentleman in Hindustani; and how poor old Lob, who had hardly learnt a word of the language, was going to accomplish this was a problem. A fat old Sheristadar, or native Secretary, was brought in and anchored alongside of Lob. "Who are you?" inquired Lob in his best Hindustani, his studies not having got much further than this and a few kindred elementary sentences. "Lord of the World," answered the native gentleman, "your slave is the Sheristadar of that most distinguished civilian," indicating Mr Y., the Commissioner, who was conducting the examination, and who was employed in reading 'The Overland Mail' at the other end of the room. And thereupon the native commenced a long eulogy of his patron, little of which poor Lane could understand. But he recognised in the discourse the name "Burdwan," the division of which Mr Y. was the Commissioner. So, when the eulogy was terminated, Lane summoned up his full knowledge of the language, and inquired in impressive terms, "*Burdwan Judge sahib kon hai?*" or which, being interpreted, means, "Who is the Judge at Burdwan?" The old native went off again gaily at score. There were few such ornaments to the service, he said, as the Judge, and recently that magnate had graciously appointed the son of that humble one to a clerkship in his Court, which promised future advancement. A disquisition on the legal attainments of the Judge, all of which was as double-Dutch to Lane, occupied another few minutes, and when the stout old official stopped to take breath, Lane had fully prepared himself to continue the conversation. He asked then interestedly, "Ah, *Burdwan Magistrate sahib kon hai?*" or, Who is the Magistrate at Burdwan? The native waxed even more enthusiastic than ever. "The

Magistrate? was he not the son of the late Governor? Was it not in the office of this young Magistrate that the humble one first obtained solid advancement? Did not his kind patron recommend him to his Lordship, the Papa, and did not advancement come to him from that day forth, so that now he had attained nearly to the greatest heights to which such a humble one could aspire?" And then commenced a detailed statement of the Magistrate's accomplishments, which, besides legal acumen, included cricket, tigers, and a musical-box of unusual proportions.

The enumeration might have occupied the rest of the day had not the Commissioner, warned by some not unnatural hilarity among the candidates who had partaken of the interesting conversation, laid aside 'The Overland Mail,' and having some idea of what had been going on, said, "Now, really, Mr Lane." "Well, sir," said the candidate, "I have been carrying on a conversation with this native gentleman, as he will tell you, for the last ten minutes." "No, Mr Lane," replied the official, "that won't do. Now ask him this question,"—and the Commissioner took up a dialogue book of missionary issue from the table (his *forte* was the Bengali language, and he was weak in Hindustani), and opening the book at random, said, "Mr Lane, you will please put the following into the language to the Sheristadar: 'Life is short; are you prepared for eternity?'" Lane might as well have been expected to put this sentence into Chinese as into the language of the old native Sheristadar. But he was equal to the occasion. "No, Mr Young," he said, "you cannot catch *me* there! I may not be strong at Hindustani, but I know my duty as an officer. I am forbidden to tamper with this man's religious opinions; I decline to ask him such a question." But, alas! even this could not save him from being spun, and he might have had to go on going up for examinations, and being spun indefinitely, had not a relative, soon after this, left him a considerable fortune. And whilst his contemporaries frizzled out in India, dear old Lob could command most of the good things of the

world, and all that in any climate he might choose to select. But he never neglected his old friends, and there was a corner table in the dining-room of the Union, where, to myself and others, the most elaborate repasts used to be served, necessitating in their creation and preparation a careful and lengthened study which, had it been applied to languages, would have enabled him easily to have mastered Hindustani and Chinese both rolled into one.

The military examination tests were not generally so severe as ours, as we were expected, among other things, to be able to read the most fearful scrawls in native writing —*shikast*, as it was called. But in the old days, if report be true, the young officer was often at the mercy of the idiosyncrasies of the president or senior officers of the committee. It is related how a young ensign, who had been brought up at an Indian hill-school and had only passed a couple of years in Europe before obtaining his commission, presented himself for examination. Having spoken Hindustani all his life, he did not regard the simple colloquial test with any great anxiety. At the close of the day the secretary of the committee said, "Of course we pass Ensign W——; he speaks the language like a native." "Exactly," growled the old Colonel, the president; "he speaks the language like a *native*, but he don't speak it like a *gentleman*, and I won't pass any officer who don't speak the language like a gentleman."

For myself, I escaped during the early part of my service half the horrors of the Departmental Examinations. I went down to the Central Provinces as Assistant-Secretary before the second examination came on. At busy Nagpore this type of terror, in the absence of unweaned civil servants, was unknown, and for two years I was far too busy galloping over the new Provinces with Temple to think of such extras. But fate lay in wait for me and paid me out when I was advanced in years. I had raised and long commanded several corps of Volunteers, and had passed all the obligatory military examinations, when it was suggested to me to dis-

tinguish myself and set a good example to my officers by passing yet other examinations, which would place after my name in the Army List a big T, meaning proficiency in tactics. And I was even persuaded to join a garrison class. I succeeded in inflicting on myself quite a sufficiency of unnecessary torture, to the delight and amusement of the officers of my staff. To see an ancient head of a Department walk off to some secluded spot to learn up a text-book, or to find him give up his whist at the club to pore over the plan of some Peninsular battle, gave the enemy an opportunity of wagging their heads. And it delighted the young assistants who had yet examinations to pass to see some one else in the same boat as their unhappy selves. I am glad to say the big T may be seen still after my name in the Army List.

I must close these examination sketches by the relation of a story the fundamental facts of which have an authentic foundation, of the manner in which certain native students, evading the most elaborate precautions, succeeded in obtaining the text of a well-guarded examination paper. The sheets of paper issued to the printer were carefully counted, the men were searched on entering and leaving the office, but nevertheless the questions got out. An official passing one of the rooms in the office caught a glimpse of a man carefully examining a fat, fair, Brahmin youth, stretched on his stomach on a table as if for a surgical operation, whilst the investigator carefully jotted down notes of his inspection. It had been impossible to carry off the coveted examination questions on paper or any substance concealed on his garments, so the printer had selected as his assistant this specially fair and fat Brahmin youth. This one it was who had been permitted to sit, without his clothes, on the well-inked type of the examination form, and had succeeded in carrying away on the base of his well-developed person the full text of these questions. These were being read off and carefully transcribed by the printer when the chance official passed, as above mentioned, and discovered the clever plot!

My service among civilians had hitherto been with the rather exclusive type of Lower Bengal, or my young go-ahead contemporaries of the Central Provinces. Stationed now in Northern India, I came across the old class of civilian, the man who had been through the Mutiny and who had therein done yeoman service for his country and the British name. I must now attempt to sketch one of these.

Some thirty years ago there flourished exceedingly in the North-West Provinces, as they were then called, two brothers, senior civilians of the old school, who were both well known for eccentricity and originality which would hardly be so successful of growth in the official atmosphere of the present day. They were Irishmen of the name of Power, and the elder—a tall, strikingly handsome man—I had named "The Paramount Power." The younger fitted into the nickname of the "Belly-Gerant Power," as he was occasionally combative, and his figure was not lost, but, according to the old joke, "gone before." They were the sons of a distinguished old Peninsular officer, General Sir John Power, an intimate friend of my father. Though my seniors by some fifteen years, they had known me as a small boy, and were thus pleased to extend to me more consideration than they generally vouchsafed to those of my standing. In addition to his remarkable good looks, John, the elder, had a real grand manner, and was as courteous and ceremonious as any French marquis of the old school. As might have been expected from their blood, both brothers behaved with marked coolness and gallantry during the Mutiny, and the well-known stories of their doings had earned for them a reputation and popularity which went far towards excusing them with the Government and others when some more than usual originality occurred. It was related how, when the Mutiny broke out at Mainpuri, the two brothers showed to marked advantage with their commanding figures in the fighting line. But there had been some delay in getting them into line. Although the mutineers were approaching the house, nothing would

induce John to move until he had completely finished his ever-very-elaborate toilet. And of course the younger would not desert his brother. Then there was a further delay when John insisted on returning under fire to retrieve his ivory hair-brushes, which, in an utterly unaccountable manner, he had omitted to include among those most indispensable and pressing necessaries for the retreat. And here, again, the other would not leave his brother's side. As to most of their subsequent doings, are they not written in the official record of the great Mutiny? One passage I remember in an official despatch, in which the elder brother modestly reported how they had resisted an attack on their house by the sepoys. John disliked all control, and resented the remarks of the Judges of the High Court on some striking irregularities of his in recording evidence early in the year, when Europeans were thinking less about the safety of their lives. So Power wrote in his despatch: "I hope the Government will do me the favour of bringing to notice of the High Court that I have realised more fully lately the wisdom of their former instructions, and that a good fat *khanah-junghy-misl*" (that is to say, a record of an assault or riot case), "well stuffed with false evidence, according to the most recent circulars of the High Court, is, I can testify from personal experience, an excellent protection against a mutineer's bullet." I have not the record to refer to, but the above is a fairly correct rendering of Power's recantation, and which hardly restored him to favour with the honourable Judges.

I had the following experience of John in later years, when he was Judge of Shajehanpore. My wife and I were staying with him there one cold-weather during my annual tour. The magistrate of the district was Mr C——, who, although two years my senior, had been at Haileybury with me. I learnt that there was war between him and the Judge,—a most inconvenient position, as it affected not only all social festivities among the Europeans in the station, but also opened a door for the intrigues of the natives, who are

not slow to take advantage of such complications. The trouble, I learnt from C——, had originated over a flower-pot, but I have forgotten the exact details of the part the pottery played in the proceedings. C—— was willing to make any reasonable concession to secure peace, and as I was staying in Power's house, and was supposed to be less intolerable to him than most others, C—— begged me, on official as well as private grounds, to try and settle up the affair. For a couple of days I brought into action the full weight of my best diplomacy, with very little result, and only eventually succeeded by marshalling up the reserves of my wife's intercession, which the old gentleman was too courteous to ignore. At last I got as far as the preliminaries of a settlement between the high-contracting parties, which Power laid down, and which C——, I knew, would be willing enough to accept. "My young friend," said old Power, for he always regarded me as the small boy of our early acquaintance, "I shall not, after what you have urged, refuse to resume social intercourse with Mr C——, if he will conform to certain conditions, which I consider it absolutely necessary should be observed by him. In the first place, the advance must be on his part, not only because he is my junior in the service, but because I insist upon it. I leave the club on my return from my walk every morning at about eight o'clock, now that it is cool" (the old gentleman's daily visits to the club were only too notorious, as he went there every morning to carry off, immediately on its arrival, 'The Pioneer,' the Allahabad daily paper, which no one had a chance of seeing until the great man was pleased to return it either that afternoon or, perhaps, early the next morning). "If," continued Mr John Power, "Mr C—— will await me on the road to-morrow morning, and raising his hat will say, 'Good morning, Mr Power,' I shall be prepared to return the salute and reply, 'Good morning, Mr C——.' If he will then extend his hand I will accept it, and our social relations will be then resumed on the basis of our former acquaintance."

I hurried over to the Magistrate to acquaint him with the success of my diplomacy, and carefully explained to him the procedure prescribed, the hat-lifting, &c., to all of which he promised rigidly to conform. And I went to rest well content with myself for having carried successfully through so difficult a diplomatic negotiation. The next morning, on my return from my ride, I saw Mr C—— awaiting me at his gate, full of grateful thanks, I supposed, for my action. To my surprise, however, he was in the worst of humours, and commenced to complain of my having "landed him in a hole," as he expressed it. "You told me," he said, "old Power had promised to make it up, if I met him near the club, bowed, and wished him good morning. I duly met him, and did exactly what you told me had been agreed upon. But Power, instead of lifting his hat, and accepting my hand, stared angrily at me, and, turning on his heel, walked off." I was quite unable to guess the cause of the unlucky *contretemps*, and at breakfast begged my host to explain where the negotiations had failed. "It was no fault of yours, my young friend," he said, "or of mine, indeed, but entirely the fault of that fellow C——. I went out this morning with the full intention of carrying out the arrangement in every detail. But when I met the fellow, confound him, *he had on a green waistcoat!* and how could I possibly shake hands with a man with a green waistcoat?" And I, thoroughly realising the acuteness of the situation, could find no ready reply or excuse. I found on inquiry, too, that Power's account of the *contretemps* was substantially accurate. C——, that cold-weather morning, in view, perhaps, of adding dignity to the occasion, had put on a new green waistcoat, just received from home. And it was the hue of this vestment which had proved all too much for old Power's æsthetic feelings. Green as a colour was not then as fashionable for men's wear as it is to-day, and although I did not go so far as my friend, I was not without some sympathy with him in his views. I left the station next day, and was sorry later to learn that the war had

blazed up afresh with greater violence than ever. And so it continued until poor C—— suffered a severe bereavement. Then old Power, who, at heart, was a kindly old creature, made the first advance, and putting, so to speak, both the flower-pot and the green waistcoat in his pocket, went across to see his ancient enemy, and gave him his full sympathy and aid.

Soon afterwards Power had to retire under the rule which limits a civilian to thirty-five years' service,—not too little, it will be thought, in the trying Indian climate. But Power, who abhorred change, made a brave try to remain on. He had been a thorn in the side of the Government for years past, and nothing but his Mutiny service, and the difficulty of turning out a man who is near his pension, and has paid up for the greater part of it, would have saved him from the consequences of some of the most pronounced of his eccentricities. The officials interested hailed, therefore, with delight the prospect of being rid of an admitted hard bargain, and his petition for an extension, which is seldom granted even for distinguished service, was refused. 'The Pioneer,' the leading Indian paper, said he had "died hard," and it is a fact that the native pleaders of his brother's court, not understanding the idiom, proferred their condolences, and suggested the closing of the court in mark of sympathy at the bereavement!!

Some years later, after old Power had retired from the service, an echo of the story of his carrying off the newspaper from the local reading-room came to me at the old Erz-Herzog Karl at Vienna, a long cry from the Indian station of Shajehanpore. Since early in my Indian service I had been extravagant enough to take in 'The Times,' of which for a period I was special correspondent, and my newsagents always sent my copies after me on my travels. There was something unusually interesting on at the period, and my copy of 'The Times' had miscarried. On going down to the reading-room of the hotel, I was unable to find there the paper. The man in charge of the room, on being summoned,

groaned out, "Oh, Herr, it is ever the same, that terrible, big, old English gentleman! He comes down in the early morning, immediately after the paper arrives, and carries it up to his room on the top floor, and we can never get back the paper until he goes out in the afternoon, sometimes not till the next morning." "Old Power," I cried to my wife, and mounting to the top story, there I found sure enough old Power ensconced behind the newspaper, which he evidently regarded as his private property until such time as it might please him to let the public have a turn at it. And I understand he consistently continued his depredations until he was called to join the majority, not so many years ago.

Both brothers have now long since passed off the stage, and if it is permitted to amuse ourselves slightly with the tales of their eccentricities, many of us will have retained of them a kindly remembrance for high qualities, for real courage shown during the trying days of the Mutiny, and for a certain largeness of ideas and generosity characteristic of the Irishman of the best type. The native who sometimes had reason to complain of the brothers, always recognised them to be *sahibs*, and many added to this the title of *Bahadur*. There is little chance of such original specimens being seen again in the Indian service, and it may perhaps be said that the country under present conditions can put up with the loss.

During the years that followed 1875, when I was appointed Opium Agent at Ghazipore, I was busily employed at first in trying to wheel the officers of the Department into line, and had something of the same sort of experiences that early encumbered Temple's administration in the Central Provinces. The senior officers were all very much older than myself, and were not inclined, at first, to admit that they could be taught to do anything, or made to do anything that did not exactly suit them. But my having read the Riot Act on a couple of occasions, these gentry began to understand that discipline could be enforced, and

I had no further difficulty on this score during the rest of my tenure of the office. The work once in order, it was found that the berth had very much with which to commend itself. An appanage of the post was a quite magnificent house on the Ganges at Ghazipore, surrounded by a good garden and fine grounds. The house had been built for the Agent of the Governor-General in the days that this was the northern limit of our territory. The place consisted of a huge central building, designed for entertainments and receptions. It was flanked on either side by a smaller house, the one a comfortable living-house, the other, of about equal size, formerly used as a guest-house for the frequent visitors of former days to the Agent. These houses were connected with the main building by passages. The old guest-house was now the office of my Secretary. The grounds were right on to the river Ganges, and the place at certain seasons of the year, especially when the great river was in flood, was very beautiful and enjoyable. Then, for the hot weather, there were the Himalayas, and for the cold weather, all the joys of camp life over an extended area, and many exceedingly interesting districts.

In this appointment of Opium Agent I remained during the whole of the rest of my time in India—that is, for a period of nearly twenty years. For there was hardly anything else better to be got, so lucky had I been in securing this excellent berth early in my service. The Board of Revenue, the only appointment above me, save that of Governor, had the disadvantage of tying its members to Calcutta. I should have lost, in accepting it, the advantage of the hills during part of the year, and all the delights of camp life, and the power of roaming over the greater part of the N.W. Provinces. And to me the climate of Calcutta after the dry air of the Upper Provinces was insupportable. The salary was a few hundreds of rupees a-montn more than I received. But this would have been more than swallowed up by the heavy Calcutta house-rent, as against a magnificent house at Ghazipore rent free. And then I should have lost all my Volunteer interests,

which were soon to be strong upon me. So I declined the appointment, and remained as Opium Agent until I finally left India in 1894.

These years were all spent in almost the same fashion. The headquarter work claimed me for a part of the year at Ghazipore. Then I regularly got away to the hills for a portion of the hot-weather and the rains, running down when any special work required my attention. November saw one in camp. And then the next year the same order was repeated, varied by visits on duty to Calcutta, and periodical visits home. Up to the present, in these "Memories," the plan has been adopted of following my doings year by year. To hold on to this course now would be tedious, so it is not proposed to attempt to describe the life led by me in its several phases, what is related of one year holding good generally for the following years also. Nor is it intended to refer in detail to the many visits home with which our life was varied. There was a run across the Continent, with a halt at some favourite resorts, then London, then visits to Albury, Syon, Alnwick, Guy's Cliffe, and other beautiful English homes, as already described. Then the return to India, generally just before the commencement of the cold weather and the time for start into camp. And inasmuch as, to my mind, this was one of the most enjoyable times of the year, an effort must be made to describe its many and various phases and delights.

Camping generally began about the middle of November, when the days were not too short or too hot. The Opium Agents and other high officers of Government were liberally treated in regard to their camps. That is to say, they were supplied with a considerable number of handsome, roomy tents, which, together with the paraphernalia relating thereto,—the furniture, the commissariat, and other necessaries of a large camp,—were all conveyed at the Government expense. The camp was generally sent out some eight miles on the high-road for the first march, and here a halt was made

until all was found to be in order. Of tents there were handsome double-poled tents, as they were called, to be used for reception, drawing-room, and dining-room. Then there was the Agent's office-tent, and a bedroom and dressing-tent, and one for the English maid, when with us in camp. Then the Personal Assistant, or Private Secretary, who always accompanied the Agent, had his own tents. And there were tents for servants and horses, and for the guard which marched with the carts and posted sentries day and night. The Opium Officer of the district and his assistant generally marched with the camp, adding his tents to the line. All, or nearly all, the tents were in duplicate, so one was carried ahead and pitched ready for your arrival, whilst you slept peacefully in his twin brother. The camp would be pitched by the roadside, in a grove of mango-trees, the main routes being rich in these pleasing adjuncts to camp-life. The splendid shade would protect you until the approach of the hot weather, and would always be grateful unless the rain came on, which generally was at a well-appointed time. That is to say, starting in the middle of November, you might rely on the most perfectly delightful weather until past Christmas, towards the last days of December. Then you had to look out for squalls, and for a few days whilst the rain lasted camp was to be avoided. But, until then, the climate was perfection. With a large camp it was necessary to keep to the high-road, and along this you would ride or drive of a morning in the most delicious air. My wife and her maid or visitors would travel in the landau provided for me by Thorne. I would ride with some of the officers in camp, and either inspect some opium cultivation to be seen on the way, interviewing the villagers, or shoot along the line of march, if we were in a likely district, seeing the country and the people at the same time. Then the bath and breakfast. Probably the post-bag, or boxes, carried along on an *ecka* or light two-wheeled cart drawn by a smart pony, would come in with the letters, newspapers, and official despatches. These latter would be

disposed of in the forenoon. Thus generally, after luncheon, one had the rest of the day to oneself. Then for a shooting expedition, or a visit to a bazaar, or some place of note in the neighbourhood, which in these districts were plentiful, and often of great merit—old temples, ruins of great cities, celebrated shrines, and points of historical interest. I had early taken, thanks to the advice of Prinsep, to the collection of coins, to all except that of the current rupee, in which I never succeeded. In India, where little early history is available, it is from the coins that the existence and succession of the various dynasties and sovereigns are to be learnt. These coins are to be found over the whole country throughout the Gangetic plain, the great trade-route in all times. On old village sites, or the ruins of ancient cities, the heavy rain would leave these exposed, and the village urchins would collect them and carry them to the local coppersmith, who would purchase them and eventually melt them down. For the coins were generally of copper, though silver pieces and even gold ones were occasionally to be found. To the bazaar would we hie of an afternoon, and persuade the local coppersmith to produce what he considered his rubbish, and which was destined for the melting-pot. All this was carefully looked through. By constant practice one got to know and pick out a rare or interesting coin at once. The smallest bazaar by the roadside was not to be despised or overlooked, for there some valuable coin might by chance have been carried, and might be recognised and saved before it was claimed by the melting-pot. My wife was quite as expert as I was in this coin-hunting, and great would be our delight when some afternoon's expedition would be found to have added a valuable coin to our collection. I went on steadily for years working at this one of my hobbies, and when I was leaving India my collection, especially that of gold coins of the Gupta type, was quite the finest known. I parted with it to the India Museum for the value of the gold, though I could have obtained probably ten times the amount had I sold it to a foreign museum. But my desire was to secure

the collection for India.[1] At the same time, we were on the look-out for all articles of interest that chance might throw in our way. What may be seen in an Indian bazaar my wife has already described in a well-known paper,[2] and it is to a bazaar that those who wish to learn about the country and the people are recommended to go. In my time, the large bazaars at Benares and elsewhere contained treasures of valuable old blue and other china, the delight of collectors. Of these we secured some specimens. Also many examples of beautiful metal-work—not the modern brass-ware of the Benares bazaar, so well known to tourists, but pieces exquisitely modelled by the craftsmen of times gone by at Nepal or Poonah, and sold or left by pilgrims on their visits to the local shrines. Of these I made a really valuable collection, and they will be found described and figured in the 'Indian Art Journal's' excellent series of plates.[3]

We would, after a good hunt in the bazaar, carry back our finds and treasures to camp, and, setting them out, proceed to label them, adding, in a register, anything connected with the purchase that might be of interest. We often had visitors in camp, and the exploration of the large bazaars as at Benares, Agra, &c., was carried on with method. The brokers and the dealers soon found out what we were after, and the cry of *purána chiz*, "old things," antiquities, would go ahead, and be re-echoed all around us. I remember Lord Downe being pursued the whole afternoon by a man with a very *purána chiz* indeed. This was the battered remains of a cheap plated cruet-holder, which besides being very old and battered had no merit. But occasionally the finds were most exciting. Hunting in a party, we came to an arrangement which prevented unnecessary competition. On return to camp everything netted was placed out on a long table. We

[1] An account of this collection, illustrated with plates of the coins, will be found in the beautiful catalogues published by the authorities of the British Museum, to which several valuable coins were presented by me.

[2] See "An Afternoon in an Indian Bazaar," by Mrs J. H. Rivett-Carnac, in the 'Indian Art Journal.'

[3] 'Indian Art Journal,' No. 77, "A Lesser Hindu Pantheon."

then drew lots for order of choice. The system worked excellently, and is founded on the school rule that if to one boy is confided the halving of the apple, to the other is the right of first choice. The collection of old blue china in the bazaar was first suggested to us by Lord Ralph Kerr, then Colonel of the 10th Hussars, whilst on a visit to us at Benares. We had been collecting old metal-work, and this new quarry opened new interests. We were fairly successful. But news of our finds got abroad, and in a few days' time an astute man connected with the railway had sent *munshis*, or native clerks, to all the principal bazaars, with specimen pieces, and had bought up nearly everything available. Later, I saw some large cases-full being loaded on the train for Bombay, and the enterprising man turned over a goodly sum, we heard.

