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MEMOIRS OF MY INDIAN CAREER





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G. Campbell

MEMOIRS  
OF  
MY INDIAN CAREER

BY  
SIR GEORGE CAMPBELL,  
M.P., K.C.S.I., D.C.L.

EDITED BY  
SIR CHARLES E. BERNARD

WITH PORTRAIT

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## PREFACE

6-30-74 J. M.

THESE memoirs were written by George Campbell during the last two years of a busy life; and he was engaged on them in Egypt up to three weeks before his death in February 1892. They are published as he left them, the old spelling of Indian names being retained. The memoirs give some idea of Campbell's diligence, his thirst for information, his grasp of great affairs, his many-sidedness, his steadfast adherence to principle, his sympathy with the oppressed and afflicted, his honesty of purpose, and his untiring energy. His reforming zeal on occasions raised opponents, who afterwards recognised that Campbell's measures were generally sound and beneficial. He left a permanent mark for good on the administration of Bengal, the Central Provinces, Oude, and part of the Punjaub.

But the memoirs do not fully bring out the warmth of heart, the unselfish kindness, and the thoughtfulness for others which endeared George Campbell to those who knew him best during his Indian career.

C. E. BERNARD.

*February* 1893.

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## CHAPTER I

### EARLY DAYS AND EARLY SERVICE TO 1846

THE story of our family down to my own birth has been told in the *Life of Lord Campbell*, so well edited by his daughter, and which evoked much interest and sympathy. Very pleasant is the account of his relations with his family and of his close connection and correspondence with my father, his only brother, a picture to which I can desire to add very little. I can wish nothing better than that my father should be known as he has come to be known in those pages. Anything of our early history that I here add is only by way of supplement.

In regard to Donald Campbell, Abbot of Coupar-Angus, and son of the Argyll who fell at Flodden, from whom we claim descent, Lord Campbell says that he had ascertained that Donald was a soldier and a married man with a family before he became a monk. This Donald was a considerable man in his day, and voluminous papers regarding the abbacy of Coupar-Angus have lately been published. I have seen it suggested as an instance of the laxity of those days that Donald the Abbot openly brought up a family without being the least ashamed of it, and that they blazoned their relationship on tombstones and all the rest of it. But our case is that there was no concealment, because the Abbot had nothing to be ashamed of. Nicholas, the son of Donald, and our ancestor, was born in 1517, while Donald was not appointed to the abbacy till 1526; and we may well suppose that Argyll's son did not laboriously rise from a curacy, so the dates are

by no means inconsistent with the facts ascertained by Lord Campbell. Donald managed to feather his nest, and gave estates to each of his several sons. Nicholas had the estate of Kethik, now called Keithock, on the borders of Perthshire and Forfarshire, and that was the estate held by George Campbell two generations later, when he became "caution" for the Marquis of Argyll, and was judicially sold up in consequence in 1661.

Lord Campbell tells the story of the subsequent settlement of the family in Fife, and residence there till a hundred years later they came to their lowest point after the death of my great-grandfather. The history of his sons is an instance that Scotch families do not give in. While my grandfather made the best of it in this country, two of his brothers went to America in 1770, and one went to Constantinople, where he turned Turk, and is said to have risen to considerable office. We have lately found a series of letters from one of the brothers who went to America, Andrew Campbell, curiously well written and interesting. One could hardly have expected a young emigrant to have written such letters; but from his brother's notices it appears that he had been a distinguished student at St. Andrews. From the time we came to Fife, all the family down to myself have been educated at the University of St. Andrews, which in former days seems, relatively at any rate, to have been a much more considerable place of education than in my day. Andrew went to Maryland, and seems to have found a relation, a Tom Campbell, who had considerable property, both in Virginia and the West Indies. Andrew himself acted as H.M. Collector of Customs for the Potomac. The younger brother Jock was much less completely educated, of a very roving disposition, and, his brother says, a shocking bad letter-writer. We only know of him through Andrew, but Andrew tells us that he found his way to a place called Pittsburg, "which I only know to be a place in the back settlements—in the Indian territory." Andrew complains of the difficulty of getting information, partly on account of the sparseness of Jock's letter-writing,

and partly on account of the difficulty of communication with Pittsburg, which was only had by occasional waggons in the summer-time. The last that was heard of Jock was that he had joined and gone into partnership with an American, Colonel George Croghan, who was "possessed of an immense tract of land" in those parts. Andrew died, leaving only an infant son, another George, and then the war came on; nothing more was heard of Jock. The family long remained in hopes of his turning up a millionaire, but he has not come yet.

As I have said, Lord Campbell's account of my grandfather and his family is enough. I was born in 1824, and brought up at Edenwood, my father's home in Fife. I may say this much, that my father was eminently loved and respected by all his children. My mother, too, was a very clever woman, and we owe much to our parents. My father kept a note of my early life, on which I need not dwell. It is very curious in reading these things to see how early in life the peculiarities and special tastes come out which have followed me in maturer years. In one thing only there is a material difference. The main fault my father found with me was being slow and listless. In after life people have been apt to accuse me of being a little too restless.

At the age of eight I was sent to the Edinburgh New Academy, then in its first prime, and which had had Archbishop Tait and Lord Moncreiff for its first duxes. I was there two years, and then three years at the newly-started Madras College, St. Andrews, where the education was similar. At both places the teaching was good of its kind; but after all our Scotch education was little better than the English in regard to the choice of subjects. It was still almost entirely classical, with a little mathematics thrown in. It has always been a regret to me, that, having been so much over the world, as so many of us have, I never got a little smattering of useful science in my youth—geology and botany and natural history, and such things. My Latin education was very thorough, better than the

English style; great attention was paid to roots and derivatives, and that is what makes Latin useful for our own and other languages. I confess, however, that I never came to enjoy Latin literature beyond a few stoek passages of Tacitus, which I retained. Just when I should have commenced Greek, I had an attack of bad eyes, got thrown behind the course, and never properly overtook it; consequently I never had more than a very superficial smattering of Greek, and have not had much desire for more. I can follow the Greek words now introduced into our language, which is about all that any one who is not a profound scholar wants. The truth is that I never had a good memory, nor any talent for intricate languages; though I was very much whipped up with every advantage, nobody could ever make a classical scholar of me. I became very diffident of my own powers, and that was perhaps why my father called me slow and listless. There was a gleam of another state of things when I came to mathematics proper, to Euclid, at the age of twelve. Then I suddenly found that without any effort I was easily head of a class of some fifty boys. The fact is, that any powers that I have are of a ratiocinative character. At the end of a year I had triumphantly mastered the six books of Euclid, though I don't think my mathematical education ever went very much further. However the ratiocinative character of my mind has always stood me in good stead or in bad as the case may be. I think I have always been prone to fixed and logical principles of action. But, on the other hand, I have perhaps been too much given to independent views; too little apt to follow the current tide of opinion. That has not always been to my advantage, even if I may sometimes think that my opinions were only a little in advance of most of the world, and were right, though premature. In the secondary schools of Scotland, at any rate, religion was very little taught—to the best of my recollection it was not taught at the Edinburgh Academy at all. At St. Andrews we had a weekly dose of the Shorter Catechism, just enough to make me hate it—a hatred which I have maintained through life. I am pained to think that

even at this day children are subjected to that antique theological code of another age.

Those five years at Edinburgh and St. Andrews almost completed the only regular education I ever had. After that I was two sessions at the University of St. Andrews, commencing at the age of thirteen; but I must confess that I got little good there. The system was not well fitted for a boy. In former days St. Andrews was much more like an English University. There were several colleges, and those colleges were residential, with rooms for the students, and common-hall, and so on. They used to speak Latin, and acquire a great deal of knowledge of a kind. Down to the time of my father and uncle, there were rooms and hall in the United College, and I believe in St. Mary's too. Indeed it was only in my time that the disused and dilapidated buildings were pulled down. The United College had then become a mere day school. That system may suit very well in Edinburgh and Glasgow, where a large proportion of the students live at home, but at such a place as St. Andrews, I think the change is very much to be regretted. The Duke of Argyll and others have tried to revive the college halls but without success. Now-a-days people who can afford it send their sons to England for general education. The Scotch Universities are mostly professional schools with a little general education thrown in for local purposes, or as a passport to the professional schools. I don't think I knew more Latin and Mathematics when I left the University at fifteen than when I went there. I may have picked up a smattering of logic, and like my father before me, I was a member of a debating society, and was probably a little ripened, but that was all.

At this time my father obtained for me the promise of a nomination to India, and thenceforward my course was all in an Indian channel.

One great advantage of the day-school system of Edinburgh and St. Andrews was, that I was a great deal at home. Two or three winters my father had houses in Edinburgh and St. Andrews for the education of his children,

and at St. Andrews I was always within easy reach of our home at Edenwood. My father was a man of much higher classical education than I ever attained, and of strong literary tastes. I am afraid, however, that his sons irreverently thought some of those tastes a little out of date. He was always trying to make us appreciate the English classics of the last century: Addison and Pope and the others, but somehow or other we never could see it. I used to fear that I was wanting in filial piety, but I gather that a great many people are similarly situated as regards those eighteenth century classics. Partly with my sisters at home, and partly at St. Andrews, I learnt enough French to read that language with sufficient facility.

There was another kind of education of which I got a good deal at home at a very early age, a political education. I have a very vivid recollection of the excitement of the Reform Bill agitation of 1832. My father was a great reformer, and very actively engaged in the Reform movement at a time when his neighbours looked upon such a man as a kind of mad dog. As a child, I came to sympathise in an active agitation of a more thorough character I think than anything we have seen in these days, and as it were drank in Radical ideas with my mother's milk. I well remember going with my father to meetings and processions, and fraternising with the handloom-weavers, then very numerous, and especially good reformers. That, however, lasted but a short time in my very early youth. Quieter days succeeded; the Whigs were established in power and my uncle in office. For many years after that the Radical seed lay dormant, and my views in politics were principally derived from the correspondence between my uncle the Whig in office, and my father. People thought that under the Whig régime my father should have got something substantial out of the spoils, but he was put off with a handle to his name, and though he did think of parliament and might have got in, he decided to husband his resources for the education of his children, devoted himself to that and local politics, was on excellent terms with the country

gentlemen around him, and lived to see many of them become Whigs. My youth was without the Radical excitement of my childhood. I don't know whether I was born a Radical, or was made one in 1832. I rather think my nature inclines that way.

When my appointment to India was secured, I was sent for a year to a school in the North of England, then of great repute, where many distinguished contemporaries have been, the Grange, kept by Dr. Cowan. But both Cowan and the majority of the pupils were Scotch. I was in the school, but not of it, for I was to be specially prepared for Haileybury, and my work was almost entirely with a man to whom I owe very much, the late Dr. Dawson Turner. He was then a young Oxford man, and very full of Oxford, but by no means of Oxford routine. I learnt from him especially a great deal of what is the rarest thing in the world, rational history—not kings and queens and battles, but the history of nations and peoples. I had also particularly to get up Paley, then imposed on candidates for Haileybury, rather, I suppose, in imitation of the universities than because the East India Company particularly wanted to make their servants orthodox. I had none of the dislike to Paley that I had for the Shorter Catechism; on the contrary, I have an affection for Paley to this day, and though he has now gone out of fashion, I have not heard that anything better has been found to put in his place. I need hardly say that my preference for Paley to the Shorter Catechism does not involve any liking for Anglican forms; on the contrary, I have always infinitely preferred the Presbyterian system of my fathers to the episcopal sacerdotalism of the Anglicans. The examination for Haileybury was then not competitive but qualifying, and qualifying examinations seldom keep many out; yet I went up with some trembling, and was very agreeably surprised to find that I had greatly distinguished myself, and was much complimented by the examiners.

I may say a few words here about the then mode of making appointments to the Indian Civil Service. Except

in rare cases, there was of course no pretence that the directors went about looking for the best young men. They nominated their sons and nephews and friends. Though I was not related to any director, I was not selected for any merit whatever; my director had never seen or heard of me till, as a matter of mutual friendship and favour, he gave me a nomination. Still, the qualifying examination not only threw out a few of the worst, but frightened away a good many more. Directors did not like to send up a boy likely to fail. Then a considerable number were sifted out at Haileybury. It would have been difficult to turn him adrift, but there was the alternative of the Company's Cavalry, a coveted service. The fashion was to send into the Cavalry a young man too idle or too stupid to go through Haileybury, and the director put another in his place in the Civil Service. Altogether, a good many were weeded out from the bottom; and the rest being caught young, and kept apart, the best did not go off from the top, as they might under other circumstances. The young men, caught young and taught to believe themselves especially fortunate, took a pride in the service; they had a wonderfully effective training in India, and almost all became zealous. I think they took more to the natives than more mature men, and they more readily accepted the view that they were given body and soul to the Government—must look to no other emoluments whatever, and scrupulously abstain from all other enterprises. I say all this, not denying that the present mode of selection is better, but as showing that there was something to be said on the other side too, and to explain why, in my opinion, the difference in efficiency between the old and the new service is not so very wide as might be supposed, considering the difference in the manner of selection.

Picked up as I was, I went to Haileybury at the age of sixteen, being one of the youngest of my term. It was a very large, and, we thought, a distinguished term. I have a very pleasurable recollection of the two years I spent at Haileybury, always excepting the constant voyages between the

Tay and the Thames, in days before railways, on that rough eastern coast; but perhaps they inured me for longer voyages afterwards. Haileybury was generally popular. It was in a good situation; the life was not unpleasant, the East India Company provided the best of professors, the education was on the whole much better than we should have got elsewhere, and we made many friendships. Possibly it was too exclusive; it may be that young men who are now specially cared for at Balliol are better placed, though I am not sure of it; and where young men are scattered at various places of education I doubt it altogether. Of this I feel sure, that an independent student life in London is bad for Europeans and worse for natives of India.

At Haileybury it was rather absurdly attempted to carry on the routine of classics and mathematics at the same time as special subjects, but I can answer for it that I did not give much time to the former. The small modicum of mathematics that I had got at St. Andrews three years before sufficed to carry me through at the head of that department at Haileybury. Classics was more difficult. We had in the term two men who had been head of Eton and Rugby respectively—R. N. Cust and W. S. Seton Karr, rivalry with whom was no bar to a long-continuing friendship, and who, I am happy to say, survive and live near me now. I never attempted to compete with them in their own department; but knowing how excessively slender my classical requirements were, I was surprised to find that I could hold my own against all the other public schoolmen. The moral I drew was that if the average boy learnt little else at an English public school, he learnt uncommonly little classics. We were taught a little of the Oriental languages, which really was useful as a beginning. We learnt the characters, both Sanscrit and Persian, and read one or two simple books in both languages; but I confess I never was very brilliant. My principal subjects were Political Economy and Law, taught by two notable men, Jones and Empson. Political Economy had not then been sent to Saturn, and I really think Jones taught it in a very sensible way. I

never was a rigid disciple, but I do trace in my letters for the next two or three years little priggish economical statements which I would not venture upon in these days. Empson's law was not the law of English lawyers, but good first principles. He was a good deal of a Benthamite, and I came away from Haileybury with a very sound belief in the greatest happiness of the greatest number.

I confess I am very much inclined to regret the abolition of Haileybury. Some years later I had a plan for a special Indian College at one of the universities, and had a good deal of talk with Whewell about it. The main difficulty seemed to be that no government would dare to plant such an institution at one university to the exclusion of the other. I suspect that at the present day that would be very much the difficulty in finding any substitute for Haileybury.

At eighteen, then, I had finished my education and was ready to go to India. By blood, bringing up, and feelings, I was and am altogether Scotch. When I went to Haileybury I spoke a good native vernacular, and I never, like Lord Campbell, tried to get rid of it; but gradually and imperceptibly I lapsed into that neutral language which is free from English provincialisms. I am always inclined to say that to speak English correctly, a man, and still more a woman, must be born in Scotland. No English person can pronounce correctly such words as "whale" and "where," for instance. Seriously I believe philologists are agreed that Scotch is the purest and best form of English, and it is shown as matter of history that in the north we got rid of the Teutonic inflexions and approached the modern form long before the southerners did. My life has been so much divided between Scotland, India, and London, the common capital, that England is still to me a sort of foreign country.

My upbringing was purely lowland, but I several times visited the Highlands, first with my father, who knew that country well in the end of the last century, when he served as a young officer in the militia, and then on several walking tours. My father used to show me the remains of the old "runrig" system and other customs, which I afterwards

recognised in far distant parts of the world—we are nearly akin after all.

In spite of rural birth and breeding I have always been thin and rather pale, but I think wiry. I learnt to ride at the age of two, and at six my father notes that I rode some twenty-five miles without feeling it. Later he had some young horses which gave me a practice that afterwards came useful in India. But I was always a loose rider, and have rather prided myself on the agility by which I avoided any serious harm from the many accidents I have had, than on too severely sticking to my saddle. Like all Britishers, too, I was infected with that survival of the hunting age of mankind—the feeling that it is necessary to a man and a gentleman to take every opportunity of killing something, and it has taken me some fifty years completely to emancipate myself from that superstition. I began to shoot very early, and continued it throughout my service in India, if not with excessive devotion, at any rate enough to give me change, air, and exercise, and a pleasant variety of food when I was in camp. I always felt more zealous when shooting for the pot, stalking ducks, and the like; and after a long career of not very successful shooting at flying creatures, it gradually dawned upon me that nature had made me for a poacher rather than a sportsman. Perhaps that is why in game questions I rather sympathise with the poacher.

Land-tenure questions were not prominent in my youth, and Fife is a country of largish farms and pure contract tenancies. Brought up among moderate landholders, I have never been able to take such a severe view of that class as Mr. Bright and some of the mercantile school. Even the average Irish landlord I can't be too hard upon; I am rather inclined to pity him for his misfortune in having owned Irish land than too bitterly to condemn him.

After leaving Haileybury I spent a short time with my family at Edenwood, and then, parting from them, started for India in September 1842. We had been a very united family, but we were never all together again. Both my

brothers followed me to India. My sisters were married, and when I returned in 1857 my father and mother were alone at the old home. I went round the Cape, but in a steamer, the *Hindoostan*, the first of the P. and O. vessels to take up the line from Calcutta to England by way of Egypt, which, in the absence of means of communication across India to Bombay, was for many years the main route for nine-tenths of the Indian world. I have a very pleasant recollection of that voyage out. We had a large and agreeable party, and saw half the world on the way. I shared a cabin with a friend, E. L. Brandreth, the best Oriental of my day. He too now lives as fresh as ever very near me. And there was my most intimate friend, John Dalrymple, who passed away about a year ago. Late in life he came into the family estates and honours at North Berwick, and was then keen to exercise the kindness and generosity which always distinguished him. But these are very bad days for East Lothian landlords; his health had failed, and he went from us before long.

Besides other young men there were several elder civil servants on board the *Hindoostan*, in whose society we picked up much, and some ladies, of whom I have very kindly memories.

Our first halt was at Gibraltar, where we stopped two or three days, and made excursions into Spain. Then we touched at the Cape de Verde Islands, and at Ascension. When we were nearing the Cape it was suddenly discovered that we had no more coal, and we drifted into a place on the coast, an outlying part of Cape Colony. There a party of us penetrated into the interior till we found a Dutch farmer, with whom we made an arrangement to send us overland to Cape Town, when we despatched coals to fetch up the steamer and the rest of the passengers. I was upwards of a fortnight in South Africa, and greatly enjoyed it. We had left a fine autumn in Europe, and we came upon a fine spring in the Southern Hemisphere in the beginning of November. We were astonished by the skill with which our Hottentot coachman drove a waggon and ten

horses over the most impossible no-roads. The Dutch farmers on the route were exceedingly kind and hospitable, and we quite liked them. The environs of Cape Town seemed to us delightful, and the Cape riding-horses charming. That was then a great resort for Anglo-Indians on account of the peculiar leave rules and the good climate. We had a large addition to our party there, including some who proved even more agreeable than those whom we had brought with us. From the Cape we went to the Mauritius, from the Mauritius to Ceylon, from Ceylon to Madras, from Madras to Calcutta, arriving there on Christmas day 1842, after a three months' voyage; but then we had spent nearly half the time on shore.

At Calcutta I was strange at first, but soon found myself more at home in a congenial society. We were kept there to learn the languages, at what was by a fiction called the college of Fort William, but there really was no college; we hired native instructors and went up for examinations. A party of young civilians of whom I was one set up house together. We saw a great deal of the heads of our profession, learned Indian manners, were duly cheated about horses, and did learn a little language. For those who did not linger too long it was not a bad experience. Five months saw me thorough, and soon after that I started for the North-Western Provinces, to which I had been posted.

It is not very far from half a century since I knew Calcutta in those days, but I really do not think that the kind of life there or the chances of living have very greatly changed since then, except only in the modern facility for getting away. In those days the only resource was to go to sea. When people did not feel well they used to go to the pilot brigs cruising at the head of the Bay of Bengal, which was a kind of choice between the devil and the deep sea. Pessimists have said that Calcutta is bad for new arrivals in the hot weather, in the rains for old Indians, and in the cold weather for everybody; but the cold weather is really very pleasant, and in the hot weather the southerly

breeze makes the climate much more bearable than in stations in the interior. In those days there were some very old European residents, and many who had been there a long while without being the worse. People did not seem to expect to die much more than they do now. I remember some statistics compiled regarding the European Orphan Asylums near Calcutta from the beginning of the century, which showed an extraordinary absence of mortality. The residents seem very early to have hit off a style of roomy-house with open verandahs facing the south, very much suited to the climate, and which has never been bettered. There was no scientific sanitation in those days, and one is almost inclined to say, So much the worse for sanitation: people lived when they ought by rights to have died. There certainly was a good deal of cholera the season I was there, but I think it was an occasional outbreak. There always is cholera more or less in Calcutta, and people don't think very much of it. It only takes people occasionally, and I doubt if it is worse than the typhoid which we have recently imported into India. The only very marked change I have noticed is in the fort, the European garrison. There used to be very low barracks surrounded by very high ramparts, and the place was very unhealthy. Since the present four-storied barracks were built they are among the healthiest in India. They are just as suitable for the climate of Calcutta as buildings of that class were found to be unsuitable for the dry upper provinces when they were imposed upon us there.

In 1843 the Governor-General was absent from Calcutta on the frontier, but the Members of Council and other great people were there. For the amenities of life I was principally indebted to a well-known family who had been my fellow-travellers on the *Hindoostan*, the Pattles. Old Pattle was very much of the old school of civilians—an ancient member of the Board of Revenue. His wife, the daughter of an emigrant Frenchman, we were all very fond of. Several of his beautiful daughters had married Members of Council and distinguished people, and everybody else

wanted to marry the remainder. The youngest did later marry my friend Dalrymple, and has survived him.

In June 1843 I started up country in a Ganges steamer, which took me as far as Allahabad. Thence I travelled by palanquin up to Bareilly in Rohileund, enduring on the latter part of the journey a good many adventures by flood, for the rains had set in heavily. I was astonished, and I still am, at the endurance of the Indian bearers, who carry heavy palanquins and heavy travellers for long stages, in a way which I believe is really a marvel of athletic power. That travelling, with halts in the heat of the day, though slow, was not altogether very uncomfortable. It was one of the advantages of the homogeneity of the Indian services that one was received with exceeding kindness wherever one halted. I had my first Indian illness on board the steamer, and that was the occasion of my staying a short time at Allahabad, where most of the principal officials of the North-West Provinces then were, and where I made their acquaintance. I stayed with G. Edmonstone, then a rising man, who afterwards rose much higher.

The North-West Provinces were then considered the model administration. The regular settlement of the Land Revenue, the first of the kind, was just being completed. It was called regular as distinguished from the "summary" settlements which had preceded it, the regular settlement involving a minute survey, classification and valuation of the land, a full register of all rights, and a record of village constitutions. In various ways too the administration had been regularised, and I began in a good school. The civil servants were, however, rather discontented at that time. Owing to the conclusion of settlement operations, new rules, and other causes, promotion was a good deal retarded and pay reduced. It was just then that Lord Ellenborough and his strong proclivities in favour of the military and against civilians made things worse by his habit of replacing civilians by military men in every case in which he legally could do so. I had letters of introduction to Lord Ellen-

borough, but I never saw him, and I had strong views about his conduct. I did not like his rhodomontade, and especially disliked his extreme preference for military men, and his contempt for civilians. We were especially offended by the story of his calling civilians who wore moustaches "Cuteherry Hussars," besides the real injuries we had sustained at his hands. The only compensation we got for the transfer of so many of the best appointments to military men, was that two or three young civilians were sent down to Seinde to be placed at the very bottom in that worst possible climate, under Sir Charles Napier. If Lord Ellenborough was hard upon civilians, Sir Charles was infinitely worse—he treated these young men abominably, and insisted on registering them as camp-followers. They very soon came back. The consequence of all this was that I never delivered my letters to Lord Ellenborough up to the time when he was recalled. That may have made a difference in my career. Most men who are at all to the fore make a beginning in the secretariat pretty early in their service, but I never stumbled into that, and it so happens that in the whole course of my career I never was a secretary. Just when I had once accepted that office the mutiny intervened. Perhaps there is hardly another instance of a man who has come to the higher posts of the Civil Service exclusively in the line, as it were, without ever being in the secretariat. It so happened too that, sticking to the executive line, almost the whole of my early service was in out-of-the-way districts, where I had comparatively little intercourse with Europeans, and was very much thrown among the natives.

I thought myself fortunate in being posted to the province of Rohileund, a favourite country. In the North-West Provinces there were still left a few of the very old civilians of the olden school who had joined the service in the last century and never gone home, and I saw two or three of them on my way up. They still nominally received the magnificent salaries of a former day, but in their old age the Government has insisted on providing them with adjoints paid out of their salaries, which made a difference.

One fine specimen of the ancient time was old Wemyss at Cawnpore, who had come in prehistoric times from my county of Fife, the brother of an ancient Laird of Wemyss Castle, and an early friend of my father's. The Government soon after insisted on retiring him, but he lived on in India in the hills, and was still a keen sportsman till he blew off his arm, and then he got a light gun and shot with the remaining arm. He died in honour, and left behind him a large number of honoured descendants. After that old school there came a very good and strong school of civilians, beginning from the earlier part of the present century, to whom our present form of administration is due — such men as Holt Mackenzie, who designed the North-West revenue system; Robert Mertins Bird, who effected the new settlement; and Thomason who administered it. At Allahabad there was Turner of the Sudder Board of Revenue, from whose family I received much kindness, and Powney-Thompson of the Sudder Court, the progenitor of a numerous race, and equally distinguished for judicial acumen, knowledge of horse-flesh, and piety.

At Bareilly I was kindly received by the Commissioner, W. Conolly, one of an illustrious band of brothers, all distinguished in the service. I found there some young civilians who had been senior to me at Haileybury, and began to realise the importance of the position of a civil servant.

I hope that the absurd fictions of Burke and Sheridan regarding Rohileund and the Rohillas have been finally set at rest. The fact is that the name Rohileund is a kind of accident. The province was always known to the natives not as Rohileund but as Katerh, from the name of the Rajpoot tribe, who were predominant there, and was so known by them down to my time. There are plenty of Afghan tribes, but none of them have ever settled in India as tribes, but only as individual adventurers, who sometimes founded Indian families, and clustered in particular places. They called themselves neither Afghans nor Rohillas, but Pathans. There were a good many of them in the Upper Doab, and in parts of Rohileund, but it was not as settlers that they

dominated that country. Well on in the last century a Pathan family (among many others who came to the front in the break up of the Empire) obtained a temporary and intermittent rule in Katerh, which lasted in a broken way for some twenty or thirty years. The head of the family was really not a Pathan at all, but a converted Hindoo who had been received into a Pathan family.

Rohilla merely means a hill-man or mountaineer, and is a term now rarely used in Northern India. Sometimes troops from the Afghan hills were called Rohillas, just as our Scotch regiments are called Highlanders. It may have happened that in some Mogul official documents the chiefs who ruled or plundered in Katerh were called Rohillas, and the country they ruled for a while was called Rohileund, or the Highlanders' country. We caught up the name and perpetuated it.

The Pathans, ex-rulers or ruled, are but a very small fraction of the population, even where they are most numerous. They are, however, a fine people, quite different from the Pathans of Afghanistan. They bear about the same relation to them that the Frenchified Romans did to the Northmen of the North Seas—are quite Indianised, but superior to most Indians, and often well educated and gentleman-like men. I can't forgive Burke and Sheridan, but if I had been inclined to be severe upon Macaulay, who ought to have known better, I should have been deterred by the recollection of a mistake in my own early days, when I first applied to be posted to Rohileund, "because I wanted to be in a hilly country," whereas Rohileund is a great fertile plain, without a stone or a hillock in its whole expanse, and with upwards of five millions of inhabitants.

My services were required in the district of Badaon. I was appointed Assistant-Magistrate and Collector there, and commenced active administrative and judicial functions at the age of nineteen. Badaon, though in Rohileund, is not a very characteristic Rohileund district. Most of the districts of that province impinge on the Terai or moist country near the foot of the Himalayas, are rather abnormally green, and

have tigers and much game in the Terai. Badaon is the outside district along the Ganges, and then stretches over that river into the Doab, a great corn-growing country. The town is an old historical town, but the station was new and half-formed, having been recently changed from another place in the district. There were no troops, and only two or three Europeans there. I could not have had a better master than my first magistrate and collector, Fleetwood Williams. Though he was not at all old then, he came to be, I may say, the very last of the old school of civilians, making his home in the country, and never going home during a very long term of service. He was very active and enthusiastic, a great improver, and on excellent terms with the natives; and, what was the great benefit to me, he was not one of those men who insist on monopolising everything: whilst schooling his assistants, he gave them plenty of scope and work. He took me into his house on my first arrival, and started me well by precept, example, and assistance. A young Indian official makes the plunge into work, and the decision of cases at once, and it was well for me that, joining in the rainy season, when marching is impossible, I had an opportunity of quietly learning the language and the work at the headquarters station. Of course my practical knowledge of the language was then of the scantiest, but when a young assistant is first intrusted with petty cases, he has an experienced native as bear-leader. Some extracts from a letter to my father a few weeks after I joined may give an idea of the kind of thing. I may explain with reference to the first sentences, that the recollection of the very severe famine of 1838, when the district had suffered much, and been much disorganised, was then very vivid.

“BADAON, 8th September 1843.—I take up my pen amidst a very cheering scene, namely, heavy rain after a long break of dry weather which threatened utter ruin to the crops, the revenue, and the country. We have had a very heavy fall, and there is promise of a continuance, all which is a most delightful sight, since in my capacity of assistant-collector I have begun to

look upon the weather with all the interest of a farmer, and to sympathise with my superior in his hopes and fears. I am now fully entered upon my work, or as much so as I can be until I can thoroughly follow papers, etc. At present I am only in a probationary state. I even now take as much business as I can get, as I find that one is then so obliged to exert oneself to avoid being nonplussed, that one learns infinitely faster than in any other way. I have only very small cases made over to me in the meantime for decision; but others much more serious for investigation, which I go regularly through, and then write an abstract of the conclusions to which I come, which, with the proceedings, goes to the magistrate, and he passes his order. Of course I take a good long time to get through a case, but I do the thing as steadily as I can. The worst of it is that there is so much perjury, that after all it cannot be denied to be often a toss-up whether the decision is right or wrong. The prosecution is generally backed up by a prisoner being suddenly smitten by his conscience, and confessing against the others; of course making his own share only that of a go-between, or very slightly implicated accomplice. Some such snare is constantly brought out suddenly with theatrical aids, so that one must be uncommonly careful not to run away with any idea precipitately, however clear it may seem. The only rule is to suppose everyone to speak falsely till it is shown to be true, and everyone to be a rascal till he is shown to be otherwise, while coincidences and circumstantial facts beyond suspicion, however small, must determine the matter. Unfortunately, however good a case a man may have, he always makes it better, and gets into innumerable inconsistencies."

I may say that in these early days I accepted the popular European view so unfavourable to native honesty, more than I did after greater experience, and that I was not nearly so prone to impute wholesale perjury to them after I had seen something of the hard swearing in English courts, especially when women are witnesses.

Further on in the letter I give some account of the improvements which the progressive magistrate was carrying out in the city and some other towns in the district, one of which I say is "Bilsî, said to contain grain enough stored up to keep half the Upper Provinces for years in case of famine, the Bunneahs storing it up against such a state of things."

My chief complaints were against the niggardliness of the Government for not allowing us money enough for our improvements, and for adequate offices and the like. We were very full of zeal for our particular district, and wanted a great many things done for Badaon.

After about three months of the kind of thing above described, I really began to understand the language and the work pretty well—could, as it were, swim a little without assistance. Then came the cold-weather marching, of which I had abundance; that is the great advantage of a rural district like Badaon, and it is very delightful at that season. One of the first cold-weather functions was to attend and keep order at a great bathing fair on the Ganges, attended by vast numbers of people, women as well as men, and where, according to the old custom, there is a combination of religion, commerce, and amusement. Even the Europeans are accustomed to gather together in a social way on those occasions, when magistrates and military and planters all fraternise together. Those districts were what was called “regulation”—that is, subject to the rule of law, as distinguished to non-regulation districts, where we did what we liked. But the criminal law was very imperfect and elastic, and I think we exercised a vigour somewhat beyond the law. Here is the account I gave (writing home) of the way we preserved property, and kept the peace: “We encamped in the middle of the fair, being there to preserve the peace, but we also found opportunity for various amusements. We had a picked Thanadar<sup>1</sup> down to manage matters, with a strong turn-out of police, and stocks for the accommodation of some 300 bad characters, whom we caught and kept there. All the rascals in the district had been previously made safe at their respective Thanahs, and all suspicious people found at the fair went to the stocks at once, while we had a grand clearance of all the gipsies, dancing women, monkey-men, bears, etc. etc., by sending them over to the next district, as you used to do the vagrants at home; so, altogether, the arrangements turned out to answer beautifully, and we

<sup>1</sup> Chief constable of a police station.

had no trouble. A pair of bullocks which had been stolen we accidentally found ourselves in a field of sugar-cane when out pig-sticking, to the great admiration of the assembled multitude, who were decidedly of opinion that a Daniel must be come to judgment, when they saw that the magistrate and his assistant in person had found what no one else could find. The people whose sugar-cane our elephants had done no good to, found themselves completely in the minority. We found that we had an excellent snipe-jheel close by ; but though I knocked down my first two birds, very few others followed. We had some hare and partridge shooting, and ducks, etc., in the jungle between the branches of the Ganges." After a little further experience, the magistrate gave me separate executive charge of a portion of the district, and I marched a great deal about it, very proud of my functions. A good many horses were bred in that part of the country, which went to the cavalry, but we were able to pick up young mares of a very good class at very moderate cost, so that with an Arab I brought from Calcutta, and two or three country mares, I was very well mounted, and did a great deal of riding about. In addition to the ordinary camp work I often went long expeditions to suppress riots, investigate robberies, try to catch proclaimed offenders, and such like ; sometimes with success, and sometimes without success. Here is an account of a successful expedition taken from one of my letters. "The day before yesterday an express arrived from Bisowlee, an old Mahomedan city about twenty-five miles distant, to say that the population had been brickbatting one another, and were in a great state of excitement, and ready for a general engagement. The news arrived about nine at night, and I was deputed to go out there ; rather a disagreeable duty, as we have no troops, and our own men could not be spared. However, there was no help for it, and I sent out my horses and forces, consisting of five irregular cavalry (ten of whom are attached to the Treasury), and mounting with the first dawn, startled the belligerents by galloping in half an hour after the sun was up. I found

some villages full of the Thakoors (or Rajpoots), while other villages were equally well filled with Mussulmans; the parties having the evening previously been only prevented from beginning the engagement by night setting in. This was the great day of the Mussulman festival. However, it turned out that the sight of a European officer coming down upon them so suddenly was enough for most of the outlying partisans, and many of the Hindoo leaders disappeared without involving themselves further, so I had only to deal with the people of the city. When I had turned out the Tehsil<sup>1</sup> guard, the police, and the five Suwars, I had both sides about me, exhausting their virulence in frantic cries for justice. It seemed that the Hindoos had posted a fakir to blow a shell close by where the Mussulmans were beating their breasts in grief; hence the quarrel. After two days' brickbatting, the Hindoos had shut up the shops, so that the Mussulmans could not get their food and necessary offerings, and would not carry out their Tazeas,<sup>2</sup> and consequently the affair could not come to an end. I determined to begin with an example, and called on the police to name a house whence bricks had been thrown. They said 'Khan Mull's' and I issued a peremptory order to apprehend Khan Mull forthwith, intending to put him in irons and send him off. But I perceived a suppressed grin at this, and it turned out that Khan Mull had been dead beyond the memory of man, and that a large square was called by his name, like somebody's 'Buildings.' This was a damper, and I did not attempt to apprehend anyone else, but took advantage of their complaints to put two policemen to 'protect' each of the leaders, and stopped the Hindoo trumpet, which it appeared had not been used to be blown there, frightened the bunneahs<sup>3</sup> into opening their shops, and the parties into thinking they had better not fight. When I had satisfied their reasonable demands, the mob dispersed, shops were opened,

<sup>1</sup> Office of a rural revenue officer and magistrate.

<sup>2</sup> Representations of the tombs of the early Moslem martyrs, Hussan and Hussein.

<sup>3</sup> Hindoo shopkeepers.

the Tazeas were brought out to the place of interment ; and leaving all the rest for a more leisurely settlement in court, I again mounted, and got back to a comfortable dinner, having ridden fifty miles and done a good day's work. That I preserved my skin entire was more than I expected at first, thinking of the misfortune which befell an assistant in a neighbouring district about six weeks ago. He was sent out to catch some proclaimed criminals, but caught a Tartar instead, as he was signally defeated, the Thanadar commanding his forces killed, himself wounded with a matchlock ball, while the criminals all escaped untouched, taking his pistols with them."

That last sentence is rather sensational, such accidents very seldom happening. Anything like open resistance was almost unknown, except in such a case of criminals driven into a corner and trying to escape. Nor were murderous personal attacks at all common as on the Afghan frontier. Only occasionally somebody ran amuck. Two or three of the native officials of our court bore the mark of wounds, and had lost fingers, etc. I always remembered a lesson Williams gave me that in such a case, when one is taken unawares and unarmed, there is no weapon so good as a chair, and whenever there was chance of trouble, I was always ready to present the chair. The legs of a chair are very confusing to an enraged fanatic.

One begins with criminal and police work, but when out in camp in the capacity of assistant-collector, I had much to do with land questions, and much intercourse with the villagers of a friendly character, appearing rather as the representative of the benevolent head landlord, the Government, than as a taskmaster ; though of course I had also to see that the Government revenue came in, and to settle quarrels and differences which might interfere with it.

After a very enjoyable cold weather, I returned to Badaon, where I lived with Charles Le Bas, the son of the old Principal of Haileybury—a friend who has gone to his rest. Williams was very full of his improvements ; he drained the city, improved the jail, established a large agri-

horticultural garden, and built a large swimming-bath, which is the greatest of all luxuries in that climate. In the warm weather we used half to live in that bath, and I became very expert at swimming, riding inflated skins, etc. I had still to go out on occasional expeditions, which made a variety, even if it was hot. And so we got through the hot weather and rains, and I became a pretty competent assistant. In the following cold weather I was again out in camp, with a division of the district in my charge, leading the same life as before, but with greater experience and larger powers, and entrusted with more important matters. The Lieutenant-Governor, Mr. Thomason, came through on tour. He was not a very effusive man, but was kind, and gratified me by giving me a commission to inquire into some complicated questions about the constitution and rights of certain villages, of which I made report. I think I may say that I put work decidedly first, and such sport as I did second. When I was at Badaon, we had some great flights of locusts, not the grasshopping things that they have in Cyprus, but clouds of flying creatures. I remember them well; at first I mistook them for a storm-cloud coming, such as we have in India, and then coming on like a storm they clouded and darkened the sky. When they settled down, they broke down a good many trees, but upon the whole the injury they did was not very widespread. Much more serious was the destruction of the crops by hail. It was very local, a long band across the country, but within those limits the destruction was total and absolute. In March 1845 it was very bad in the district. I was sent out to make the necessary inquiries, and to see what remission of revenue was required. I was astonished by the completeness of the destruction. The crops were not beaten down, but clean cut, six inches or a foot from the ground, and within the very bad area not an ear was left. It took me some time to make the inquiry, till the hot weather was well upon me. As I gained experience I got rid of the somewhat raw and severe notions regarding the natives exhibited in the early letters which I have quoted; and I came to like them

much. The village Zemindars, mostly Rajpoots or "Thakoors," as they were called there, were a fine people, and very tolerable cultivators. What they principally suffered from was, that their women did not work in the fields, as the Rajpoots have learnt from the Mahomedans to make it a point of honour to shut up their women. The principal fault of the Thakoors was their disposition to fight, which sometimes brought both us and them into great trouble. I do not think there were very many Pathans in Badaon, but there were a good many Mahomedans of sorts, and the Mahomedan gentlemen were a pleasant, well-educated, well-mannered set of people. I remember a family of Sheikhs, a sort of squires, of Sheikhpooa near Badaon, with whom we were very friendly; and there were a good many such people about the district. I have always liked the Mahomedans, and in religion I think they are only a kind of more advanced Protestants.

I saw a good deal of a curious character who had a considerable estate at Khasgunge, beyond the Ganges, in my division of the district. He was universally known as "Jimmy Sahib,"—the natives have a way of perpetuating early names,—but his real name was Gardner—James Gardner. He was the son of a well-known Colonel Gardner, an English adventurer who took service with the Moguls in their last days, and who was said to have married a Guzeratee princess. His son too was said to have run away with a daughter of the Mogul ex-emperor, or a princess of some sort of that house. Mahomedan establishments are pretty large and various, and there were a good many princes and princesses of sorts. He had one purely native and Mahomedan establishment, and we never saw the ladies of the family; but he had also a separate establishment where he received his European friends, and he was a kind of link between the Europeans and the natives. I used to hear a great many things from him, and got much information from him, some true, some much more doubtful, and I was quite friendly with him. He had some boys, I remember, rather dark for such high lineage. It is said that the British

Gardner peerage now goes into that family, but I have not heard if the heir has appeared to claim it.