In camp we had nearly every comfort to be found in a good house,—books, comfortable furniture, and even fireplaces around which to group ourselves of an evening. The officers with me in camp generally dined with us, our servants laid the table, and the cook turned out a dinner nearly after the fashion of the station. All dressed for dinner, though the ladies did not put on feathers and trains. On the march one often met other camps. Then we would join forces, and the morning rides and evening dinner-parties would be very cheery and pleasant.

The camp must now be supposed to have reached Agra, and I must exhibit a favourite lantern-slide, showing a visit to the bazaar there with an unconventional, clever lady, the sister of one of my home friends, who came on a visit to India. One morning I accompanied her to the bazaar, reserving the Taj for the cool of the afternoon. Nothing in an Indian town is more interesting and instructive than the bazaar. Besides the kaleidoscopic colour of the moving crowd, there are generally to be seen venerable old buildings of fantastic shapes, with temples and mosques of various styles of architecture, to form an artistic background. The shops are a study for those interested in the economy of the

life of the people, and they give some idea of the prosperity of the neighbourhood, as do the window-dressings of a country town in the shires to those driving through the streets. A visit to an Indian bazaar has been well described at some length by my wife in the 'Indian Art Journal' above noticed; and Sir Mountstuart Grant-Duff, who was once with us at Allahabad, has related in one of his diaries his experiences in our company in the bazaar there. Miss A—— sketched and admired and made many purchases at the shops, containing an endless variety of native manufactures. At the close of the morning, on our way home, we passed through a part of the leather bazaar, this malodorous product having a corner to itself. Miss A—— suddenly stopped in front of a boot-shop, and seizing a pair of shoes made after a European model, pronounced them to be the very things she wanted, and promptly concluded a purchase. In the evening she came to dine at the Commissioner's, where I was staying. It was the cold-weather, and those who have visited Upper India in the winter months know how cold it *can* be at nights. We all sat round a blazing wood-fire, and the room, with a large party in it invited to dinner, soon got very close. "My dear," suddenly says Mr Commissioner to his wife, "I am sure there must be a dead rat under the flooring. I smell it distinctly." I testified to the fact, and going in to dinner the Commissioner ordered the bearer to commence an investigation at once. Our host took the visitor in to dinner, and I sat on the other side of the guest of the evening. We had scarcely sat down to table when Mr Commissioner exclaimed, "My dear, I think there must be at least three dead rats under the flooring here." And the smell in the close room full of people was prodigious, Miss A—— alone accepting the position with equanimity, and saying that her extensive travels had inured her to every variety of odour. As she rose from the table, at the end of dinner, I caught sight of one of Miss A——'s shoes, and the mystery of the dead rats was immediately revealed. Delighted with her new purchase, my unconventional friend had arrayed

herself in the bazaar-shoes for the banquet, and only those who have had experience of the odours of badly cured country-leather can realise the result! The smell is bad enough in the open air, but in a close crowded room it is absolutely deadly. I was able to prevent the flooring of the house being torn up in the search for the supposed offending rats, and I attempted delicately to convey to Miss A—— the terrors of country leather. But she was entirely sceptical, and attributed my view to the prejudice which old Indians are supposed to foster against everything Indian. I learnt, too, that not long afterwards there was a dead-rat scare at Government House, and that the engineer had had much difficulty with the flooring there. As a visit of my friend to the Lieutenant-Governor coincided with the date of the epidemic, I at once realised the cause.

Connected with this bazaar visit must be related a story exhibiting the resource and craft of the Hindu in search of rupees and of those natives inhabiting these markets. We were examining the stock of a seller of native sweetmeats. The itinerant vendor carries these on a large tray, and generally is allowed to establish himself during the heat of the day in a shady corner or verandah of some rich man's house. Miss A—— was amazed at the large number of uninviting-looking sweetmeats that could be purchased for the smallest coin, and this reminded me of the clever manner in which this fact had been put to account by an astute old banker to tap valuable information to his benefit. It was at a period of great excitement in the opium market. Constant complaints were made to Government that confidential information telegraphed to one of the stations leaked out. The signallers were watched, but with no success, and it was not until a year afterwards, when one of these gentry quarrelled with his wife, that the lady revealed the clever *modus operandi*. The pair were East Indians, and they had a little daughter of some six years old. In the bazaar was an astute old native banker, who had many irons in the fire, including speculations in opium. And early news of the market was to him of the first importance. In the shade of the building, close

to where the old man carried on his business and balanced his accounts, would come daily the itinerant vendor of sweetmeats, or *jalabees* as these native delicacies are called. And from time to time the little girl, the signaller's daughter, would come to make a purchase of a few cheap sweetmeats. The amiable old banker seemed to take a good-natured interest in these modest purchases, and sometimes even generously contributed a halfpenny towards future supplies. It turned out that he had arranged with the signaller a clever system by which the movements of the opium market were communicated to him. A mean was fixed—say of five of these *jalabees* or sweetmeats. If the child bought five pieces the market was unchanged, a purchase of three duly showed that the market had fallen two points, whilst a demand for eight *jalabees* indicated a rise of so many points. These interesting transactions went on for months until the plot was revealed as above indicated, and banker, signaller, and child had all grown fat on the system. The honest merchant profited by his early knowledge of the movements of the market; the signaller shared in the profits; whilst the old banker evinced so great an interest in the child that she never lacked a halfpenny to come and carry through her daily investment in *jalabees*, and she waxed fat on the greasy, sugary condiment.

But to continue the march. Thus one day we might be encamped at a large station like Agra, with a considerable English society, near a great native city, in a highly cultivated plain; the next week would see our camp in beautiful mountainous country, with the chance of a tiger and the certainty of much minor sport. At each camp we were met by the leading opium cultivators of the neighbourhood, who came to talk over prospects, urge their grievances, or beg that they might be permitted to extend the cultivation in their villages. I followed Temple's excellent example of being always accessible to the people—a habit that had come to me naturally, too, whilst Settlement Officer in Chandah; and I had several opportunities, of which I was not slow to avail myself, of checking abuses. My wife and I always kept

our eyes open on the march for old temples and ancient carvings, and we generally carried away sketches of anything of interest, for photography had not then reached every amateur.

One morning we had an unusual experience on the road between Cawnpore and Fatehgarh. The railway was then being made and the line ballasted, and we found a contractor's cart creaking along under a heavy load of stone fragments which had evidently come from the ruins of an old temple. Amongst the stone, broken small for ballast, we picked out here a well-sculptured hand, there the part of a head with hair carefully arranged, indicating that the ruins had at one time contained sculptures of no small merit. We met later the contractor's assistant, a very intelligent and obliging young Scotchman, who dined with us that evening, and volunteered to take us the next morning to the place whence the stone was being brought. As we supposed, this was the ruins of an old Hindu temple. The Mohamedan iconoclast had been at work long years before, and had smashed up probably most of what was of any value. But here and there were to be seen pieces which, though broken and disjointed, still had some merit. Our visit at least showed the desirability of some measures being taken to mark down antiquarian remains of interest, and to prevent these falling into ruin or being destroyed by contractors or others, who would naturally make a business rather than an artistic estimate of the question. With this view I wrote a paper, that was read before the Asiatic Society in Calcutta, on the "Preservation of Antiquarian Remains." On a recent visit home I had, whilst staying at Knebworth with Sir Mountstuart Grant-Duff, who then rented the place, met Sir John Lubbock, now Lord Avebury, and we had discussed there the desirability of precautions being taken in India in that direction. In my paper to the Asiatic Society I had noticed the experience we had had on the road, as showing the necessity of attention being given to the subject. This occurred in the days of Lord Lytton.

The paper, and a resolution of the Asiatic Society thereon, arrived in Simlah, and caused a commotion little anticipated by me. The Government of India, rather unnecessarily perhaps, came down heavily on the Government of the N.W.P. for what were considered the iniquities of the destruction of the temple by the roadside, and called for immediate explanations. I may have stated the case clumsily, but I had no intention of getting the contractors or the district people into trouble, or of holding that any real crime had been committed. What I wanted was to have measures thought out and adopted in the future for the preservation of all remains of interest. The Local Government was most indignant, the more especially as I was not one of its officers. The Government Engineer Department was equally perturbed, as it would be blamed, unfair though it was. The contractors were furious at my getting them into trouble, for of course the Local Government and the Engineers looked to the contractors for explanation. I was asked by the Local Government to prove that nothing of real value had been destroyed, which, considering that everything had been smashed up into small pieces for ballast, was not easy. I did not think, and do not think now, that any real damage had been done, and said so. But the local people were furious, and desired to make out that the whole story was an invention of my imagination. This I could not allow. Fortunately my wife keeps a careful journal, and in this she had noted down at the time the whole story—the meeting with the contractor's assistant, our visit to the ruined temple, what we saw there, what we collected, and so forth. A copy of this was submitted by me, and the storm subsided. But orders were issued for the inspection and protection of such remains. The subject was taken up on a larger scale in the time of Lord Curzon, but I did not see any allusion to some efforts made in that direction by myself and others in my time, long before Lord Curzon thought of calling attention to the subject.

CHAPTER XV.

ON THE GANGES AND IN THE HILLS.

1877–1885.

Ad montem — Pachmarhi — Mussourie — The Duke and Duchess of Connaught—Her Royal Highness's interest in everything Indian—Story of the book at Quaritch's—Value of the scientific collection at Bagshot—An enterprising little German boy—Field-Marshal Count von Moltke — Interest of the Prince-General in his command—H.R.H.'s happy manner with the native officers — Our visit to T.R.H. at Meerut and later at Bagshot—The American General, Lionel Wood, on the Royal General and his knowledge—Pleasant days on the Naini-Tal hilltop—*Mai-trank* on the mountain-side—My camp clerk on the hills—Sir Seymour FitzGerald on terrors of the Indian climate—Neues Palais at Potsdam—Am sent by the German Crown Prince to his surgeon, who orders a Carlsbad cure — Functions in India in my time — Visit of the Prince of Wales—*Badmashes* invited to garden-party in the jail—My Bombay University gown—Effect at the levée—Political uniform—My bearer's mistaken views regarding breeches—The Imperial assemblage at Delhi in 1877 — Additional Private Secretary to Lord Lytton—His amiable considerate character—Increase of salutes to native princes — A *Jemadar* improves the occasion — A soldier's view of the herald—The Delhi medal—Sir Ashley Eden's reading of the legend—The grand manœuvres at Delhi, 1888—Command there the Volunteer Brigade—Substitute for white helmets—*Durzis* invited to an evening party—Torrential rain at Review—My wife's arrangements for drying the uniforms of the corps—Eminent success—American officers at the manœuvres—Their cheery humour—Great durbar to the Ameer at Rawul-Pindi—Am appointed Honorary Aide-de-Camp to Sir Donald Stewart, Commander-in-Chief—Rain, rain!—Difficulties with uniform—Visit of T.R.H. the Duke and Duchess of Connaught—My mixed uniform exposed.

IT must now be understood that the cold-weather with its pleasures of camp has come to an end, and has been succeeded

by the hot winds and scorching days of an Indian summer. Now was the time when the more fortunate officers of Government could get away to the "Hills," as the Himalayas are called, and where a cool climate at a height of from 6000 to 8000 feet can be enjoyed. The work of my Department permitted of my taking with me my Private Secretary and a part of my office to the mountains, and there carrying on the current work. And I was not slow to encourage the officers under me to take a holiday in the cool when their work would permit it. No advantage was to be gained by keeping men grumbling and idle in the heat, when a spell in the hills would set them up, and send them back with vigour renewed to their labours in the plains. And they all appreciated my views in this respect.

One had a fairly large choice of hill-stations. Some twenty miles off the railway line beyond Jubbulpore was Pachmarhi, on the Sauthpoorah range, a sanatorium the site of which had been chosen by Temple when I was with him years before as Secretary. It had now developed into a summer headquarters for the Government of the Central Provinces and its officers. It had not, however, the advantage of the height of the Himalaya stations, so, after one trial, we decided in favour of Mussourie. This is one of the oldest and best established of the hill-stations, possesses every advantage of climate and scenery, and is in the Upper Provinces. Simlah, besides being too far removed, was not included in my beat, and I could not well have shown myself regularly there. It was during the hot season passed at Mussourie in 1884 that we had the good fortune to become known to T.R.H. the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, who passed the hot weather there, the Duke being then the General in command of the Meerut Division. I had known, whilst a boy at Bonn, the uncle of Her Royal Highness, the reigning Duke of Anhalt, and he had always allowed me to keep up a correspondence with him. Moreover, from my bringing-up, I was fairly acquainted with much that was German, besides being devoted to my old memories of happy days at Bonn.

Her Royal Highness was one of the most accomplished and highly educated of the German Princesses, and the perfection to which education is carried in Germany is well known. We soon discovered that the Duke and Duchess, having determined to come out to India, had no intention of confining themselves to military duties, garden-parties, and other functions. They both took a most intelligent interest in everything connected with the people and the country, and set themselves to work in real earnest to increase their knowledge. Both my wife and I had given some attention to Indian subjects outside official and society limits. My wife's collection of the ornaments of native women has already been mentioned. Our bazaar expeditions had added greatly to our knowledge, and by degrees we had collected a useful library on Indian topics—antiquarian and artistic. It thus came to pass that my wife was able to assist the Duchess in the many matters in which H.R.H. became interested, and regarding which she soon developed a knowledge and appreciation that were highly encouraging to her advisers. The Duke, too, assisted, though his tastes did not run so much in the direction of artistic collections, but more in respect to information regarding the castes, tribes, and specialities of the native troops under his command. They both set themselves steadily to work to learn the language. H.R.H. passed the higher standard in Hindustani in due course. The Duchess, it was understood, worked with him, and the *munshi* declared that Her Royal Highness, if she had gone up to the examination, would have passed as creditably as did the Royal General. From that date, and under these pleasant circumstances, commenced a friendship which their Royal Highnesses have allowed us to continue without intermission even unto the present time. They favoured us by inviting us to dine with them regularly on Sunday evenings, when Lord and Lady Downe would alone be present. And later we were to enjoy their delightful hospitality staying with them at Meerut, and at their beautiful English home at Bagshot. On our visit to their Royal Highnesses at Meerut, I well remember how their "oak was

sported," as one says at college, during the hours they were working at Hindustani, and nothing was allowed to interfere with the lesson. Our library-book contains a very large number of entries in the handwriting of Her Royal Highness, showing how much she read and what she read, and all the very best books on Indian history, religions, and antiquities will be found on the list. Then, and later, we sometimes accompanied the Duchess on her bazaar expeditions. Everything purchased was carefully labelled, and all information that could be gleaned connected with it was equally carefully entered in a register. The result is that the excellent collection made by H.R.H. in India, when we saw it later arranged in one of the galleries at Bagshot, is not a mere mass of Indian articles, piled together for artistic effect, but is a scientific collection with a valuable catalogue, worthy of a learned Herr Professor in a German museum.

And here must be interpolated a story of the rather long-ago, illustrating H.R.H.'s desire for information on Indian subjects. I do not vouch for the truth of the tale, but it is eminently characteristic and worthy of relation. If I am considered indictable for high treason for publishing it, I am relieved to think that here, in Switzerland, the Government do not permit extradition for political offences, and that any attempt to secure me for capital execution will probably fail. One morning Her Royal Highness went into old Bernard Quaritch's shop in Piccadilly and took up a book on the antiquities and natural history of Southern India,—a big illustrated work in several volumes. She asked the assistant in charge the price, and he, not finding it marked, stopped old Quaritch, who was passing through the shop, and inquired what price he was to say? Quaint old Quaritch, looking at the Duchess in his queer way, said, "Do you want this book?" H.R.H. replied in her pretty English that "I do want this book." Says he, "I don't understand what a girl like you can want with such a book? But you are a German girl, are you not?" The Duchess said she was German. "Well," said old Q., "I like to see a German girl take an interest in such

subjects; the price is three guineas, but you shall have it for two." "Thank you, I will take it," said H.R.H. "But," said Quaritch, "it is too heavy for you to carry, and I will send it for you, if you don't live too far out in the suburbs."

Lady B., who was in waiting, and had been in another part of the shop, then came up and wrote down the Duchess's address at Buckingham Palace. Quaritch was taken somewhat aback, and begged Her Royal Highness to excuse him. "Oh, certainly," said the Duchess, "but I will have it for two guineas." And she triumphed, and carried off the book!

Here is another story from my notebook of the same period:—

Many years ago at Mussourie, when the ex-Ameer was a political prisoner there, Colonel Sir Edward Durand, my wife's brother, was the officer in charge of him. The letters addressed to the ex-Ameer had to be opened and scrutinised, and one morning my brother-in-law found a curious one, running as follows:—

"YOUR MAJESTY,—

"I am a little German boy, and I collect stamps. I beg your Majesty to send me some stamps from your kingdom for my collection."

Sir Edward Durand good-naturedly wrote to the small boy, explaining the position and sending some stamps. A month or so later arrived a grateful letter from the small boy expressing his gratitude. He enclosed in the letter a photograph, and wrote: "When your letter arrived, there was staying at our house an old German officer to whom my father showed your letter. He was so pleased at the kindness of a British officer to a little German boy that he gave me this photograph, and wrote his name on it, and told me to send it to you with his compliments, which I now do." The photograph bore the signature, "von Moltke, Field-Marshal." The great soldier had been staying with the boy's father during the manœuvres. Sir Edward Durand had left Mussourie for the Frontier

Boundary Commission, but sent the letter for me to see. I took it with me on Sunday evening, when we were dining with T.R.H., and showed it to the Duchess. She recognised the name as that of a great manufacturer near where the manœuvres had been held, and remarked, "A very enterprising little German boy—he will probably succeed in life."

The Royal General was greatly interested in all connected with the native troops in the division. He had the happiest of manners with the native officers and men, and although always dignified, he was never stiff and discouraging, like some of much lesser degree. I had experience of this when we were staying with T.R.H. at Meerut. The sitting-room assigned to me was next door to the Duke's study. The native cavalry regiment, in which served one of my kin,[1] and some of the native officers of which were well known to me, was marching through Meerut, and three of these officers came over on the morning of their arrival to pay me a visit. His Royal Highness heard them, and came into the room. He was in *mufti*, and the native officers had never seen him, and not unnaturally supposed that a Prince, a "Shah-Zadah," would be garbed in cloth-of-gold and diamonds, and attended by at least eight *chobdars*, or mace-bearers. When they found out that they were in the presence of the son of the "Great Queen-Empress Bahadur" their astonishment and delight were extreme. After they had presented the hilts of their swords to be touched, and made the most profound obeisances, the Duke talked to them in Hindustani in a perfectly quiet, unaffected manner about their homes and tribes, the regiment, their war service, and then inspected and recognised their decorations, complimenting them thereon. My visitors went away in the highest state of delight and gratitude to me for having secured for them so high an honour of what, they were not slow to represent, had been a private audience with the Shah-Zadah-General Bahadur!

The interest taken by H.R.H. in the duties of his Indian

[1] Now Brigadier-General Ernest Rivett-Carnac, commanding the Umballa Cavalry Brigade.

command was well known, and was the talk of the whole service. He never spared himself, and left no detail unnoticed. Functions and other duties which do not enter the programme of ordinary Generals were never allowed to interfere in the work of the division, and, save on certain necessary occasions, the Prince was entirely sunk in the General. All who were brought into contact with H.R.H. appreciated his *camaraderie*, and good feeling and real interest in India. He never accepted more than that to which his steady work and military knowledge gave him a fair claim. For years he wore the cross of the third class only of the Bath, whilst others who had not done more service had been promoted to the higher grade, and which he himself could have reached if he had stated his claim. Recently I had staying with me here in Switzerland a man of whose friendship I shall always feel proud, General Lionel Wood, of the Army of the United States, one of America's most distinguished officers and citizens, and whose opinion is deservedly held in the highest esteem in the military world. He had then just returned from the German manœuvres, which he had attended under special invitation from the German Emperor. General Wood told me—and I think that his remarks may without indiscretion be included here—that recently, in the Mediterranean, he had twice had the advantage of meeting the Duke of Connaught, and seeing portions of His Royal Highness's command. And he expressed himself as quite delighted with the Duke's keen interest in military matters, and his perfect knowledge of all detail. And the General added, smiling, "You know this is not quite the popularly accepted idea in the world of what Royalties are. They are often classed among the figure-heads. But there is nothing of that about that Royal General of yours. I think he could allow many of us points in matters of military detail."

Later, when the railway-line was opened to the foot of the hill, I moved my summer headquarters to Naini-Tal, where I had a beautiful house, a thousand feet above the lake, and where I spent every following hot season until I

left India in 1894. Not only Naini-Tal itself, but the country all around it, the Kumaon Province, in which reigned General Sir Henry Ramsay, is as beautiful as any part of India. And no small portion of the enjoyment in the hill-visit was the trip at the end of the season into the "interior," the mountainous region beyond the station of Naini-Tal, bounded on the north by the Nanda-Devi range, which was believed at one time to possess the highest peak in the world, until more recent surveys established the superiority of Mount Everest. Naini-Tal is the summer headquarters of the Lieutenant-Governor of the United Provinces, and also of the General Commanding-in-Chief of the Bengal Army. So besides natural beauties, the visitor finds sufficient to interest him in society claims, if that is in his line. And the season there is always gay and enjoyable. The delights of our Himalayan residence are deeply graven on the recollections of my wife and myself. Being on the crest of one of the mountains overlooking the lake, we had a full view to the north of the valleys and mountain-ranges of nearer Kumaon, bounded by the higher peaks of the eternal snows, from which the Himalayas take their name. And surrounding the house were extensive grounds, with *bosquets* on the hillside giving grateful shade and the most glorious peeps of the landscape, with occasional shady slopes, on one of which we once gave a most successful German party,—German music, "Mai-trank," or "Erdbeern-bole," with strawberries and "Waldmeister" complete, and some ladies in costume who obligingly acted as Kellnerins. It was all most enjoyable, was in sight of the snows, and had an entirely foreign flavour—a pleasant change in India. But then, in those days, there was not much talk about the necessity of eight more *Dreadnoughts*.

The occasional comic excursions of my excellent native clerk (already introduced at page 291) into the mysteries of the English language brought us from time to time some amusement. I am conscious that one probably makes oneself the most terrifying mistakes in writing foreign languages,

and that one thus affords ample material for amusement. And one yields this with pleasure. It is allowable, then, to have one's own little laugh at a native brother. They occasionally put things so monstrously funnily. The blunders are quite natural. Nothing artificially made would be a hundredth part so successful. "A nice place this Naini-Tal," says I to Mr Romany, who, being "timid" with a pony, has come panting up the hill. "Yes, your Honour, a nice place. But the hill is too *is-sloping*." In such a way, ordinarily, does the native pronounce the sibilant. Then outside the door I find a boy with a pony, in his hand a letter, which he forces forward. I read on it "Sent herewith" in red ink across the top. And the text runs: "Please send at once one tame pony, at a monthly rent, for the use of Mr K——, Personal Assistant to the Opium Agent." And the accompanying pony certainly looked sufficiently "tame."[1]

And so the years, and a good many of them too, passed pleasantly by us. The summer in the hills and then camp, and then a further spell below until it became really hot. One hears occasionally of the horrors of the Indian climate. And doubtless in some places, and in many conditions, it is terrible. But those who can spend a portion of the year in the mountains, and then return to the plains for the cold season, either to march about or for all the gaieties of Calcutta or some large station, have little to complain of,—indeed have, perhaps, about the most enjoyable climate in the world. I remember being with Sir Seymour Fitz-Gerald when he was at Mahbleshwar as Governor of Bombay, and his laughingly relating how an old fellow, muffled up with a respirator, met him coming out of the club, and said, amid the drizzle and fog of a London February afternoon, "So you're going to India? Oh, that *awful* climate! Sorry for you." But H.E. did not find himself to be pitied enjoying the mountain air.

[1] Here my two best stories have gone out before the merciless blue pencil. A jury of matrons long ago pronounced them quite fit for publication. But my best critic very properly does not wish my book to include anything even the least *risqué*. And she is right.