It was in those days that, going about among the villagers and settling questions between them, I laid the foundations of a knowledge of and interest in Indian land-tenures and customs which I have ever since retained. There was the best opportunity for learning these things, for the first "Regular Settlement" made in India had just been completed for the North-Western Provinces, *i.e.* a Land Settlement founded on a regular survey and investigation of all tenures and rights down to the lowest, and of the customs and rules of every village. The principle was to take the village as the unit of Government dealings, not the individual cultivator. Where there was an organised self-governing community, the settlement was made with them jointly—sometimes with villages in which the proprietary community were also mainly the cultivators—sometimes with ruling families corresponding to the "Meerasidars" of the South. Where these were wanting some intermediate person was recognised or created proprietor of one village or of many. The village boundaries were settled, and then a scientific survey establishment mapped the area of each village. Within that area the interior subdivisions were mapped out by an improved native survey, every field being shown and numbered with the character and quality of the soil. This last work was tolerable, but was far short of the more scientific cadastral survey of modern days. Then the name of each cultivator was given, with the fields held by him, and the rates and amount payable by him. From that basis the total Government demand was settled—a liberal margin being allowed for management expenses and proprietary privileges. The cultivators were distinguished into Mouroosee or Kadeemee (hereditary or old), who had rights of occupancy at rates regulated and recorded, and recent or casual tenants who had no such rights. The usual rule was that twelve years' continuous occupancy with settled residence was considered to entitle a man to be reckoned as an old resident cultivator. But the

general feeling in favour of continued occupancy was so prevalent that there was generally little dispute on this point. When the settlement was made with a proprietary community, managing members were appointed, but there was always a joint responsibility. The record of the customs of each village, providing for the election and remuneration of the head-men, the apportionment of the Government demand, the management of common land, remuneration of the village servants, and many other matters, was very elaborate and exact; and a reference to these constitutions for the settlement of disputes as they arose threw a flood of light on indigenous affairs. Thus it was that, especially in camp in the cold weather, in charge of a portion of the district, I came to know a great deal about these things. The settlements had been in active progress for ten or twelve years before I joined, and were just being completed then.

In the hot weather of 1845 I was again at work in the station of Badaon, and in the summer of that year, when I had completed full two years' work and had attained the mature age of twenty-one, I felt that I was quite an old Indian and experienced officer, and began to think that it was nearly time for promotion. Indeed, though I say it that should not, I had been thrown so much into practical work that I believe I really was an accomplished assistant with much knowledge of land-tenure and other matters. I had acquired a complete colloquial facility in the languages, rough no doubt, but effective, for I daresay my grammar was defective, and my genders nowhere, and I admit that I never became a polished scholar.

Those were days of much political excitement in India. When I first joined, the retreat from Afghanistan, after the great events there, had left the minds of both Europeans and natives rather open to alarms. The conquest of Scinde created much controversy. At the end of the year the attack upon and fights before Gwalior brought war within a measurable distance of us; and after that the very unsettled state of the Punjaub, and the succession of catastrophes at Lahore, greatly unsettled men's minds, and presaged the

coming storm which broke in the autumn of 1845. Yet we civilians pursued the even tenour of our way, as if there was no danger. We had a complete confidence in the British power. I only remember one incident that rather startled us, when we discovered that the Zemindars of one of our villages had dug up some old cannon which must have been buried in the last century, and of which for two generations no one had suspected the existence. However, having got wind of it, we promptly seized the cannon, and they had no opportunity of using them.

Though we were not afraid, I find in my early letters that I had some pretty decided political ideas not very different from those that I have held later in life. I must admit that I was then an annexationist; but then we had not yet reached the natural limits of India, where I have always thought we ought to stop. I was then, as I am now, very much against the attempt to dry-nurse native dynasties, and thought we should either leave them to manage things in their own way, and let the strongest man come to the top on principles of natural selection, or annex them and give promotion to the civil service. We were always very keen for anything which might lead to that. From the very first, even on the voyage out, I very strongly condemned the barbarities which attended our Chinese wars, and the destruction of Cabul as a revenge upon people struggling to be free. I was especially severe on all Lord Ellenborough's proceedings.

In the autumn of 1845 promotion came to me—I was appointed to act as a joint magistrate. That, then, seemed very superior indeed to the grade of an assistant. The joint magistrate is the second in command of the district. I was not only promoted in rank, but was also promoted to what was considered a much superior district and station—Moradabad. Moradabad is a large district further north in Rohilcund, and abutting on the Terai and Himalayas. Close to it too was the small native state of Rampore, which represented the Pathan rulers of the last century, or Rohillas

as we then called them. Moradabad was a large town, and both there and in Rampore the Rohilla Pathans were pretty numerous. They were Soonees, but the opposite sect of Sheeahs was also strongly represented in the town, and the quarrels of the two gave us a great deal of trouble. There was much more European society too than at Badaon, and excellent big-game shooting in the district. I thought myself very fortunate, and was considerably elated. My superior, Wilson, afterwards Sir John Cracroft Wilson, was a notable and rather rough character, subsequently very well known in the Mutiny. He was then known as Thug Wilson, having been formerly employed against the Thugs. He was by no means so pleasant to deal with as my first master had been, and was more inclined to keep the district work in his own hands. The joint magistrate too usually has to deal with the more important criminal cases, while the magistrate superintends executive work; and at such a troublesome place as Moradabad I was bound to be in the station when the magistrate was in the district; so, after all, I found that there were some drawbacks, and that I had not so much liberty as at Badaon, while I had more anxious responsibility. I lived with Hercules Scott, the assistant, who, after serving for a few years in Rohilcund and on the Sikh frontier, retired, and became a Kincardineshire laird. I remember too the native deputy Wilayet Hussein, a gentleman-like little Mahomedan, who rather affected European freedom of speech and action. I believe he was a very good man, but after I left he happened to be in charge of the station on one occasion when a bad outbreak took place between the Soonees and Sheeahs, and with his style of European superiority he was determined not to suffer such scandals; he called out his men, and promptly shot down those whom he considered to be the worst disturbers of the public peace. Unfortunately it turned out that he himself belonged to the sect opposed to those whom he shot down, and poor Wilayet Hussein got into very serious trouble about it. I think we are rather hard upon natives who get into trouble; we don't make the allowances

for them that we do for Europeans. Perhaps it was just as well for me that I was kept closer to more regular work at Moradabad, as I had had so much liberty at Badaon. I have a pleasant recollection of the sociable intercourse of an Indian station, such as we had there during the short time I remained.

A relation of mine, the nearest I had in India, marched through with his regiment, on his way to the Sikh wars. This was John Christie, a very well-known and popular man in those days. When an active cavalry subaltern and adjutant of his regiment, in view of the coming Afghan war, he had been commissioned to raise a regiment of irregular cavalry for Shah-Shooja. It was always known as Christie's horse, and with it he had been through everything in Afghanistan, including the pursuit of Dost Mahommed into the Hindoo-Koosh, and other adventures. At the time of the Cabul massacre he was fortunately at Kandahar, whence he took part in Nott's advance, and eventually brought his regiment back to India. It was taken into the Company's service, and numbered accordingly, but it continued to be known as Christie's horse all the same. He knew everybody, military and civil, and was very kind and useful to me during my first years in India. Immediately after the Sikh war he married one of the Balcarres - Lindsays — Scotch families, and especially Fife families, were always to the fore in India; he was a very devoted husband, and people said he was never the same man after that.

Wilson, though rough, was not bad-natured after all, and when the great shooting season came round in March, he gave me a chance of tigers. I was still pale and young looking, and he was rather astonished when he found that I had ridden out forty miles to his camp before breakfast and did not seem to feel it. I was well in at the death of two or three fine tigers. Upon the whole, I do think that there is more pleasurable excitement about orthodox tiger-shooting than any other of that kind. One has no compunction about killing the beast, and when a good tiger does get up, there is something thrilling in his gruff voice, which one feels

not only oneself, but through the elephant under one; for the elephant is very excited, and no wonder; he bears the brunt of the battle. There is very little real danger to the sportsman if the thing is well managed by an experienced hand, for the tiger never leaves the ground, and goes for the elephant, not for the man. The only danger is the howdah-tackle breaking, or an elephant misbehaving. An elephant's natural mode of fighting a tiger is to throw himself down upon the tiger and crush him with his weight, rolling upon him till he is a pancake. That would be very awkward for the rider, and no elephant is used that is not thoroughly broken from that habit. Very many of the best sporting elephants are females. The best of elephants are always liable to panic—they are very gregarious, and when raw elephants take fright, it sometimes happens that no power on earth will prevent the staunchest old elephants from following them. On that account it is a very strict rule of orthodox sportsmen not to beat for tigers in heavy tree jungle, only in the patches of heavy grass left when the weather dries and most of the grass plains are burnt. Tiger shooting was the one weakness of noble civilians in that part of the world, and one heard many wonderful stories. Oakley, the judge of the Moradabad, was a great performer, and had killed an immense number in his day. My only considerable tiger experience was in the Rohilcund Terai, and afterwards in that of Oude. In this country one hears almost more of the adventures of people who watch for tigers on trees in other parts of India, and follow wounded tigers. I saw something of that in the Central Provinces, but to the orthodox school it seems poor sport. For my part I never could sit for hours up a tree, watching for a beast to come along. Those wounded tigers are very dangerous too—in the Central Provinces we used to lose one or two European officers almost every year by tigers. My experience is that tigers rarely or never become man-eaters when there are plenty of cattle; they prefer beef. I remember one or two places in the Central Provinces where tigers took up a position in a barren hill-pass short of

cattle, used to pick up the last old woman of a travelling party, and created a great panic; and in the Bengal Soonderbunds, where cattle cannot live, I have known tigers bound out and carry off surveyors and such people. We never heard of such a thing in the Terai, where cattle abound.

Beyond the Terai lay the Himalayas, and the newly-invented hill station of Nynee Tal. It was out of our district, but we were able to go up for a day or two. Scott and I established a little cottage there, to which we used to ride up. I remember well the youthful exhilaration as we ascended, and the delight of a plunge in the cool lake when we came up hot and steaming from the plains. I know people say that is imprudent, but the best authorities assure me that I was right in supposing that the hotter you are, the better you can withstand cold. The grey Thibetan ponies were wonderfully surefooted creatures—slow and prudent going up hill, but they could go down at a wonderful pace. I remember Wilson taking me down from Nynee Tal at an extraordinary rate; I never expected to get down safe, but I followed him, and one's spirits rise with the pace. When we got down he turned round and said pleasantly, "How did you like that?" I replied in a Scotch drawl which he was fond of mimicking, and in perfect good faith, "Well, I think it was rāather dangerous"—and then I saw by his laugh, what I had only half suspected before, that he had been trying to take it out of me and frighten me, and was rather disappointed that I had not given in and cried for mercy.

I had really quite good health except for that world-wide scourge of the human race, dyspepsia. Even in those early days I had already consulted several physicians without relief. A sensible doctor at Moradabad gave me no other satisfaction than this, that the disease is incurable, but that it would take a long time to kill me; and so it has. Some fifteen years later, an excellent doctor in Calcutta prescribed this, "Smoke a little and wait till you are forty." I tried that and then complained that I was still

not cured. "Well," he said, "wait till you are fifty." I tried that too, and I think it has been the best prescription of all. I treasure that prescription for the benefit of my friends similarly affected.

It is early days to give general opinions on wide subjects, but from this time forward my employment was so much in rougher and wilder districts that I here say a word or two about the native gentlemen and native officials of our more settled provinces in those pre-English days—for in those days English was absolutely unknown to the higher class of native officials in the Upper Provinces—the Bengalee Baboo was then only a very humble copyist in the English office, and interfered in affairs not at all. I have already expressed a favourable opinion of the Mahomedan native gentlemen, and the Hindoo officials, bankers, and traders I liked too. It is, I think, a very great mistake to talk as if these people were uneducated because they did not know English; the fact is that many of the better classes and all the officials were very well educated indeed, and had very great literary facility. Of course they had not science, and I do not think the modern education includes much science; but my belief is that the Persian, from which the literary education of Northern India was derived, was, from a literary point of view, every whit as good as English, and Latin and Greek. I found it a great advantage that one language sufficed for my executive career all over Northern India; everywhere, from Behar to the Indus, and from the Himalayas to the Nerbudda, and beyond that, the Hindoostanee is substantially the same. The Punjaabee language bears to that of the North-West Provinces almost exactly the same relation that Lowland Scotch does to English—one easily passes from one to the other. But then for civilised and complicated purposes, the language is only made sufficient by grafting on Persian, and the Persian itself is only adapted to difficult expressions by grafting on Arabic, just as we graft on Greek, only very much more so. I have sometimes been inclined to regret the supersession of the Persian education so widely spread, but no doubt there

were difficulties. It would have been rather absurd for one set of conquerors to have adopted and perpetuated the foreign language of the previous conquerors. I remember when the Penal Code had to be translated, it came to be three-fourths Arabic, and nobody who had not a thorough knowledge of Arabic could make head or tail of it. So also it was impossible to modernise the meagre vernacular of the Bengalees and Mahrattas without really constructing new languages from the Sanscrit, as the modern Greek has been built up from old materials. Upon the whole, perhaps, the decision in favour of English was right, but I wish the education had taken a more practical form, and had not been made so purely literary. To return to the native officials of the olden time, I still maintain that they were, speaking generally, excellent men. They were very acute, wrote with great facility and correctness, and thoroughly understood their business. Of course they were not all immaculate, but I believe that their alleged corruption and rascality are very greatly exaggerated. Very much of the corruption imputed to them consisted of nothing more than customary fees and douceurs, such as were till very recently received in most offices in this country, and are, most people believe, received in a great many offices still. But we are much harder upon natives who are found out in little peccadilloes of that kind than we are upon the officials of municipal and other offices in our own country.

There was this great advantage, that so long as we were satisfied with native education, we had an immense field to choose from, much more so than when we limit the selection to thorough English scholars; and we could get very competent men at a very cheap rate. While I was at Moradabad, the first Sikh war was waged, and at Sabraon the Sikh army was finally beaten. The negotiations subsequent to that event led to the cession to the British of the Lahore territory south of the Sutlej, as well as of the triangle between the Sutlej and the Beas known as the Jullunder Doab, and it became necessary to make arrange-

ments for administering the new territory. In the spring of 1846 I received a note from the Government of the North-West Provinces to say that the Governor-General had asked for some assistants to do duty in the Sutlej territories, and offering me the option of going as one of them. I much liked the idea of going on to the frontier territories, but then I had just been settled in great comfort in what was considered about the best joint magistracy in the North-West Provinces; and to an assistant a joint magistracy seems something very superior. I did not like the idea of being classed among "some assistants"; so I replied that if I was to get any promotion, or to be employed in any superior grade, I should be delighted to go, but that I was not anxious to go as an assistant. I had been desired if I accepted to write to Mr. Currie, Secretary to the Government of India, and I wrote to him in similar terms. In a few days I received a severe answer from Mr. Thomason, saying that those generally helped themselves best who helped the public best, and that the offer was cancelled. I felt distressingly small. But a day or two after came an answer from Mr. Currie, who took a much more favourable view of what I had said, and told me that an officer was wanted immediately to take charge of the district of Khytul and Ladwa, the incumbent having been wounded in the Sikh wars, and offering me that charge *pro tem*. Here was a dilemma; I was fired to the utmost with the idea of an independent charge in a new country, but my own superior, Mr. Thomason, had checkmated me. On the principle of nothing venture nothing win, I determined to risk it; hurried off my servants and horses, "laid my dak"; overtook them near Seharunpore, and, mounting, made straight for the Sikh country, over the Jumna. The fates were against me still; I was overtaken by a very violent storm, benighted on a road no better than a native track, and had a terrible business crossing the Jumna, where I was blown away and almost drowned, in darkness and tempest, only relieved by flashes of lightning. I remember it as if it were yesterday. However, I persevered, and the next morning

riding into Ladwa, took possession of what I may almost call the warm nest of the rebel and fugitive Rajah of that ilk. Being in possession I wrote a very penitent letter to Mr. Thomason, and presently received his very handsome forgiveness; so that was settled.

## CHAPTER II

### THE SIKH COUNTRY

It was in May, 1846, when I was just twenty-two, that I took possession of my first independent command, and I never afterwards reverted to any lower position. I was gazetted to act as Deputy-Commissioner and Political Assistant of Khytul and Ladwa, the easternmost district of the Cis-Sutlej states. As Deputy-Commissioner I was magistrate, collector, and judge, for in those non-regulation provinces there were no separate judicial establishments; and as Political Assistant I had charge of a number of small Sikh states. Khytul had been one of the largest of the Cis-Sutlej states, second only to Puttiala, next to which it ranked. In 1843, on failure of heirs, it had been declared an escheat to the British Government, and a civil officer with a small force of troops was sent to take possession. But the Ranee decidedly objected to this proceeding, and carried her objections to the point of routing the British troops so completely that the fugitives next morning brought the news of their own defeat to Kurnal, several long marches off. The affair caused a good deal of noise at the time, just after the Afghan retreat, and when the attitude of the Sikhs was very doubtful. But by that time plenty of troops were available; a large force was marched to Khytul, the Ranee succumbed, and the country was annexed. Henry Lawrence was put in charge of the district, arranged the administration, and summarily settled it; so it was not so very new when I came. Ladwa, on the other hand, had only just been

confiscated. From early days the Ladwa family had given us a great deal of trouble. Sirdar Goordit Singh had been one of the most conspicuous leaders among the Sikhs from beyond the Sutlej, who had crossed that river and reached the Jumna. Indeed, in a sense, he was about the foremost of them all; he had crossed the Jumna, possessed himself of territory on both sides of that river, and led his horsemen to the very walls of Delhi. But he was expelled from his territory east of the Jumna, and coming into collision with the British forces near Delhi at the beginning of the present century, was repelled from thence. The troops, following up, attacked and took his fort of Kurnal, and we established there a large British cantonment, which effectually curbed him and others. He submitted with rather a bad grace, was allowed to retain the rest of his territory west of the Jumna, and continued to hold it when we took the Sikh states under our protection. He was still about the most considerable of the Sikhs from beyond the Sutlej, though not nearly so large as some of the Cis-Sutlej Rajahs. His son Ajeet Singh was never liked by our officers; he was related too to the Lahore family, and had some territory on the Sutlej, which his father owed to Runjeet Singh; so when Sikh affairs became very threatening in 1845, he was suspected, and though his territory was not interfered with, he was required to come over and reside for a while at Sheharunpore in British territory, and was under surveillance there, very much to his disgust. The first battles of the Sikh war did not seem to have settled the matter, and soon after Rajah Ajeet Singh, having secretly made his arrangements and laid out horses, disappeared one night from Sheharunpore, rode night and day till he reached his outlying territory on the Sutlej; there raised every man he could muster, and joined the Sikh army. He took part, I think, in the affair at Buddowal, where that redoubtable hero Sir Harry Smith was so badly mauled, and lost all his baggage and ammunition. However, he eventually shared in the defeat of the Sikhs, and being too far committed to make terms, he became a fugitive, and we confiscated all his

territory. That was the state of things when I took possession; nothing had yet been done, and I simply walked into his house and fort, and was there surrounded by his people, who had transferred their allegiance to us. This they seemed to do readily enough. It was a completely native establishment. I remember very well one man, Boop Singh, an elderly white-bearded Sikh, and a very pleasant, well-spoken person, who had been the Rajah's jemadar (major-domo and head-man), and who was good enough to serve me in the same capacity. I got on extremely well with him, as if we had been together all our lives. Our troops were then very fully occupied, and I was left to shift as I best could, and had no British force but a detachment of a military police battalion. If the Rajah had come back with a moderate following to claim his own again, it is not unlikely that the new dynasty might have fared very badly, but he did not attempt that, and eventually died a fugitive.

Between Khytul and Ladwa, and surrounding Ladwa, were the circle of small Sikh states of which I had charge, and of which I will say more shortly.

The permanent incumbent, Captain Abbott (another old friend still living near me), having gone to the front and been wounded there, very heavy arrears had accumulated, and the only experienced assistant was just then obliged to go away sick, so I had large arrears and a very heavy task; but I never make any difficulty about that—whatever the quality of my work, I think I can get through about as much in quantity as most men. Khytul had hitherto been the headquarters, and I had to go over there to settle matters; it is a large and rather wild district. Having settled affairs there I came back to Ladwa, and seriously set to work to settle that new territory. I preferred Ladwa, and made it my headquarters as long as I was in the district. At that time, however, I remained only a few months, after which I was sent up to take charge of the territory newly annexed upon the Sutlej, and to annex a good deal more; and after that I returned again to Khytul

and Ladwa. I had no covenanted assistant, only a Christian deputy-collector to look after the treasury and the routine correspondence. For some years I lived entirely among the natives, and worked through natives only. In one district or other I remained in the Cis-Sutlej states till I went home on furlough in 1851; and not long after my return I was appointed in 1855 to the higher post of Commissioner of the whole territory. It became a kind of second native country to me, and I have always felt it to be so. Before going further, then, I will give some general account of that country, and may sometimes anticipate a little.

The country between the Upper Jumna and the Sutlej was called by the Moguls "Sirhind," or the "Head of India," and by the natives "Malwa,"<sup>1</sup> or the middle land, being the watershed between the streams flowing east and west. Lying between the Himalayas and the desert, it is in fact the route by which India has always been entered, and the scene of the great battles where India has been won and lost. The first settlement of the civilised Hindoos and the scene of their early literary achievements was the country about the Saraswati in the district about Thanesar and Ladwa; and the early Mahomedans, Moguls, and the Mahrattas had all fought their great battles in that neighbourhood. The Mogul emperors had made a sort of Grand Trunk road through this country, and the remains of their Coss-minars<sup>2</sup> or milestones and great caravanserais still existed in my time.

The principal Cis-Sutlej Rajahs, who are best known (and who are still very much in evidence), were scarcely proper Sikhs; they were in their origin local leaders who had risen to power first as marauders and then as rulers in the eighteenth century. When the Sikhs became powerful they found it expedient to adopt the Sikh religion; but when the Sikhs were defeated by the Mahomedans they made terms with the Mahomedan powers and got titles and recognition from them. When the Sikhs finally triumphed they made the best terms they could with the Sikh leaders,

<sup>1</sup> But it is not to be confused with the Central India Malwa.