There was no monotony in the life. My beat was so extensive that I never marched over the same ground two years running. And then Europe claimed one from time to time. One year when I was at the Neues Palais at Potsdam with the then Crown Prince of Germany—the Prince Frederick of Prussia of my Bonn days—he sent me to Director-General Weber, who had been his body-surgeon through the war, and that authority ordered me off to Carlsbad to make a "cure." And after a successful cure there, my wife and I returned to the place again from time to time. Then I had early in my Ghazipore days taken to the Volunteers, of which I shall have more to say in a later chapter. At all seasons, but especially in the cold season, the several corps of Light Horse and Rifles which I raised and commanded gave me plenty of occupation. Then from time to time there were great functions in the country, to which we were bidden, and hardly a year passed without Viceregal visits or Royal visits to Benares or other places in my Volunteer command, requiring cavalry escorts, guards of honour, and the like. To record all those chronologically would be too tedious for my readers and myself. But some of these greater functions of my time demand special notice.

The visit of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales took place just after I had joined my appointment at Ghazipore, and we were bidden, my wife and I, to Calcutta, and shared in most of the gaiety there. I must here relate how my vanity betrayed me into adopting a costume at the levée which was more complicated, perhaps, than exact according to rule.

And I must also record, in the hope of horrifying some members of the present House of Commons, what was actually most utterly illegally done by one of those wicked Indian Magistrates of the long-ago, during the visit of the Prince of Wales to one of the large stations near to a great native city. There were a number of scoundrels hanging about the place, natives, or Indians as I see we are now expected to call them. The safety of H.R.H. must be ensured at any cost. Into the jail with them all, said one. "But there is nothing

against them, and it would be utterly illegal," says the Magistrate. Says a mild-looking young lady, "Father, why not ask them all to a garden-party, and have native musicians and all that sort of thing, and amuse and pleasure them for a time?" And so it came about, and these Indian scoundrels all gladly accepted the polite invitation. The only sufficiently roomy and convenient place for the festivity happened to be the jail. So there the garden-party was held, and there were these gentry occupied and entertained until the Prince had passed through the station. Nowadays it would require a very confident Magistrate to issue such invitations.

But here is the truthful history of my beautiful college gown.

One of my pet vanities as a young man was this very becoming costume, in which I was entitled to array myself as a Fellow of the University of Bombay. This honour had been secured for me by my dear old friend, Dr James Wilson, the distinguished missionary, who had me added to the Senate immediately he was appointed Vice-Chancellor.

The costume includes a gown and scarf of violet silk trimmed with gold, all set off by a trencher hat of black velvet with a heavy gold tassel.[1] There were but few opportunities of gratifying my vanity and appearing in this garb. However, in 1876 I happened to be staying at Government House, Belvedere, Calcutta, during the visit of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales to India. Another guest in the house was Sir Monier Williams, under whom I sat when he was Sanscrit professor at Haileybury. He had recently received his red doctor's gown at Oxford, and when the Prince's levée was announced Sir Monier proposed that we should both wear our gowns and go together to the function arrayed in our becoming finery. I, of course, was nothing loth to have such an opportunity of gratifying my vanity, and on the appointed day we duly appeared before the Presence at the largest levée India is ever likely to see. I had put on my

[1] Akin, I believe, to that of the "Sweet Girl Graduate with Golden Hair" of Tennyson's "Princess."

gown over my uniform, having in mind the precedent of a distinguished personage. But now, in my advanced years, I do not fail to recognise the incongruity of the attire. As I passed the Presence methought I heard a not unnatural exclamation of astonishment, and an inquiry, "What in the name of fortune is that?" Temple, who was in attendance, being then Governor of Bengal, thinking to exhibit his universal knowledge, but being near-sighted, explained, "That, your Royal Highness, is, I think, some Freemason's costume." But His Royal Highness, who had full knowledge of the vestment of the craft, was unable to accept this explanation as conclusive. Luckily Sir Bartle Frere also was present, and he promptly recognised me and my frock and explained, "That, your Royal Highness, is the gown of a Fellow of the University of Bombay." That gown is still preserved by me, and is still ever a delight, not only to me but to certain specially good-looking lady friends, who "look the part" and who go in it to fancy balls as "Portia" or "Doctors of Music," as fits their fancy.

It is perhaps desirable to mention, in conclusion, with a view to contradicting it authoritatively, an ill-natured report that was current in Calcutta immediately after the levée. It was asserted that when, panoplied in all my splendour, I emerged after the ceremony on to the platform in front of Government House the guard of honour presented arms, under the impression that I was the Begum of Bhopal. But this story was nothing but an impure invention, and will be recognised as the outcome of the jealousy, disappointment, and malice of those who were unable to array themselves in the fine feathers which they naturally so very much envied!

The Prince's visit was a period of full uniform. The political uniform in India which I wore before I was appointed an Aide-de-Camp to H.M., like the diplomatic and other uniforms, includes breeches and stockings in full-dress. But the breeches and stockings are seldom worn, and on all occasions my bearer had been accustomed to see me arrayed in a magnificent pair of blue trousers with a broad gold

stripe as nether garbs. These most probably, with all their gold, he would have voted much more full-dress than the plain cashmere breeches and stockings worn at drawing-rooms and the like. At last, in Calcutta, during H.R.H.'s visit, came a State function at which, for the first time in his experience, this breeches garb had to be donned by me. Arrayed in my splendour I went into the drawing-room of the house in which we were staying, and where the whole party was assembled waiting for the carriages. Suddenly my bearer rushed after me into the room, bearing in his hands the splendid blue trousers with the gold stripe, and announced before the whole company, "Lord of the World, *you have forgotten your trousers!*" Worthy soul, he considered those trousers far too splendid to be left behind, and was quite under the impression that the despised breeches were as drawers or under-garments, not to be exposed to public gaze, and that the grand trousers were intended to cover them.

I drew a picture of this true incident for the Indian 'Punch,' in which it will be found published.

Another of the great functions in which I assisted during my Indian service was perhaps the biggest of its kind, the Imperial Proclamation Durbar, held by Lord Lytton at Delhi on 1st January 1877, when the Queen was proclaimed Empress of India before all the great Princes and dignitaries of the country there assembled. Thanks to the aid of my good friend Owen Burne, I was appointed by Lord Lytton as an additional Private Secretary for the occasion, and, like all on the staff, had my hands pretty full whilst the functions lasted. I had then full opportunity of realising how considerate and amiable was the Viceroy, whom I had known as the gold-capped young man at Bonn in former years. He was very unlike Lord Mayo in most respects, but resembled him in this, that he was most courteous and considerate to all those about him, and thus could command much willing service. To me personally, then and thereafter, he was always the most obliging of masters and friends.

And though he had some peculiarities he certainly knew how to attach men to him. At Delhi the Viceroy had to receive the visits of many native Princes and Chiefs, and to keep up for a short time a conversation with them. For this purpose it was part of my duty, as one man left the tent and a new visitor was announced, to hand to Lord Lytton a small folded printed note, a sort of crib, giving information regarding the visitor, and suggesting topics of conversation. These Lord Lytton handed back to me when done with. A specimen is reproduced here.

Name and Title of Chief.

HIS HIGHNESS R—— S——, MAHÁRÁJÁ OF R——.

Statistics.

Area . .	15,000 square miles.
Population .	
Revenue . .	£250,000.

Topics of Conversation.

1. State is under the management of a Political Agent.
2. The Chief is a great scholar; also fond of sport.
3. His State is rich in forests and mineral wealth.
4. Has fine palaces, and is fond of splendour.
5. Has a choice collection of rifles.

Materials for the Address—

Mahárájá Sahib. To receive a banner and medal, and be informed that his salute of 17 guns is to be increased for life to 19 guns.

It will be noticed that on this occasion the Viceroy announced to the Maharajah what is dear to the heart of every native Chief, that his salute had been increased. No announcement, under ordinary circumstances, would be more acceptable and valuable. But the gilt was, so to speak, much taken off the gingerbread when the Chief found that he alone had not been favoured, as he may have hoped, but that there had been an increase in the number of guns of the salutes all

round, and that therefore to him there was no advantage over his fellows, which would have made the increase of real value and delight.

Connected with these increases in salutes there occurred the following incident, which will at least help to illustrate the astuteness of the native retainer, and the danger of assuming that he is ignorant of the English language.

For months prior to the Proclamation, the question of the rewards to native chiefs, to be announced on the occasion, had been under the consideration of the Viceroy. The subject was confidential, and did not go through the offices, but was discussed in demi-official letters that passed between the Private Secretary to the Viceroy and the Agents to the Governor-General of the territories to which the Agents were accredited. One of these high officers either did not lock up the correspondence, or a key of his desk was procured. Anyhow the great man's *Jemadar*, or native officer of orderlies, who attends his master at home and abroad, and is in somewhat the same position as that of the *Jäger* about a German potentate, got at the correspondence, and being able to read English, profited thereby. Learning that it was proposed to increase the salute of the Rajah of A—— from 11 guns to 13 guns, of the Maharajah of F—— from 13 guns to 15 guns, and so on with half a dozen more, he repaired to these Chiefs in turn, saying, "Your Highness, I believe, would wish for an increase of your salute?" His Highness said there was nothing nearer to his heart than that desire. "Well," continued the *Jemadar*, "I am not sure, but I *think* I may be able to advance your wish. The subject is very difficult, but, as your Highness knows, I have *some* influence with the Agent, and it shall be used to the best of my ability. Of reward, I ask for none unless I succeed. If the salute is increased, then perhaps a remembrance of one thousand rupees to this slave for his services will not appear excessive. If I fail, I ask for nothing. No increase, no rupees." A bargain on these terms was immediately struck, and the astute *Jemadar* went the round of all the chiefs on the list, and

had no difficulty in arranging with all on similar terms. At the Durbar came the announcement of the coveted increase, and the Chiefs all paid up honourably. But, as already explained, the honour was much discounted by the fact that every one else also had benefited. A certain potentate who had 19 guns of salute was overjoyed when he learnt that his salute had been increased to 21 guns, for he knew that this was the maximum enjoyed by the Viceroy, and also that fired off for the Queen. And if men of His Highness's class know nothing else, they know, at least, all about salutes. But the disappointment was intense when he found that not only had his three rivals also obtained a similar increase, but that the Viceregal salute had been increased to 31 guns, thereby leaving him ten guns behind instead of two only! In fact, as we naughtily said in camp, it all reminded us somewhat of the tea-party in 'Alice.' Every one moved up a place. But no one got any advantage out of it except the Hatter. And on this occasion the part of the Hatter was taken by Her Majesty's Viceroy!

The Assemblage held on that 1st of January was excellently managed, and the sight was certainly magnificent and impressive. The Imperial Herald, who read Her Majesty's gracious proclamation, was a huge officer, chosen chiefly for his size and appearance, who suited the part perfectly, arrayed in tabard, &c., on which were embroidered the imperial arms complete. The British soldier is an amusing creature, and refused at first to be impressed by the Herald. "Confound the fellow," said a man of my brother's regiment —the XIth (Prince Consort's Own) Hussars—which formed part of the Viceregal escort; "blow'd if he b'ain't gone and cut up the Royal Standard and made trousers out of it!"

Later in the day it became known that a special decoration had been sanctioned in honour of the occasion, and that certain officials, distinguished natives, and others were to receive a medal, designed to celebrate the event. As I had served as an additional Private Secretary to the Viceroy,

my name was included in the list. At that time (1877) decorations were not so plentiful as nowadays, and I confess that I received, with no small exultation, the official letter informing me that I was one of those selected to be decorated. In the evening the Viceroy held a function, and on that occasion some twenty of us marched out the richer by a large medal hung about our necks by a broad crimson ribbon with a narrow yellow border, and which, at a distance, might well have been mistaken for a high class of an Order of Knighthood. The ribbon was all that could be desired; but the medal itself was "*kolosál*," and rather too grand—"too rich, too rare for human nature's daily wear." The fortunate recipients were, however, commanded to wear the decoration in uniform or evening dress on all official occasions, and many a scoffer was not a little pleased with the ribbon well setting off his complexion. Coming out from the function, I said to Sir Ashley Eden, who had been decorated with me, that I could not make out the legend on the reverse of the medal (on the one side was the Queen-Empress crowned). Sir Ashley answered promptly, "Oh, it's 'Kaisar' something,—'Kaisah Tomasha,'[1] I suppose." I have not seen many of these medals lately, and believe they are not now worn in military uniform, though the civilian can add to his splendour by hanging the medal around his neck. It is nearly 2¾ inches in diameter.

Of the other chief functions of those Indian years, I must chronicle the grand manœuvres at Delhi, when the largest force then known in India was got together, and when foreign officers from many countries attended. It was determined to bring together there Volunteers from the different parts of India, and I was appointed to the command of the force or brigade drawn from the various Provinces. I had my civil camp and staff marched up to Delhi, near where the

[1] On the medal was "*Kaisar-i-Hind*, Empress of India." *Kaisah Tomasha* is an Indian expression for "What a show!"—"What a business!" *Tomasha*—"Tommy Shaw"—is a word dear to the British soldier. *Kaisah Tomasha* is a very common expression of amazement among natives when they see anything grand.

manœuvres were held, and thus had a double staff to help me in my duties, which were anything but light. Our brigade was attached to the Southern Army, and all the operations of scouting, attack, &c., were carried out as in actual warfare. We were all clad in khaki — almost invisible in this dusty northern plain. Rather late in the day, but before the final fighting, there arrived in camp the Bombay contingent, particularly smart, but with white helmets, which would have betrayed themselves to the enemy miles off. The General commanding the Division told me that he would not allow this smart corps to join in the battle on the morrow in the white helmets, which would give the whole force away. Their commandant was in despair. I had a sensible wife, and she had on her staff a sensible and energetic little *durzi*, or tailor. Between them, they suggested that we should invite a large number of *durzis* from the city of Delhi to the camp that evening to an evening party (I had got the idea from the Magistrate of Patna's garden-party above cited). So the whole of my Burkandaze escort, with my Private Secretary and the little *durzi* aforesaid, went off in the afternoon to the bazaar to distribute the invitations, and succeeded in netting some thirty *durzis*. The cloth was all ready to begin upon. Those men worked hard all night to the strains of the bazaar music. Rough covers for the helmets were turned out by the score every hour, and, when fairly finished, were plunged into caldrons of light-coloured coffee of the proper tint, which proved an effective temporary dye. By five o'clock the next morning all the covers were ready, and that distinguished Volunteer corps duly took part in the general engagement that followed, and were duly grateful to my wife for not having been ruled out of action. The *durzis*, I hope, enjoyed their evening party. I myself saw that they were well paid, and they all went off jabbering the next morning, quite satisfied with their treatment.

Our Civil camp was to help us yet further in our military duties, and to the forethought of my wife a large body of

men were indebted for dry clothes, when those in the neighbouring camps were all shivering in damp tunics. Alas! just before the great Review day, when we were all to march past before the Viceroy, who had journeyed from Calcutta for the Review, it was evident we were to have heavy rain. There are few conditions so hideous as a damp tent and wet clothes. Near to our camp my wife had noticed some disused brick-kilns, the walls of which were standing. Grass coverings, such as are placed on carts to keep off the rain, were procured in large quantities from the bazaar, and the kilns were roughly thatched in. Masses of charcoal, in earthenware pots, were also got ready. And not too soon! Before the parade was formed on the great day, the skies opened as only in the tropics do they know how to do it. I have seen heavy rain, but I never remember anything like the torrents of that morning. It lasted a few hours only, but that was sufficient to swamp everything. Our brigade being Volunteers, and ranking behind the regiments of the Native Army, came the very last in that huge host. And we had to stand on the parade-ground in the torrential rain until every other corps had been inspected, and then we marched past last of all. A fatal mistake had been made in sending the cavalry and artillery past in their proper places, as on any other occasion—that is, before the infantry. The result was, the whole ground over which we had to march was a quagmire. Just in front of us was the unfortunate native regiment which got into disgrace, in this wise. They wore native shoes, which slip on and off like slippers. As they marched into the quagmire—the ground at the saluting-point, where were assembled the Viceroy, the Staff, and all the Foreign officers—the shoes of the unfortunate men were claimed and pulled off by the mud. Then commenced a scene such as I have never beheld. The men broke their ranks and scattered to search for the shoes in the mud, squabbling and chattering. The business was fatal. We all got back to camp wet to the skin. I was, of course, mounted, and my jack-boots were quite full of water. Then

did the wisdom of my wife's precautions appear. The men's clothes were dried in a couple of hours in the brick-kilns, and our camp was the most favoured in a host of many thousands of wet, shivering men. I carried away with me the remembrance of a cheery, amusing American officer, who took his wetting very philosophically. He and the other foreign visitors had been mounted by the cavalry regiments in camp. I asked him about his mount. "Well," said he, "that charger of yours played cup-and-ball with me the whole morning, and only missed me twice." I asked another American, who had fought on the A side in the Civil War, what the cavalry of the B side were like. "Well, I assure you, sir," replied he, "when we attacked them, they all got off their horses to run." No more realistic description as to the merits of these cavalry soldiers would be possible.

To my mind American humour is the crispest and cheeriest I know.

Another big function I attended in India with my wife was the great Durbar at Rawul-Pindi in 1885, when Lord Dufferin received there the Ameer of Afghanistan. A very imposing force of all arms was assembled at the camp, which the Commander-in-Chief, Sir Donald Stewart, also attended. He was good enough to appoint me his Volunteer aide-de-camp (this was before I had been appointed an aide-de-camp to the Queen), and in that capacity I accompanied him to Rawul-Pindi. For the Durbar itself the weather held up. But at the end of the great review the rain came down in waterspouts, and continued to pour for all the rest of the time we were in camp. On this occasion, the force being very large, and the Viceroy and Ameer both being present, the Commander-in-Chief took command of the review in person. It seldom happens that the Commander-in-Chief himself leads the march past. But Sir Donald Stewart did so on this occasion, being preceded by his aides-de-camp, of which I, being the junior, rode the first. Soon after the rain commenced. Sir Donald had put on a brand-new scarlet tunic. Over this he wore the broad ribbon of the Bath, in colour a rich lake or carmine.

The silk was apparently not "fast," for the crimson colour came off in streaks and utterly ruined the new tunic. I had only one full-dress tunic with me. Every function was in full-dress, as the Viceroy, the Duke of Connaught, and the Ameer were all present, and the difficulty of getting one's clothes dry was great. One afternoon I was seated in my tent, my feet in hot water, trying to exorcise a cold. My uniforms were all wet through and were being dried. I was in a large tent partitioned off by curtains, one division being a sitting-room. Suddenly my wife said, "Here are the Duke and Duchess of Connaught." I said "Horror!" not having a dry stitch to my back. Her Royal Highness jokingly, in coming into the adjoining compartment of the tent, remarked that I had betrayed my presence next door by my utterance. I looked about to see how I could possibly costume myself to appear. I bethought me of a spare pair of jack-boots which had so far escaped the rain, and drew them on over thick stockings and a pair of violet sleeping-pyjamas. These I covered with my long military greatcoat, and thought myself presentable enough. All went well in the half-light of the tent. But, unfortunately, when I went outside to accompany their Royal Highnesses to the carriage, the blatant violet pyjamas slipped down, and appearing beneath the folds of the greatcoat betrayed me. But in that camp of swamps everything almost was permissible. Dining at the Viceroy's, one had to walk on a plank to get from one tent to another, and under the planks rushed a torrent of water. The discomfort of the troops must have been considerable. But they bore it in the inimitable good-tempered way for which "Tommy" is so renowned.

CHAPTER XVI.

LATER YEARS IN INDIA.

1885–1894.

A definition of idleness — The Volunteers — Foreigner's view of the wonders of the East—Am attached to the Cheshire Regiment—Cholera in Allahabad—A cholera camp—An undelivered sermon—General Sir Herbert M'Pherson on rifle instruction—Command the Wimbledon Team from India—Difficulties of Volunteering—Commencement at Ghazipore — Progress — Canvassing — Efforts to popularise movement—Two corps of Light Horse and a battalion of Infantry raised—Scheme of so-called Reserve to include stragglers — General success — Appointed Aide-de-Camp to the Queen in acknowledgment of efforts—Difficulty of obtaining suitable Adjutants—Excellence of the Light Horse—Volunteer conditions in England and India widely different — The signalling sentry — The Assistant Adjutant-General's indignation — The General's personal inquiry—Result—Excellent services of Colonel George Fox—And Colonel Holdsworth—Also of my Adjutants, Colonel Guy Vivian and Major Layton, D.S.O.—End of my Indian service — Hearty farewells — Ball given by the Civil Service—Banquet at Benares—Sir John Edge—The Rivett-Carnac Challenge Trophy—Government complimentary resolution—Journey through the Punjab and Sindh—Visit to the grave of Sir Henry Durand—Bombay—Homeward bound.

WHILST at Ghazipore, the constant intercourse with Europe helped us to keep abreast of much that was interesting at home. Benares was a point which no one coming out to see India could omit on the tour, and as we were within easy reach of the holy city most of our friends found us out. And one had time to be thoroughly idle, according to the standard of idleness of a distinguished member of our service who left India soon after my first arrival in Calcutta. A friend asked

him, in my presence, what he intended to do at home. His answer was that he intended to be thoroughly idle. "But," said his friend, "after the active life passed in India, you will find this difficult." "Oh no," came the answer, "I shall work half a dozen hours a-day at least at my music. Then I am quite ashamed of my ignorance of Spanish literature, and I intend to go in and study that thoroughly." This is what he meant by being idle—having his time to himself, and being able to apportion it as he liked. In the Opium Department, with the large number of officers to be controlled, and the huge commercial interest of the Government to be guarded, there was ample to occupy the head of the Department during a portion of each day. But he had a very large and excellent staff, and when all the strings were well in hand the work went smoothly enough. So that I had ample time to "idle," according to the above definition of the accomplishment. From the time I had first settled down at Ghazipore I had taken up strongly the Volunteer movement. And to this, during the rest of my time in India, I gave considerable attention. Many of my family had served the Crown in the Parliaments, the Navy, and the Army. My father was an Admiral. His elder brother was a soldier. One of the family, Colonel Rivett, of the 1st Regiment of Foot Guards, had fallen at Malplaquet. My younger brother was a Colonel of Hussars. I could thus hope to have inherited, in some degree, that pride of the sword which is inherent in all good Britons, and so, not having the good fortune to hold a commission in the Army, I was glad enough to receive one in the Volunteers. And the work with them occupied much of my time. For I had everything to learn, besides much to organise, before I could hope to be efficient in command, as I commenced at the top of the tree as a Commandant, without passing through the junior grades. With the necessity of preparation in India against a day of trouble I had long been convinced. A foreigner who had visited the country had said to me on leaving, "My friend, I have now seen all the wonders of your wonderful Empire in the East,—the Taj and your great rivers and the Himalayas.

But, to my mind, the greatest of all these wonders is the way in which you Europeans in India, surrounded by hundreds of thousands of Asiatics, live without any combination for mutual protection or defence. Were the country in the hands of our Government, every single one of you would be armed, drilled, and would have his place assigned to him for the day of trouble." And this is the lesson I preached in season and out of season, to try and get all precautions thought out and all organisations complete during the piping times of peace, so that trouble might find us cool and prepared. I wished every one to be practised in his work, and shown his place in the boats, so to speak, just as a careful commander on board ship practises his crew with the lifeboats when the sea is calm and there is time available to instruct and arrange. And in regard to my pleasures, difficulties, and anxieties in these respects the following pages will now treat.