<sup>2</sup> Coss-minar = mile-pillar, or milestone.

and were classed among the Sikh Missals or confederacies as "Malwa Sikhs," to distinguish them from the proper Sikhs of the Punjab, known as Manjha Sikhs. With a good many vicissitudes they managed to hold their own till, when hard pressed by Runjeet Sing, they obtained British protection in 1809. I need not say much about them here; my dealings with them were limited. My group of states belonged to the Manjha class. But there is a curious story connected with the origin of the Malwa Sikhs which I don't think any one knows, and which I may here tell.

Far back from the Sutlej and near the centre of the Malwa country is a place called "Mehraj," consisting of a mother town with a good many daughter villages, and inhabited by people of the dominant race of all that country, the Jats. When the Mogul empire was breaking up, these people too struck for independence and non-payment of revenue. One of the daughter villages was named "Phool," and it was the leading family who established the Cis-Sutlej Rajahships to which I have just alluded; Puttiala and Nabha, Khytul and Jheend, and one or two smaller Sirdars, were all related to one another, and were known as the "Phoolkian" family. If they had stuck together and maintained their allegiance to the mother town, Mehraj might have become another Rome; but they preferred to set up on their own account, and what they conquered in common they divided, and separated. Puttiala is the Putti or share of Ala Singh, the first chief of that state, which became much the largest, though Ala Singh was not the senior of the family. I do not think it was on account of respect for the place of their origin that these Jat Cæsars did not enslave their mother state, but rather because they were so jealous of one another that if any one of them attempted to do so, the others all combined to prevent him. At any rate Mehraj remained an independent republic till, with the rest of the country, it came under British protection. We recognised the Sikh states as they existed, and Mehraj continued a completely independent self-governing republic down to my time—the only real, well-established republic

that I know of in India. It really was a very complete, fully-equipped republic. I had political charge of it when I went up to the Sutlej, and it is always a regret to me that I did not more thoroughly study its laws and institutions; but my hands were then very full, and I hardly realised how unique it was. It was much more than a mere village, municipal government; it was diplomatically recognised as a state, and had its own state administration and state justice. I saw regular prisoners with great logs of wood upon their legs, just as I did at Lahore. There were no chiefs or hereditary rulers; the state was governed by its Panches or representative elders. There was nothing of any feudal system, or any division into conquerors and conquered. Apart from a helot class which exists everywhere in India, all the citizens were free and equal. It was a purely indigenous state *in situ*, as it were. Most of the citizens did, I think, become Sikhs, but they had nothing of the Sikh organisation, which I will come to later. Unhappily, as I think, this interesting republic was soon after wiped out, when all the smaller Sikh states were mediatised and reduced to the position of British subjects. It has gone from us, and I am afraid we cannot recover the photograph of it, which I should like to have had. I can find no record of it except that when a British settlement of it was made a few years later, it is noted that there were 6728 free holders of Mehraj, besides 693 in a neighbouring place called Chakian.

So much for the Malwa Sikhs. I have said that the petty states of which I had charge about Thanesar and Ladwa were of the class of Manjha Sikhs from the Punjab. Theirs was quite a different position from that of Mehraj, for they were not indigenous, but conquerors from a distance, ruling over the indigenous people. They had a curious and interesting feudal system which was only to be found in that part of the country—for Runjeet Sing wiped out everything of the kind as far as his power went. It is a great regret to me that I cannot find any proper account in print of the Sikh feudal confederacies; there are only

general notices of them. The histories of the Sikhs and of the Punjaub deal, I think, too exclusively with the rise of the early Sikhs and the subsequent kingdom of Runjeet, and pass too lightly over the intermediate feudal stage in which the modern Sikhs appear in their really distinctive character. The fact is that the Sikhs have gone through several separate stages. The original founder, Gooroo Nanuk, the Hindoo reformer, lived several centuries ago. His doctrine was peace and equality of man, and his followers are the only true Sikhs, "learners" or disciples. Those Nanuk Sikhs are very widely spread over almost all India, though we know nothing of them, and take no notice of them. It was after a long interval that, at the end of the seventeenth century, persecution drove a small section of Sikhs in the Punjaub to take up arms in the character of military fanatics. They called themselves by the more military title of "Sing," and do so still. It is we who call them Sikhs. Gooroo Gobind Sing was their apostle. After a short career, however, these Sings were completely put down; Gobind is said to have died in the service of a Mahomedan ruler in the south; and for a long generation nothing more was heard of them. The early Sikhs, like the early Christians, appealed to the humble, the poor, and the needy, and drew their converts from that class. Gobind most readily received the lowest class of outcasts and made them members of the fraternity. It was essentially a lower class movement.

When, thirty or forty years later, the Sings again raised their heads and obtained a much greater development, their first leaders were not the territorial classes, but rather humbler people, mechanics and artisans and the like. The most distinguished of the early organisers of the modern Sings was Jussa Sing the Kalal—that is, spirit-seller or publican, who became head of what was called the Aloo-walea Missal, and was the ancestor of the present Rajahs of Kapoorthalla.

Another Jussa Sing, the carpenter, was also a great leader and head of one of the principal Missals. Another

carpenter was head of a third Missal. A carpenter, too, was the leader of the recent Kookas. I do not know why mechanics have such a turn for reform; perhaps they have time and opportunity for reflection. Even at the present day, the popular leaders are engineers and carpenters and stone-masons. But to return to the Sings: In the middle of the last century the principal agricultural tribes of the Punjaub were rising and emancipating themselves from the falling empire of the Moguls. Their leaders adopted the tenets of Gobind as a sort of badge of independence, and from that time the Sings became almost identified with the Jats, and all the notable leaders and confederacies, with little exception, were Jats. The Aloowalea Sirdars were almost the only exception; they were great leaders when Runjeet Sing's family was very small; and even down to the present century they did not acknowledge inferiority. Our first treaty of 1806 was made, not with Runjeet Sing alone, but with Runjeet and Futteh Sing (who was then Aloowalea leader) conjointly; indeed it was Futteh Sing who negotiated the treaty in the joint names of the two. In fact, however, Runjeet Sing had then been for a good many years quite predominant. He had established his power as a military despot, and had quite suppressed the popular organisation in the Punjaub. Meantime the Sing confederacies had swarmed over the Sutlej into the Sirhind province and beyond it, and had occupied all the country not already firmly held by the Malwa Rajahs. They surrounded the latter in a kind of horse-shoe along the south of the Sutlej, the plain country at the foot of the Himalayas, and then down along the west of the Jumna. In the beginning of this century Runjeet too crossed the Sutlej and tried to suppress the liberties of the Sirhind province also. In fact he did conquer all the country near the Sutlej, and had carried his arms beyond that, when he was checked by us, and by the treaty of 1809, which we forced upon him. Thus then it happened that neither in the Punjaub nor near the Sutlej did the original organisation remain. The only survival of the proper Sing system was in the country near

the Himalayas and the Jumna, which Runjeet was not permitted to reach. It is on that account that the small states in the eastern portion of Sikh-land were peculiarly interesting. They survived down to my time, and were in full force when I first took charge of that territory, being divided between my district and that of Umballa; but they were soon after suppressed, and their memory is in danger of perishing.

The curious thing about them was the complete and fully organised feudal system which they exhibited. It is a puzzle to understand how they had got it—it must have been a sort of spontaneous generation. For many hundred years under the successive Mahomedan dynasties, the Jats never had a chance of seeing anything outside their village communities. It seems as if the same feudal system which prevailed in Europe is a sort of natural instinctive habit of the Aryan race when they go forth to conquer.

The modern Singhs ceased to obey a Gooroo, or to affect religious fanaticism; their adoption, more or less, of the Sikh religion was only an incident as it were, and a badge, as I have said, of opposition to the Moguls. Their organisation was quite of a military character.

The principal point which one learns from watching the early stages of a feudal system is that the derivation of fiefs from the king or the chief by his gift is the merest fiction of the lawyers. It is quite the other way; the early feudal chiefs do not create and endow their following, but are created and endowed by them. They are elected, in fact, by the soldiers; and it is only in later days that by aid of regular troops and military combinations they acquire a larger hereditary power.

The Sikh system is very like that out of which the German system sprung. They formed Missals or military confederacies. Twelve Missals were recognised in early days. Each Missal elected its own supreme chief and sub-chiefs, and every horseman had his rights and his share in the common conquests. The combined Missals formed the "Khalsa" or Sikh commonwealth. Just as in Germany

the tendency was to an elective Supreme Chief who had very little power, and whose place was not hereditary. But the chiefs of Missals, and minor chiefs, gradually acquired a hereditary footing like the dukes and barons of Europe. As in Europe too, when the chiefs consolidated their power, they very often managed to suppress the common men, and to become little despots. They hardly had time enough fully to carry out the system of an elective supreme chief who might have become a sort of German Emperor. There was only a kind of very imperfect acknowledgment of a common leader, up to the time when Runjeet Sing established a despotism over all. Jussa Sing Kalal succeeded a previous general-in-chief, and perhaps himself came nearest to the supreme command as a popular leader. The Sirdars, great and small, very much consolidated their power, and their offices became entirely hereditary. In a few of the Missals, the rights of the private horsemen survived, and survive still, so far as these people now have any rights, as Jagheerdars. I remember a very curious body among the states in my charge called the "Missal Jamarazan." They were not a proper Missal, but only a fraction of one. They retained, however, in their conquest near the Jumna, the original organisation quite complete. There was a head Sirdar of the Missal, a sort of constitutional monarch with very limited powers indeed. Then there were sub-chiefs, inferior Sirdars, owing him a feudal allegiance, "Zeildars" they were called; and then there were very numerous horseman's shares—each horseman holding his own little bit of territory. In fact in my time, owing to the hereditary principle, even the horsemen were sometimes split up, and a man might own half a horseman's share, or a horseman and a half. More frequently the chiefs of various degrees held considerable territories unembarrassed by any independent rights of their followers. But there was a great deal of feudal superiority and allegiance among the different chiefs, and their rights and obligations were very exactly regulated. It would be a great mistake to suppose that they were at all mere savage conquerors; all their rights and constitutional liabilities

were regulated as nicely as in any European confederacy. The only want of completeness was caused by this, that as most of the Singhs had been suppressed by Runjeet, those who survived in the Sirhind country were not complete Missals, but broken fractions of several different Missals.

From the time that the Sikh states were taken under our protection, in 1809, the British Government became the supreme power over all, and the Political Agent on the frontier had the function of keeping the peace among them and settling their quarrels. In the course of these dealings the somewhat uncertain and antagonistic claims became settled and certain, and the whole system was put upon a recognised and well-defined footing. The early administrator of the Sikh states was Captain Murray, who seems to have written an account of them which I have not been able to find. In later days, down to the time of my arrival in India, the very able and much respected representative of the British Government on the frontier was George Russell Clerk. He was afterwards well-known as Governor of the North-West Provinces of Bombay and of the Cape of Good Hope, and died only the other day at a very ripe old age. But much as his name is connected with very excellent work in all those positions, he will always be best remembered as George Clerk of the Frontier Agency. He thoroughly understood both chiefs and people, and had a very great hold over them.

When we took the Sikh states under our protection, we guaranteed to them the maintenance of all their existing powers, and they had complete jurisdiction in their own domains, like the Highland chiefs with the privilege of pit and gallows. When I came to Ladwa, there were living near there two people who bore the evidence of the Rajah's power. A woman of his establishment and a young man were suspected of being too intimate. He had the woman's nose cut off, and chopped off both the youth's hands; but that was entirely his right, and no one could interfere. Within a very few years, the Sirdars of Shahabad had formally executed at least one old woman for witchcraft, if not

more. That was a little too much for us, and latterly some restriction was put upon capital punishment. Speaking generally, however, our jurisdiction was only what may be called an inter-state jurisdiction, to settle the quarrels between the different states and chiefs. When we first took charge there were many open sores and unsettled quarrels, but these were gradually adjusted. The greatest difficulty was in regard to those possessions which were held by several or many sharers in common; not only did members of the same family or same Missal thus share some of their possessions, but not unfrequently claimants totally unconnected with one another settled their differences by halving disputed villages, an arrangement certainly not conducive to peace and quiet. The villages so halved were known as "Chaharamees"; literally "fourthed" villages, the fourth being arrived at in this way, that one-half of the produce was supposed to belong to the village cultivators, and one-half to the ruling power. In a chaharamee village each of the rulers took half of the ruler's half; that is, a fourth. Though in common parlance one-half was the ruler's share, that is an outside exaction, and it is seldom that so much is really taken. I think much the same rule prevails all over the world, wherever the system of division of crops is adopted. I was very much surprised to find that in the Western States of America, when land is let "on shares" as it is called, there also the owner generally claims one-half, though, I believe, he supplies nothing but the land, and a rough western house and buildings.

For many years we had no desire to annex any part of the Sirhind country, and on failure of heirs we generally indulgently allowed the Ranecs<sup>1</sup> to hold the smaller possessions under the system which prevails in regard to private property. It is a curious part of the Indian system that on failure of sons, daughters may not succeed to real property, but Ranecs may. These Ranec holdings often give a great deal of trouble; they were very liable to get into bad hands. A considerable state in my charge was

<sup>1</sup> Ranec = queen; in these cases the Ranecs would be widow-queens.

that of Thanesar, a territory which included the classic ground of the ancient Hindoos, and the most sacred places on the Saraswati. The half share of one Sirdar, who had died without heirs, was held by the British Government, while the other half was held by a Ranee; rather a complicated arrangement. The Ranee was the daughter of the former Sirdar of a small state farther north, beyond my jurisdiction. On one occasion I had some correspondence regarding a matter connected with this latter state, and I observed that the name was the same as that of a very famous leader of the Missal to which it belonged, who had defeated the Mahomedans on a great occasion in the first half of the last century—Baghel Sing, I think his name was. “Oh,” my native official said, “it is the same man.” “Dear me,” I replied, “he can’t have lived as long as all that!” and then it was explained that my correspondent was not literally the man, but his widow representing him, who, according to custom, retained his name and seal. Baghel Sing was, it seems, a youngish man when he defeated the Mahomedans. Long after he married a young wife, and that young wife was the old lady who corresponded with me in the name of Baghel Sing. Between them they covered a good deal over a hundred years. Not very long after, the old lady died; her daughter, the Ranee of Thanesar, went to the funeral, there caught cold, and died too. My head-man, when he brought the news, said in all gravity: “Great is the Ikkal<sup>1</sup> of the Sirkar (government),” meaning that we had as it were got two birds with one stone, and appropriated both territories.

Most of the states in my charge were not very large; the rulers had revenues varying, say, from about £5000 to £5 per annum.

Speaking generally I liked these Sikh Sirdars—they were pleasant, frank, good sort of fellows, and with most of them I was on excellent terms. The Rajah of Jheend was a larger man, and not exactly in my circle, but he was very near it. I much liked him, as did all European

<sup>1</sup> Ikkal=good fortune.

officers with whom he came in contact. He was always ready to be useful to us, and afterwards did excellent service in the Mutiny. I remember an instance of especial good tact on his part. He invited me to the christening of his heir, or to what corresponds to a christening in a Sikh family, and asked me to dine with him on that occasion. The evening before, however, he sent over to say he had expected a cook up from Delhi for the occasion, but the cook had failed him, and if I did not mind bringing my own cook and my own dinner, perhaps it would be better. I was most pleased to do so, brought them accordingly, dined with comfort, was saved the ordeal of native food, had a very pleasant evening, and retired, most grateful to my friend the Rajah. The smaller chiefs used often to visit me. I remember one Sirdar, who was a particular friend of mine (I think he belonged to the Shangurh Missal), who always brought a little brass cup in his pocket, which he used when he was invited to take a dram. They had no scruples on that point, but I really don't think many of them indulged to excess. Certainly I saw or heard very little of the excessive orgies which the historians of the Punjaub depict as having disgraced the court of Runjeet Sing. If the Sikhs sometimes take a good deal of liquor and a little opium, we must remember that they are in a sense driven to that kind of indulgence by the prohibition of tobacco. The old Sikh Gooroos<sup>1</sup> seem to have shared the aversion of James I. to that weed, and positively prohibited it; but they forgot to prohibit more injurious stimulants. The Sikhs have sometimes been accused of a liking for opium, and I have sometimes heard it said of a particular village: "Oh, they are Sings, and regular 'Poshtees' or opium-eaters." The cultivation of the poppy was free in those territories then. But opium-eating never spread very largely; it is not an Aryan habit. It is alcohol that, in their capacity of relations to ourselves, they more affect. Upon the whole, the Sirdars get on pretty well with their subjects. I only remember one of

<sup>1</sup> Gooroo is the title given to the founders of the Sikh schism from Hinduism.

them who was an exceedingly bad ruler, and whose villages were half-deserted. Sir Henry Lawrence in his younger days was a frequent contributor to the press, and in an article on the Sikhs he draws rather a highly-coloured picture of them, as having been a sort of caterans, like the Campbells and Macgregors of the Highlands. I hope he is quite mistaken about the Campbells, always a most respectable race; but if he means to compare the Sikhs to the Macgregors and other troublesome clans, whom the Campbells had so much trouble in keeping in order, it is rather hard upon the Sikhs.

When we began to acquire territory intermixed with that of the Sikh Sirdars, and to deal with the Zemindars in our liberal way, it gave rise sometimes to considerable difficulties between the Sikhs and their subjects. When we become responsible for the peace of the country, we cannot allow the sacred right of rebellion, the safety-valve in such cases, to be fully exercised. The dominant Sikhs were exactly the class from which our landlord class has come. But then the indigenous Zemindars had pretty strong views as to their rights, and were not willing to submit quietly to be reduced to the position of mere villeins. In the larger states there was not generally very much difficulty; there the position of the village communities was recognised; they retained their village self-government, and only paid their customary revenue to the state. Indeed sometimes these villages were almost too strong for the rulers, and paid with considerable difficulty. The villages were almost all walled and fortified. I remember one strong village in Khytul, which for generations had made it a point of honour never to admit a Government officer within their walls; they paid the revenue over the wall, and that was enough. In that same village the different "Pattis"<sup>1</sup> were barricaded against one another. They all combined against an outside foe, but could not trust one another. There is a considerable place, Jagraon, capital of the former Aloowalea territory near the

<sup>1</sup> Patti=subdivision of a village.

Sutlej, which I annexed a little later; it consisted of a central town of considerable importance and seven circumjacent "Pattis." The Pattis, or wards, were not unfrequently, as in this case, of different castes and even different religions; but they had a tolerable *modus vivendi*, and reminded one of the different tribes and *gentes* which combined on the seven hills of Rome. When our strong arm came to rule them, the most refractory villages submitted quite quietly.

Under the protected *régime* the principal difficulty between the rulers and the ruled was at the place of residence of the chiefs, where their requirements came very hard on the resident population. But where the rulers were very numerous and not of very high rank, as in the case of the democratic "Jamarazan Missal," which I have mentioned, in the course of fifty or sixty years' occupation they had managed by hook or by crook to get enough land for their own cultivation, etc., and had come to terms with the local Zemindars. If things had gone on so, the Jamarazan state might have peaceably arranged itself into equestrian and plebeian orders, till some Jat Gracchus demanded for the people a share in the further lands which they might have helped to win.

For the first quarter-century of our protectorate we had no British territory in the province. Then, as Rances and others died without heirs, we acquired a title in the capacity of feudal superior of all and ultimate heir to all lapses. The rule was established that collaterals should succeed to all territory ever held by a common ancestor, but that acquisitions made after a parting of the branches of the family did not go to another branch, but lapsed to us on failure of direct heirs. Small British possessions were thus acquired at Umballa and Loodiana, and made very convenient headquarters for our frontier agents. Then, a little before the first Afghan War, the Ranee of Ferozepore, a small territory on the Sutlej, far in advance, in the Lahore direction, died. It was very doubtful

whether we were entitled to it, or whether it was a Lahore fief; in fact, in the early lists it appears as a dependency of Runjeet Sing. But we were then very keen about the navigation of the Sutlej and Indus, and Runjeet, willing to oblige, yielded the point. The place was very handy to us, when we were in alliance with him, for the Afghan War, and was made a great depôt for our troops. Afterwards the Sikhs much complained that when the war was over we made it a strong permanent cantonment, and, as they thought, a sort of menace to Lahore. Indeed, when we came to be on bad terms with them, many people thought that so advanced a post was not strategically profitable.

In 1843 we annexed Khytul, and made, as has been said, our first large acquisition. And when once we had begun to make small acquisitions by lapse a good many others followed. In 1846, after the war, came the great acquisitions from Lahore, the Aloowalea chief, etc. A few years later all the smaller states were deprived of power, and their territories brought under British administration; so now the province is in great part a British province, and we completely surround the larger Protected States which still remain.

I confess I had a good deal of sympathy with the smaller states when they were reduced under British rule, and could not help thinking it was difficult to justify the measure as a strict question of faith. It was put on the ground that in the Sikh war they had failed to fulfil their feudal obligations actively to assist us; but the war was very sudden, their situation very difficult; and, so far as we discriminated, it was not with regard to the conduct of each individual state, but only with regard to size; we reduced the small and spared the great. Nabha, which certainly behaved very ill, and was sentenced to a penal loss of territory, was allowed to retain power, when the smaller states, good and bad, were all reduced. The fact is, however, that as matter of expediency the measure had become almost necessary. When our territory became intermixed with native territory to an excessive degree there were insuperable difficulties in dealing with crime, cattle-lifting,

and the like. And the Zemindars, who saw how their neighbours were treated by us, were less and less willing to submit to Sikh exactions. Still I think there might have been some discrimination. I should much have liked to have seen, for instance, the Mehraj republic spared,—there was no war of classes there,—and perhaps the Jamarazan Missal too, after a little regulation.

However, they are gone and cannot be recalled, and in the absence of available record of them, the memory of them seems only to remain in my recollection—all who knew them are gone or going.

When the Sikhs were deprived of their powers as rulers, it was necessary also to settle about their revenue. We could not simply turn them from rulers into landlords, for a ruler, whether Highland chief or Sikh chief, is not a landlord unless the lawyers manage to make him so, and Jat Zemindars are not so submissive as Highland clansmen became after they were suppressed by the whole power of the British Government in 1746. Landlords the Sikhs were in a sense, and absolute rulers they had been in a sense, but for all that the rights of the people were regulated and much protected by customary and moral laws, and they had always the sacred right of rebellion to fall back upon. We could not allow the matter to be fought out in that way, so we intervened and made a settlement,—a regulation and definition of the rights of the superior landlord, and the privileges and obligations of the holders of the soil. In short we then did in Sikh-land precisely what was done in Ireland under the Act of 1881, except that in the latter case only a rough and summary settlement has been made, whereas the Sikh villages were regularly settled after survey, etc. etc., by a regular Settlement Department, and there is this further possible difference, that after that regular settlement the Sikhs got the rents adjudged to them quite punctually. Perhaps a similar result might follow a similar system in Ireland.

I have dwelt so long on the small Protected States, rather because there is such an absence of a precise account

of them than because in those days they formed the most considerable portion of my work ; on the contrary, that was the part of my functions that was the least laborious, and where I had the least discretion. In a long course of political administration their rights had come to be so well defined, and everything was so exactly regulated by strict precedent, that there was not very much room for interference, and my inclination has always been to leave native states of all kinds alone as much as possible, and let them manage things in their own way, subject to the penalty of very serious interference if they bring on any catastrophe, rather than to attempt to Europeanise and dry-nurse them, and make them a mongrel cross between European and native administration ; so while they lasted I let them go their own gate as much as possible.

My real hard work was the administration of the British districts in my charge. There I was very nearly in the position of a benevolent despot. In those non-regulation districts we were told to follow the spirit of the regulations, but that was very elastic, and I did pretty much what I thought just and right. My superior was Colonel Mackeson, Commissioner of the Cis-Sutlej states, an able political officer, for whose memory I have much regard ; but he had very little experience of civil administration proper, and was an extremely slow, deliberate kind of man. He interfered with me very little indeed. Perhaps in some respects it was not good for me to have so very much unguided liberty. I might have been better in some ways if I had been under the iron and strict rule of John Lawrence, who was Commissioner of what was called the Trans-Sutlej states, but we had no connection with him. However, it suited my temperament very well to be law-giver as well as administrator on my own account, and to be thus thrown on my own resources, with a free hand.

As from this time forward most of my service was very much connected with military men, whether as my superiors in early days, or working under me later on, I

may here say that the somewhat jealous feeling in regard to Lord Ellenborough's dealings in putting military men in the place of civilians, to which I have alluded, referred only to the passing phase of injustice which we thought we had suffered at Lord Ellenborough's hands. For the rest, throughout my service I have always liked and heartily appreciated my military colleagues in civil work, and think they have thoroughly deserved the credit they have acquired. No doubt they had not the early training that we civilians had, and some of them were put in by mere patronage. But on the other hand many of them brought themselves to the front by a sort of natural selection, and were in fact select men, with special qualities, taken from the great mass of officers, at a time when there was not very much selection for the Civil Service. That is, I think, why so many of them became distinguished civil administrators, from Sir Thomas Munro downwards.

At the same time I confess I have shared, just a very little, some of the popular prejudice against some of the Indian "*Politicals*," as distinguished from the civil administrators,—I mean men employed in looking after and nursing native states. They were sometimes young men without any civil training, yet too much inclined to interfere with native methods, and to assume to themselves the rôle of rulers behind a screen of native form. I think too a good many of them were rather too much connected with the Indian press, and too apt to get their heroic deeds rather over-puffed by that medium. In the management of the Punjab under the Residency system from 1846 to 1849 I rather think that there was a good deal of that sort of thing. Perhaps it was on account of the dislike to the alleged interference of comparatively young military officers in political employment with officers of high rank, conducting operations in the field, that there grew up the modern idea that in operations involving both military and political considerations, Generals must not be controlled by civil officers, but must have a free hand. I do not agree in that. As matter of history I don't think there is justification for it.

I do not think that any of our military disasters, within my recollection, can fairly be attributed to any civilian interference. In the worst disaster of all, that at Cabul in 1841, it is now admitted that the civil head did the best that he could under the circumstances, and that the catastrophe was the result of military weakness and want of arrangement. The fact is that though our naval officers are very generally diplomatists, and continually called upon to act as such (a function which they have often extremely well performed), it is not so much so with the British army. In the rare case of a man combining civil and military qualifications and command, that is a great advantage; but it is not often so. Sometimes the cry for freedom from civil control is rather a jingo cry, and a demand for too unchecked military methods.

But I must go back to my district work. In several publications I have explained the constitution of the democratic villages of Northern India and their government by their representative Panches. The term "Punchayet" is principally known in this country in connection with judicial arbitration, but it is more often applied in India (in a somewhat abbreviated form) to the council of administration by which villages and other self-governing bodies, castes, trade guilds, and even armies, when they have thrown off allegiance, are managed. Panch or Punj means five, but the number of representative elders is not necessarily five—it varies a good deal. The Indian proverb, "Punch men Promeshwur," or "in the Punch there is God," is the equivalent of "*Vox populi vox dei*," or perhaps should be put a little differently, "The voice of the representative assembly is the voice of God." All the experience I had in India led me to the belief that, at anyrate in my day, before modern demands were formulated, the best system for that country was a paternal despotism above with local self-government below.

I have already alluded to the Jats, the predominant people of the whole of what I may call northernmost India,

excepting only the Himalayas, for the Jats never in any degree penetrated into the hill country on the north—they seem to have been later comers from the west. They may be identical with Jutes or Getæ,—and Getæ may or may not be Scythians,—it depends on the further question, What is a Scythian? This at least is very certain, that the Jats are in no degree Tartar or Turanian, but on the contrary in every respect intensely Aryan in their features, in their figure, in their language, and particularly in their institutions. Indeed, I may confidently say that in all India, not beyond the Ganges, there is no trace of Turanian blood—whatever of colour or other modification the Aryans have received by mixture of race comes from the dark aborigines of India. Of that intermixture there is no doubt more or less, just as in this country Celts and others are mixed with a prehistoric race. In the case of the Jats and other people of the Punjaub the intermixture is less, not more. The Jats were so much the principal agricultural class that in the Punjaub countries they were often called “Zemindars” (quite literally “landholder”), and a man will often say, “I am of the Zemindar caste.” So that the word there means a cultivator, not a large landholder, as in Bengal.

My impression is that in Khytul and Ladwa, except the ruling class and their followers, few of the people were Sikhs.

As soon as I had got rid of the most pressing work I set-to in earnest at the settlement of Ladwa. When territory is taken a settlement generally means the change from the native system of taking a share of the produce and other dues, to a fixed money payment for each village. The foundation of the public land revenue is a share of the crop, like a tithe or a landlord's share, under a metayer system. Sometimes the crop is actually divided, sometimes the produce is estimated and the Government share is taken in money at market rates. And there are usually a good many extras taken under our system. We cannot go into details, and therefore it is that we commute the whole for a money payment, dealing direct with the villagers instead of

letting the Government dues with farmers, as native governments often do. Till they become accustomed to our system the villagers do not always like it, for it throws much responsibility on them, and the risk of seasons. But they already have a system of repartition among themselves, according to their shares, by which they have been accustomed to distribute various common burdens and common expenses. And when the revenue is once fairly settled in cash on terms which they accept, they manage well enough and soon accommodate themselves to our system. They always have their bankers and moneylenders to help them through.

The Rajah of Ladwa was by no means a model ruler,—indeed our officers had considered him a very bad one,—yet when I went into his revenue accounts and system I was surprised to find how regular everything was, and how much that we had supposed to be mere arbitrary high-handedness was really very precisely regulated by custom and precedent, and the subject of very exact accounts. There was, too, a great deal of political economy in the system. The ruler's share of grain was a smaller proportion when the crop was estimated than when there was an actual division on the threshing-floor, allowance being made for the sanguineness of estimates, *e.g.* if two-fifths (a not uncommon rate) was taken on division one-third would be taken in estimate. Again, in the case of irrigated land a smaller proportion was taken, probably one-fourth, so much of the produce being in that case due to the cultivator's labour and expense in irrigation. The more valuable crops, such as tobacco and poppy, were not divided, but paid special money rates. Even the forced or rather unpaid labour, which generally seems to be such a tyranny, was very precisely regulated. Each village was bound to furnish certain helots either at certain seasons or all the year round. If the labour was not required a money commutation on a well-established scale was paid. These helots themselves were not unremunerated labourers: they were entitled to well-regulated dues out of the village produce, so much out of each load. In the settlement of the tithe questions many lessons may be learned from native Indian

experience. Indeed I believe that the principal agent in the English commutation of fifty years ago was Mr. Jones, our Haileybury Professor of Political Economy ; and probably he compared European and Indian systems with much advantage. The dues exacted by native rulers beyond the regular share of crops were sometimes harsh and rather grotesque, but they were not without precedent in Europe, and were, I should say, much better regulated in India ; if tyrannically imposed at first they were definite, and the established rates were well observed. I remember one exaction in the Ladwa territory, called " Kasoor keemut " or " default of price," meaning a compensation to the Rajah for a bad market for his grain. And there was a percentage levied as a benevolence to meet the expense of the marriage of the Rajah's son.<sup>1</sup>

Our system was to knock off these extras and make a liberal reduction in the average of the regular dues before fixing our settlement revenue. We generally succeeded in making the people very well content. After a few months' work I had settled the revenue over most of the Ladwa territory.

In the Khytul district my principal difficulty was about cattle-lifting. It was a dry, hard kind of country, the water in the wells very remote from the surface, the cultivation limited, and much of the country was covered with small jungle. The people were almost more graziers than farmers—rather a wild, rough set—and they indulged in cattle-lifting on a very large scale, not only for the profit of the thing, but taking a sort of pride in their exploits, like Highland caterans. Not unfrequently they would drive off hundreds of cattle in one " lift." There was a wonderful system of following the " khoj " or track by a sort of professional " khojees," or trackers, of great skill. They could follow not only a herd but single cattle and single thieves by the track, over hard and dry ground, in a wonderful way. The tracks were for the most part scarcely visible to the ordinary eye,

<sup>1</sup> I see I have dealt with these subjects in *Systems of Land-tenure*, published by the Cobden Club.

but every now and again they would show on a favourable spot a repetition of some peculiarity in a footmark in a way which was very convincing of the genuineness of the track. The rule was that, if the track was brought home to a particular village, the people there were bound to carry it on to another or to make compensation. If the territory had all been British we might have managed to reduce the practice of cattle-lifting within moderate limits, but the intermixture of native states made it very difficult indeed. When we carried the track to one of the states we claimed compensation from them, but of course that led to many disputed questions. Khytul had a long and involved boundary with Puttiala, and though these larger states were not in my political charge I exercised a jurisdiction over them for questions arising on the border. Now that they have survived when the smaller states are swept away, and when native states are made so much of, and Puttiala and a few others have risen to such very high rank and consideration, it rather astonishes me to remember the summary way in which I used to treat them when I was a very young man. They were then regarded as being, though larger, not different in their relation to us than the smaller protected Sikh states. The usual mode of suppressing a demand was by what was called a *dustuk*—that is, telling off certain representatives of the British power to live at free quarters on those whom we desired to coerce, till satisfaction was obtained. When a herd of cattle was traced to Puttiala territory, I have not unfrequently ordered, "Send a dustuk of ten Sowars (horsemen) on Puttiala." It was something like our practice of sending men-of-war to exact satisfaction in Africa or the Pacific, except that instead of bombarding them we only insisted on quarters and rations for the men and horses of our dustuks. In reality it fell on the offending villages rather than on the state. I hope I may say I was reasonable and ready to listen to what they had to say, from whichever side the complaint came. And we generally managed either to get satisfaction or to compromise the matter in some way.

The favourite method of compromising matters in cattle and similar cases was for the plaintiff to demand the oath of the defendant. That was a very solemn affair. And it was a strict rule that if the oath was so demanded no other evidence could be offered; the plaintiff having elected to take the oath, was finally bound by it, whatever the result. In such cases they were sent out of court to take the oath in their own way, with their own solemnities. And it was generally understood that the accused parties either took the oath and cleared themselves, or compromised and made satisfaction, and we were told it was all right. I have, however, known a boundary dispute similarly referred to oath, where a venerable man seemed to have made up his mind to sacrifice his soul for the benefit of his community, and took a huge cantle out of the grazing grounds of the opposite village. These boundary disputes were sometimes very serious and led to much fighting. So did sometimes opposing claims to water. But on the whole it was wonderful how well very complicated claims to various shares in the few and scanty rainy season water-courses of that country were regulated by law and custom, both in regard to the obligation to effect the necessary repairs and in regard to the complicated distribution of the water, particular days and particular hours being allotted to each village.

The town and station of Khytul were bounded by a large tank, filled in the wet season from a water-course of this kind, to which was attributed the excessive unhealthiness from which this place suffered for some years. After the Ranee's resistance it was thought necessary to garrison the place with troops, but they had to be removed on account of excessive unhealthiness—it proved a perfect Golgotha. Yet it is certain that the place had been healthy enough before, and after a few years it became and continued healthy again without any apparent change in the physical conditions; the tank was there always and filled in the same way. It is one of those mysteries—waves of disease—of which we have not penetrated the secret.

There was a fine palace at Khytul, but I did not stay there more than I could help. I best remember it in connection with one personal incident. There was about the palace a large Indian bird, tame, and with its wings clipped, and one day when I was riding rapidly in, on a tall and rather skittish mare that I had brought with me from Rohileund, this gigantic bird suddenly met the mare with a flutter and outstretched wings. I went over her head and was picked up totally unconscious. A camel express was sent off to Umballa, some sixty miles away, for a surgeon,—there were no telegraphs then,—and when he arrived in hot haste with his instruments, he found me as well as ever. I have several times in the course of my life had knocks on the head which rendered me totally unconscious for some time. On another occasion, a few years later, I walked over a precipice in the Himalayas in absence of mind, but on every occasion I have presently come to myself and suffered no inconvenience or ill effects of any kind from the moment of recovering consciousness. I think I must be pretty hard-headed.

In the course of the autumn of this year, 1846, I was relieved of Khytul and Ladwa by the return of Captain Abbott, and I was then ordered to take charge of the new territory south of the Sutlej, between Loodiana and Ferozepore, and running back to the boundaries of Puttiala and Nabha; I accordingly marched up there and took charge.

My new district was called "Wadnee," from a somewhat remote fort which gave some trouble to our advancing army, but station buildings were never provided there, and I remained in camp for some months. To guard against opposition I was provided with quite a little army of a sort, viz. several regiments provided by the larger Protected Chiefs, and I marched about in great state; but I soon found that these forces were not required and gradually dispensed with them.

The country was a fine, open agricultural country, with a very good soil, only in parts the rainfall was apt to be

scanty. Great rivers differ curiously in their fertilising qualities. The Jumna, coming from the southern faces of the Himalaya, carries little good silt; on the contrary, near its issue from the hills it often throws up quantities of sand so as sometimes to come and destroy good land. The Sutlej, on the other hand, rising far away behind the snowy range and receiving few tributaries from the southern Himalayas, is extremely fertilising. Much of the tract within reach of its flood waters is most excellent—further back the soil is still good, and in a tolerable year is covered with great sheets of cultivation. But further back still, some marches from the river, and verging towards the desert, the country becomes very arid, though the soil is still excellent. It used to be said that the people there were content if they got a crop once in five years, but then they got a bumper one.

The people of all this country are, I think, the finest in India. They differ little from those in the Lahore-Amritsar country on the other side. The population seems always to be so arranged that the lazier people were in the low land nearer the river, a more manly and independent set in the great uplands beyond, and the hardest and toughest of all in the dry precarious lands at the back. The middle ones I like best for all purposes, and they are the most numerous. Most of them are Jats, but there are intermixed a good many villages of Mahomedan Rajpoots, of Rains, a more highly cultivating or gardening class, also mostly Mahomedans, and a few others. Speaking generally they are excellent cultivators, excellent soldiers, and they form excellent self-governing communities. Their principal fault was the private war which villages sometimes carried on with one another, like so many Greek republics—wars which sometimes lasted for years, or almost generations. When I first took charge I could even hear the guns in some of their actions. But we soon forbade that, and they became very quiet.

Much of this district is said to be among the most "Sikh" parts of the country, and the gazetteers and census returns seem to confirm that. Yet I have some doubt of

the strict correctness of the returns. I have always felt the truth of a remark of several early travellers, which I have noticed, "How few Sikhs you see in the Sikh country." To be a regular Sikh of the Gobind persuasion, a man must be regularly initiated, he must abjure tobacco, let his hair grow and coil it up in a knot, wear an iron ring on his arm—and so by his dress and get-up a full-fledged Sikh is distinguished. In that shape one seems to see but few of them. The fact, I think, is that a great many become a kind of half-Sikhs, and profess or put aside that religion according to circumstances; indeed, I have recently received a printed paper by a distinguished Sikh in which he laments the degeneracy of the age in this sense. I remember once pressing a man with the question whether he was a Sikh or not. He at first, with the somewhat Scotch-like caution which distinguishes them, tried to fence with the counter-question, "Why I wanted to know." But when at last I persuaded him that I had no object beyond curiosity, he explained that he was not a Sikh, but said he had two brothers who were, having long served at Lahore. No doubt there are a great many such families in all that country. I remember the representative of one of the greatest families of the Punjaub, the Attareewala Sirdars, who had originally come from a village south of the Sutlej, who keenly pressed a claim to a small share in that village. I thought the claim rather doubtful and out of date and said, "Well now, you are a great Sirdar with great jageers in the Sikh kingdom: is it really worth your while to come and press this small claim here?" "Yes," he replied with some philosophy; "but kingdoms (raj) and jageers pass away—village rights go on for ever."

We are so much inclined to call all non-Mahomedan Punjaubees "Sikhs," and to insist on the men we enlist being "Sikhs," that I fancy we may have added considerably to the number of real or nominal professors of that faith. All the Punjaub Jats are called Sing as a name, whether they are Sikhs or not. Because a man's name is Ram Sing, it does not follow that he is a Sing in the Sikh sense.

One used to hear a great deal of the extreme Sikh military fanatics, the "Akalees" or "Immortals"—but I think Runjeet must have put them down very much. I never saw many of them, and all those I ever had to do with proved to be extremely inoffensive individuals and gave no trouble.

In the Wadnee district too there had been some inter-regnum. I found a good many arrears, and a good many things to settle before I could get to work on the new annexations and settlements which were to be entrusted to me, and before I came to that the Governor-General, Sir Henry Hardinge, came up with all his camp on his way to settle the affairs of the Punjab. He crossed the Sutlej to Bhyrowal on the Beas, where the well-known treaty of Bhyrowal was signed. I went down to that side of my district and rode across to pay my respects. I had started without notice and without change of horses, and before I reached the Governor-General's camp, my horse showed signs of giving in. I went to a considerable old Sikh official on the road, explained who I was, and asked for the loan of a horse; but all his horses were unfortunately lame, etc. I rose in some disgust, but then he seemed amused at the high dignity of such a beardless boy, and patting me on the back in a way I did not at all like, said, "Come, we will send you away 'khoosh'" (happy), and he got out a really fine horse. I remember mounting him—a big dun animal with a painted tail such as natives love—and riding off in recovered spirits. He carried me well into the camp, and I was there very civilly received. I there saw a good deal of the Governor-General and his staff, Mr. Currie (soon afterwards Sir Frederick), and the Lawrencees, and I was much interested in all that was going on. To my great satisfaction, the Governor-General invited me to come and meet him at Lahore, and I was correspondingly crestfallen when Mr. Currie said, "Nonsense; he knows nothing about it,—you can't leave your district at present," so I went back. However, a few days later, one night when I was in my solitary tent, an express came to summon me to Lahore. It was some seventy miles distant, but I was keen to obey

the summons; I laid out horses and a swift riding camel during the night, rode out early in the morning, overtook the camel half-way, and did the rest of the journey upon camel-back, arriving early in the afternoon. I have not had occasion to travel very much upon camels, but I like them. People who have stiff seats cannot endure them. It is not at all like riding a horse; but if one can make one's joints loose and pliable, I think the motion quite comfortable. In India we do not perch on the top of the hump in the ridiculous way they do in Egypt, but have a comfortable saddle seated for two, before and after the hump. A good Indian riding camel is a very large, powerful, well-groomed animal; far finer, I think, than anything I have seen in Egypt. They go very long distances at a moderate pace—say five to seven miles an hour. On this journey I passed through the heart of the Manjha Sikh country, the nursery of the Lahore soldiers. They could not be expected to be very amiable after their defeat, and when their country was being surrendered to a sort of British tutelage. I saw groups of them standing about near the villages; they seemed rather sulky and took no notice of me, but neither did they molest me, and I got through all right.