The remarks regarding examinations will have explained my efforts at qualification in that direction. For the practical part I was attached to a regiment, the 1st Cheshires, with which distinguished regiment I served for three months at Allahabad, being carefully taught every part of my regimental duty. Whilst I was attached to the regiment I had a sad experience of the realities of Indian life. My headquarters were then at Allahabad, so that I could carry on my civil work whilst giving up my mornings to drill and my military duties. I generally dined at mess, though I had the house, called the General's house, that had been tenanted by me during the famine times, and which was close up to the barracks of the European infantry. I had had to go off to an out-station on some civil duty, and one morning received a telegram to say that cholera had broken out in the station. It was the rains, when it is difficult to shake off the disease. I at once returned to Allahabad, where my wife was, and found that, the evening before, thirteen men and an officer, the Assistant-Surgeon, had died of cholera in the barrack next to our house. The regiment was going out into camp at once, on some high ground

about fifteen miles from the station. The Colonel kindly said that my being attached to the regiment to learn my drill did not in any way mean that I was expected to join a cholera camp. But I thought it right to do so, and immediately sent out my civil camp with my big tents to be pitched with those of the regiment. I lived, of course, with the officers, and assisted in all the work, which consisted chiefly of keeping the men employed and amusing them. And for this latter purpose I rigged up my big tents as recreation-rooms for the non-commissioned officers and men. We lost three men in the train on our way out, and after that, during the three weeks we were out in tents in the heat and rain, we had no other case, I am thankful to say. We had an amusing experience one Sunday. When the regiment had been for a fortnight under canvas, a chaplain came out to read the service. The regiment was paraded. The weather was very hot, heavy, and trying, and many men were weak and sick. The Colonel said to the fussy little chaplain, "Please, do not give any sermon. All will have to stand outside, and the service alone will be tiring." The little man intimated something to the effect that these were matters that appertained to his conscience, and did not admit of dictation. When a sufficiently long morning service had been got through, the little gentleman coughed, approached the big drum, and produced a bulky MS., evidently a long sermon. The voice of the Colonel suddenly rang out in the silence. "Cheshires! Attention!! Right about face!!! Quick march!!!!" And the little gentleman was left alone on the plain with the corporal, who had acted as clerk, the big drum, and his big sermon. That incident caused considerable correspondence in which Generals, Commanders-in-Chief, Bishops, and Governors became in succession involved. I fear that that Colonel was told not to be naughty again. But I fear too that several of us sympathised with him. And remember, the weather was hot.

A lesson in musketry I learnt early, from that best of men and excellent of soldiers, General Sir Herbert M'Pherson, V.C.,

under whom I served for some time, and who was ever most helpful and practical, was this. He found me practising a squad of recruits shooting at one hundred yards. They had most of them never before shot with a rifle, did not like the kick, and one and all missed the target time after time. Sir Herbert said, "The men get discouraged, and do not see the good of going on when they never hit the target. Get," he said, "a canvas target." One was produced. "Now march your squad up to fifty yards from the butts. Commence firing." The same result. "Never mind," said he, "advance to twenty yards. Now my fine fellow," says he to a young Eurasian, "go at that." Result, a hole in the canvas. "Take him up to it; let him see it; let him put his finger through it. Let him see he *can* hit and do some damage. Let him have half a dozen shots at that range, and then take him back by degrees. He will hold on to his success and gain confidence, and be a good shot in time." And this, I am convinced, is the way to teach a recruit, and it was always adopted by me from that time forward. I commend this grand soldier's excellent advice to all those who have to teach rifle-shooting to recruits and new hands.

In these days I was a good shot, and won, as I think I have mentioned, the Regimental Silver Bowl prize for the best shot in the battalion. I therefore took much interest in the selection of an Indian Team to compete for the Cup at Wimbledon, and open to India and the Colonies. I commanded this Team on the only two occasions on which it was sent home, but I cannot pretend that, on either occasion, we scored any great success. The men were all excellent shots, and had all been most successful in matches in India. But at Wimbledon the conditions were very different from those of a match in India during a beautiful, bright, cold-weather day. It might happen that our best shot had to fire off in a heavy rain-storm, or in half a gale of wind. I have knelt in a puddle of water and been drenched by a Wimbledon shower, and have a few minutes later had to shoot in a sun-glare with a strong wind blowing. In India

the conditions may be described as, perhaps, too accommodating. Then there were other difficulties to be contended with. The expenses were so great, and our funds so limited, that the men were got home only just before the matches came off. Thus they had no time to get over the sudden change in climate or to get into condition. About one-half of us were officers. The rest were men on the railways and other departments in India who had not been at home for some years, and whom it was difficult to induce to conform strictly to the rules of training necessary for those who wish for success in such matches. And the temptations of a great city were too near and too much for some of them. Still, on the whole, the shooting by our men was good, and some prizes were carried back to India.

With Volunteering I began modestly at Ghazipore by arming the Factory Staff, some eighteen in number. These were enrolled as Rifle Volunteers. Later, the scheme was extended to the districts, and all the officers serving in my Department were enlisted. So far the corps had been confined to those serving under me. It was now proposed to increase it, and to enrol all the Europeans and Eurasians in the adjacent districts. With this view I undertook during my tours a personal canvass, of which I had already had some experience at home at various family Parliamentary elections, at Lymington and elsewhere, and, in course of time, I had the satisfaction of reporting that I had enlisted the greater part of those available in the eight districts adjoining Ghazipore. It had appeared to me marvellous that some comprehensive scheme had not been worked out earlier for arming the Europeans against a possible day of trouble. My foreign friend's views on the importance of arming have already been quoted. Of the wisdom of his advice none will doubt, and during nearly twenty years at Ghazipore, in season and out of season, I advocated this view, and spent much time and money in giving effect to it. It may be supposed that the importance of all in India being prepared is so obvious, that every one with a view to his own interests

would enrol almost without being asked. As a fact, however, the recruiting-officer's task was far from easy. The chief difficulty in the way was the climate. During the greater part of the year it is so exhausting that, when a man has done his day's obligatory work, he has little energy or desire left to him to undertake additional and Volunteer duties. To talk to a man about the necessity of preparation against a possible day of trouble, is like preaching to him about the importance of preparing against death and the next world. Some wise persons will take heed; the greater number will let the matter slide until the peril is upon them. Then the difficulty would be that, in the case of an outbreak, every one would rush in at once and ask for arms. The organisation, to be efficient, should be undertaken not in a hurry in front of the enemy, but in the piping times of peace, when all are cool and able to think out arrangements carefully and deliberately. And I am glad to say that, before leaving India, I had not only preached that view, but had been able to ensure its adoption in a portion of the country at least.

During my canvass I had to deal with, and to try to reconcile, many conflicting opinions. Most men would say that they really had no time to devote to Volunteer duties, and that they had not the energy left when the day's work was done to turn out and drill,—in fact, that the duties involved were too heavy. When you had finished assuring one man that the drills would be made as light as possible during the hot-weather, you came to his neighbour. This man would probably say, "Join your Volunteers? Well, you see, at home I belonged to the 3rd Diddlesex,—you must have heard of the corps? Now *they* were what I call *real* Volunteers. They were as smart, the General said, as any Battalion of the Guards. Well, this could not be done without incessant drill, and we had it, I can assure you. Now that's what I call *real* Volunteering. Here your fellows hardly drill at all, and I am too much of a *real* Volunteer to join so inferior an organisation as the Indian arrangement." One

man complained there was too much; the next asked for more! And so it went on, the progress not very rapid at first, but still steady. No effort was spared to popularise the movement. The Government officials brought from time to time a little legitimate pressure to bear on the clerks in the offices to join, and this was right-wise enough, seeing that in the event of trouble the East Indian and his family would require to be protected. The Infantry — the Rifles — were chiefly composed of this class. Later we were fortunate enough to include all the railway employés in the N.W. Railway in the corps, and for this I had to thank my good friend Alexander Izat, of Khangaon fame, then the head of the railway organisation in these districts. But I found that, although one or two enthusiastic officers were willing to set a good example and shoulder a rifle in the ranks, the planters and non-officials, of whom we had a goodly proportion, detested the infantry work. So it was determined to raise a corps of Light Horse, gentleman riders, and owners up. As every man had to provide his own horse, it is obvious that this corps must be confined to men of means who kept horses. In the Light Horse we eventually succeeded in enlisting nearly every man who was young enough to sit a horse and well enough off to keep one. And we enlisted some few who could ride but could not afford a horse, and borrowed mounts for these from those who had large stables.

I have said no effort was spared to popularise the work. It seemed only fair to give the Eurasian clerk something in exchange for the portion of his leisure taken away by his new duties. So besides rifle-matches we organised camps and meets, with sports, races, dances, and other amusements during the hours not claimed by drills. In these the families of the men joined and enjoyed themselves, and formed a favourable opinion of the merits of Volunteering. The Light Horse headquarters soon became the centre of everything connected with sport in our districts. That man would, indeed, be a poor creature who did not belong to the corps. He would have no chance at the club, or with the polo-team;

he would be sorry for himself at the races; would not get invited to the balls, and would be chaffed unmercifully by all the ladies. For the Volunteers, having a band and undertaking the organisation of race-meets, balls, &c., were much in favour with the fair sex; and especially favoured for various reasons were the Light Horse. The corps not only included all the eligible bachelors, but, as the wife of one of the troopers told me, it was such an advantage belonging to a cavalry corps, because, if it ever came to *real* trouble, and the families should have to take refuge in a house and be besieged, those of the Light Horse need never have any anxiety about starvation, as they could always *eat their horses!*

Thus, by degrees, we succeeded in enrolling the great majority of the European and Eurasian residents in the Rifles or Light Horse. There still remained a residue, mostly oldish men, who could not be persuaded to undertake what they considered would be onerous duties. There were also some busy men, barristers, merchants, and the like, who could not plead age, but who declared that they could not spare the time. Then there were some missionaries who pleaded that they were men of peace, not of war. I wanted to secure the services of every one of these men, for in the event of trouble, place would have to be found for them all in the fort or house, or whatever it might be determined to defend, and unless they could fall into line and help in the defence, they would be an encumbrance. I therefore bethought me of securing them by forming what was to be termed, for want of a better name, a "Reserve," and to which those not already in the fold could be admitted under less stringent conditions than those prescribed for the Volunteers. The two first of the classes of men above noticed all shied at the infantry drill, and objected to having to march about in an unbecoming uniform in the company of a number of half-castes. They were too old, they pleaded, or were too busy to join the Light Horse. They could all shoot, they said, had their rifles, and might be relied upon in the event of real trouble. I was never a believer in much drill being required for the Volunteers of

the class I commanded. Whether you wanted it or not, it was impossible under existing conditions to get much of it. And the position in India is totally different from that of the Volunteer at home. For the latter, drill is absolutely essential, as he will have to take his place in the first line and face a disciplined enemy. In India the Volunteer would not be required to fight pitched battles, but to defend houses and positions, and he would probably have to deal with a rabble from the bazaar, and not with a disciplined force. So far, then, as the Infantry were concerned, much drill was not to be required, and the sensible inspecting officers, early in the day, dispensed with the march-past, a test necessary enough in the case of regular troops. With the Light Horse it was different. These must drill together and learn to ride knee-to-knee, as they might be required to charge a native crowd, or attack an enemy on the move. I was thus able to say to my residue, "If you will join the Reserve, you shall be spared all drills. You say you can shoot straight; this I know well. And you have a rifle and ammunition. But I won't trust to that. When the row begins every one will be sending down to Calcutta for ammunition, and the chances are there will be difficulty about supplies. And there will be all sizes of ammunition, which will cause complication. Put your name down in the Reserve, and I will then get, in your name, a rifle, and place this and a couple of hundred rounds of ammunition in store, which will be ready for you if required. It will be of great advantage that all the rifles are of the same calibre, and if, when the time comes, you find that you have yet a good store of your own cartridges in hand, well, so much the better." Few refused to join the Reserve on these conditions. Later on most of them, as I expected, said, "Oh, I should like to have a look at that rifle you have got for me." Then they felt inclined to try it at the butts, and it generally ended in these men being keen at all the rifle-matches. I should have liked to have seen them in the ranks, but this being out of the question, it was something to have these good men all ready for the trouble, should it come. Drill, such as would be necessary

in the defence of a house, would be imbibed by these intelligent men in a very short time, and as for their shooting straight, there was no doubt about *that*. With the missionaries, too, we had some success. "There is no question," I explained to them, "of your having to masquerade in public in uniform. You say you are men of peace, but what would you do if you saw that the bazaar rabble were going to attack your house, and that your womenkind were in peril? You say that in that case you would resist sure enough! Well, all I want to do is to arrange that, in such a case, you will resist with some effect." And they were generally convinced. The corps, too, had three chaplains who were missionaries.

I persuaded the Government to take up the scheme and extend it throughout India. After some trouble, the idea was generally accepted, and the armed force of Europeans was considerably increased. Some of the leading Volunteer officers opposed me for a time, under the impression that their men would leave the active branch and join the Reserve. But I pointed out that there was but little chance of this, as most of the men in the infantry were those who, for certain reasons, could not well forsake their corps. The cavalrymen, I knew, were enthusiasts. It appeared to me more likely that men who joined the Reserve would possibly, in time, go yet a step higher and join the active corps. And in this I was not disappointed. As for the apprehended danger from what was called "a mob of undisciplined armed Europeans," I was able to quote the opinion of one who had served through the Mutiny and wrote me with authority, being then the Military Member of Council, that they would indeed have been grateful for such a mob in the garrison at the siege of Lucknow, and that some of their most valuable men had learnt their duties under heavy fire! Be it remembered that this scheme was advocated as a *pis aller* under the conditions existing in India, which are quite different from those in our islands, where the Volunteer, who will have to meet a disciplined enemy, will be of little use if not himself disciplined and thoroughly efficient.

Before I left India I had succeeded in persuading every man in the eight districts over which my command extended to arm—that is to say, to join either the Light Horse, the Rifles, or the Reserve; and the Reserve system had been extended to other parts of India. To my efforts in this direction I am indebted for the honour conferred upon me by our late lamented Queen, in appointing me to be an Aide-de-Camp to Her Majesty,—an honour never before conferred on any member of the Indian Civil Service to which I belonged.

The Generals under whom I served were all good enough to recognise the great difficulties with which Volunteer officers in India have to contend, and to make reasonable allowance for shortcomings. A commanding officer had no real power over the men beyond the range of his personal influence. The Infantry, it is true, was composed chiefly of clerks in Government offices, over whom their chiefs could exercise some control, and the railway men had to join the Volunteers under their conditions of service. But the greater number of the Volunteers were entirely independent, and could resign and leave the corps at a moment's notice by sending in a brief note to that effect. As one's great object was to hold the corps together, and not to lose a single man, a certain amount of patience and tact was necessary to keep things straight. Something depended on the Officers and upon the Adjutant, but the Commandant had to bear most of the burden. There was much difficulty in getting a good Adjutant. There was no dearth of applicants for the post. The staff-pay was good; the Adjutant might hope to have much his own way with a civilian Commandant; and the berth was one that commended itself to an indifferent officer who was anxious to get away from regimental discipline. This was not the sort of man one wanted. At the same time it has to be noted, though it may appear strange, that a very keen soldier would not succeed as a Volunteer Adjutant, unless indeed with an exceptional corps, such as the Behar Light Horse. In an ordinary corps there was not enough to occupy a man who was really keen, and he

would be met at every turn with difficulties of which there would be no possibility in the regular army, so that in time the smart soldier would get disheartened and disgusted. These remarks apply specially to the infantry of such a corps as mine, consisting mainly of East Indian clerks, grouped in small numbers at small stations,—men who were in no way keen, but who were expected by the Government to join the force. Very little drill was possible with such men, save when they could be brought together in some numbers in camp in the cold weather.

With the railway men there was more chance, as they could occasionally be got together in force and were more keen. If a good Adjutant had to deal entirely with men of the Light Horse, he would indeed have had no cause for regrets, as here he had to hand the most perfect military raw material in the world. All of them active intelligent men, accustomed to be in the saddle much of the day, they were good horsemen, good horse-masters, and experts in every sort of sport, and knew every inch of the country. What could any cavalry Adjutant wish for more? With a very little practice of men and horses, the troopers would ride well together knee-to-knee. But they had even a greater value than this. They were all men who were engaged either on their work or for sport, moving about their districts continually, and thus knowing every road and jheel and ford. They all, too, could speak the language, and knew the temper and habits of the people and the resources of the district. As scouts, then, to assist a force marching through the country, they would be invaluable. In view of their possible duties in this line, I encouraged the men to make military surveys of the country in their neighbourhood, and to prepare road reports which were sent in to, and most favourably received by, the Military Authorities. I have also always strongly advocated the Adjutant being recognised as a Military Attaché to the Commissioner of Division, and utilised in collecting all information regarding the resources and military possibilities of the tract.

That the Light Horse Corps in India are as fine a body of

cavalry as will be found anywhere was proved by the contingent sent to South Africa, and which distinguished itself under Colonel Lumsden, C.B., and my command naturally gave me much pleasure and satisfaction. Several men of the corps raised by me accompanied Lumsden.

Besides its advantages from the military point of view, Volunteering had a great merit in, like hunting, bringing all classes together. An officer by degrees got to know the character of every man in the place. The unpresentable half-caste, who lived in the bazaar, showed himself when on duty, and it was well to know something of him, as in a row he could not be left to the mercies of the mob. And sometimes the most unpromising specimens of this class made excellent shots, having patience, good eyesight, and a very gentle touch on the trigger. Then it was well to see the non-officials and officials serving side by side, and all mixed up together in the ranks of the Light Horse. The judge would ride as a trooper under the command of the indigo-planter or merchant, and an excellent feeling was thus engendered in the district.

As a commanding officer of Volunteers I had occasionally, as might be expected, some comic experiences. As has been already mentioned, we tried to enrol in the Light Horse every man who had a horse. If he could ride, and most men could, so much the better. If he pleaded that he could not ride, the answer was, "You are the very man for us. You shall be taught to ride by the Sergeant-Instructor, the Adjutant, and all the rest of us, in no time." And success was assured. At one of our meets the inspecting General was going round the camp one morning after parade, when I saw the sentry placed over the quarter-guard flying signals of distress in rather a noticeable manner. The Assistant Adjutant-General, the staff-officer, a fussy little man, said to me, "Really, Colonel Rivett-Carnac, do you see that sentry making signs in a *very* unmilitary manner? A man on duty should not go on in that sort of way." "What is it?" said the General, a fine old soldier, and a sensible man. "I hardly

know, sir," answered I, "but I'll send the officer of the day" (who accompanied us on our rounds) "to find out." "No," says the General, "let us have a look at him ourselves." As we approached I recognised in the sentry a recruit, a new arrival at the station, who had only been enlisted a couple of days before, and who looked rather woe-begone in a helmet two sizes too large for him, and a uniform that had no pretension to a fit. I recognised, too, the astuteness of my excellent Adjutant in having kept this recruit off parade, and having put him that morning on foot sentry-go. "Well, what is it, my good man?" says the General. "We recognised your signals, but they are more nautical, I think, than military." "Oh, sir," replies the delinquent, "the gong has just gone ten o'clock, and I've not yet had either my tub or my breakfast, and I've got to try three murder cases at eleven." This was the new Judge, a decent little man, but not much good yet on a horse, who had been on sentry-go since early morning, and who could not well ignore his prisoners. The General was much amused, and we promised to put the Judge through a course of army-signalling when he was well through the riding-school. The General was, of course, pleased with the incident, as it showed that we had succeeded in getting every one to join, and that the service was really popular.

In the matter of Volunteering, at least, I think that, without attempting any false modesty, I may claim to have had some considerable success during my time in India. As the strength of the chain is that of its weakest link, it is of the first importance to examine and ensure the strength of each link in the chain of the defensive posts encircling the British Empire. Of these, those of India are among the most important. And that these require strengthening by the training and arming, against a day of trouble, of every man of British descent in the country, I am firmly convinced. If I have in some degree succeeded in forwarding this important object, then I may feel that I have assisted in the great and necessary duty of placing the Empire in a satisfactory state of defence, which is the best guarantee of peace.

I could not have succeeded as I did had it not been for the faithful and consistent support of my comrades, among whom I specially recollect my dear friend Colonel George Fox, V.D., who long commanded the Ghazipore Light Horse, raised and commanded by me until a more extended command made me content to remain the Honorary Colonel of the corps, a post I still retain. George Fox was, I always considered, one of the non-officials who deserved the special recognition of the Government for his good work in the corps and for his excellent influence among the men, not only among his brother-planters but amongst officials and others, which had the best effect on the movement in our districts. Though I recommended him time after time for reward, and all in the force recognised that he richly deserved it, he is undecorated. Still he knows that he has deserved well of the State. And to his simple admirable character this may appear enough, though it does not seem so to me. I was more fortunate in the case of Lieutenant-Colonel Holdsworth, a large landed proprietor, who also did good work in the command of the Gorakhpore Light Horse, included in the force in our districts, and which corps was originally raised by me. His services were recognised by his being nominated a Companion of the Order of the Indian Empire, and also by his appointment as an Aide-de-Camp to the Viceroy. Of Adjutants I had several in my time, as they held the appointment, under the rules, for five years only. Of these I recollect best the good work of Colonel Guy Vivian, who served with me in the famine also, and of Major Layton, D.S.O. The latter officer had served both in the cavalry and the infantry, and so was specially grateful to both branches — the Light Horse and Rifles. After I left India he distinguished himself in the Boer War, was recognised everywhere, as by me, as an excellent officer, was mentioned in despatches, and rewarded with a brevet and the Distinguished Service Order.

I cannot, I think, bring better these my Indian "Memories" to a close than with this what I may call my "Volunteer Review," for in the autumn of 1893 my time was up. The

Government extended my service into the next year to allow of the disposal of certain questions before the Opium Commission, which was still sitting in Calcutta, and the close of the cold season saw us packed up and prepared to leave the country in which the best part of our lives had been passed.

From all those who knew us in India my wife and I had the most cordial and affectionate send-off. I think that in our time we had both done our best to make it pleasant for those around us. And this was very handsomely recognised in all quarters. The members of our service entertained us at a farewell ball, when many kind and deservedly pleasant things were said regarding the excellent influence exercised by my wife in the society in which she had moved. The Opium and Volunteer services, with which I had of late years been chiefly identified, opened a subscription intending to present my wife with a diamond necklace. Much as we both appreciated this compliment, we were obliged to decline the gift. The rules of the service very properly forbid an official to accept such testimonials. And although it was represented, not without truth, that nearly every high official of recent years had permitted his wife to accept whatsoever of necklaces, &c., could be collected, we considered that the "Qui facit per *aliam*, facit per *she*" rule applied. We were glad, then, when it was decided that the considerable sum subscribed should go instead to the purchase of a Challenge Trophy to bear my name, and to be shot for by all the Volunteer corps in India. The officers of these Departments entertained me at a farewell banquet at Benares, which many officers of the Volunteer force in various parts of India attended, and where I said good-bye for the time to that most excellent of Volunteers and of men, Colonel Sir John Edge, Chief Justice, then of the High Court at Allahabad. As a judge I have, fortunately, never had any experience of his capacity. But I can claim some experience of him as a valued friend, and a good man all-round, whether as sportsman, Volunteer, or comrade. That his legal merits cannot be less than those in other capacities, is proved by the fact that I have recently had the pleasure of writing to con-

gratulate him on being sworn of His Majesty's Most Honourable Privy Council, the highest honour to which most men can aspire.

The Government of Bengal, under whom I served, also gave me a most handsome send-off in the shape of a special resolution, published in the Government Gazette, and recognising my services in the Civil Department. During the many years I had been head of the Agency my efforts in bringing the Department to a high state of discipline and efficiency had been constantly acknowledged, and I had been informed recently that I had rendered "signal service" to the revenues by suggesting and carrying through what was called the Malwa Opium Scheme, and by which the Government profited largely. The value of the compliment in the Gazette was much enhanced by its coming from a Governor who was recognised as one of the ablest, but at the same time one of the strictest, that the Province had ever known. I had served in the Central Provinces with Sir Charles Elliott, who was some few years my senior, and who was recognised as one of the ablest of Temple's lieutenants. From thence he had been carried off, like Sir Alfred Lyall, to fill several high appointments in various parts of India, and it was now my good fortune to serve with him once more. All who knew his strength, independence, and justice knew that recognition from him was of real value. One of my great pleasures since I left India has been often to see this distinguished man and staunchest of friends; and besides seeing them in London, my wife and I have had the great pleasure of welcoming Sir Charles and Lady Elliott at Schloss Wildeck and at Rougemont, and I am glad to be able to boast of him as one of my intimate friends. I may truthfully say, with great gratitude and thankfulness, that it has been my good fortune to retain as intimate friends all the very best men of my day in India with whom I have at various times served.

We left Bombay on the 25th February 1894, having journeyed there by way of the Punjab and Sindh. My wife had desired, before leaving India, to visit the grave of her

father, Sir Henry Durand, at Dehra Ghazi Khan, one of the most advanced districts on the frontier, and where he had met his death in the tragic accident already noticed. With this pious pilgrimage our Indian sojourn was appropriately brought to a close. And we left the country not without sincere regrets at saying good-bye to many old friends, but with much thankfulness for some happy days passed in that country, so specially well adapted to the necessities of cadets of old families, like my own, whose progeny is numerous, and whose pedigrees are much longer than their purses.

CHAPTER XVII.

HOME AGAIN.

1894.

Return home—Marseilles—Wiesbaden—Precautions at the Post Office—Title of Colonel—Count Seckendorff—Invitation to Friedrichshof—The Empress Frederick—Her great ability and charm—Beauties of the Castle—Her Majesty's interest in India—'Helen Treveryan' and Sir Mortimer Durand—"Where is Ghazipore?"—Her Majesty answers—Benares—A ball at Benares—*Mai-trank*—At Potsdam—The Princess Victoria—At Bonn again—The Prince of Schaumburg-Lippe—The König-Husaren—The cavalry exercises—The British education of the German Emperor—A visit to the Palace of Ballenstedt—The Duchy of Anhalt—The Prince of Anhalt-Dessau succeeds—Relationship to the German Emperor—His war services—Banquet at the Palace—Life there—A pleasant week's visit—Glorious weather—The forest and game preserves—Dinners in the forest—The hat difficulty abroad—Royal German etiquette—Purity and a head of hair—Suspicions of baldness—The reigning Duke and his Minister—Our leave-taking—The happiness of others—The much-dreaded etiquette.

WE landed at Marseilles, on our return from India, on the 22nd of March 1894, on the first official day of a very dreary and unpromising spring. I can now look back with great thankfulness to fifteen and a half years of almost unalloyed happiness spent at home and on the Continent since that day. The severe illness that overcame me four years ago, and which still makes even jotting down these my "Memories" a difficulty, has somewhat reduced the average of my joys, but will, I hope, still leave me sufficient strength to finish this my pleasant intercourse with my readers by bringing the record down to the present day.

In the foregoing chapters the plan of a chronological statement of one's experiences was abandoned, as likely to prove wearisome to both reader and writer. Were I to attempt to record in order all our visits and all the pleasant friends my wife and I met during these years, this would undoubtedly be accounted to me for snobbishness. For both at home and abroad we have had many opportunities of visiting pleasant places and consorting with interesting people. And here it may be convenient to confess that if liking the society of great and important people, as they are called, is snobbishness, then I must be condemned as from my own mouth as being fully possessed by that vice. But it must be explained that this sort of society can only be to one's liking when one finds oneself accepted as a friend, with no question of condescension and tolerance. When friendship is offered on such terms, there is, I hold, nothing snobbish in accepting it and enjoying it to the top of one's bent. And if you are relating your pleasant experiences of life you are justified, I also hold, in including such experiences in your narration. Many people like such gossip; and to oneself it is pleasant to remember and talk over such days. So the reader is warned both as to my character and intentions — of the former of which he has had some taste already.

We were at Wiesbaden later in the summer, when I learnt from Count Seckendorff that the Empress Frederick had been pleased to say she would wish to see my wife and myself at Friedrichshof, her beautiful Schloss in the Taunus. I awaited a note from the devoted Oberst-Hofmeister, whom I had known both at the Neues Palais and during his tour through India, to fix a day for our visit. But inquiry at the post produced no letter. At last, going down myself, I watched the stiff German official turning over the letters, and noticed one addressed in Seckendorff's handwriting to Colonel Rivett-Carnac. This I immediately claimed. "But," said the man, "you are not a Colonel; you have had many letters — you Mister. But this is for a

Herr Oberst." Argument was of no avail; so I returned to the hotel and brought my passport, which, fortunately, described me as being, besides a "Mister," also a Colonel and Aide-de-Camp. The man, who was an old soldier, could not understand the rank being only occasionally used. And this foreign system of precaution in giving out letters to applicants is most sensible and necessary. As a Commandant of Volunteers, I had never taken the rank; but as an Aide-de-Camp the case was different. I had received a special commission from Her Majesty appointing me and giving me the rank. And I had a right to carry it. To be modest about it would be like a man who had been knighted declining to bear the title of "Sir," or of a humble General refusing to wear gold lace down his trousers. Moreover, on all my Court duties I was Colonel, and officially recognised by the Sovereign as such. Changing one's skin constantly was inconvenient. I could not be Mr R.-C. at the United Service Club, which had elected me as being on the Army List. So from that time forward I became, and have remained, a Colonel, notwithstanding my civilian origin. But not without an occasional exposure. I remember overhearing the wife of an old Indian Staff Corps Colonel explaining to a foreigner at a German hotel thus: "You see, my husband is a *real* Colonel, whereas Colonel R.-C. was only raised in the Volunteers." And this was true. I had known my good little friend, the "real Colonel," almost from the time that he had entered the service. He was an Ensign in a Queen's Regiment, as they were called, to distinguish them from John Company's troops. He wanted rupees and civil employment. He was appointed to a Civil Commission: in that he served faithfully for above thirty years as a magistrate. During the whole of that period he never once went near a soldier, nor had any sort of communication with the Army. Still, by the system in vogue, he went up regularly, according to the years of his service, into the higher grades — becoming a Lieutenant, Captain, Major, Lieutenant-Colonel, and Colonel all in due course. And

it was a grievance, naturally, to madame that an odious order of the Government had only recently deprived these military civilians of the privilege of retiring with the full rank of General, which hundreds of others had formerly enjoyed. Our friend for thirty-five years, as stated, had absolutely had no sort of military experience. In my case, although a civilian, I had raised two corps of Light Horse and a battalion of Rifles, and had commanded these for twenty years. I had passed every possible examination, had been to a Garrison class and had commanded a brigade at manœuvres, and had some military knowledge up to date, besides being on the active list of the Army, and privileged to accompany the Sovereign even unto battle should Her Majesty go thither. Still the speaker was technically correct, and the foreigner wondered—but not I.

After this digression, it must be recorded that a beautiful summer's afternoon favoured us at Friedrichshof. I had not seen Her Majesty since the death of the Emperor, so admired and beloved by all who knew him, and who from old Bonn days had extended to me such consistent and continued kindness. It was sad to notice how worn and sorrowful the Empress looked in her deep mourning; and the meeting, bringing back many memories of the happier gone-by, could not but be sad. Still, immediately Her Majesty smiled, the whole face was illumined by a grace and gentleness of expression which she had inherited from her Queen-Mother, and of which all who had the privilege of knowing her will have retained an appreciative remembrance. The Empress knew that my wife had been often with the Duchess of Connaught, to whom Her Majesty was much attached, and for whose ability she had expressed a very high opinion. The artistic tastes of the Empress interested her in everything connected with Indian art, and in the collections made by the Duchess of Connaught and also by my wife. Friedrichshof was a mine of all that was beautiful in the shape of Alt-Deutsch furniture, old glass, and the other characteristic work dear to all collectors, of

whom the Empress was one of the most interested and well-informed. She had also some very good Indian specimens, in securing which I had at one time assisted. Her Majesty was very interested in all connected with India, regarding which she and the Duchess of Connaught, she said, had often had long talks. I had sent shortly before to Her Majesty a copy of a novel written by my brother-in-law, Sir Mortimer Durand, 'Helen Treveryan,' which contains some excellent sketches of Indian life. With this the Empress expressed herself delighted, as giving an idea of the country and the people and the sport. And she especially appreciated the war scenes in Afghanistan, drawn from the life, as the author had accompanied Lord Roberts to Cabul as Political Secretary, and had helped MacGregor and others to get the guns out of the ditch on that exciting day which ended in a victory for us at Sherpore. The Empress repeated more than once that a tour through India was one of her dearest desires, but that it must now be relegated to the impossible. And this brought back to my mind an evening of some years before at the Neues Palais, when the late Emperor was Crown Prince. We were having dinner, or supper, in the beautiful garden of the Palace, for the weather was such as to make out-of-doors a delight. The lady-in-waiting, sitting next to me, asked me from what part of India I came. I mentioned Ghazipore, the station where I then had my headquarters. "Ghazipore," she naturally said—"where is Ghazipore?" Whereupon the Crown Princess replied across the table, "Ghazipore is a city on the Ganges, below Benares, where they make the most excellent attar of roses." On my expressing surprise that Her Imperial Highness knew so much about a place of which, I am confident, not one out of a hundred of my readers—if indeed they ever number one hundred—have ever heard, she replied, "You wrote to the Crown Prince from there; and I turned Ghazipore up on the map and in the Gazetteer, and I read about the rose-gardens and the opium factory there."

At Friedrichshof the conversation turned on to Benares. The Empress said how dearly she would wish to go there, to see the temples, the pilgrims bathing in the great river, the bazaars with all movement and colour from the crowds in their varied costumes, and the shops and booths of all of which she had read in my wife's "An Afternoon in an Indian Bazaar." "But," added Her Majesty, "if I went to Benares, I know the first thing would be that they would want me to go to a ball." Then with a sigh, "Fancy a ball at Benares!" And then we talked of a ball once given there—a great ball given by the Maharajah of Benares to Lord Lytton when Viceroy—of which I was certain the Empress must have heard through Lady Downe, who was one of the very few present on that occasion,—Lady Downe, who had been one of Her Majesty's bridesmaids, and who always remained one of Her Majesty's most intimate friends. The ball was given at Ramnugger, the Palace of His Highness the Maharajah on the Ganges, a few miles above Benares, and the arrangements were all on the most splendid scale, and admirably thought out and carried out. The night was a little threatening as we started in a steam-launch with the Viceregal party — consisting of the Viceroy and Lady Lytton; Lord and Lady Downe, who were on a visit to Government House; the staff; and my wife and myself. It began to rain and blow when we were well on the river; and as the night was pitch-dark we were all glad to arrive at the Palace, but were surprised to find the great ballroom quite empty. The Maharajah then explained that all the guests — a goodly company, consisting of all the European society at Benares and a large number of visitors from Calcutta and elsewhere—were on board a big steamer chartered for the occasion. This had stuck on a sandbank in the main channel, some miles down, and had not been seen by us in our small launch, which had steamed through a narrow passage. Lord Lytton waited an hour, walking round the Palace and admiring many curiosities, and hoping that the company might arrive to people the splendid empty

rooms. But word came that every effort to get the steamer off the sandbank was unavailing. She was some little distance from the shore. The wind had got up, and, as the rain was falling in torrents, there was no chance of the arrival of the guests. So Lady Lytton, Lady Downe, my wife, and their partners made a few turns round the room in a valse, to the music of the splendid band brought up for the occasion. Then we all went in to supper. By the time this was finished it was one o'clock, and as the gale had not abated, the party returned in closed carriages to Benares, much regretting the hospitable Maharajah's disappointment. We heard afterwards that a good many adventurous spirits had managed later to land from the ship, and getting conveyances from the Palace and elsewhere, had reached the ballroom when the morning was fairly on, and had, nevertheless, danced for a time, and had a good "supper." And this was the ball of which the Empress had heard from Lady Downe. Her Majesty's objection, however, extended to every sort of ball at Benares. "If ever I were to go there," she said, "I should devote all my time to the native part of it, and avoid garden-parties and the like, which are more appropriate to Calcutta."

And here I must interpolate a word or so about the delicious German drink of *Mai-trank*, or *Erdbeern-bole*, noticed in my Bonn recollections. Whilst writing down these notes there has come to me a notice of Count Zeppelin's balloon success, and the invitation he had received from the present Emperor to drink with him *Mai-trank* at Berlin. And what is this *Mai-trank?* inquires of me a very British visitor, loaded to the muzzle with *Dreadnought* arguments, and seeing even in this festive invitation and its liquor a lurking menace to Great Britain. Why, it is a most delectable concoction, having as its basis Rhine wine. It is a glorified hock-cup, tempered with strawberries—the wild, small-bodied fellows, if you please—and flavoured with the delicious little Waldmeister, the forest herb, whose name I do not know in English. It is hardly borage, I think.

Well, in the summer, at Bonn, this was the drink in which we used to indulge when the kind-hearted Prince Frederick of Prussia, as he then was, and his kinsman, then the Prince of Anhalt, took my brother and myself, as boys, to drives and picnics to Heisterbach or Rolandseck, or to Apollinaris, now so famous, or to the beautiful Aar valley over against Bonn. Years afterwards I was at the Neues Palais, Potsdam, as the guest of the Imperial Crown Prince of Germany, as my host had now become. I was asked at dinner what I would drink, as the Crown Princess always made tea at the end of the table at these supper-dinners, which, when the weather was fine, were held in the garden. "Ah," said the Crown Prince, "I can tell you what he will take. He would like *Mai-trank*, I know." And this excellent of beverages was promptly compounded and brought to me, so good-naturedly had H.I.R. remembered my preference of the long-ago. But kindness and thoughtfulness for others were distinguishing features of this great Prince and amiable man, whose death brought sadness to all who had the good fortune to know him, and of which privilege I shall always retain the most grateful and happy remembrance.

After that evening at Friedrichshof, my wife and I were never to see the Empress again. And her great kindness and her sad suffering have helped to impress vividly on our memories that beautiful smile and that intelligent face, which lit up and became animated whilst talking of the many subjects that interested her. Her Majesty's last words were, "I shall write to my daughter at Bonn, and tell her you are coming to see her. And you must talk to her about India as you have to me: she will be interested." This was the Empress's daughter, the Princess Victoria, married to the Prince of Schaumburg-Lippe, then serving with his regiment, the König-Husaren, at Bonn. For I could not pass the place, of which I always retain such happy memories, without halting there for a space and visiting many beloved haunts. So to Bonn we went, and there we received from the Princess the same cordial welcome that had been granted

to us by the Empress at Friedrichshof. I had known the Princess as a child at Potsdam, and had seen her occasionally off and on. It was well known that she had been most carefully educated, and had inherited much of her parent's ability. So our visit was most pleasant. The Prince himself was an enthusiastic soldier, and an efficient commandant of one of the crack German cavalry regiments, in which, being always stationed at Bonn, many of the Bourussia and other students put in a part of their military service. The regiment—the König-Husaren—at the time was performing apparently almost impossible feats in taking horses uphill and down precipices, and of these the Princess gave me a series of photographs in which the commandant appeared in the most dangerous and impossible positions. "For," said she, "he is a good soldier and a good sportsman. One can depend upon a man with such qualities." The manner in which the children of the Empress talk English was always noticeable, and was explained by English being generally spoken in the family. It is, however, doubtful whether the natural but very pronounced British leanings of Her Majesty were altogether fortunate. Our present Queen is beloved and popular with all classes, as from the first she has identified herself with everything that is British, of the country of her husband and adoption. Had she, however, been a German Princess, desirous of making everything about the family and the Court as German as possible, it is doubtful whether she would have attained and retained her present great popularity. The German Emperor's bringing-up was so entirely British, it is sometimes said. If this is true, then possibly he may have had rather too much of that bringing-up. One knows the effect of copious theological training on the conventional clergyman's son, whose grown-up proclivities are often remarkable. Whatever may be thought of the German Emperor, it is impossible to help admiring him in many aspects. And of these, one of the most striking is his noble and intense patriotism, which of all things is

most admirable in a man, and becoming in a grandson of our own great Queen.

From Bonn, one year, we journeyed across Germany to a part I had never visited — to which I had oftentimes been invited, but which had always been beyond my beat,— the kingdom of my other warm friend of Bonn days, who was formerly Prince of Anhalt-Dessau. I had occasionally heard from him whilst in India. Some years previously he had come into his heritage. There had been deaths among the rulers of the little states, and the three of Anhalt had been now merged into one, and the former Prince of the Anhalt-Dessau portion had become reigning Duke of the united Duchy of Anhalt. It would be difficult to conceive a more perfect little kingdom, for the ruler, though termed Duke, is a reigning Sovereign, with all powers and dignities as complete as that of any other crowned head. He has his own State and subjects, his own army, parliament, council, and ministers, his own order of knighthood to distribute to the deserving; and he has, moreover, a rich, beautiful, and smiling country. As far as pedigree is concerned, the Askanier claims to be the oldest of all German royalties. Though his territory is small—1000 square miles only—it is well placed and rich, and its 350,000 inhabitants are among the most contented and prosperous in Germany. Dessau, the capital, with some 55,000 inhabitants, is a thriving, cheerful place, with palaces and museums, and treasures of the family second only to those of the Green Vaults at Dresden. It seems to me that a ruler is indeed to be envied who has all the pleasure of reigning over a limited population whom he can get to know and who can know him well; who can enjoy all the honours and advantages of royalty without undue anxieties and responsibilities, and have a real little kingdom,—one with real patriotism of its own and a belief in and affection for its Sovereign Prince,—and in addition to this an immense private fortune, in mines, &c., rendering him independent of his Civil List and State Exchequer. And this is what my friend of Bonn days had inherited, and

which, in his kindly, cheery manner, such as he had had as a young man, he now insisted that my wife and I should come and see, in his Palace of Ballenstedt, where the Court had gone for the summer. The good-natured Duke laboriously copied out with his own hand the somewhat complicated time-table, with the various changes *en route*, which was to land us eventually on the borders of the Harz in the most glorious summer weather, and did all to make our journey easy. My wife at first regarded this invitation to stay for a week at a small German Court with no little alarm. For I learnt that Ballenstedt was a big Palace, and that all the Court were there. One had heard much of the rigid etiquette, and, as I had not seen anything of His Highness for many years, he might have changed now that he was a ruling Sovereign. And then there were the courtiers to be reckoned with. But we hoped for the best, and were prepared for any reasonable number of bows and curtsies.

We were received, on arrival at the railway-station, by an obliging lord- and lady-in-waiting, and driven up in state to the Palace in the perfectly equipped turn-out for which in Bonn days already the Prince had been celebrated. We were received with some solemnity in the great hall, where were assembled a numerous court and many personages, to whom we were introduced. Our companions at the railway-station took us to our rooms, a magnificent suite at the angle of the Castle, which our host afterwards told us had been occupied a short time previously by the Prince of Wales on his visit to Ballenstedt. The dinner that evening was rather a formidable affair. Full state, all the plate, and servants, and court; a German inspecting General and his staff; and uniforms and decorations, and ladies in full-dress, so that my wife and her maid began to be anxious regarding her wardrobe lasting the round of the visit. All had been rather formal so far, and I had not got below the reigning Sovereign, with whom one had to be at attention in the presence of the many soldiers and courtiers. But the next morning, after our friends of the day before had

been up to our rooms to learn how we fared, and to bring us greetings from their master and mistress, my host made his appearance in my sitting-room, to my great surprise. And from that time forth he was again as I had known him years before—the handsome, cheery man of the Bonn days, grown older, indeed, as he had in the meantime served with distinction as a General throughout the Franco-German War, and now wore the much-coveted iron cross of the campaign. His mother had been a Princess of Prussia, and he was thus a cousin of the Crown Prince, and with him, he told me, he had been much during the war; whilst his sister had married the soldier "Red Prince"—Prince Friedrich Carl, the father of the Duchess of Connaught, of whom mention has already been made. We had a cheery talk over old times. And then His Highness told me that the Duchess had gone to my wife's room on similar intent, to ascertain what her special tastes were, and more particularly on a point regarding which the Duke seemed most anxious. "These banquets," said he, "does she expect one of these *every* night? I hear English ladies are often very particular." I hastened to assure him—what I knew my wife would have expressed to the Duchess—that her one desire would be to escape the formal banquets and low dresses. "Good," said he. "Then, in this magnificent weather, we will do just as we should do if we had no visitors. We will sup every night in my deer-forests, and you shall see something of its inhabitants, at whom you shall have as many shots as you like, if you will only come to me in the proper season." So it was convened that we were all to be spared further banquets, which, especially in magnificent summer weather such as then prevailed, were more than undesirable. In the mornings, before luncheon, when the Duke was free of his Minister and household, we would walk about the splendid gardens, ending at the lawn-tennis ground, where the Princess,[1] his young unmarried daughter, would play with some of the

[1] Since married to the Prince of Schwarzburg-Rudolstadt.

Court. And sitting in the shade of the glorious trees, we would be regaled before luncheon with an appetiser, in the shape of a glass of Imperial Tokay, for which the cellars were celebrated. The Palace itself abounded in beautiful rooms and galleries, in one of which was a perfect wealth of mezzotints of the works of Sir Joshua Reynolds and other painters' portraits, among which was pointed out to me one by Smith of the well-known picture of my great-aunt, Mrs Carnac, through whom the Carnac property and name came to us Rivetts. This print, like the others, was a proof before letters. Seeing that such a mezzotint of Mrs Carnac was sold recently at Christie's for twelve hundred guineas, the value of this gallery of prints alone must be considerable. The Schloss had every convenience. There was even an opera-house in one of the wings, and besides his private band the Duke had his own opera troupe, so that, of a morning, the opera for the evening could be chosen and ordered with the dinner, and from the dining-hall to the royal box was but a step, with no trouble about carriage or mufflers.

In the afternoon came the drive, which for the rest of our stay was conducted on the same lines. His Highness took me with him in the first carriage, and as he said it was more private without any one in waiting, I did equerry for the nonce. The Duchess drove my wife, and following them came carriages bringing the lords- and ladies-in-waiting, of whom there were several at Ballenstedt, and all of whom had to be conveyed, as dinner was to be held in the forest. The weather fortunately continued hyper-glorious the whole week of our visit, so the *al fresco* dinner was repeated daily. We drove for an hour or so through the splendid forest on the borders of the Harzgebirge. It is a celebrated game-preserve, and the reigning Duke, besides being a good soldier, was the most enthusiastic sportsman and an excellent woodman and shot. Next to his opera troupe and opera-house, I think I envied him most those glorious forests, swarming with game of all sorts, and little exploited by the poacher, so beloved was the ruler. We sat and chatted over

old times as we drove along, and I heard much of the war, in which the Duke had well played his part. He had been devoted to his cousin the Emperor Frederick, and from college times they had been fast friends. In the present, what most exercised my kind host was the succession to the Duchy, and it seemed a relief to him to talk of it unreservedly. This was limited to heirs-male. There were four sons of the house of Anhalt, and as the Duke said, he might reasonably have hoped that one at least of them would have produced a son to be heir to the Duchy. But two of the sons had daughters only, whilst the two others were, so far, childless. Of collaterals there were absolutely none, and the prospect of the Duchy being gobbled up by their powerful neighbour of Prussia found no favour with the Duke or his people. Since then, I am glad to say, there have been born two young Princes to Prince Edward of Anhalt, so that the people of the Duchy have now no anxiety regarding the succession. And my kind friend, I am equally glad to say, lived to see one of these grandsons appear, and thus had all cause for disquietude removed before his death. At the end of our talk we came to a spot in the forest, a clearing, on high ground commanding a fine view below, with the Brocken in the distance on our right flank. And here were fourgons and the lacqueys, and here were spread the tables, on which was served to us a delicious cold collation, grateful on a very hot evening. And here, too, we had *Mai-trank*, which, with my ancient proclivities, I preferred even to the finest Imperial Tokay. These evening picnics in such weather were delightful. And equally enjoyable was the drive back through the forest in the changing lights. Everything at Ballenstedt and at Dessau, the capital, was splendidly done, as the family were enormously rich, and the Duke had a strong taste for good horses, and the teams, the outriders, and the turns-out would have satisfied the most fastidious master of the horse. Amiable, excellent man, his only trouble at Ballenstedt was having continually to take off his hat. Here he seldom wore uniform, except for some special reception. When driving out, his hat was of the billy-

cock persuasion. Every one who passed took off his hat to the Sovereign, and the Duke never failed to take off his hat in return—so until we got well into the forest his time was very fully occupied. Such a hat had, he complained, but a short life; and the too constant exercise in taking it off and replacing it worried him. But he never failed in his duty. In Dessau, he explained, being usually in uniform, he had only to raise his hand to his military cap in salute. And he much preferred this system. I note that a society has been formed in Paris, I think, to attempt to legitimatise this latter mode of salute, and to excuse men the taking-off-of-the-hat process that now obtains. The hat trade might very naturally protest against such a protective change.

There is a good deal—rather too much, perhaps—of taking off of hats abroad. There, when a master or mistress appears, every servant takes off his hat, even the coachman, which, if the horses are not steady, might end in trouble. With us, the servants in livery, like men in uniform, do not uncover, but touch their hats, which is a much more convenient and sensible practice. One afternoon at Ballenstedt, going downstairs for the usual drive, I found that my host was still in his room. So I went outside to look at two new horses of the outriders that had just arrived from England. Whilst there the Duke came out, and every one uncovered. And I, of course, did the same, and, as it were, stood to attention. He came up to me, and imitating my attitude, took off his hat, and remaining standing and uncovered, said, "Well, how long do you expect me to stand like this? for of course I cannot put on my hat as long as you remain uncovered." I said that if His Highness would give me permission to put on my hat I should do so. "Oh," answered he, "it is all well enough for you, as you have plenty of hair on the top of your head. But you see I am getting bald, and it is different with me having to stand with my hat off." And this was one of the minor German Sovereigns who are supposed to be eaten up with pomposity, and to be the slaves of formality and etiquette!