I had a very pleasant visit to Lahore. I was put up by the Lawrences, who were living in a native house there in a very rough way. They were not the men to need luxuries, and I saw a great deal of what was going on. John Lawrence I always admired, a regularly educated civilian, and the best type of the class. He was perhaps a little hard on the upper classes of natives, but he was certainly right in his principle of looking to the happiness and welfare of the masses. Henry Lawrence was much more a man of "heart," and very much more popular; but he had a very limited civil experience, and that of a very rough kind. He had a sympathy and indulgence for the native chiefs, but did not exaggerate their virtues, or trust them exceedingly; it was rather that he advocated what I have called the "political" system, the dry-nursing native administration by European officers, in preference to a

regular civil administration. The system which was then introduced into the Punjaub was practically his, though he had to go home ill not very long after, and Sir F. Currie was sent to administer it with greater dignity and greater powers. I saw and heard a great deal that was interesting in the city and the camps that surrounded it; though we had taken the real power, the forms of a great native kingdom were still maintained. I was present at a great Durbar, at which the infant Maharajah Duleep Sing was produced as the head of the state. My impression is that it was a mistake to have recognised him as a nominal ruler, and that it would have been better to have dealt in name as well as in fact with the leaders of the Sikh "Khalsa" or commonwealth. Duleep had no real right. Runjeet was a mere military monarch, the beginning and practically the end of his dynasty; and his descendants had no more legitimate right than Richard Cromwell or the Buonaparte family. No one for a moment supposed that Duleep was really the son of Runjeet, and if he had been, he would not have been the legitimate heir, for there was an undoubted son of the last Maharajah, Sher Sing. But because we conduct our affairs in the name of a sovereign who reigns but does not govern, we must have some kind of king to deal with everywhere, whether it be in Asia, or in the wilds of Africa, when some black pretender signs away a great country for a barrel of rum. In this case it was the fact that, though the very existence of Duleep Sing had been unknown for years after his birth, and the death of the Maharajah, in the confusion which followed the murder of Sher Sing and his eldest son, the intriguing and ambitious mother of Duleep had got him recognised for a time. We gave him a title which he never would have had if we had allowed the next turn of the wheel to take place; and a very troublesome embarrassment he has been to us. However, by recognising the minor we had an opportunity of trying the political dry-nursing system. It did not prove successful in this case, at any rate.

During my stay at Lahore I had much opportunity of hearing very various views of Indian politics from very

various people of civil and military experience, and did my best to inform myself on many questions ; but I was only on a visit, and after a few days I returned to my own district.

Both at Bhyrowal and Lahore I had been treated with much personal civility by the Governor-General, and, having completed his business at Lahore, his return march was through the length of my district. I went to meet him, and escorted him throughout his march, which, owing to some delays, lasted for a considerable time before he reached the further limits of my "principality," as he called it. He treated me with great kindness and soldierly frankness, and made me free of his table,—in fact, for the time, one of his staff and family ; and I saw a great deal of him and those about him—Mr. Currie, a sort of prime minister ; his sons, the present Lord Hardinge and General Hardinge ; an old Colonel Benson, a great authority on military matters ; Colonel Wood, and others.

I was not then high enough up to know much of the official ability of Sir Henry Hardinge as distinguished from his advisers. My impression is that he was a good common-sense man, who took care not to go too far beyond his *métier* in civil affairs, and in that way managed very well. In regard to the most important matters of his administration, the Sikh war, and the arrangements he made in the Punjab, if it could be at all imputed to him that the war was unnecessarily hastened, it could only be said that he perhaps too implicitly accepted the assertions of his official representative and adviser on the frontier. But if the war was to be, it was in many respects fortunate that it occurred when so competent a military man as Sir Henry Hardinge was there to look after Sir Hugh Gough and the political negotiations at the same time. Regarding the subsequent arrangements, it was perhaps inevitable that the eventual annexation should be preceded by an intermediate stage, such as the Governor-General made with the advice of Henry Lawrence, and it relieved us of some present difficulties. Goolab Sing's recognition in his own country was probably

politic enough, but the cession of the valley of Cashmere (with which he had previously nothing to do) was unfortunate.

Personally I had every reason to like Sir Henry Hardinge, and I have a very pleasant recollection of the time I spent in his camp, and of the kindness I received from him at all times in India, and afterwards when I came home on furlough. The marching through my principality in that cold-weather season was very enjoyable, and Sir Henry, after the successful issue of that anxious war and the peaceful conclusion of the subsequent negotiations, was naturally in high spirits. He was a good deal amused by our Indian ways and habits; even the animals seemed to amuse him, as when a herd of antelopes, following one another like head-strong sheep, as they sometimes do, almost leaped over the heads of the marching column. He was fond of telling a story against me, alluding to our use of Indian words,—that when suddenly asked what was meant by “pucka,” in my difficulty of explaining I said, “Oh, anything that is not ‘cutcha.’” Pucka is a word which was always being used; it literally means “cooked,” but is applied in various senses, not only to a “pucka” house (a brick-built house as distinguished from a mud or “cutcha” house), but also to a “pucka” fellow, or good fellow. A “pucka” (permanent) appointment; a “pucka” (metalled) road, and so on. Some Indian words are very expressive. A favourite story of his, of Indian official conservatism, which he asserted to be literally true, was this: In some military re-arrangements a sentry was found in an out-of-the-way part of the Governor-General’s park at Barrackpore, whose use no one could discover. Enquiry was made, and at last the old record showed that there had been a paling there which was fresh painted; a sentry was put to keep people off the paint. The paint dried; months and years rolled by, changes took place in the staff, the paling rotted away and disappeared, but the sentry had got upon the order book; he was regularly relieved, and kept steadily pacing up and down till he was discovered in Lord Hardinge’s time. On the other hand, we younger

Indians secretly laughed at the Governor-General's want of adaptation to Indian ways. To the last he never learnt to pronounce the word "Punjab" or Punjaub, and always pronounced it very short, like "jab" in jabber. And though his manners were soldierly and simple, he never would adopt a useful Indian costume in travelling, but stuck to his British ways.

Notwithstanding his personal civility to me, I long carried about an official grievance that I could not get confirmed in my appointment, because there was always question of economising by eventually abolishing my district, and I was always kept acting. It was not till a good deal later that I was gratified by being confirmed, with retrospective effect as regards pay, etc.

When I was with the Governor-General we went over all the battlefields of the previous season, and I naturally heard all those battles fought over again. I need not say anything about the military questions involved, and I cannot say, because I do not know, what was the truth as regards the alleged negotiations with some of the Sikh leaders, and the treachery to their own side of which they have been accused. I should not think that there was really anything to detract from British honour and good faith; probably it only amounted to this, that the Sikh leaders were very disunited and inclined to work every man for his own hand.

But I here digress a little to say something of the circumstances which led to the Sikh war, of which, having been in charge of the districts which were the scene of the disputes leading to war and of the great battles, I came to know a good deal. Situated as we were, it was perhaps inevitable that we should come into collision with the Sikh army sooner or later. It is true that several accounts agree that in the period immediately preceding the war, when matters were becoming very serious and the army had for the most part taken affairs into their own hands, they maintained for a while wonderful order at Lahore, and through their Panches exercised an almost Puritanical discipline in the military republic. But that did not last

very long, and there had been such a succession of revolutions that with the best of management on our part there was always great danger, especially when we had taken Scinde, and occupied ourselves about the navigation of the Sutlej and Indus. The immediate collision was, however, I think hastened by imprudence on the part of the British Frontier Agent, Major Broadfoot. I knew of some things done by him which it would be difficult to defend. But he paid the penalty by his death in the actions which followed. I am one of but very few survivors who know the real facts, and I should not have thought it desirable to rake them up if there had not been published the other day a biography of Major Broadfoot which puts them, I think, in a very misleading way; therefore I wish to say something of what I know. To my surprise Broadfoot's biographer not only publishes in full those things which I thought were known only to myself and one or two others, and better kept dark, but a great deal more—all, as he seems to think, to the glorification of his hero.

No doubt Broadfoot was a man of much ability and energy. He was a Madras officer who had served some years in that army, had then been some years at home, was employed in the East India Military College at Addiscombe, and studied the art of war before returning to his duties at Madras. He wore spectacles, and was, I think, rather a military-professor sort of man; during his subsequent service he seems to have kept copious journals and correspondence. When he was selected to command a corps of Sappers and Miners in Shah Shoojah's service in Afghanistan he proved to be an excellent officer, even if somewhat given to find fault with his superiors, as we now see from his papers. He was especially distinguished in the defence of Jellalabad when that place was beleaguered by the Afghans, and was a leading spirit in the brave resistance which made the garrison illustrious. When, then, he returned to India early in 1843, he was certainly a distinguished soldier, though his biographer would have done better not to have published so much to detract from

many established reputations in order to claim an excess of credit for his hero. However, Broadfoot was very rightly promoted and decorated.

Just then Lord Ellenborough was turning out the civil administrators of several Non-Regulation Provinces, and putting untried military men in their places. He particularly delighted to honour Afghan heroes, and turning his eyes on Broadfoot he appointed him to succeed an old civil servant as Commissioner of the Province of Tenasserim, being our then Burmese possession. As Broadfoot had then not one day's civil experience, and was put not only into civil employ, but *per saltum* at the head of a considerable province, with many civil officers under him, this was a pretty strong measure. However, he lost no time in justifying his appointment in Lord Ellenborough's eyes; he went beyond his master, and without delay vigorously denounced all that had gone before him as bad and corrupt in the extreme. That may have been just or unjust; I know nothing of the internal history of that country. In the autumn of the following year, 1844, a vacancy having occurred in the office of Agent on the North-West Frontier, Broadfoot was appointed to that post. He must have been very ignorant of the country and people when he joined at Umballa, but he had no misgivings and at once proceeded to act on his own views without much regard to those of his immediate predecessors. He seems to have been amiable to his friends in private life, but in public matters his tendency was to be arrogant and overbearing. He had had some differences with the Sikhs when he marched up to Afghanistan, and he was not inclined to be conciliatory to the Lahore Durbar.

The occasion of quarrel was the Lahore territory south of the Sutlej. By the treaty of 1809, Runjeet Sing kept the territory he had already acquired there, but bound himself not to make any further encroachments, and it was stipulated that he would "never maintain in the territory occupied by him on the left bank of the Sutlej more troops than are necessary for the internal duties of that territory."

Having made the treaty, Runjeet most faithfully observed it. He was indeed anxious to oblige us and keep on good terms with us, and yielded several disputed questions. As matter of friendship and avoidance of mistrust, I believe he used to inform our agent when he sent troops across for his own internal purposes. But there is not a trace of any obligation beyond that above stated.

Broadfoot, however, not only acted as if the Lahore territories, Cis-Sutlej, were entirely under his control, but, as I now learn for the first time from his biography, he seems to have set up a formal claim to such a control, and asserted that this Lahore territory was just as much under his "jurisdiction," as he called it, as any of the small Protected States. Nay more, that if we go beyond mere "words to institutions and facts, the Sovereignty of the Queen, the Company, and the Government of India in the Maharajah's Cis-Sutlej territory will be found to be as complete and undoubted (among natives capable of thinking at all) as over the district of Hooghly."<sup>1</sup> His biographer says that the Government accepted this view, but does not give the text of that acceptance. I can only say that I cannot find a word in the treaties or agreements of any kind to support it, and in all my connection with the office never saw anything to justify it. Broadfoot admitted that his immediate predecessor in the agency, Colonel Richmond, had taken an opposite view. And it seems that the man who of all others had the greatest experience and weight in these matters, Sir George Clerk, when he heard what was going on, sent to the Governor-General a memorandum expressing strong views on the subject, which was forwarded to Broadfoot. The latter, however, had no respect whatever for Clerk's opinions. In his reply he spoke of strong language used by Clerk, which he ascribed to the heat of controversy, when men's personal interests had been jostled, and not to the possibility of Clerk holding an opinion which he (Broadfoot) could not but look on as preposterous, and he firmly maintained his own view. He even ventures very covertly to

<sup>1</sup> *Life of Broadfoot*, p. 336.

insinuate that Clerk had instigated and assisted the Durbar in their reclamations.<sup>1</sup> He acted on and beyond the view above expressed, and interfered more than we ever did in a Protected State. He avowed that he had arranged to occupy the Lahore territory, Cis-Sutlej, in case anything should happen to Duleep Sing, who was then ill. And he forbade the Durbar to send any troops over for any purpose whatever.

Good as the people of that country are, most of them were about the last people in the world to pay revenue when there was any doubt who was master and any chance of escaping paying to any one. In the uncertainties of those days, and the difficulty the Durbar had in enforcing their authority south of the Sutlej, there were villages which had not paid up for years, and I know that there were a good many which during the Broadfoot *régime* had never paid a farthing. There was a rather remote tract in the "Bangar" or highland, called Kote Kapoorah, regarding the possession of which there had been some dispute, but which had once been finally settled to belong to Runjct. The people were always rather troublesome, and in those days they certainly set the Durbar at defiance to the extent at least of not paying their revenue. In March or April, 1845, the Durbar sent one Lall Sing Adalutce—"Adalutce means judge"—to proceed to Kote Kapoorah, with an escort, nowhere put higher than 200 irregulars, to try to assert their authority in Kote Kapoorah. They had crossed the river and proceeded only a few miles to their first encampment at a place called "Palwandee" in Lahore territory. Broadfoot happened to be in camp not far off, and a British European regiment was close by on the march to Ferozepore. He roughly and very peremptorily ordered the Sikh party back over the river. Lall Sing, not willing to risk a collision, obeyed, returned to the river, and embarked his men. But Broadfoot, not satisfied with this, followed them in person, and finding the last boat containing the leaders on the point of shoving off, he insisted on capturing them. At least one shot was fired to bring them to, and most accounts

<sup>1</sup> *Life of Broadfoot*, pp. 324, 325, 336.

say that a man was killed, but there seems to be a doubt about that. At any rate the Sikh leaders were captured and detained. The shot then fired has been described as the first in the Sikh war. The affair gave rise to great irritation. Broadfoot seems to have felt that he could hardly justify the making prisoner of a Lahore judge on Lahore soil; he put it on the ground that in decamping they had not paid the villagers for the supplies they had had and the damage they had done. He made them pay for that, and finally let them go. Even from his own point of view, viz. regarding the Lahore territory south of the river as a Protected State, such a proceeding was wholly unjustifiable. In a petty matter of supplies we never should have dreamed of interfering between a Protected Chief and his subjects.

Still more irritation was caused by a dispute about a place near the spot where the Sutlej issues from the hills, called "Anandpore-Makkowal." It was a sort of sacred place, held by the Sikh priests called Sodees. There had been question who had the control over it, but it was thought better that a Sikh sacred place should be under the Sikh ruler, and it was yielded to Runjeet. Nevertheless when some disturbances took place there in 1845, Broadfoot insisted on interfering, and on account of the religious questions involved the affair caused much excitement. The Durbar seem to have formulated a sort of bill of grievances, which they presented to the British Government. They complained of the garrison of Ferozepore, and especially of the famous bridge of boats which had been at that time sent up from Scinde with a military equipment, and which they, not without reason, said could only be designed for aggressive purposes. It certainly was unnecessary for defence, and was paraded in an ostentatious way. The boats were afterwards made over to me, and proved a sort of white elephant—they were much too large and heavy for those waters. The Durbar were further very bitter about the affairs of Palwandee and Anandpore-Makkowal, and generally about Broadfoot's conduct. If he

refused to allow them to relieve their guards in the Cis-Sutlej territory they must deal with the Governor-General direct.

It is recorded in the annals of history, or what is called history, which will go down to posterity, that the Sikh army invaded British territory in pursuance of a determination to attack us. And most people will be very much surprised to hear that they did nothing of the kind. They made no attack on our outlying cantonments, nor set foot in our territory. What they did do was to cross the river and entrench themselves in their own territory. Taken by itself that would be a clear breach of the treaty. But under all the circumstances Major J. D. Cunningham, the historian of the Sikhs, seems to have much to bear him out when he says that they honestly believed that they were acting in defence of their territory. Broadfoot's doings in regard to it came very near a political annexation; and as regards the revenue, if, owing to his bearing towards them, the Sikhs failed to get it, they could hardly be expected to be quite content, because we had not yet taken the money. In irritation they crossed the river and defied us to turn them out, and so war came. However, as I have said, probably a collision must have occurred sooner or later, and I have only been led into this statement by the biography of Broadfoot. Biographers will over-exalt their heroes.

When the Governor-General had passed beyond my limits I set to in earnest to the work appointed for me. I had nothing to do with the determination to annex part of the Nabha and Kapoorthalla territories. I was only the executive officer to carry out the measures determined on by the Government. In consequence of the misconduct of the Rajah of Nabha in connection with the war, he was sentenced to lose a certain proportion of his territory, of a certain value, and I had to select and value the territory to be taken and add it to my district. It was rather a disagreeable duty, for the Nabha people naturally did not at all like it, and were not in the best of humours. However,

with some trouble I managed what was required, and took possession of the new acquisition. My proceedings were approved by the Government of India, and so the matter ended.

The occupation of the Aloowalea territory was a much larger affair. The Aloowalea chief, now known as Rajah of Kapoorthalla, had a very difficult position in the war. I have mentioned the family as having been one of the principal among the Sikhs, and Futteh Sing Aloowalea as having been conjoined with Runjeet in the first treaty with us in 1806. Runjeet and he were great friends and exchanged turbans—the native symbol of brotherhood. But such affection on Runjeet's part was sometimes dangerous, as when he insisted on exchanging turbans with the fugitive Shah Shoojah, and as an incident took the Koh i Noor diamond with the Shah's turban. The Aloowalea had taken a large part in affairs south of the Sutlej, and when our protectorate was extended over the Sikh country there, he found himself with about an equal territory on each side of the river. Afterwards there was some unpleasantness between Lahore and Kapoorthalla, and to have two strings to his bow the latter was probably not sorry to be considered a Protected Chief south of the river rather than a Lahore feudatory. However, a man cannot serve two masters, and when we quarrelled with the Sikhs, the then Rajah of Kapoorthalla found himself in the very unpleasant dilemma of having territory yielding five or six lacs of income on one side of the river and six or seven lacs on the other, and being called on by both powers to take their side. I believe we conveyed to him an offer of some sort of guarantee that if he would come over to us we would hold him harmless; but his home and family were on the other side, he hesitated and vacillated, and I believe some of his men willingly or unwillingly joined the Lahore army. We admitted the difficulty of the case, and the Government took time to consider it; but by the end of 1846 it was decided that, as he was bound to Lahore beyond the Sutlej, and had only done his duty by his suzerain there, he might

retain his territory on that side as a feudatory principality, but that he had failed in his obligations to us, and therefore all his territory south of the Sutlej must be confiscated. It was mostly adjacent to my district of Wadnee, and I was to occupy it and annex it. The Rajah accepted the decision with dignity and good grace, and his people handed over the territory to me without difficulty—indeed they rendered me every assistance that I could expect in regard to their accounts and official arrangements, so my task was not unpleasant and proved most interesting to me. I found the territory good, and the people the best and pleasantest I have ever had to deal with; their villages were a model of constitutional government. The capital of the territory was Jagraon, the peculiar constitution of which I have already mentioned.

What I undertook, after taking possession and making the first arrangements, was a summary settlement; but for facility of administration, and being led on by interesting questions as I went, I carried my proceedings somewhat farther, so as to make some sort of record of the constitution and conditions of each village. In carrying this out I lived very much among the people and came to know them very well indeed. The making a settlement of this kind is a sort of battle with them. I had to insist on getting the dues of the state, and they had to minimise their liabilities as much as possible; but I found them a good natured people. I was able to make considerable reductions on the various demands of a native government, and so it went off very well and amicably. From the native accounts, etc., I could form a good idea about what each tract ought to pay, and then I got the head-men together to assist in dividing the amount among the different villages. I used to ask on the whole a little more than I meant to take, and when that was divided among the villages I said I would let off a little if they could agree among themselves which were the hardest pressed; often they would agree wonderfully well in telling me where the shoe pinched. They had not been so much governed and, as it were, *landlorded* as the people of Ladwa.

Each village had been more accustomed to deal with the Government as a whole, and the villages were stronger and more independent than those of Ladwa, which more approached to a Hindoostanee sort of country. For repartition among themselves they had well-known "plough" shares; there might be sixty-four or eighty (or whatever the number might be) plough lands in a village, and a man might own a plough land or half or three quarters of a plough land.

Each village had a complete self-government. There were also people generally known as representatives of Pergunahs or larger tracts, who used to treat with the Government on certain matters. On the whole, their system of local government was really, I believe, exceedingly good. I do not by any means say that they were free from the abuses which afflict corporations all over the world. There was often an opposition party who accused the village Punch of various malversations, overcharges for public entertainments, bribes, etc., and such like matters, just as if they had been situated in the London of to-day; but at anyrate I don't think these were worse than in civilised countries, rather I believe that they were not nearly so bad. I could not altogether refuse to listen to such complaints, but did not do so too readily. I always hold that no local government will succeed unless it is very much left to itself; we must take the good and the bad together; and I only interfered as a sort of Local Government Board to enforce reasonable audit, and to ensure a free election or selection of the members of the Punch. I have always thought that throughout India a very great deal of harm has been done by the interference of our authorities, both executive and judicial (especially judicial), with indigenious village corporations. Nothing can be perfect in this world, but a certain latitude must be given to popular representatives, and the fabric falls to pieces when every litigious person is allowed to bring everything into question in every court. I think there is a great deal too much of that in this country, and there is still more of it in India, with the result that the

small self-supporting municipalities, which held their own in the worst of native times, have been very much weakened and degraded, if not dissolved. I look upon the discouragement of the small indigenous municipalities as the great blot and weakness in our rule, and think it is by no means compensated by beginning at the other end with big institutions on a larger scale, which most of the people do not comprehend. Even our own municipalities are brand-new European sort of things, not at all indigenous. My wish has been to begin from the indigenous village, and work upwards to greater things. Certainly my experience of the village institutions on the Sutlej, where perhaps they are at their best, made me appreciate them very much indeed, and think that they were not only good for India, but for some other countries as well. In fact I can deliberately say that, far from imposing my ideas on these people, it was from them that I learnt ideas of local self-government which I retain to this day, and which I have brought with me to my native country. I wish that I could see under our Local Government Bills a lower stratum of village institutions, the basis for the whole superstructure.