Apropos of baldness, I interpolate a story here, as I believe

it will be grateful to many who have disagreeable members amongst their relations and friends, and these with bald heads. We had an old Swiss housekeeper who had been in my wife's family for nearly fifty years, and who was with us in Switzerland for all our time and until her death. She was quite rich, and only remained in our service because she was attached to my wife, and liked to make money, all of which was given away in charity. She had a great name throughout the countryside, and being very religious, was even accepted among the goody-goody people of the upper circles. Among these was a knot of old ladies, the chief plank in whose religious platform was "Purity." They were all old maids like the housekeeper, and they used to meet periodically and report, and discuss the details of any Purity scandals that had been raked out of the muck-heaps of the neighbourhood, and deplore the immorality of their neighbours, and pass resolutions on the desirability of obtaining further details. From one of these committees the old woman returned to my wife with much satisfaction, purring like a big tom-cat with delight, and saying that she was sure madame would be *so* gratified to hear what had passed. It appeared that, having gone well into the details of a very scandalous case, one of the old ladies had vouchsafed the remark that what she specially liked about the English Colonel of the old housekeeper was that he had retained so much of the hair on the top of his head, which was proof positive that he had lived a very moral and virtuous life! My wife was delighted, and we both chortled, as the connection of baldness with immorality was quite new to us. I carefully took this story with me to Madrid, where we went soon afterwards, and selected a favourable opportunity for launching it at the Embassy. Sir Mortimer Durand was then just beginning to allow, what the children call, "his head to grow through his hair." And I fear that the inference drawn from that story, as to His Excellency's moral antecedents, was anything but favourable to the character of His Majesty's representative at the Court of Spain.

And so did my wife and I spend a most enjoyable week amid the German forests at this splendid old Schloss and Palace full of beauties and interesting historical associations, and in the company of the very kindest of hosts. From the very first they treated us as members of their own family. And I am sure that to my wife as to myself that recollection of the week passed at Ballenstedt will always remain among the very pleasantest of our many happy memories. I discovered only one weak point in the armour of my otherwise nearly perfect host. Every morning, about eleven, the Chasseur attached to my personal comfort, and who had a post outside my door, would come with a message that, if not engaged, His Highness would be glad if I could join him in his study. And on my appearance that immoral ruler would dissemble, and say to His Excellency the Prime Minister, who was present with a bulky portfolio of papers, "Ah, you must excuse me, Excellenz, but I see my guest wishes particularly to speak to me on urgent business." And he would bow out the stuffy little man, not pleased at being disturbed, and when the door was shut the Duke would again bow and mimic the little man, and repeat, "Excellenz! Excellenz!! Excellenz!!!" And then I would have to inspect a new rifle, or listen to the report of the head forester, who generally accompanied us of an evening, my good friend the Graf von und zu, especially zu, Münster, a noted shot and sportsman, who was the manager among other things of the game-preserves. I fear then it may be gathered that the reigning Duke of Anhalt of that day, among all his merits, did not affectionate much State business or the visits of his Ministers. Still, for all that, he was the most beloved of Princes, and his State was well administered and never knew any trouble. The Duchess the while was as good and companionable to my wife as her husband was to me. And when the time at last came to leave, we parted from our kind hosts with great and sincere regret. The ceremonial of our arrival was observed at our departure, and accompanied by our companions who had met us, we went into the great hall, where the Court was assembled to bid us good-bye. My wife attempted to curtsey and kiss

the hand of the Duchess, who, however, checked her, and, taking her in her arms, kissed her warmly. I caught the expression of the face of the old Excellenz, Master of the Ceremonies, and it was one of ill-disguised horror and dismay at this departure from his standard of etiquette. They have both passed away now, our kind hosts of that glorious summer at Ballenstedt. The Duchess lived until a few months ago, when we heard with deep regret of the death of the friend who, till the last, was ever most considerate and affectionate to us. It was said of them in the Duchy, that both the ruler and his wife occupied themselves almost entirely in trying to make those around them happy. They had few troubles, were beyond all ambitions, were very happy in themselves, and liked to see every one else happy. They had learnt that great truth, that if you wish to be happy you must first ensure the happiness of those around you. And these, the best and kindest of people, had fully succeeded in that benevolent endeavour. There were none, either of their subjects or their friends, who did not call them blessed. So finishes the record of my remembrance of a visit to the Duchy of Anhalt, which may be contrasted with the conventional ideas of the stiffness and intolerable etiquette of a little German Court!

CHAPTER XVIII.

AT HOME.

1894–1900.

We rent the old Castle of Wildeck, in Switzerland—Difficulties of an Anglo-Indian in England—The old Hapsburg Castle—The Effinger family—Delights of the place—My wife's description of the birds—A Swiss luncheon-party—The battalion of Rifles—Invitation—Willy Drummond and the Raynham trick—Consideration and tact of the then Prince of Wales—A successful luncheon—On duty in London as a Royal Aide-de-Camp—The first Jubilee—At Albury—In the Abbey—Excellence of arrangements—The German Crown Prince—My telegram—Sad predicament—The old Colonel and Collars—The Diamond Jubilee—The crowd at Hyde Park Corner—A tight corner—Lord Suffield saves the situation—"God Save the Queen"—The Queen's funeral—Depression everywhere—The enormous crowds—Their excellent behaviour—On the road—The scene at Windsor—The bluejackets—The Queen of the Seas taken to her last resting-place by her sailors—St George's Chapel—St George's Hall—Lord Dufferin—Story of his kindliness—The Coronation—A new charger—Joyful expectation of the crowd—Disappointment—Arrangements excellent—Lord Wemyss—His popularity with the crowd—His great services to the Empire—A visit to Ely—Garden-party at Windsor Castle—The four Aides-de-Camp on duty with the King—"Quite Elizabethan"—Advantages of the Alpine climate in the winter—Change in conditions in recent years.

ONE of the great difficulties that faces a man who has spent the best years of his life in India, and who, in advanced middle-age, finds himself suddenly torn-up by the roots and forced to transplant himself elsewhere, is to find a place to live in, or, as a not very cheery contemporary put it to me when I attempted to discuss the subject, a place to die in. In this respect, putting the dying aside for the moment, I was not so badly

off as some others. I had been careful to keep up my home associations and my old friendships, and being recognised as one of "the old standards" in the county of my ancestors, might have found a comfortable nook in Suffolk in one of our ancient manors. I made a delightful tour through the county, visiting many places where my name had once been well known, and sketching and noting the inscriptions and coats of arms on many a Ryvet tomb and monument. I had eventually to come, with much reluctance, to the conclusion that my means would not admit of my settling down in my own county, near to some of my relations and East Anglian friends. For one would have to be a part of each year in London for my duties of Aide-de-Camp. The country, delightful as it is, if you can keep up a large house and fill it during the hunting and shooting seasons, is no place for a poor man. To live the winter in a small house, far from a town, and without a stable full of horses (the motor-car not being then accepted), would be an impossibility. Talking over one's future whilst still in India, I had always returned to the view expressed at the end of my favourite book, 'The Initials,' which had accompanied me on all my wanderings, that, for the poor man, Continental life has great advantages. The actual "living" nowadays is not cheaper than in England. But all one's amusements cost less, and one has not to "represent," to subscribe, and keep up appearances, as one would have to do if one were to settle down in one's county amongst one's peers. So, immediately on my return, I began to bethink myself of a place to live in, for I was disinclined to adopt my lugubrious adviser's funereal views, and nearly sixteen years' experience has now proved to me that he was incorrect. Fortune favoured us. By great good-luck I discovered during our Swiss wanderings what might well be termed an ideal place, and meeting nearly all our requirements. This was Schloss, or rather Burg Wildeck, an old fortified Castle situated on the Aar, in Canton Aargau, between Lucerne and Zürich. This is a part little known to tourists, who naturally hurry on to see the high mountains and glaciers. But it is

one of the richest and most picturesque parts of Switzerland. It has no claim to grandeur of scenery. The hills, rather than mountains, are such as you will see in Scotland, around Balmoral and elsewhere. But there are fine rivers, glorious forests, splendid views of the distant snows, and a wealth of little towns which have retained much of their mediæval simplicity, character, and charm. Here, though you are now in Switzerland, you are still in old Allemania. It is the country of the Count Rudolph of Hapsburg, the bold soldier and successful suitor, who raised himself and family from the position of a Count of comparatively small estate to be Emperor of Germany, and founder of one of the greatest of the European dynasties. The Castle of Wildeck is but three miles from the ruins of Hapsburg. Wildeck, once a Roman watch-tower, became first a hunting-lodge of the Count-Emperor, then the Castle of one of his chief nobles, and later, when the Austrians, as the family had now become, were expelled from the new Switzerland, the old keep became the residence of one of the successful neighbours who had risen to power under the changed conditions of the old Hapsburg territory. The family of Effinger of Brugg purchased the Castle at the close of the fifteenth century, and inhabited it continuously from that date. When we first visited it, the beautiful old place was tenanted by the Baroness von Effinger, one of the last of her distinguished race, who, finding the place too large for her requirements, had built herself a most tasty and comfortable habitation below in the beautiful grounds of the estate. It was this old Castle that was to be our home for some eight years, before we moved to the equally old and interesting place from which these "Memories" are dated. Wildeck was, as it has been described by a visitor, a perfect gem of its kind, and a residence fit for an Emperor. Never, in my most extravagant ideas, could I have hoped to live in such a perfectly delightful place. With a most romantic past, it had most modern comforts, and as a summer residence was perfection. The rooms were spacious, many of them handsomely panelled. The old majolica stoves and the painted glass were

such as to be seen only in the museums. The views, on one side, of the vigorous Aar river, on the other of the whole Bernese snowy range, were especially fine. The gardens and grounds were in tune with the beauties of the old place, and were well kept, whilst the woods, with ever grateful shade, extended right up to the edge of the gardens. When it is added that the game in these woods was more plentiful than that in any other part of Switzerland, and that the trout-fishing was of the very best, it will be understood how grateful we were to settle down in this peaceful, beautiful corner of Switzerland, and to welcome a much-required rest.

As I was an Aide-de-Camp to Her Majesty, and had periodically to come on duty, our summers were generally passed in town, and the retreat to Wildeck was mostly made when the season was over, or when we had paid our round of visits. In London, we had the advantage of a house once belonging to one of my sisters in Green Street, Park Lane, admirably situated, and suited to our requirements. But before proceeding to London to attend some of the functions in which I had the good fortune during my service as Aide-de-Camp to take part, I must exhibit a lantern-slide, as I have termed it, illustrating our life in this old Schloss, of which I have already given a slight description, and which, with its birds and some other charms, will be found portrayed in my wife's book, 'Flower Babies,'[1] written whilst we were at Wildeck.

A SWISS LUNCHEON-PARTY.

We had just returned from home, and were spending the autumn at beautiful Schloss Wildeck in glorious weather. There were some half a dozen friends staying with us, including my good old kinsman and former chief, Sir Richard Temple, and Willy Drummond, late of the Rifle Brigade, a connection of my wife's, and a regular visitor at the Schloss, which he dearly loved. The annual Swiss manœuvres had just been

[1] 'Elves and Flower Babies.' Duckworth & Co.

held in the neighbourhood, and the troops were returning to their homes after a very successful outing.

Riding home one morning, I came on the 5th Rifle Battalion marching into the village at the base of the castle hill, and I recognised the commander, Count von E——, a cadet of one of the most distinguished of the great Swiss historical families, whom I had recently met at the manœuvres. When the battalion had taken quarters, I had a talk with the commandant, and he reminded me that several of his family, in the past, had been connected with the old Schloss in which my wife and I were living. I told him of several von E—— pictures in one of the rooms, and asked him whether he and some of his officers could not come up and lunch with us and see the place, which had considerable historical interest for all good Swiss. To this he readily assented, and said he would be up so soon as he had seen his men comfortably settled down. I cantered home and told my wife we must prepare for some additional guests at lunch; and she, reminding me we were already a party of eight in the house, inquired how many of the officers we might expect to see? I, thinking of the English rule, which would mean such an invitation being accepted by the colonel and perhaps a couple of his officers, answered that we might expect, perhaps, an addition of three to our luncheon-party. And the table was in due course laid with four extra places for the expected guests. We did not wait luncheon, as von E—— had warned me they might be delayed; but we had hardly got far with the meal when a loud peal at the big bell of the Castle announced the arrival of our guests. I went out into the great hall to meet them, and suddenly tramping up the winding staircase appeared von E—— in uniform, with a grand clanking of sword and spur. Then, with further clank, came a smart uniformed officer, whom von E—— presented as his Major. Heels together, a clank of spurs, a bow and a hand-shake, and the Major passed on to make way for another officer, this time a Captain, who was presented and received with due formality. Then came Captain No. 2, and after him No. 3, and so on

with some half a dozen Captains, who all bowed, shook hands, and filed past, making room for the Lieutenants of the battalion. These were led by the Lieutenants of the first grade, a goodly company of about eight, smart, cheery young men. When all these had been duly presented, came the turn of the Second Lieutenants, who to their superiors of the first-class yielded nothing either in good looks or numbers. I had given up counting before the junior had made his bow and had passed on into the great hall, and was busy a-thinking how, in the name of fortune, was this goodly company to be fed? Liquor enough there was, I knew, in the cellars, but how about the larder? I marched the battalion up into the beautiful old drawing-room, overlooking the Aar, and begging them to admire the glorious view from the windows, betook myself to the dining-room, where I was met with a chorus of inquiry of "How many are there?" for the spur-clanking melody had reached even to the dining-hall. "Eighteen," I answered as calmly as I could. "Eighteen!" cried in horror my poor wife; "what *are* we to do with such a company?" All I could say was to beg the house-party to finish off their luncheon as quickly as possible, so as to get the room clear, and to give me Willy Drummond, a man of resource, to help me through my difficulties. I took him into the drawing-room and introduced him to the battalion; then I took him into one of the huge window-embrasures and gave him my commands. And these, briefly, were: to take the whole party right through the Castle from top to bottom, omitting no room or tower or cranny, and to explain all the beauties and interests in detail, and to keep on doing this until I made my appearance and joined them with a look of relief on my countenance. Then I put it to von E—— that his family having in old days been so intimately connected with the Castle and its proprietors, he would doubtless like to go round with Drummond, who knew the place thoroughly and was a most excellent *cicerone*. The Commandant's heels again came together, and he expressed the most ardent desire to explore the Castle, a wish which all the company

echoed. Then came old Temple and a couple of other men in the house and joined the assembly, and they all filed off up the staircase of the great tower, whilst I rushed to the kitchen and, joining my wife, explored the larder. We were a biggish party in the house, so that luckily there were joints and meats of sorts in reserve, and a big ham, and the well-known galantines from the Lenzburg-fabrique hard by. Then, thank goodness, the Swiss takes soup at luncheon, and what cannot be done in the way of wonders with the help of the Maggi tablets and plenty of hot water? No anxiety at all, then, regarding the soup. This would be prefaced by caviare, which would add dignity to the banquet. So far so good. Bread, what with the servants' supply, ample. Hot meats sufficient, and the ham and galantine in reserve. The table was added to at both ends, and bread and fruit and cakes and flowers crowded on to it. The soup was to be served so hot that we should have time to marshal the succeeding course. Then there were gigantic "Kartoffel Salads," and the ladies of the house-party all helped to decorate the table and arrange flowers and fruits to fill up gaps on the much-elongated board. Bottles galore and ice were brought up from the cellars, and in less than half an hour the position no longer looked desperate. I then put myself on the trail of my valuable and astute friend Willy Drummond and his following, and after some hunting through the many mazes of the old Castle, I eventually ran him to earth in the very topmost story of the Hapsburg tower. There, in loyalty to my instructions, he had halted the party and was delivering a lecture on the architectural merits of this portion of the building, and the evidences of its having originally been a Roman watch-tower. He saw from the relieved look in my eyes that the position was no longer acute. The whole party was very appreciative of the beauties of the old place and the merits of their *cicerone*. I submitted, however, that they had all promised to take lunch with me, and that, whatever interests the old Castle might have, the duties of hospitality must be fulfilled, and

that the Châtelaine awaited them below in the hope that they would be pleased to take of such refreshment as the place could offer. Thereupon a gratifying smile pervaded the countenances of nearly a score of hungry-looking warriors, and with much clattering and satisfaction they hurried down the winding staircase of the old tower and made for the dining-room. And it is on record that that scratch lunch was most entirely appreciated, and that its fame as a "*Prelaten Speise*" was long talked of among the regiments of the Swiss army, to the credit of their British hosts, male and female, who assisted on that occasion. And I also learnt the custom of the Swiss army as differing from ours, and which had given us the pleasure of seeing and entertaining so goodly a company of smart officers, instead of the colonel and adjutant, and perhaps one other, as in the case of an invitation to a British corps. In Switzerland, when such an invitation is accepted by a regiment, it is obligatory on every officer who can possibly do so to attend. Any failure is regarded as a slight on the host. In my case it was known that I held the rank of Colonel, and had the honour of being an Aide-de-Camp to Her Majesty the Queen. It was then considered imperatively necessary for every single officer, save the one left in charge of the camp, to attend. And the entertainment, which at first gave some anxiety to the Châtelaine, ended in being in every respect most successful, and secured to us in the hereafter several pleasant friends in various parts of Switzerland.

The ruse of the tour of the party through the Castle under Willy Drummond's guidance, whilst food was being prepared below, came to me from the story of what happened at Raynham many years before, and which was related to me by the Dowager Marchioness of the day during one of our visits to that dear old place. Lady Townshend was at Raynham with Lady Audrey one winter, when H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, who had been hunting in the neighbourhood, rode up to the Hall with several in his company about luncheon-time. There was not much in the house

for a largish party, and the Marchioness, as she told me, was somewhat perturbed, as was my Châtelaine, at having suddenly to provision several unexpected guests. His Royal Highness, however, with the ready tact for which he is so noted, both as Prince and Monarch, suspecting a difficulty, asked to be allowed to see the great Belisarius picture and other beauties for which dear Raynham was celebrated. And whilst Lady Audrey took the party round the Hall her mother busied herself with arrangements for some lunch, laying the neighbouring rectory under contribution. When this had been done she joined the party, rather lighter-hearted than before. Upon which the Prince, guessing from her expression that matters had arranged themselves, after thanking his hostess for the opportunity of inspecting all the beauties of Raynham, added, "He was going to ask for a little luncheon, if this was not inconvenient." And a most pleasant luncheon-party was the result, and an excellent example was set to me, of which I was not slow to avail myself, and which saved us that afternoon from what might have been a difficult situation at that old Hapsburg Castle on the Aar.

It is not proposed to attempt any detail of one's home life after our return from India, of our visits and the like, of which a sketch has been given in an earlier chapter. Many of these events are too recent, and might appear crude in colour if filled in now. In my time I saw both the Jubilees of our great Queen. And I was one of the sorrowful of her subjects who attended the Funeral, and I had also the honour of riding as Aide-de-Camp and attending the Coronation of His Majesty King Edward VII. in the Abbey, in which latter honour my wife also shared.

On the occasion of the first Jubilee I was not then an Aide-de-Camp, but being at home from India on leave, I obtained seats for my wife and myself in the gallery of the Abbey, in the block allotted to the India Office, and I had an excellent view of the ceremony. We were at the time

on a visit to Albury, and there were so many rumours of the difficulties to be expected at the Abbey that my wife, like many other ladies, rather dreaded the ordeal. So she remained with her hostess and several others of the party at Albury, where Lord Algernon Percy, representing the Duke his father, presided at the ceremonies and *fête* provided for the tenantry and neighbours, whilst Lord Percy undertook the same duties at Alnwick. I accompanied my host to London, where he had to take his place in the Abbey as a Lord-Lieutenant, whilst I had an excellent seat as a spectator, and found all the arrangements so perfect that the apprehensions of the ladies and others, which had kept some away from the ceremony, proved perfectly groundless. This was the last occasion on which I was to see the Crown Prince of Germany. His illness even then gave anxiety, and his voice had become affected. But he looked magnificently handsome in his Garde-de-Corps uniform, and was much admired, and was as gracious and pleasant as ever.

On the second Jubilee—the Diamond Jubilee of 1897—I had the honour to ride as one of Her Majesty's Aides-de-Camp. I was abroad when the arrangements were being made, and I received a telegram from the Lord Chamberlain inquiring whether I could be depended on to ride in the procession, and also when I should be in town. I telegraphed in reply, "I am starting." When I reported myself in London I noticed that the officials seemed amused, and I then learnt that my answer had been delivered, thanks to the rendering of a German telegraphist, "I am *starving*," suggesting that a small subscription should be raised in the office to provide me with a meal. Another rather comic incident that occurred in connection with a telegram regarding the arrangements for one of these functions came off at the United Service Club. Many of the orders, to save time, had to be sent by telegraph. Leaving the Club one evening, the hall-porter handed me a telegram, which said: "Greatcoats will be worn, and Collars." A grumpy old officer, who was at the desk taking his letters, said, "Anything new regarding the procession?" I handed

him the telegram. "Absurd," said he. "Never heard of such a thing. *Collars*, indeed; why, no regiment in the service wears them. The Pomponettes attempted it as swagger once, but it wasn't allowed. You'll have watch-chains and charms worn next, I suppose." The worthy old gentleman had not grasped that the collars ordered to be worn were not the linen additions in which he and others indulged, but the Collars of Orders of Knighthood, the day being a Collar day, and there being half a dozen Dukes and a considerable number of peers, Knights of the Garter, and other great Orders on the list of the Aides-de-Camp. The whole ceremony of this second Jubilee was most impressive and interesting. The sight of the crowds, well-behaved, good-humoured, and enthusiastic, extending over the miles of streets, through which we in the procession rode, was in itself remarkable. At the close, the Aides-de-Camp formed up outside the Palace, when the Queen bowed, thanked and dismissed us. Immediately afterwards all the united bands played "God Save the Queen" in a manner I have never heard elsewhere, and which brought a lump into one's throat. I have said the crowds were well-behaved. But at one point, through no fault hardly of theirs, came almost a catastrophe. This was when we, for some reason or other, were temporarily halted close to Hyde Park Corner, just under the windows of Northumberland House, in Grosvenor Place, where my wife with others was viewing the procession. The crowd here was very great, and bore through the line of police and troops. "Can't you keep back?" would ejaculate a policeman as some unfortunate man or woman was projected into the space kept clear for us. These unhappy people in the front rows were in no way to blame, being forced forward by the tremendous pressure from behind. And no shoving back of those in the front row would improve the position. The crowds were pouring in from the streets behind, and it was these that had to be stayed or kept back to relieve the pressure in front. Matters were beginning to look serious when Lord Suffield, one of the Aides-

de-Camp, who was near me, said, "This will never do." Then forcing his way through the crowd, he rode up to a young officer in command of a detachment of the Scots Greys, and pointing out to him the difficulty, assisted him in placing his men so as to block the streets that were pouring their hundreds into the already congested space. The crowd was beginning to lose temper from the vigorous attempts of the police to keep the roadway clear, and the police and the troops were nearly at their wits' ends. I am persuaded that had it not been for Lord Suffield's judicious and masterful action there would have been serious trouble that morning.

The next State procession in which I was to take part was of a different character, when the Aides-de-Camp had the sad task of attending the coffin of their beloved Queen to its last resting-place at Windsor. We were spending the winter at Grindelwald, skating and enjoying the keen mountain air, when the sad news of the death of the great Sovereign reached us. On hearing that I was required to take part in the ceremonies I immediately left for London. The weather in Grindelwald had been the perfection of Alpine clearness, cold, and sunshine, a blend so much appreciated by our countrymen, as the annual increase in the votaries of Christmas winter sports now testifies. The contrast in London was depressing in the extreme. A February drizzle and fog; every one in mourning; every one looking depressed, distressed, and sad. The day of the funeral was cold and raw, but not wet. The Aides-de-Camp marched on either side of the coffin in the procession from Victoria Station to Paddington. The enormous crowds which thronged all the approaches to Hyde Park, and occupied the Park itself, their sympathetic and quiet and respectful demeanour, were most noticeable and impressive. From Paddington we journeyed in the royal train to Windsor. A great part of the route was studded with knots of people all in mourning, and all of whom uncovered, and some of whom knelt, as the train passed. At every station were to be seen considerable crowds, evincing every sign of sorrow and respect. The scene that occurred at Windsor was so appropriate and well-

timed that it almost appeared as if it had been premeditated and rehearsed beforehand. As mentioned, the Aides-de-Camp had the honoured place on either side of the coffin, and our number included, besides some Military and Volunteer officers like myself, several of the greatest of the nobles who had served their Queen in the Cabinet and at Court in many capacities during her long reign. We were all drawn up outside the station, waiting to take position, when the incident with the horses occurred. They had probably got cold and tired waiting, and could not be persuaded to start. The bringing up of the bluejackets was a most happy inspiration. And what could be more impressive or appropriate than the Queen of the Seas borne to her last resting-place by her gallant sailors?

The service in St George's Chapel was such as I can never forget, though it is difficult to describe it or express always one's feelings on such melancholy and solemn occasions. After the service the Aides-de-Camp and those invited to the ceremony, including the Ministers and all the most distinguished of the great Queen's subjects, met in St George's Hall, where refreshments were served. On hearing my name called, I turned round to see Lord Dufferin, whom I had known and served in India. I had not seen him for some years, and was horrified at the change that his recent troubles had wrought on this distinguished man. It was a raw day, and Lord Dufferin, who felt the cold severely, had got right inside one of the great fireplaces in the Hall, and was trying to warm himself. His heavily-embroidered uniform hung about him as on a skeleton, so thin had he grown. It was a Collar-day, and he seemed weighed down with the Collars of five Orders of Knighthood which he wore. His hair and moustache were in contrast to his almost livid features. But he was as considerate and pleasant as ever. He told me that my brother-in-law, Sir Mortimer Durand, then Ambassador at Madrid, who was very much attached to his former master, had come down to Windsor with him, but had sent me word that he had gone back to town, and that I was not to search for him or wait for him.

This was the last time I was to see Lord Dufferin, who even then seemed as if death had claimed him. I was never much in personal relations with the Viceroys after Lord Mayo's time, being employed under the Government of Bengal, instead of serving, as of yore, under the Government of India direct. But I had had on more than one occasion experienced his kindly attention and consideration. He was as much attached to Sir Mortimer Durand, who was his Foreign Secretary, as the Secretary was to him. And the following short sketch will show how Lord Dufferin had the gift, so richly possessed by another Irishman, Lord Mayo, of thoughtfulness for others, little kindnesses that go deep to people's hearts and remain there, to be always gratefully remembered. We were at Rawul-Pindi, to which, as already related, I accompanied Sir Donald Stewart, the Commander-in-Chief, as an Aide-de-Camp. My wife and I had strolled over to the Viceregal camp to see a friend, and were at the bottom of the street at the top of which were the great tents and the huge *shamianah* occupied by the Viceroy. Suddenly we saw Lord Dufferin, who had been distinguishable walking up and down in the small garden in front, hurrying our way, pursued by a *jemadar* and an aide-de-camp, who, very properly, would not allow their charge out of their sight. Coming up to my wife and shaking hands, he said, "I saw you in the distance and could not resist the temptation of running down to tell you that, ten minutes ago, I had the great pleasure of signing an order appointing the best man in India to be Foreign Secretary!" This was my wife's brother, who obtained the blue-ribbon of the service very young, and who for some time served this most excellent master. This account of a kindly little attention on the part of the busy, hard-worked Governor-General will give a better idea of his character than any long record of his abilities and successes.

I was to take part in yet another, the most interesting, of the ceremonies of my time, the Coronation of His Majesty King Edward VII. in Westminster Abbey in August 1902. The anxiety and disappointment caused by the postponement on

account of His Majesty's illness will be in the recollection of every one. When the day of the procession and coronation at length arrived I found myself in the possession of a new charger. These horses were supplied by His Majesty to those of us Aides-de-Camp who, not being great peers or very rich men, found it difficult to mount ourselves on such occasions. I had had another very handsome charger to try, and had ridden him through the streets a dozen times, wishing to get accustomed to him and to see how he would behave in a crowd and amidst traffic. For although my nerve is, I am thankful to say, still fairly good, yet when one is nearly seventy years of age it is not pleasant to ride a strange horse in a procession amid much excitement and noise. So I was anxious to see how my new mount behaved, and regretted the charger which two days before had gone lame and necessitated a change. All went well until on my way to the rendezvous I got near the Palace, where a huge crowd was assembled and was rather tired of waiting, and evidently anxious for some incident to relieve the monotony of delay. And soon they very nearly had it, and that, too, at my expense. Suddenly, half a dozen pipers belonging to some regiment on duty swaggered out gaily, and just as they got close to the nose of my horse struck up one of their shrillest melodies. Both my charger and I were taken quite unawares. The good horse, unaccustomed to such rude shocks, stood straight up on his hind legs, and it was quite as much as I could do to keep my seat. The expectant crowd were delighted, and there was a general gleeful cry of "Lookee 'ere! 'ere's an old gentleman a-coming off his 'orse!" But luckily he was able to stick on, and the audience was disappointed for the nonce. After that all went well, and my charger behaved admirably, to my great relief,—as although it was interesting enough to see oneself and show oneself to one's friends in the "Living Pictures" riding along in the procession, one did not want to be handed down to posterity coming off one's horse in an undignified attitude. The arrangements, as on all these occasions, were excellent. I had been anxious about my wife,

who had had to go alone to the Abbey, as I was away in the procession, and her brothers and other friends, whom she might have accompanied, had all tickets for other parts of the Abbey, at different entrances. But she had no sort of trouble. She went early, and as my carriage-groom was an exceptionally smart fellow, he got the carriage up quickly, and she returned home to Green Street in excellent time.

The arrangements, I have said, were excellent. These even included steps at the Abbey to assist one in remounting one's horse. It is never very easy when one is buckled-up in full uniform, with jack-boots, tight breeches, sword, sabretache, tunic, aiguilettes, &c., to mount one's charger. When the horse is sixteen hands high, and you are short of stature, it is almost impossible without aid to get your foot into the stirrup and to put on sufficient leverage to swing yourself into the saddle. Among the Aides-de-Camp were some twenty peers, who on arrival at the Abbey had to jump off their horses and hurry in to robe and take their places before the King entered. And these, after the ceremony, had to unrobe, take position, and remount before His Majesty reappeared. We had all received a circular from the Adjutant-General's Department inquiring whether we would wish for arrangements to assist in remounting. I believe that most, like myself, gladly accepted the offer. And when we arrived each found an orderly bearing his number, and armed with a small step, which made mounting easy. Of the few who declined the offer was one of my companions in the procession, the Earl of Wemyss and March. He was then not much less than ninety years of age. He looked much younger than a dozen of us, who were more than thirty years his juniors. In his Highland uniform (for all of us who were Colonels of regiments wore our regimental uniform, with aiguilettes, as a comp'iment to our corps, instead of the red-and-gold embroidered coat of the aides-de-camp), with his slight, graceful, erect figure and perfect seat on a horse, Lord Wemyss was an imposing and much-admired object in the procession. He was well known to the crowd, and was often cheered.

When some of us were bungling on to our horses Lord Wemyss, who was next to me, swung himself into the saddle with the activity of a man of thirty. I had the great pleasure of riding throughout the procession that morning by the side of this distinguished man, to whom the country owes so much for the military genius which raised the Volunteers. I have long had the privilege of knowing him, and have received from him many kindnesses, and am proud to be able to number him among my friends. The greatest compliment paid to me in my Volunteer work in India was being called "The Indian Elcho," which was too big a compliment to be deserved. When we were passing in procession down Piccadilly on our return from the Abbey we came upon Lady Burdett-Coutts, seated out in a balcony of her house with dear old Sir Harry Keppel. Being neither of them young, they preferred, presumably, to remain at home and see the procession from the balcony to a fatiguing ceremony in the Abbey. Lord Wemyss instinctively pulled up and saluted his two friends and contemporaries. And the crowd, always on the look-out for episodes, was delighted, and cheered the trio to the echo, recognising Lord Wemyss, who has for so long been a well-known and popular figure among Londoners. And here I must digress for a moment to notice that whilst decorations by the dozens—the Civil Order of the Bath, in all its grades—have been given to officers who have done good service to the Volunteers, it is remarkable that, as Lord Rosebery noticed the other day, Lord Wemyss wears no decoration except the Volunteer Decoration, given to every officer of Volunteers who has served a certain number of years in the force. The only sane explanation is that he must have been offered and refused the Thistle and the Grand Cross of the Bath time after time. For it would be unfair to suppose that any Government, whether Radical or Unionist or Conservative, could have been so insane as to ignore his immense services to the country. It is refreshing to see, whilst others are content to let all slide, that Lord Wemyss, notwithstanding that he is no longer young, is determined that the necessity of placing the

country in a satisfactory state of defence is not overlooked, and that whilst some yawn or snore, he is awake and alive to our danger, and has the patience and force to go on insisting upon his views. May he long be spared to put these sluggards to shame!

I have not attempted, and do not propose to give, any account of the Coronation ceremony. I will only say that the great privilege of having attended the Sovereign on this memorable occasion is one of the proudest "Memories" of a long and busy life.

Although I will not endeavour to describe our life in London, or our many visits during the period after my retirement, I must include here, among the pleasantest of many pleasant memories, a visit to the Palace at Ely during some gloriously fine days of the summer of 1904.

Our friends Lord and Lady Alwyne Compton, whom we met at Castle Ashby in chapter xii., were now at Ely, where his Lordship the High Almoner had been for many years the distinguished Bishop. The heat and noise and bustle of London had been almost insupportable. To those who are interested in our great Cathedrals, the stately grace of Ely must be well known. As one sat in the afternoon in the cool beautiful building, and listened to the impressive service, with its solemn music, it was difficult to realise that one was still in the same world as that in which the busy morning had been passed in noisy London.

The Palace itself, with its spacious rooms and rambling picturesque galleries, had been arranged with all the artistic taste for which our hosts were renowned, and was full of books and pictures and choice old furniture. The place had some interest for me, for here, in the eighteenth century, had flourished my great-great-great-grandfather, Bishop Butts, and here had been married my great-great-grandmother, his daughter, to Archdeacon Stedman, a Chaplain to King George the Third. I learn from the 'Dictionary of National Biography' that the Bishop was a prelate of the times, and

had a fine stock of port wine, and a liberal supply of strong language. It seems possible that some portion of the latter may have descended to my Father, and may have found vent in the somewhat un-muezzin-like call to prayers related at page 8 of these "Memories"!

The gardens of the Palace, with their wealth of rare flowers, the shade of mighty trees, and an almost unequalled turf, afforded a most grateful retreat during the hot afternoons. It is related of a Shah of Persia how at a garden-party at Syon House he was much struck with the beautiful lawns, and determined to introduce similar delights at once into Teheran. So he inquired about how long it had taken to bring the Syon turf to its perfection. To this replied the head-gardener, "About six hundred years, your Majesty." And the labours of the good ecclesiastics with the Ely lawns probably dated back to about the same era.

After our delightful rest at Ely, my wife and I went direct to Windsor, to attend the garden-party given by H.M. the King on the occasion of the marriage of H.R.H. the Princess Margaret of Connaught to the young Crown Prince of Sweden. We had hoped to journey thither with our hosts of Ely; but the good Bishop was already feeling the weight of years, which induced him soon afterwards to resign the See, and the Lord High Almoner and Lady Alwyne Compton were unable to attend the party.

The weather continued to be hyper-glorious, and the great terraces of the royal gardens, filled with many of the distinguished men and the most beautiful women of the kingdom, the latter all arrayed in their most becoming costumes, and the whole set off by the imposing Castle of the background, was as gay a sight as could well be imagined. And it was indeed in contrast to the scene at Windsor, as I had witnessed it on a cold dreary afternoon of February, some three years earlier, when together with my brother Aides-de-Camp I had marched up to the Castle through a sorrowing crowd, all clad in black, and all testifying every feeling of respect and regret as we escorted the coffin of our great

Queen to St George's Chapel at the close of her long and glorious reign.

During the fifteen years that I had the honour of serving as an Aide-de-Camp to Her Majesty the late Queen, and also to His Majesty our present Sovereign, I had frequent highly-prized opportunities of seeing what was interesting, and meeting many distinguished persons. But the times and incidents are too recent to admit of these being chronicled here. There will, however, be no indiscretion in the following incident being recorded. It was during the reign of his present Majesty. I had the honour of being one of the Aides-de-Camp in waiting on the occasion,—I think it was the reception by His Majesty of some Colonial officers. The three other Aides-de-Camp, to make up the quartette for duty on such occasions, were the late Lord Derby, the present Duke of Northumberland, and General Sir Francis Howard, a cousin of the Cardinal, of whom mention has already been made, and thus also of the Duke of Norfolk. I had been telling him and Lord Derby that I had just come from Suffolk, and had repurchased a small manor once in the Ryvet family, and which had been, I believe, given to my forbear by Queen Elizabeth after it had been confiscated from the then Duke of Norfolk, beheaded by that Queen, when Lady —— came up to Lord Derby and remarked, "This is really quite Elizabethan,—a Stanley, a Percy, and a Howard, all three in waiting together!" Lord Derby then turned towards me and related how I also came of Elizabethan stock. Lord Derby, to the great regret of all who knew him, died shortly afterwards. He was the senior of the Aides-de-Camp, next above Lord Wemyss, and took much interest in the duties. Only a year before, he had gathered together as many of the Aides-de-Camp as were in town, and had given us a dinner in St James's Square, to meet H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, as he then was, the year before the death of her late Majesty.

Delightful as we found Schloss Wildeck during the fine months of the year, with its old-world rooms and beautiful

surroundings, there was unfortunately this against it, that the fogs of the Aar valley made the climate far from pleasant during the early spring and the winter. For we were here at one of the lowest points in Switzerland, where are collected the three great rivers, the Aar, the Reuss, and the Limat, that meet at a point about three miles below the Castle at the historical townlet of Brugg, and fall into the Rhine at Coblentz,—"the confluence," not to be confounded with the greater fortified Coblentz, or confluence of the Rhine and Moselle. We sought, therefore, for the winter months a drier climate, and fifteen years ago went one Christmas to Grindelwald. The delights of the winters in the highlands of Switzerland were then hardly appreciated or known. In those days there was but one hotel, the well-known Bear, open at Grindelwald, which had some dozen other hotels, frequented in the summer, lying idle and untenanted. The railway was not then available, and the journey from Interlaken to the village had to be made through beautiful scenery by diligence or carriage. The hotel had a few *habitués* who knew the delights of the place. The rink, thanks to the care of that most excellent of men, the late Mr Fritz Boss, was in splendid condition always. But his *clientèle* at the hotel formed almost a family party. And that it was not large then may be gathered from the fact that on Sundays the congregation was so small that it was not considered necessary to open the church, but service was held in a room of the hotel. From that time forward we passed for seven more years our winters regularly at Grindelwald, and saw many changes come over the place. The advantages of the winter climate among the Swiss mountains were beginning to be better known. The Engadine had long had its *habitués* —those who sought out the sun and did not fear the cold. But in those days St Moritz was only to be reached by a long journey by carriage, so that a winter holiday among the mountains was not for modest purses. Nor were the hotels, designed for summer visitors, well adapted as winter quarters even for those who were not very exacting.

The cold in these regions in the winter is very severe, and although it is not felt when on the move, warmth in the mornings and evenings is indispensable. We were to watch the growth of Grindelwald as a winter resort during several years. By degrees the story of the delights of a Christmas in the mountains got spread among British households, and each year saw an increase in the number of these Christmas visitors. Other hotels that had hitherto been contented with a short but merry summer season began to see the prospect of a winter season also, and the possibility of, so to speak, paddling their business with both hands. Central-heating was introduced, and many comforts necessary during a winter occupation were arranged in the hitherto unenterprising hotels.

Year by year the number of the winter contingent increased, until the Grindelwald hotel-keepers began to gather in a winter as well as a summer harvest. And the railway kept time with the new requirements, and made the carriage-journey from Interlaken no longer necessary. Before I left Grindelwald, now seven years ago, I have met a friend at the station who, having left London at two o'clock the preceding afternoon, had put on his skates whilst the train was puffing up the hill, and intended to have a couple of hours of what remained of the short winter day on the rink before going in to the Bear to unpack and dress for dinner. And since then the delights of the cold yet dry rarefied air in these high altitudes have become known all over Britain, and are beginning also to dawn on the Swiss themselves, and on others of their foreign neighbours,—insomuch so that the winter *fremden industrie*, as it is called, is only second in importance to that of the summer months. But on this and the winter climate I shall have more to say when we get to the valley of the Sarine, where fate was to take me, and where I hope my readers will accompany me in due course.

CHAPTER XIX.

CONCLUSION.

1903–1909.

A visit to Languedoc—The old Château of Castelnau—Cradle of my mother's family—The Marquis de Valfons—The Edict of Nantes revoked—The old *noblesse*—Their feeling towards England—At H.B.M.'s Embassy at Madrid—The Queen Regent and Infantas—Pleasant society—"Il Barbiere" at Madrid—The Art treasures—The boars of Avila—Cup-marks—Monsgr. Fidel Fita—The Royal Academy of Spain—My address—Am elected a Foreign Member—The Coronation Stone—Committee on it—Our cup-mark theory not accepted—My theories regarding ideographic origin—Further discoveries in Spain and Italy—Search for place with a good summer and winter climate—The Swiss Alps in winter—The "Wintère Sportes"—Excellent summer climate—Drive to Rougemont—Find an ally on the road—Inspect and buy the place offhand—The architect's verdict—The climate in summer, and sport—The delights of the winter—Variety of "Wintère Sportes"—Pleasant Swiss neighbours—History of the place—Benedictine Priory founded by the Count of Gruyère in 1074—Government House of the Berne Baillis from 1555—Napoleon expels the Bernese—The Burgundians and Allemani—Our many visitors and friends—My dangerous illness—Conclusion.

AT the commencement of December 1901 we journeyed through the south of France into Spain. This took us near to the country of my French connections on my mother's side, the family of de Boileau de Castelnau, de St Croix de Boriac, one of the oldest of the noble families of Languedoc. Castelnau, the old château of the family, in the Department of the Gard, not far from the celebrated Pont de Gard, was in the possession of my distant kinsman, who had succeeded to the place, the Marquis de Valfons, a descendant of one of the

Generals of Louis XV., who had had a command at Fontenoy, where some of the Ryvet family had fought in the Guards on the other side. We had kept up a warm friendship with the French branch of the family, and my kinsman, Sir Francis Boileau, at Ketteringham Park in Norfolk, had always welcomed there any of the French branch who came to England, besides all the other junior members of the clan scattered over the world. At Nîmes we were most hospitably received by the then Marquis, a Frenchman of the best old school, a strong legitimist, one who had been a Lord-in-Waiting to Henry V., and who had little sympathy with any of the advanced ideas of the present day. I had not met him before, knowing him only by correspondence. But from that time forth my distant kinsman and the family were to become our closest friends, and, until his recent death, we exchanged pleasant visits, they coming to the Château de Rougemont, and we being always welcome wherever the family might be, either at Castelnau, Nîmes, or at Evian. At Nîmes they inhabited one of the fine old houses of the old time, the Hôtel[1] de Valfons, where the family passed a part of the winter.

Here we were received in state by the Marquis; the Count de Valfons, the son; the Baron de Castelnau, and all members of the family being assembled to meet us. The formal banquet offered to us was of the real good old style. The old plate, the old furniture, the old servants in their gorgeous old-fashioned liveries, the old rooms, the good old-fashioned courtesy and etiquette that obtained throughout, took one back to the days of Louis XIV., as described in the Memoirs of the period. The second day after our arrival we visited the old Castle of Castelnau, the cradle of the race, well known in the records of the Huguenot struggle in France. It was acquired in the thirteenth century

[1] Sometimes the word Hôtel is misunderstood by foreigners, English and the like. The well-known antiquary, the Count de Limur, told me that having dated a letter from his Hôtel at Vannes, an Englishman inquired for his terms *en pension*, all included!

by an ancestor, Etienne de Boileau, appointed by Louis IX. Governor and first Grand Provost of Paris in 1255, and had remained in the family, through many vicissitudes, ever since. Here we drove in state through the rather dreary country to the north of Nîmes, until, when about twelve miles out, we had a view of the imposing pile overlooking the river, and well placed on a hill. The traditions connected with the place were various and interesting, and I found that I had so far forgotten my history as to have overlooked the fact that the Black Prince had penetrated even so far in his conquests. It is related that he burned the Castle and put some of the family to the sword. The beautiful old place has been excellently preserved, and, where necessary, carefully restored. For happily the family, unlike some less fortunate of the old *régime*, are exceedingly rich, the then Marquise being of the family of M. Cassimir Perrier, the late President of the Republic, who are the proprietors of the great coal-mines of Grenoble, in which the de Valfons have a large share. The old place, with its old pictures, furniture, and many associations, had a great interest for me as a cadet of the family, which intermarried in old days with many of the leading families of France, has a pedigree extending back to Charlemagne,[1] and doubtless beyond him again to Adam. Some of the portraits were good. And my host pointed out to me that I was seated in an old arm-chair in which an ancestor, whose portrait was hung on the wall, had been seated when his picture had been painted several hundred years before. I was surprised to find that the tenantry and the population around are mostly Protestant. My ancestor, a distinguished Huguenot, had abandoned his title and lands, surrendering them to his younger brother, from whom the Marquis de Valfons descends, and had emigrated to England on the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. The

[1] A good many of the noble French families of the present day claim, I believe, to descend from Charlemagne. But as that monarch is supposed to have had a new wife wherever he went, any near relationship of the families to one another in the present day must depend somewhat on the identity of the female ancestor.

French branch of the family had remained Catholic. But it was strange to find the existing population almost entirely of the Reformed religion. The Marquis was a specimen of the very best of the old school — refined, courteous, with a distinguished appearance, with quite old-world manners. And the whole family was formed on the same lines. He seemed to me to be a survival of what the Grand Seigneurs must have been in the days of Louis XIV. We were warm friends until his lamented death, which occurred recently only. I was hardly prepared for the feeling of himself and of the old *noblesse* towards England. When I rejoiced in the *entente* between the two countries recently developed, he was in no way responsive, and declared he would prefer *rapprochement* with Germany even. He said German ideas and methods were eminently monarchical and aristocratic. England was at heart republican, democratic, socialistic, and thus, in his view, dangerous. Perhaps this was to have been expected from a member of the household of Henri V.!

From Languedoc we journeyed into Spain, so as to arrive just before Christmas at Madrid, where Sir Mortimer Durand, my wife's second brother, was then His Majesty's Ambassador. The country was quite new to me, for although in my younger days I had covered a considerable portion of Europe in my travels, I had never been so far as Spain. We passed the winter at the Embassy, and visited only Barcelona and Saragossa, and the east of Spain as we approached from the side of the French Riviera. To see Spain satisfactorily one should, I believe, be there in the spring. And certainly Madrid, the highest capital in Europe, on a wind-swept tableland, is not a city to choose as a winter residence. Still, we saw the place under the most favourable auspices, and received much attention and hospitality in many quarters. The King was still under age at the time of our visit. But we had the honour of being received by the Queen-Regent in private audience and by the Infantas. Her Majesty was specially kind in giving directions that we were to be shown

the splendid tapestries and other treasures of the Palace, which we much enjoyed. Her Majesty, the King, and the Infantas all talk English perfectly, as the Spanish, having the *th* in their language, can master the difficulties of pronunciation in a manner which few foreigners can attain. We enjoyed the galleries and pictures to the full, and there was a constant society-round at the Embassies and Legations, and it was a joy to hear the "Barbiere" at Madrid, in a very full and appreciative house. We had a curious experience there during a frost and unusual snow. A great banquet was given at one of the Legations, and later in the evening a ball at one of the Embassies. The British coachman of the Embassy had his horses rough-shod, and we arrived at the house through the frozen streets without mishap. A party of four-and-twenty was expected. After waiting some time we eventually sat down eight to dinner, telephones of excuse having arrived in the meantime from the other guests to say the carriages could not be got out, the coachmen declining to drive. At the ball the position was rather better. The Embassy was situated in a centre of diplomatic dwellings, and many of the dancers walked over to the house. I believe that the British carriage was nearly the only one that faced the frozen streets that night.