The native village may be said to have been composed of three classes—the freemen, the main and governing class, the merchants and moneylenders, and the artisans and inferior classes. The Khatrees, the mercantile class of the Punjaub countries, are a very superior class; and though they are no doubt often usurious, the villages could not get on without them. They are found far over the Indus in Afghanistan and Central Asia, and one Afghan sometimes accuses another of stealing his Khatrec. The artisans and inferior classes often hold land, and it was a moot point whether they had any rights in the land. That gave rise to bitter controversies a few years later, and I may say that when the country came fresh from native hands and I asked how these people were to be entered, the Zemindars generally said, “Oh, put them down, they have paid as we paid, and they can go on paying”; so that, though perhaps

without a voice in the management, a sort of right of occupancy at least was generally admitted in those days.

Apart from the representative Panches, there were generally found in a large tract of country two or three venerable and respected men, who had come to be the fashion, as it were, as referees in cases of dispute, valuations, etc., and who received fees or presents for their trouble, reminding one very much of the class of professional arbitrators sometimes found among us. I am bound to admit that their complete honesty was sometimes in some degree impeached; when men become too much the fashion, they are apt to be spoiled. The women, especially the Jat women, were generally pretty conspicuous in that part of the country—in fact in all positions, high and low, women are a good deal to the front in Punjaub countries. They are capital workers, sometimes not without education, and often insist upon a voice in the family business. One or two of the more pretentious Jat tribes have been accused of female infanticide, but if there was anything of that kind, it was only in certain limited families, for in truth a Jat girl was a valuable possession, useful to her possessors, and readily paid for when taken in marriage. I can't conceive why any one should want to infanticide such women. My trouble was quite the other way; to decide adverse claims to women. A special source of dispute was the obligation of widows (under the law, as understood by the men at least) to marry their deceased husbands' brothers. They had a contrary way of asserting their independence by refusing to do so. I am afraid the law that I administered was rather judge-made law; my doctrine was that if they refuse they must show reasonable cause. The parties used to come before me with much vociferation on the female side, and I decided whether the excuse was reasonable. But if the man seemed a decent man, and the woman could give no better reason than to say "I don't like him," I said, "Stuff and nonsense, I can't listen to that—the law must be respected"; and I sometimes married them then and there by throwing a sheet over them, after the native

fashion for second marriages. So far as I could learn, those marriages generally turned out very happily.

In my business with the people my habits were those of extreme patriarchal familiarity. When I had, as I constantly had, to settle their disputes or to arrange their dues, I was sometimes almost mobbed and dragged about by main force to see what they wanted to show me. They had some irreverent Oriental customs which I confess I did not dislike,—there was a healthy frankness about them. The Oriental expression for tyranny and misgovernment is “darkness,”—“there is darkness over the land.” When people thought that their particular grievances had not been sufficiently redressed, they sometimes appeared in the middle of the day with flaming torches to indicate that there was darkness, and loudly called for redress. Another fashion of aggrieved parties was to appear in court with straws in their mouths, to indicate that they were reduced to the condition of mere cattle. I remember a man finding me under a tree in my garden to make a very confidential complaint of corruption against one of my subordinates. “The villain,” he said, “took 100 rupees from me to decide in my favour, and now he has sent back my 100 rupees, for he has taken 200 rupees from the other party to decide in his favour, and if you want ocular proof, here it is.” He threw down a bag of rupees, and seemed to think that absolute and conclusive evidence of his charge.

As the season advanced, I got possession of a house in a convenient situation, and worked away at my settlement throughout the hot weather and rains, excepting a short visit to Simla. I concluded the work, and wrote a report of it, of which I was rather proud. The loss of that report was my principal grief when I lost all my papers a few years later, but I think I have brought most of the ideas I then acquired into subsequent publications. Altogether the time I spent in the Wadnee district, and especially in the settlement of the Jagraon territory, is to me one of the most satisfactory recollections of my life.

A man I saw a good deal of in those days, and who had a curious history, was Wazeer Khan, a Resaldar in my uncle John Christie's regiment of horse. He was a Ranghar or Mahomedan Rajpoot of a village in my district, a man simple in manner, with a strong provincial accent, but a very fine soldier. The Ranghars have rather a bad name, and certainly they are not such good cultivators as the Jats, but some people say that it is really as much their misfortune as their fault, because their customs will not permit their women to work in the fields. Wazeer Khan, though rustic in his address, must have been a man of much influence in his village and tribe, for when Christie was raising his regiment for Shah Shoojah, Wazeer brought a very large number of men at his back, and, like the son of a Highland gentleman in the last century, was made Resaldar, or Captain of a troop at once. He was a very favourite officer of Christie's. On one occasion in Afghanistan, when they had got the worst of it and were pursued by the Afghans, Christie's horse fell into a water-course and broke its neck. Wazeer Khan, who was close to him, insisted that he should take his horse and escape. He said, "I am a Mussulman, I will manage with them somehow, but you have not a chance; get up and be off," and he did. Wazeer Khan found his way into camp the next day to Christie's great delight, and was honoured and decorated by the Government. When he came home on leave and found his commander's relative the great man of his district he was very much pleased; he used often to visit me and talk over many things; but he always behaved like a gentleman, and never tried to utilise the position to influence me, or meddle in local matters, as most natives would under the circumstances. I always liked seeing him. Once only I remember a shade of sadness when he was telling me how he entered the service as a Resaldar. He said, "That is what I have been all along and always shall be; there is no promotion from that for a black man." I did then realise how hard that position is for a native under our system. If he had been in the Russian service he would have been a Colonel

over and over again, but he seemed quite hearty and good-natured about it. He served on another ten years, the senior native officer of the regiment, till the Mutiny came. Other regiments were false, but Wazeer Khan's remained faithful, and was part of the force besieging Delhi. But then an unfortunate incident occurred; the regiment, when taken into the British service, was numbered the 9th; there was another regiment, the 8th, which had joined the mutineers, and both wore scarlet uniforms very like one another. One day late in the siege, the 8th made a very daring and successful raid into our camp, and did a great deal of mischief before they could be checked. It was a mismanaged affair, and there was a great deal of recrimination about it. The officers who were blamed declared that they were misled by the resemblance of the 8th to the 9th regiment, and I believe quite unjustly accused the 9th of having been in correspondence with the 8th and facilitated their exploit. We were then very sore about the unexpected defection of some of the Mahomedan irregular cavalry regiments; a cry was got up against the 9th, and the General, in deference I believe to that cry rather than acting on his own judgment, moved the 9th out to a more isolated position on the edge of the camp—a distrust which was much resented by the officers of the 9th. Wazeer Khan felt it very much, being, as he thought, such a specially honoured servant of the Government. Remonstrances failed to obtain redress, and one day, while the European officers were at mess, Wazeer Khan took command of the regiment and marched over to the enemy. The end was then near; he fell fighting against us, and never came home again.

At Simla I saw Mr. Thomason again; had the benefit of his counsel about my settlement work. I found he had entirely forgiven what had passed when I first came to the Sikh country. I also saw then and afterwards a good deal of another notable man whose pursuits and knowledge interested and assisted me much, H. M. Elliot, who had succeeded Sir F. Currie as Chief-Secretary with the Governor-General—the Sir Henry Elliot well-known in

those and subsequent years, not only as a high official, but also as the accomplished author and scholar, the best authority upon matters of Indian history, and the customs, manners, and philology of modern India. It was, and long continued to be, a great pleasure to me to sit at his feet. But while I learnt much from him, and found his personal converse most agreeable, I also found that he had strong views on the necessity of economy, and of making the Sikh country pay. To that end he wished to reduce the number of districts ; and in fact, before the end of the year, that which I had apprehended did happen ; when I had completed my work, made everything square, and got the territory into order, my district was abolished ; the territory was divided between Loodiana and Ferozepore, hitherto not very large ; and I had again to be provided for. A vacancy had occurred in Khytul and Ladwa, and I was sent (back) there again.

I did not like this very much, as I would rather have been nearer the frontier ; but I knew the district, and, after all, was glad to be settled somewhere. As long as the cold season and camp life lasted, I was happy enough. The first thing I did was to lay the foundation of a house at Ladwa, of which I was myself the architect, and by the time the hot weather was well upon me I was able to occupy it. Still the district was by this time a comparatively settled district ; my work was the regular district work, and, after the excitement of new annexations and new settlements, I found it rather dull in the absence of European society. I have already said so much of the district that I need not go over that again. When the camp time was over I occupied my leisure a good deal with gardening ; a taste which I had brought from Scotland, and which I now had an opportunity of indulging in a country where things grow very much quicker. Ladwa (very unlike Khytul) is within the green sub-Himalayan zone ; fruit-trees and vegetables grew well there ; and the Rajah, with all his faults, had one redeeming virtue in my eyes,—he had planted some most excellent mangoe-trees. I have always maintained that a

really good mangoe is far and away the best fruit in the world, and for a good many years I made myself a sort of apostle of mangoes, and grafted them and planted them wherever I went. There is a good deal of difference of opinion about them, but I attribute that to the variety of mangoes and the eating of bad ones. I do not think it is possible for any one with a well-balanced mind, and a palate not absolutely depraved, not to appreciate a mangoe of the true kind. There are everywhere thousands and thousands of ungrafted mangoe trees which bear detestable fruit; it is only in certain places and with very great care that the best grafted mangoes grow. No doubt they were invented by the Portuguese in Western India, and they are still called Bombay mangoes. I may have been unlucky, but I never tasted one from Bombay that I thought at all equal to those that grew at Seharunpore, Ladwa, Lucknow, and even at some places in Bengal. I had in my compound at Moradabad the first Bombay mangoe trees that were brought into Upper India, and my only regret, when my ambition was gratified by promotion in the Sikh country, was that I had to leave the mangoes, which I had watched with affection, before they were ripe. I was happy there indeed when I found them growing even better at Ladwa, though I felt, or ought to have felt, a little base to enjoy the poor Rajah's mangoes as I did, while he was a sad fugitive. However, I occupied myself grafting new trees, which I carried or sent to various stations. The finest mangoe tree I ever knew was one I found at Lucknow; not like a Bombay mangoe, but a larger, lighter-coloured fruit of an exquisitely delicate flavour. I hastened to multiply that fruit, but the grafts all failed, and then I discovered that the tree itself was in failing health; it was too good to live, and that best of all fruits passed out of the world.

Ladwa used sometimes to get almost too much water. The channel of the old Saraswati was a few miles on one side, and the western Jumna canal a few miles on the other. The latter we looked upon as a great infliction in that district; in the upper part of its course it ran in a semi-natural channel,

and gave no irrigation, but was the scourge of great unhealthiness, causing the abandonment of the once notable military station of Karnal. In my time a Medical Commission was sent to examine the question; they poked the spleens of all the population for some miles back from the canal, and showed by diagrams that the size of the spleens was exactly in the inverse ratio to distance from the canal; but they did not find a remedy. Every one has always said that the canal should be wholly realigned, but generations passed, and it never was done. I believe something more or less has been done now, but whether it is effective I do not know.

A geographical theory I formed, which seems to me clear almost to demonstration (though I have never heard that it has been generally accepted), namely, that the famous old river, the Saraswati, is no other than the stream which we now call the Jumna, and that it formerly flowed west to the Indus instead of as now east to the Ganges. It is certain that there was in ancient days a great river, the Saraswati, where now there is a comparatively petty stream. That great Saraswati is a historical fact, and the scene of most of the ancient Hindoo literature. Now, between the Sutlej and the Jumna the outermost range of the Himalayas is perfectly unbroken—there is no pass over it less than some 5000 feet high,—and it is impossible that any large river could have come out there. On the other hand, the Jumna is some 200 feet higher than the Sutlej; only the slightly raised river bank separates the waters of the Jumna from the head waters of the modern Saraswati and other streams flowing westward. Very little effort is necessary at the present moment to deflect the Jumna water into the western channels. Much of the spill-water already goes there, and so does the western Jumna canal, only deflected by slight temporary embankments in the low season. It is the most natural and easy thing in the world to suppose the Jumna to have once flowed westward. There once was a great river flowing westward; the present stream of the Jumna is the only river which could have gone there—therefore that river was in fact the stream of the Jumna.—Q. E. D.

However, notwithstanding my regular work and the propagation of mangoes, and these speculations about the Junna and other matters, I did begin to get tired of working so long in a solitary way out of the world. I began to think that, although my independenee and the want of interference on the part of my superior had had its advantages, there were disadvantages also, inasmuch as the slowness of his methods prevented some of the reports and other matters on which I prided myself from getting any further, and coming under the notice of the Government, and those whose good opinion I would have valued. I find in my letters to my family at home in those days, a good deal of grumbling, and, I must confess it, a good deal of self-laudation, born of solitude. I asserted in the confidence of my private letters that I knew far more about revenue and some other matters than any officer in the Cis-Sutlej states, and that at present I had hardly sufficient scope for originality and reputation. I am sure that I stuck to my work none the less; but I did relieve myself a good deal in letter-writing. I find some radical speculations as to home politics and in favour of changes then not ripe, but which have since been reached. Before long, however, Indian politics became much more exciting, and my letters were filled with that subject. In that year, 1848, the revolt of the Punjaub took place, leading to the operations known as the second Sikh war. I was not surprised at what had occurred. I had always prophesied that the arrangement of 1848 would not succeed. The native government leaders and army were maintained, but they were wholly overridden by a set of young politieals who magnified their exploits in their communications to the press, but irritated and alienated the Sikhs. That second war was bound to come, and the result was a much more satisfactory settlement. Meantime, however, it was a serious and somewhat protracted war. Placed in the rear as I was, my part in it was only the somewhat inglorious but not unimportant part of finding supplies and carriage for the advaneing troops. John Lawrence first rose to distinetion by doing that for the troops going to the

Afghan war, when he was magistrate of Delhi. The system of supplying carriage was thoroughly unsatisfactory. We were then in a transition state, between the days of Sir Arthur Wellesley, when the professional Brinjaras<sup>1</sup> used to accompany and supply armies, and a civilised commissariat. A commissariat department there was, but it always seemed to me that in time of trouble their principal function was to requisition the civil authorities, and take credit for what they got from them. On the other hand, the civil authorities had no funds and no regular system for maintaining carriage; they were obliged to hire it or seize it as best they could when the necessity arose, in a hand-to-mouth kind of way. My district had considerable resources in the way of carriage, and I did all I could. There was not much difficulty about such camels as we could furnish; the camel-men were accustomed to be hired, and went willingly enough as far as the Punjaub; but carts were required on a larger scale, and it was necessary to seize them. They were well enough paid when they got into work, but some were fit and some were not fit for that sort of thing. The military officers objected to pay full rates for those that were inferior, and the cart-men struggled against their fate by passive resistance, and causing their wheels to come off. A good cart had very great difficulty in ever getting away when once seized. I remember a man who assured me with much circumstantiality, and convinced me of the truth of his story, that having been sent off on one job, he was seized again and again, and never saw his wife and children for fully three years. Once we begin to seize we always must seize. I remember when I was up at Simla, in my private capacity, much disliking the way in which the hill-men are pressed, I made a voluntary bargain with some men. All was arranged; the bundles divided and counted out to their satisfaction; the hour for starting the next morning fixed, when their leader handed a paper to me with a list of the names, and said, "Of course you will get the order sent to the police to

<sup>1</sup> Brinjaras are owners of pack-bullocks, which used to do much of the carrying trade of Upper and Central India.

seize us"; they thought it wholly irregular to go without being seized!

Presently we had the materials for a little excitement. The resident at Lahore sent down to say that they had the most authentic information that an outbreak was to take place at Khytul, and that plans were laid for massacring us all. The information obtained by the Lahore politicals, though very positive, was much wanting in definite particulars, which could have enabled us to act, and I was inclined to disbelieve it altogether. I knew that the Khytul force which had resisted us five years before had totally disappeared—the Ranee was living at a sacred place on the Saraswati, with very unwarlike surroundings, and in quite friendly communication with me. The villages had all made their own separate terms; a good many of them might readily enough have rebelled to get off payment of revenue, or perhaps in some cases about individual grievances, cattle cases and the like, if things had been going badly with us. But any combined movement on their part in favour of the Sikh dynasty I believed to be quite out of the question. The fears of the Government had, it seemed, been communicated to the Commander-in-Chief; and some troops had in consequence been detained at Umballa, so I was obliged to treat the affair with some respect, but nothing whatever came of it. Then a little later the Rajah of Ladwa, who had been captured and confined in the fort at Allahabad, managed once more to make his escape, and we were put upon the *qui vive* to resist him if he made any attempt upon Ladwa, or to try to recapture him if we got a chance. A detachment of troops was sent out to assist us, but he gave us a wide berth, found his way to the Punjaub, and was never caught again.

Though my life was generally a pretty solitary one, these episodes brought me into contact with a good many people; I pretty often rode in to Umballa, and visited some other places. Lord Dalhousie had now succeeded Lord Hardinge, and in consequence of the new Sikh war he came up country. The Cis-Sutlej was then very metropolitan;

whenever anything was going on we always had the Governor-General and the great men among us. I paid my respects to Lord Dalhousie, but of course he then only knew me as a young man in charge of a district somewhere in the jungles. As such he treated me civilly; made out who I was, and reminded me of that which had not occurred to me, that he was the Lord Ramsay who had made his first political essay by unsuccessfully opposing Sir John Campbell at Edinburgh when I was a boy. However, I had to go back to my district and occupy myself in administering justice, collecting revenue, and seizing bullock-carts. I did have the feeling that my energies were exercised somewhat in the dark, and that I had not the opportunities of name and fame which had come to others. I made up my mind that there was nothing for it but to do my duty in virtuous obscurity. The Sikh war went on, and after a long struggle things began to turn in our favour in the early part of 1849. Then it was that I suddenly emerged into a sort of fame in a way that I least of all expected, and which surprised no one more than myself. I had never been taught English; had had no practice beyond official letter-writing, and did not think that I had any particular gift that way. Nor have I ever had, at any time of my life, what is called a "connection with the press." I have very severe views as to the obligation of a public servant to devote himself wholly to the Government service. Still I had solitary evenings upon my hands, and after having written some pretty long-winded letters to my family at home, I did at last a little avail myself of that safety-valve of the unappreciated, a letter to the newspapers. One or two letters that I wrote upon an Indian subject, of interest long gone by, were pretty successful; and then I was encouraged to attempt a series of letters on the great events of the day, in connection with which I fancied that I had acquired a good deal of knowledge. As I was not in a position openly to advise the Governor-General, I took upon myself to do so anonymously in letters addressed to him in the *Mofussilite*, a then popular paper, and signed "Economist." I affected the character of

a man of much age and mature experience ; and dealing with the political situation, and especially with the character of the people of the country, I strongly urged upon him the advantage of a thorough policy ; that is, of annexing the Punjaub, and completing our dominion in India up to its present boundaries, while at the same time I insisted that we should not go beyond those boundaries, and should not cross the Indus. Political disquisitions were mixed up with a very free handling of prominent men and their recent actings ; when history is being acted, personal comments of that kind are apt to tell. It really was the case, as I told my father at the time, that the letters were hastily and roughly written, in mere after-dinner hours, but they involved subjects on which I had thought a good deal, and coming just at the right moment, when men's minds were greatly occupied with the question what was to be done, they had an extraordinary success. That success was greatly enhanced by the mystery as to the authorship. To my great delight I heard wherever I went endless speculations on the subject. They were attributed to all sorts of distinguished men ; some said that this or that great man was pressing his views upon the Governor-General in this form—some said that the Government had resolved on annexation, and were putting out these letters as a feeler—and some, that they hoped the Governor-General would not be misled by that idiot "Economist." When it was allowed to come out that the guesses were all wrong, and that the letters were the work of a young man whom no one had ever thought of or heard of, there was a fresh access of curiosity in another form ; and when at the right moment, by a judicious breach of confidence, the actual authorship came out, I found myself, as I have said, in a sense famous, and received endless compliments from the Governor-General downwards. My father had a very serious illness that year, and a very great element of my satisfaction was the pleasure which these successful letters gave to him in his convalescence. The Punjaub was annexed, and the system of administration was very much that which I had advo-

cated. I had dealt very freely with Henry Lawrence, to whose policy of a Protectorate I was opposed, and that placed me in some difficulty as regards the new administration of the Punjaub, of which he was still the head, but I had the warm countenance and support of Sir Henry Elliot, and Lord Dalhousie treated me with marked kindness and civility, notwithstanding the freedom of my remarks. Alluding to my having compared him to a boy hesitating to rob an orchard, he said I would learn that there was a time for all things, even for the robbing of orchards. Talking over the question of the Punjaub, he quite admitted that there was very much to be said for my view of stopping at the Indus; indeed I think he said that he himself would decidedly have preferred that, if the conduct of the Afghan Ruler had permitted—but inasmuch as before the Sikh war was concluded, the Afghans had come down and tried to help themselves, he considered that he was quite prevented from considering any such course. I cannot help thinking that, looking to the retreat we have made both in Afghanistan and other parts of the world without any very fatal results, this was hardly a sufficient reason for taking the Trans-Indus territory, which we had never held as our own; and that Lord Dalhousie's reasoning partook of that somewhat excessive pride which was perhaps to some extent a blemish on his great public character.

Since that time I have lived and worked for upwards of forty years, but I think there are still survivors of ancient days who know me best by those letters of "Economist."