Wherever I went I rode my "cup-mark" hobby. Wherever stone and rocks abound there is always a hope of finding these marks. And Spain was well equipped in this respect in many of its mountainous districts. But the invariable answer to our inquiries was that such things were quite unknown. Still we gaily persevered. In the great Museum my wife, in examining the rough boar-shaped rocks, the termini brought from Avila, discovered thereon marks which were distinctly of this class. At first there was the usual explanation advanced, rain-drippings and the like,—a perfectly impossible manner of accounting for marks arranged in rows and circles and crosses. The subject was, however, taken up with interest by some of the leading members of the Royal Academy of Spain, especially by Father Fidel Fita,

the learned Jesuit, the *doyen* of that distinguished body. This ended in my being invited to read a paper before the Royal Academy, which I eventually addressed in French at a special meeting, at which considerable interest was evinced in the subject. And it was to this that later I had the great honour of being elected a Foreign Member of that distinguished body, and invested with the royal badge of the Academy.[1]

I had yet another question with a stone which I believe to be a cup-marked stone. This is no other than the stone placed beneath the Coronation Chair on which His Majesty was crowned, and which has been similarly used by our Monarchs for many hundreds of years. Several legends attach to the stone, which has certainly travelled far, and has been held in superstitious reverence by more than one people. It is said to be the stone of Jacob's dream, mentioned in Genesis. Then it is said to have been carried from Egypt by Jeremiah when he fled with a scion of the house of Judah to the celebrated Compostella in Spain. Thence it went to Ireland to Tara, the legend always being that it was a valuable royal marriage-gift. Later it appears as the Scottish Stone of Destiny at Scone, which Edward the First in his conquest carried off to Westminster, bearing with it the destiny of the land. In examining it one day, so far as its carved covering would allow, my wife thought she noticed thereon a mark not unlike a cup-mark. The Dean very obligingly ordered that the stone should be taken out of its setting for our inspection, and one afternoon, soon before the coronation, a party of us assembled as a sort of informal committee to inspect the relic and examine the mark thereon. The party consisted of Lord Dillon, then the President of the Society of Antiquaries, and Mr St John Hope, its learned Secretary. Then there came over from the House of Lords, Lord Avebury and the Duke of Northumberland, who, like his father, had always supported me

[1] I had some years previously been elected to the Royal Academy of Sweden, and appointed by the King a Knight Commander of the North or Polar Star.

in my inquiries on the subject of cup-marks. Mr Bryce' now Ambassador at Washington, and myself made up the party. The stone appeared on examination to be a portion of a once larger one, and to which iron staples had been affixed at the ends, to admit possibly of its being carried on a pack-horse. On it was a mark, or depression, not unlike the marks seen on monoliths, and termed cup-marks. I propounded the theory that this mark was even a cup-mark. And I am bound to say that the sense of the meeting was not with me, no one supporting my view save Mr Bryce, who gave me a qualified approval only. I was asked to show my proofs that it *was* a cup-mark, which, considering we have not had handed down to us the Proceedings of Learned Societies of those prehistoric days, was not to me possible. I suggested that it would be equally difficult to prove that the marking *was not* a cup-mark. But the Noes had it. Still, he who is convinced against his will, &c., and I am yet inclined to believe that this stone was originally a portion of a larger monolith. It is well known that these blocks, that are found all over Europe and in many other parts of the world also, are often covered with these marks. Such being the case, there is nothing inherently improbable in the view that this mark even is like unto those found on similar stones.

During the past few years the Royal Spanish Academy, on my paper, has taken up the subject, and such markings have been reported from several parts of the Iberian peninsula. Father Fidel Fita, too, thinks he can trace an affinity between the cups and some of the Ogham characters. As to being able to read these markings, I have no hope. It is, I believe, an ideographic system, not alphabetical or syllabic, and as such there is no hope of interpreting it without the key. No extent of experience with alphabetical cipher, and no smartness in applying the science of comparisons, &c., would enable a man to puzzle out without a key the Yacht Club Signal, such as 133, "Send 3 dozens of champagne on board." This, like a cup-mark rock-inscription, is an ideograph, and will baffle all attempts at interpretation, even by the most

scientific methods, unless the private signal-book can be obtained.

The Italian Societies have also taken up the subject, and are finding, as predicted by me, many cup-marks at the base of and on the great Alpine passes. After I have gone, it may, I hope, be possible for those who accept my views to carry the inquiry yet a step further than I, with all my desire, have been able to do.

We spent a portion of eight very happy years at the beautiful old Schloss Wildeck, enjoying, besides all the natural advantages of the place, the society of our best of friends, Mr and Mrs Jessup, who passed the summer months at their splendid palace of Schloss Lenzburg hard-by, the most perfect of places, the old historic Castle, already noticed, of vast dimensions, restored and made into a magnificent and most comfortable residence, with great patience and care and attention to the original plans of this ancient Hapsburg keep. But, as already stated, we found the climate of the valley of the Aar anything but pleasant in the winter months. And the annual move to Grindelwald was not only inconvenient but very expensive, so, as I had to pass a part of each year in England, Wildeck saw us for but a few months in the fine season.

I began then to bethink me of a place where one could, if necessary, pass the whole year in a pleasant climate. The answer will be that such a place is not to be found in Europe, perhaps nowhere in this world! Where the summers are pleasant, there the winters are a caution, and *vice versâ*. There is little use in searching for the impossible. Well, then, I determined that if no such place was to be found, to try and find at least comfortable winter-quarters. If the summer is fine, one can live anywhere during the warm months, even under a tree or in a wigwam. It is in the winter that one requires one's comforts around one,—one's books, a comfortable room and an open fireplace, and, as far as possible, a decent cold climate out-of-doors. I had begun to realise that the Alps fulfilled all the winter

conditions, and had besides a perfect climate in the summer. When Switzerland was described as the "Playground of Europe," it was meant that it was the place to spend a summer holiday. No one in old days ever contemplated passing a winter in the Swiss valleys deep in fog. The summer resorts, such as Grindelwald, were out of season about October, and looked deserted and forlorn. Montreux and the Engadine, indeed, were known to a few, who appreciated their many advantages. But Switzerland, as a winter playground, had not been thought of, and the foreign phrase *wintère sportes* had not been coined. A few adventurous spirits were found to face the rigours of an Alpine winter at Grindelwald, in a hotel built for summer occupation. Then the vogue grew. Grindelwald, as already noticed in a previous chapter, began to open all its hotels to the annually increasing crowds of Britons who escaped the English winter, and found skating and other winter delights at places well above the fogs of the Swiss valleys. *Wintère sportes* became the fashion, and opened a new joy to the Briton who could get away from home during a trying portion of the year. Every Swiss with a hotel in the mountains began to arrange for central-heating and other comforts to attract tourists, and it was soon discovered that the winter season is only second to the summer season in pleasure to the visitor and in remunerative importance to the host.

I had watched the developments of Grindelwald, and had had some years' experience of the winter months in the Alps, and knew that, with ordinary health, the climate left nothing to be desired. When it was remembered that the whole character and renown of these places was founded on the well-known delights of the summer in the mountains, one began to realise that here at last was a climate that might be bearable all the year round. So at first my wife and I bethought ourselves of a house at Grindelwald, which we could make thoroughly comfortable for the winter, and which we could either let or inhabit during the summer. This idea, however, fell through from the hotel expansion, which snapped up our large châlet as a dependence of one

of the existing hotels. So we began to look elsewhere, and we accordingly passed the winter of 1902 at Château d'Oex, the well-known summer resort in the mountainous country beyond Montreux. Here, too, the idea of *wintère sportes* was beginning to take shape, and hotels that had formerly counted on summer visitors only were beginning to prepare for winter guests. Here we found the conditions and climate much as at Grindelwald, the height being the same within a few feet, and the absence of fog and the clear crisp cold making all winter outdoor life a delight. I looked about in vain for a house that would receive all our possessions, for what with Indian collections and a quantity of old Swiss furniture suitable to the surroundings of Wildeck, that place was as full as an egg, and no moderate-sized abode would hold the waggon-loads that would accompany our *déménagement*. And fortune favoured us. On the map, with which I always provide myself on a visit to a new place, I found marked at Rougemont, a village some five miles from Château d'Oex —"Château." In answer to my inquiries, I learnt that the Château de Rougemont, to which the entry referred, was a ruin. Another informant told me that it was a tumble-down place inhabited by a number of paupers. The weather was fine and hot, so we determined to drive and look at this ruin, which probably would at least be picturesque. As we drove out of Château d'Oex we came across an old man toiling along the hot road (the railway was then unmade), carrying his coat over his arm. According to the excellent Swiss custom, which I had learnt at Wildeck, I had the horses pulled up, and offered the wayfarer a lift. He was a respectable middle-aged Swiss, very hot and grateful. I gave him a cigar, and asked whither was he bound? "Rougemont," he answered. "And monsieur?" I told him our destination was the same, and we were going to see the ruins of the old Château. "Ruins," said my new friend; "there are no ruins, but an excellently preserved Schloss, in which the old Baillis of Berne lived for three hundred years, and made themselves comfortable; and they knew how to make themselves comfortable, those good Baillis—all of the great Berne patrician

families, you know. But," says he, "do you want to buy the Castle?" This amused me much, considering I had not seen the place. "Well," said he, "I would strongly recommend it. I know it well. I am the Juge de Paix of Rosinières, some ten miles off, but my jurisdiction includes Rougemont, and I go there from time to time. But don't you pay a centime more than Frs. (*x*) for the place. The people to whom it belongs find it too big and unsuitable for them, and want to sell it, and they offered it at that price to the municipality lately for a schoolhouse. I am the Juge de Paix. I know all about it. Don't give a centime more."

We arrived at the village after a drive through the valley, which Murray well describes as one of the most beautiful in Switzerland; and we were certainly favourably impressed with the outward picturesque appearance of the so-called ruin, an imposing pile, with its tower, and the adjacent church, which had evidently formerly belonged to the main building. We were taken into the inner courtyard or cloister, for we had learnt from Murray and Baedeker that the Castle before it had been the residence of the Berne Baillis, had been a celebrated Priory of the Benedictines, founded by the Count of Gruyère in 1074. Here we found the rooms built on to galleries leading all round the building, after the manner of the old Cluny Priories of France and elsewhere. The place itself was not particularly well-cared-for or inviting-looking. It was in the possession, we heard, of four brethren, the descendants of an old family of the valley, which, owing to repeated partitions, was by no means rich. They found the rooms too large, difficult to heat and to furnish. And some four-and-twenty rooms were too much for them. So half the place had been let out in pairs of rooms to outside families, who had constant squabbles about kitchen and other domestic rights. The proprietors then were anxious to sell, if not for a very high figure, yet for a price which would admit of each getting enough to enable him to purchase a chalet for himself. I went through the rooms and found many of them spacious, and nearly all beautifully panelled with selected pitch-pine,

the ceilings being of the same. Several of the beautiful old majolica stoves remained, though two had been taken for one of the museums. Then there were also "French," as they were called, or open fireplaces, put in by the Baillis. The terraced gardens could be made pretty. The Château had evidently great possibilities. I knew the climate. The railway was working its way steadily up towards the valley, and would be at Rougemont in a couple of years' time. The price was moderate. The place would hold all my collections, would be delightful in winter, and as good in summer also. It would suit me, although obviously there would be much to do before it could be got into perfect order. So I opened negotiations with the chief proprietor. He began by asking a big price. I told him I knew exactly the sum for which it had been offered to the Commune. I would not bargain. I would pay that sum, cash down. I was going up to the village, and would be back in an hour. He should get his brethren together. If they agreed, then a provisional agreement was to be signed on my return, and I would arrange for the transfer being carried through at once, on this one condition—that before the completion of the purchase my architect was to examine the building and pronounce it to be structurally sound. On my return an hour later, the four brethren, after slight demur, signed the undertaking, after finishing the conventional allowance of wine. Soon afterwards a good friend of mine, an architect, examined the building, pronounced it to be in excellent order structurally, and told me that in the timber of the magnificent roof alone was to be seen the value of what I had paid for the whole building and grounds. Soon afterwards, the necessary legal documents having been signed, we were able to take possession of our new domain, and arrange for the transport of many waggon-loads of possessions from Wildeck being brought up the valley to the Château. And I had an opportunity of admiring the simplicity of the Swiss land registration system, and the ease with which titles are recorded and protected.

I thus found myself the owner of not only a small family

manor in Suffolk, but also of a beautiful old historic château in Switzerland, such as I could not have pictured myself possessing even in my wildest dreams. And to this was now to be added the pleasure of getting the place into order and arranging all one's possessions according to one's own ideas and tastes. And an interesting, pleasant, but somewhat laborious task this was, and occupying me a good part of the year.

The summer we found to be much the same as in other parts of Switzerland at an altitude of 3500 feet. In the day-time the heat is tempered by a cool breeze. And the nights are delicious. The walks and excursions abound, and then the river Sarine, which flows just below the Château, provided me with excellent trout-fishing. Later there was rough shooting—a few hares and an occasional fox, to be shot at sight, as in a country where hunting is impossible, reynard is not to be spared and encouraged to destroy what little game remains. Chamois are constantly to be seen on the mountains on the opposite bank of the Sarine, and are even more plentiful on the northern or Fribourg border. But the season is for a month only—from the first to the end of September, —as it is wisely determined to try and preserve the race, which the many enthusiastic sportsmen have of late years sadly reduced in number. The most favoured time is the winter, the season that now attracts our fellow-countrymen in hundreds to Château d'Oex and other places in the valley, and to numerous other Swiss winter resorts opened within the past few years. The cold is often great. But it is a clear, dry, crisp cold. There is no wind. The sky is bright and quite clear, and the sun is hot. So hot indeed is it that, on the splendid rinks provided at Château d'Oex and elsewhere, the skaters often take off their coats when performing. And a greatcoat is unnecessary in the sun in the day-time. The amusements are numerous and varied,—skating, lugeing, or "tobogganing," and, what is now putting all other sport in the background, sheing or skeing, which is pronounced by those who are adept at both to be superior even to skating.

Skeing has certainly this advantage, that your skis can take you for many miles over hill and dale, while your skates confine you to the narrow boundaries of the rink. Then there are sledging and tailing parties, the latter arranged by attaching half a dozen luges behind a sledge. And in the evening are the amusements and the gaieties which the Briton brings with him, and which, together with the invigorating open-air life of the day, help to make a Christmas holiday pass pleasantly. The only really disagreeable time in the valley is when with March comes the melting of the snows. Then it is well to leave for a brief space and to order a spring cleaning, returning to find nature awake, and all the gardens requiring attention.

We found the winters most pleasant, and the cold, thanks to the absence of the wind, and the bright sun most enjoyable. Even a snowstorm was not enough to keep any one indoors, so invigorating is the air. We put central-heating arrangements into the Château, and with a wealth of electric light—for here, with water-power available, electric light is very cheap, and is used in every châlet—and some 5000 books and many visitors, we found the winter months pass delightfully. And I realised that I had been fortunate enough to discover a place in which one could live both summer and winter with real enjoyment. At the end of our second year the electric railway came up to our very doors, which, without in any way affecting the beauties of the countryside, brought with it many conveniences which were right welcome.

Our Swiss neighbours, too, we found most friendly. In Argovie, at Schloss Wildeck, we had been on the best terms with the people, and most of our neighbours there had had a welcome in the old Castle. We found the French-Swiss in the Sarine valley quite as friendly and pleasant as his German countryman of the Aarthal, if you got hold of him in the right way. For, as my neighbour, Mr Jessup of the Castle of Lenzburg, impressed upon me when I first met him, there are only two ways open to you: either to get on with the

people, or to go. For although my experiences in both places have been of the happiest, I can realise that, if the people had reason to complain of him, the existence of a foreign proprietor in a Swiss valley might be the very reverse of pleasant. I followed my Chandah plan and commenced with the children; for I knew that if these could report to their parents that the foreigners at the Château were not formidable and unapproachable, the people themselves would in course of time make friends and overcome their prejudice against a foreign neighbour. For at Rougemont we were not, as at Grindelwald and elsewhere, in a centre of what is termed *fremden industrie*, where the Swiss lives on the foreigner, and perhaps likes him no better for that. The population is pastoral in the Sarine valley. The land is held by peasant proprietors, none of them rich, few of them poor, nearly all having a comfortable chalet, a few acres of pasturage and some cattle, who make and export the well-known Gruyère cheese. For here at Rougemont you are in the old county of Gruyère, which in former days extended to the slopes of the Wildhorn where the Sarine rises, and the Château was from 1074 a Benedictine Priory, founded by the pious Count of Gruyère of the day. Here the good monks, pioneers like the other Benedictines, governed with real kingcraft the new settlers in the valley and encouraged them to bring the lands under cultivation, cutting down the forest and clearing the brushwood. And here for nearly five hundred years they ministered to their subject-congregation—not only spiritually, but in every detail of their lives, educating them as good Christians and skilful agriculturists, tending them when they were sick, working them when they were well, settling their quarrels, protecting them against outsiders, and baptising them, marrying them, and burying them as occasion required. Here, too, in the Priory the good fathers set up one of the first printing-presses—not only of Switzerland, but of the world; and here the monk Henri de Vach, in 1480, printed the edition of the 'Fasciculus Temporum' dear to all book-collectors, and known by the rare copies in

the libraries of London, Paris, and Fribourg. But in 1555 the then Count of Gruyère, dear to all his subjects in the valley, having got into hopeless difficulties by his extravagances at the Court of France and elsewhere, had to part with his County, which was annexed by his creditors of the Cantons of Berne and Fribourg. Berne took the eastern portion, known nowadays as the Pays d'Enhaut of the Canton Vaud; Fribourg the western half, including the townlet and old Castle of Gruyère. In 1555 the good fathers sang their last Miserere in the church adjoining the Château, and were expelled from the valley—the Berne Governors pulling down a portion of the Priory and adapting it to their wants as a defensible residence or Schloss. And so it remained for another two hundred and fifty years, when Napoleon and the Revolution turned the Bernese out of the Vaud country and freed the Sarine valley from the heavy paw of the Bernese bear. After that the Château came into the possession of the family from whom it was purchased by me.

We found the neighbours, introduced by degrees by the children, quite as friendly and obliging as those we had left at Wildeck. As time went on, and it was known that the Château had been restored and many alterations made, there was a general desire to come inside and see what the foreigner had done. And we were ready to receive our friends, and invited this one and that as we met him on the road. But the answer invariably was, "If we come to you, will you come to us?" They were too proud to be patronised, and would only accept the invitation on the understanding that we played on equal terms and would return their visits. And in about six months' time it came to pass that nearly every one of our neighbours had been to visit us and see the Château under its new conditions, whilst, in our turn, we had been to tea in nearly every chalet of the Commune. And this was no troublesome task, but in every case a real pleasure. We were introduced into a room quite comfortably furnished and scrupulously clean. Our welcome was of the warmest, and the tea and home-made cakes of the best. Besides all this

our hosts were invariably well-informed, intelligent, and communicative. And we would sit for an hour, hearing of the valley in times gone by, of stories and legends told them by their grandparents, and of the changes and improvements in the village in their time. Here we are on the extreme eastern boundary of French Switzerland. The people are descendants of the Burgundian settlers who, a thousand years ago, trudged up into the wilds from the country to the West in search of fresh fields and pastures new. A mile and a half from the Château is a gorge of the Sarine, now spanned by a railway bridge, where the Burgundian immigrants, making their way eastward, met one of the Allemani tribes which had come down through the valley of the Simmen from the Lake of Thun. Neither would at first give way in its progress, and here they fought during the whole day. The next morning brought wiser counsels. The sides were about equally matched. So they shook hands and decided to make the gorge the boundary of the two races; and this it has remained from that day. In the châlet on our side of the ravine the people talk French only, for few attempt to master the difficult German tongue. On the other side of the road the language is German; and the German-Swiss is more enterprising than his neighbour, and often can talk a little French. The two races are in character and looks as different as they are in language. The Burgundian, on our side of the border, is a tall, good-looking, cheery, happy-go-lucky, pleasant companion. Across the line, the square, sturdy little Berner is "*solide*" and worthy, but not so pleasant in intercourse as his French neighbour. Still, if you want your work done carefully and up to time, you will call in a man from the little town across the German border rather than confide it to your good-natured but not always very exact friend in the village of Rougemont. And with these people we have now lived very happily for six years, making of them warm friends, and getting to know them intimately and admire their fine qualities, and the marvellous way in which they govern themselves and live happily and

quite simply, with little riches, but with no poverty—a prosperous and contented people. One short story must be told here to show the terms on which we live, and which will explain the position better than a dozen pages of description. We put up a swing, my wife and I, on a piece of land outside the Château, which we made into a playground for our small friends. We had several visitors staying with us, and had just sat down to dinner, when suddenly there came a tremendous peal at the big bell of the courtyard, suggesting that the whole place was on fire. Sending out to ascertain the cause of the alarm, my man came back smiling to say that half a dozen children were as a deputation in the inner courtyard. They could not agree as to the order in which they were to use the swing, and had decided that Monsieur le Colonel himself *must* come down at once and himself arrange and settle the vexed question! And they would take no denial. The children of the village, then, had got over their awe of the foreigners at the Château, if ever they had held them in such esteem.

And besides our Swiss neighbours we had many visitors and kind friends who would come often far out of their way to see us,—old friends from India and elsewhere, Opium Assistants, Soldiers, Bishops, Commanders-in-Chief, Diplomates, Volunteer Officers, occasional Royalties, Civilians, ex-Governors, ex-Ministers, and Magistrates, Elizabeth from her German garden, and many relations and home friends. For a great advantage, both at Wildeck and Rougemont, was that there being ample room in these old Châteaux, one's friends could always find shelter and a warm welcome. For this I can safely say, without fear of contradiction, that every one who had served with me in India, or had been my friend, was sure of a welcome. I am free to confess that I do not pretend to care to see every one, or, in my old age, to make new acquaintances. I am occasionally told, "Oh, you would like to meet So-and-so, he has been in India." Having myself been in India, I know something about the country, and do not require much further instruction. I would prefer then, perhaps, to meet some one

who has been in, say, Kamchatka, to me an unknown country, and regarding which I might hear something new and interesting. In India, too, I had, thank goodness, many friends. And no one will accuse me of not being loyal to my friends. But in India I met many other persons also, with whom I had no sort of affinity, and some of whom I cordially disliked. Though my father sent me out to India at an early age, I did not thereby forfeit my British birthright. And I have, I am happy to say, still many relations and friends of my own house. I do not therefore see why, just because I happen to have been in India, I should be expected on my return home to consort with any of those for whom I do not care, or for whom I have a positive dislike. But, as has been more than once proved, no one values a good Indian friend more than I do.

And now I must bring these very rambling "Memories" to a close. Everything was going too well with me. I should have remembered the experience of the past and the legend of the long ago. I had found a climate excellent in summer and winter. I had made the Château thoroughly comfortable, and had arranged there all my 5000 books and possessions. The railway station was at my door, and I could get to London in twenty-one hours. Here was a place where I could settle down comfortably in my old age, a place to live in, and, when the time came, to die in. One autumn on my return from England, having incautiously drunk some water from a hill stream when I had got very hot, having gone out to welcome a battalion of Carabiniers who were to bivouac in the village, I was attacked by severe internal inflammation and nearly died. After much struggling, and some relapses, I learn that my heart has become affected with this, the only severe illness of my long life. And my medical adviser has pronounced it too weak to stand for any time the altitude of this place, 3500 feet, on which I had spent so much time and money, and which, with its people, I had got to love so well.

And now I have to pack up the few things I most care

for and seek a lower level. With this sickness and disappointment on me, I have had a hard struggle to finish these my "Memories," which I had commenced when I was in better health. For many deficiencies I must plead this illness and old age as an excuse (for I have now passed my seventy-first birthday), adding only that I am thankful that I have been spared to carry my work even thus far, and to finish, if only in a clumsy and inartistic manner, a work which a few years ago I might have accomplished in a form much less rambling and uninteresting to my readers, and much more satisfactory to myself.

THE END

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