Though Henry Lawrence, with whose system I disagreed, while I admired the man, was for a time at the head of the new administration, he was soon removed to other duties. And while I had not served under John Lawrence, nor been immediately his disciple, I did altogether adhere to his system, and admired his administration. The main gist of my recommendations for the future management of the Punjaub was to preserve as much as possible good indigenous institutions; to supplement and

fortify them, but not to sweep them away in too great a hurry. As regards British officers, I said: "You must avoid, first, the violent anti-regulation man, who will be guided by no rules of business or system or orders whatever, but does, or omits to do, everything, simply because it is forbidden or enjoined by rule. Such characters are not uncommon in some provinces. On the other hand, you must equally avoid violent regulation men, who, without the least regard to the circumstances of the country, turn everything upside down, and will have all things immediately cut according to the pattern provided for a very different state of things. They destroy all that has previously existed, and very generally fail in substituting anything manageable instead. I have always insisted on that which was a cardinal maxim of John Lawrence's policy, namely: 'Do a thing regularly and legally, if you can do it as well and vigorously in that way as irregularly and illegally.'" Some people cannot understand that view, and are irregular only for the sake of irregularity. As it turned out, I believe that the Punjab was administered in a model way, far better than any other Indian province.

Much of the matter of "Economist" is now out of date. Much was personal, and need not now be repeated, and a good deal I have already expressed in what I have now written; but I venture to think that so much of what I prophesied has come true in practice, that I think I must here reproduce some passages of a general character. Perhaps they may be considered to show that I was in the main pretty right. My more recent opposition to excessive annexations and extensions of the British Empire may possibly be thought by some inconsistent with my ardent advocacy of annexation in bygone days. But my side of the case is, that from the very first I avowed the desire to reach the natural limits of India, and to stop there. Forty or more years ago I was as much opposed to going beyond the Indus into Afghan districts (and, I may add, to going beyond the Bay of Bengal to Burmah) as I have been to occupying Egypt and some other parts of Africa.

I still very much believe that the view I always held about the Indus boundary was right, and that it would have been very much better in many ways if we had abstained from annexing the Trans-Indus districts inhabited by an Afghan population. Not only are they unprofitable in themselves, but they put the ruler of Cabul in an altogether false position—deprived as he is of the really Afghan valleys of Eastern Afghanistan, while he holds a great deal of non-Afghan territory on the west entirely exposed to the Russian power, and practically at their mercy. He is not in real contact with us, owes no territory to us, and holds nothing of which we can easily deprive him in case of need.

EXTRACTS FROM INDIAN NEWSPAPERS DURING  
THE FIRST HALF OF 1849

THE FRIEND OF INDIA

*The Punjaub—Annexation.*

The last number of the *Edinburgh Review* has an article on the Punjaub, written with great ability, and exhibiting, throughout, a complete knowledge of the subject. After a rapid but very lucid description of the rise and progress of the Sikh monarchy under Runjeet Sing, and the progress of anarchy under his successors, the reviewer touches briefly on the campaign of the Sutlej, in 1845 and 1846, and then proceeds to describe the provisional arrangements made by Lord Hardinge, which were based on the policy of not annexing the Punjaub to our own territories, but of improving and consolidating a native cabinet under our own auspices, and then resigning the country into the hands of a Sikh Government. The article concludes with the following observations:—

“Perhaps a little respite may still be obtained by some ingenious modification of the conditions of our last protectorship, yet we can hardly persuade ourselves that the ultimate result will be anything but the advancement of the British frontier, to that river which forms the historical boundary of India. That this consummation has been forced upon us, he must be a bold historian who would deny. For nearly half a century we acknowledged in Runjeet Sing an ally and neighbour after our own hearts,—one who was master of his own position and who could respect ours. For years again we watched the gathering tempest with only too great forbearance; and, in our endeavours to avoid offence, permitted it to burst abruptly on our heads. Yet not for all this did we exact a penalty; but instantly relinquished our rights of conquest; and lent the best aids of both our arms and our counsels to that very state which had been gratuitously arrayed for our destruction. Our experiment may have failed; but

the failure can entail upon us no imputation save that of too great abstinence, too great generosity, and too charitable a conception of the disposition of our foe."

As far, therefore, as this review can be considered as expressing the intentions of the present Ministry, we may regard the annexation of the Punjaub as a measure which they have made up their minds to carry out.

The policy and the necessity of annexation have also been advocated by one of the most able and powerful writers among us, in the columns of the *Mofussilite*. He has hitherto veiled his talents under the anonymous signature of "Economist," and this circumstance has deprived him of that personal applause which his communications have so well merited, but it has also been attended with this advantage, that it has enabled the public of India to examine his assertions and his deductions upon the ground of their own intrinsic merits, without any of that bias, favourable or unfavourable, which his identification might have created. We only echo the general voice of the community when we say, that these papers are among the ablest which have appeared on the subject, and that his arguments for annexation appear irrefragable.

EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS OF "ECONOMIST," WRITTEN JANUARY, FEBRUARY, AND MARCH, 1849, AND PUBLISHED IN THE NORTH INDIAN JOURNAL, CALLED "THE MOFUSSILITE" <sup>1</sup>

A LITTLE ADVICE TO THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF INDIA RECOMMENDED BY AN OFFICER OF PRACTICAL EXPERIENCE

*What is to be done with the Punjaub?*

It is now for you, my Lord, to fix the permanent limits of our Indian empire. The Pillars of Hercules must now be established. We approach (at least I hope we do) the termination of a struggle with the last great military power in India. To advance further into Asia were a folly not likely to be attempted after past experience. The great empire of Hindoostan differing in its parts, yet retaining a wonderful similitude throughout in the character, the habits, and the

<sup>1</sup> See pp. 93-96 for an account of the publication of these letters.

institutions of its people, is now our own. A lasting line of demarcation must be drawn; permanent landmarks must be set up; and then, having disposed our external defences, we may turn to internal management. You must treat the Punjaub in a way that will be affected by no temporary changes. Hold it for good, or give it up for ever.

India may be said to have a double boundary. The great desert running up from the Ocean to within 100 miles of the Himalayas separates Hindoostan and the Dekkan from the plain of the Indus. The line of defence between these countries may thus be reduced to the Isthmus between the desert and the Hills—what now forms the Cis-Sutlej territory. Here exists no natural barrier (for I hardly consider the Sutlej or the Beas to be such), nor has art supplied the want by a chain of forts. But the tract is narrow enough to be defended by an army in the field. Hindoostan can only be entered by a superior force. The protecting army cannot be eluded. So long as we maintain in the Cis-Sutlej territory an army competent to meet all comers, so long is Hindoostan protected.

On the other hand, beyond the Indus we have a second boundary in the great mountain chain with which nature has hedged in India, as with a ring fence. The boundary line is here much extended;—from the sea to Cashmere the distance is great. But then we have the defence of a natural mountain barrier. The mountainous country is too poor to maintain a force dangerous to us in the field. From a military invasion of Afghans or Beloochees we have nothing to fear; and to a foreign army India is only accessible by one or two difficult passes, which if we defend with but a moderate force, no power can obtain entrance. You must now choose one of these two lines of military defence. Either occupy the Punjaub—withdraw from the cantonments east of the Beas and Sutlej all troops but those required for internal administration—post along the line of the Indus the force destined for the general defence of the empire, and be prepared on the occurrence of alarm to blockade the Khyber and the Bolan. Or if you are not prepared for this, withdraw from the Punjaub and Scinde—draw your military cordon across the Cis-Sutlej territory—build forts and tell off an army to be permanently stationed on the Frontier, and at any time prepared to re-enact the scenes of '45-'46—to repel the occupants of the Punjaub whenever they may choose to measure their strength with us—but never again to cross the Sutlej.

The occupation of a country depends on three considerations.

1. The difficulty of getting it. 2. The difficulty of keeping it. 3. The advantages derived from its possession. The difficulty of getting the Punjaub it is unnecessary for me to enter into. The force of circumstances has already decided that point.

The difficulty of keeping the country is a more fitting subject of argument. I believe that this difficulty has been very much exaggerated. Nothing is more firmly established by experience than the facility with which territory is retained when made our own—the indisposition of the people to *domestic* rebellion. This fact could not be better exemplified than in the present year. The war has been protracted—there has been, if I may so speak, every encouragement to rebellion. Yet even in the proper Sikh country has there been no popular war. The villages have not risen—the brothers and relatives of Shere Sing's soldiers have taken no part in the fight. We are opposed but by the regular army which we left in existence. If there has been a little desultory warfare it was but the last effort of Sirdars and Rajahs whom we had not quite stripped of their resources.

Whatever it may be geographically, the Punjaub is undoubtedly *ethnically* a part of Hindoostan. Its people, though more hardy, are in all their moral and political characteristics the same. They are equally prepared to acquiesce in a foreign rule—equally accustomed to look on such as their normal state. The great mass of the population between the Jumna and the Ravee, and that from which the Sikh army is chiefly supplied, is "*Jat*," a tribe of whom it may be truly said that they habitually as much excel in the arts of peace as they occasionally do in those of war. They make good soldiers but equally good subjects.

With the exception of the castes of the Bunniah genus and small loose population of the towns, and the artificers and people of servile race in the villages, the remainder of the population is Mussulman—not turbulent Pathans but agriculturists of converted Hindoo castes, good cultivators and quiet subjects, with all the industry of Hindoos without their religious bigotry, and at the same time without the pride of the Mussulman; in fact a people who have *politically* ceased to be Hindoos without politically becoming Mussulmans—just the sort of subjects we want.

I do not refer to the *Un-Indian* tribes about Peshawar and the extreme frontier. Of them I shall more particularly speak when I come to the detail of the Western boundary, and point out the coincident ethnical and geographical line which

there exists. In the meantime I assert, that the population of the plains on this side the Indus is one eminently fitted to make good subjects, that it is either "*Jat*" or agricultural Mussulman, and that both are all that we could desire. I have not mentioned the Sikhs, because they must be separately touched on. I believe that I shall be able to refer the greater portion of them to the general *Jat* population, and the remainder may easily, and at no great cost, be rendered quiet and contented like the petty Sikh *Pattidars* in the protected territory. But here it will be necessary to digress a little to show who the Sikhs of the present day are: a subject on which much misapprehension exists.

#### ECONOMIST'S ADVICE TO THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL

##### *A Digression showing who the Sikhs are.*

It has been customary to suppose the Sikhs a separate tribe—apart from the population of the country, and separated therefrom by a well-defined religious and political line. Now this may have been pretty correct in former times; but we shall go very far wrong, indeed, if we suppose that this standard at all applies to the mass of Sikh soldiers in the regular army by which we are now opposed. The original founders of the Sikh religion designed it as an entirely new and a *proselytising* creed, which might absorb both Mussulman and Hindoo. Circumstances soon placed the Sikhs in violent antagonism to the Mahomedans, and they naturally more and more drew towards Hindooism and readopted the tenets and the prejudices which they had once abandoned. Gradually the boundary line between Hindoos and Sikhs became ill-defined, till eventually the distinction of castes has been admitted, and a man may now become a Sikh without ceasing to be a Hindoo. In fact the Sikhs are held together by no religious, but by a purely *political* bond. Some go the whole length, and become out and out Sikhs, some become Sikhs for the time being, or just as long as it suits their convenience, some stop half way, call themselves "*Sings*" and let their beards grow, are Sikhs among the Sikhs—*Jats* among the *Jats*—but the distinction of castes is retained by all. Moreover, we see that the Lahore Political Union is composed not of Sikhs alone, but of people of all creeds. Altogether I think I may safely assert that no peculiar Sikh religious fervour has anything to do with the valour displayed

by the Sikh army. It is a political union and nothing more. The Sikh army is courageous not because it is Sikh, but because its ranks are filled from a population capable of making good soldiers. It so happens, however, that they have practically all the advantage of uniformity of caste, and freedom from inconvenient prejudices, because the mass of the soldiers are "Jats," a people who rank low as Hindoos, but very high as soldiers. That is the real secret of their strength. The Sikhs are for practical purposes a confederacy composed of *Jats*, and we are now opposed by the same people who opposed us at Bhurtpoor.

We must analyse the Sikhs of the present day to discover who are true Sikhs, and who are merely Jat soldiers, drawn from the Jat villages, servants of the Lahore state—passing as Sikhs for the nonce, but really forming no separate or dominant class. The valour and strength of the Sikh army lies in the latter class; they can easily be absorbed in the population from among which they came, and, by a few years of good management, may be made to disappear altogether, or to appear only as useful citizens.

Runjeet Sing was the greatest enemy of the Sikh confederacy. He founded an empire by extinguishing and absorbing the Sikh missals. That empire is called Sikh because its head was a Sikh, and many of its servants and soldiers were Sikhs; but it in reality rested on the same foundation as that on which Indian empires have rested from time immemorial—not a *national* feeling, but the mere possession of a tract of country, and the power derived from its revenues.

The Sikhs ended when Runjeet rose. They in fact regarded him little more favourably than if he had been a foreign conqueror. The regular soldiers are quite different from the old Sikhs. They come from the villages on either side the Sutlej. They are members of the Jat village communities and servants of the Lahore state, just as our Sepoys are in our regiments. One brother ploughs the paternal fields, while another has taken service at Lahore, and many have returned, both before and since the war, to resume their original functions. It is a remarkable fact that they really make the best cultivators. They are somewhat troublesome in their own villages, as people who have seen the world will be—are not always willing to be controlled by their respectable elders—discover abuses and insist on reforms. But they exhibit no bad spirit. They have plenty of money, seem to have had nearly enough of soldiering, and are well content to settle down. If they are but understood, if their grievances are attended to, and they are restored to that position in their villages which they would have held had they

not taken service, I make no doubt that the class will never be troublesome. Such are the *new* Sikhs—the flower of Runjeet's army, and our real opponents. Dissolve the Sikh army, and they are no more seen. Very different are the old Sikhs; they are not to be found in the ranks of the staunch infantry. They have existed too long to retain their virtue. A long course of idleness and opium have destroyed their energies, and they have yielded the palm to young Sikh-land! Some among them may exhibit occasional courage and fanaticism, but it is not lasting.

This class I would, where necessary, dispose of by providing for them on a small scale like the Pattidars of the protected states.

To sum up, the abstract of what I have said is this—that the Sikh army is composed of two classes, the most important the regulars or new Sikhs—who will never appear without the nucleus of a regular army—and the irregulars or old Sikhs, much less important, who may cheaply be bought off. Of the old Sirdars some few entered on a new character under Runjeet, as servants of the state. The majority of the servants of the Durbar, and of the Durbar itself, are mere creatures of circumstance utterly without nationality. Tej Sing, the late Sikh Commander-in-Chief, is a Brahmin of Seharunpore, who served Runjeet and became a “Brahmin Sikh.” From such people we have nothing to fear, nor need we go to any great expense in providing for them. In short, the Lahore monarchy is like any other native kingdom. If we do but dissolve it, in a few short years the place whereon it stood shall know it no more.

#### *Arguments for Annexation.*

If any of the soldiers still prefer military service to enjoying in retirement the good things which years of misrule have thrown into their hands, they may serve us just as well as they did Runjeet Sing. The Sikh frontier regiments have behaved well—and if but a small proportion of them are old soldiers of the Lahore army, it only shows that the handsome pay and easy service were not a sufficient inducement to draw out men well-to-do in the world, and who had had enough of soldiering. Lord Hardinge was determined to have Sikh regiments—and certainly the number of disbanded or resigned soldiers in our territory was very great—but one had married a wife, another had bought a field, a third was putting forth a claim to take place as one of the elders of his village, and the Commandants of the new regiments (appointed before the men were found) were obliged to go into the highways and byways, beating up

in the villages for recruits, and enlisting, as Sikhs, men who only became Sikhs on entering the corps. However, they are none the worse for our service for that. They are of the same class from which the Sikh soldiers sprung.

I hope then that the facts which I have stated are sufficient to bear out my assertion, that the population generally will be easily managed, and that the Sikhs are by no means an insuperable difficulty. My facts are in some degree at variance with generally received opinions, and to test them you must look somewhat deeper than the surface of Courts and Camps. For their correctness I must appeal to a careful investigation of the *interior* of the people. I have derived my facts from experience of the most *practical* description—I have been behind the scenes—I have lived among the people—I have had to do with them in their villages, in their homes, and in their fields; and I am thoroughly convinced that no population in India possesses a larger proportion of industrial elements and a smaller proportion of elements of an opposite quality. The old Indian system of village communities is yet in full force. Each community has its own internal constitution—each is independent of the other—each pays its revenue to the powers that be and cares not to inquire too curiously the source from which that power was derived. Such is the people which I recommend to your adoption—and in the people I include the Sikh soldiers and other servants of the Lahore state who are drawn from the general population.

If then you are satisfied, that the elements of the Lahore state may be speedily dissolved like all the Indian empires which have preceded it—that the old Sikhs are but the shadow of their former selves, and neither difficult or dangerous to deal with—that the new Sikhs are but individuals drawn from the general population, and that that population is neither turbulent nor troublesome—if, I say, you are satisfied on these points, you must be convinced that there is no *internal* difficulty in keeping the Punjaub. I have made my statement, and I leave it to you to verify my facts.

It is unnecessary to combat the argument, that the events of the present year stultify my reasoning. The Lahore state and army have never been dissolved. That army is engaged in a last struggle for existence. I argue on the supposition that the army is dissolved, and the Punjaub held by British forces.

We have, on the one hand, a quiet and disarmed country—yielding a considerable revenue—forming the natural boundary of India, and a sure defence against external enemies—peace secured to India—and the ignominy of retreat averted. On the

other hand—an armed and *too* formidable neighbour, causing us great expense in the maintenance of an army of observation, and yet dividing with us the proper empire of India—a stepping stone and an aid to foreign invasion—a source of continual bloodshed—and a lasting instance of our inability to cope with a persevering foe. Look on this picture, and on that. Say which you will choose.

Above all things—and before all things—keep continually in mind that there must be no half measures. Rather—a thousand times rather—retire from the country altogether. Have a starling taught to holloa in your ear unceasingly “no half measures”—“no half measures”—I believe you are now pretty nearly cut off from the *possibility* of compromise, so think no more of it. Look straight forward—consider that you have burnt your ships (or that the Sikhs have burnt them for you)—and all will become easy.

*Form of Civil Government in the new Province.*

If we retain military possession of the Punjaub, in what form should the country be governed? Directly by ourselves or in a native form?

You may suppose from the line I have taken, that I will no more admit the propriety of compromise in the form of Civil Government than on the question of military occupation. To adopt half measures in civil affairs would be a blunder second in importance only to a similar course in military affairs. I am not one of those who believe that every Native Government is necessarily and invariably atrociously bad. The country may sometimes prosper under native rule, for it is an unexplained and inexplicable truth that natives generally like to be bullied *in moderation* in their own way, nearly as well as to be particularly cared for in ours. With some good points the native system has many faults. Still, it cannot be denied that ours has also many and serious defects of in-adaptation of the country, and it comes, like many other similar questions, to this, that a good European is better than a bad Native Government—a good Native Government better than a bad European Government. A Native Government may therefore be good or bad. A double Government is most assuredly and *unmitigatedly* bad. Of that be well convinced. It is simply a combination of the evils of either system. If the Punjaub must be abandoned, we know the extent of the evil, and another Runjeet may some day spring up; but if you attempt a double Government the evil is a wasting canker.

By all means adopt and engraft upon our own the best parts of the native system of administration, but attempt not to make *concurrent* two incompatible systems. It is the worst kind of political immorality, the worst time-serving, the greatest injustice to the country and to the people, which would sanction any such arrangement. The subject has been so often discussed in this light, that it will not be necessary to go over very fully all the arguments on the subject. Certainly, all experience is against it, and of late, I am happy to say, almost all opinion too. Yet, strange to say, men often for long follow in practice that which has been already exploded in theory, and it is well that you should hold yourself warned against it. The latest experiment at Lahore is anything but calculated to encourage its repetition—and I believe that the fault lay much more with the system than with the individuals. Sir Henry Lawrence, in spite of all that has been said, is a man of talent and very great energy. Sir Frederick Currie is by no means a bad man of business, but neither had it in his power to introduce any *system*. In fact, the Native Government was utterly disorganised, and no other was substituted. The Resident and his Staff were to give advice—and that is a duty for which any one is good enough. It requires no particular qualifications. It is quite unnecessary that a man should have drudged in a Cutcherry—or that he should know anything about the country respecting which he is to advise. Nott's description of Politicals may be somewhat exaggerated, and there has no doubt existed in India a school of *Political* officers of considerable experience and merit in their own line;—but I must say that the modern style of Political non-descripts, who cover the face of the Punjaub, I do not comprehend. It is quite startling the way in which hitherto unheard-of Politicals start up in every corner, to be chronicled in the pages of the *Delhi Gazette*—and in truth, one way and another—getting up conspiracies or suppressing them—taking forts or keeping them—fighting battles and wiggling kardars—they have hugely illustrated themselves. Still I have yet to learn that the Punjaub is governed. The twenty-two lakhs<sup>1</sup> are not paid up—the country is not contented—and the system is not understood. And it never will be otherwise with a double Government.

There is nothing on which so much depends as the feeling of self-responsibility. If the natives are left to themselves, they feel that everything rests with themselves, and they are not altogether depraved. Take away this feeling—support them with a military force—interfere vexatiously in their civil system

<sup>1</sup> A lakh = 100,000 rupees, and was then worth about £10,000.

—and they become but the corrupt instruments of a corrupt system. They lose all power of doing good, and but apply their remaining strength to do unmitigated evil for their own selfish and sordid ends. I utterly deny the *possibility* of a respectable Native Government supported by our troops and over-ridden by our Politicals. If you take away the “*sanctions*” (to use a juridical phrase) to good conduct you must also take away the power and reduce them to a subordinate position.

No compromise will succeed. You must make up your mind. If you keep the Punjaub it must be in our own name. To retain a Native Government is but to incur all the responsibility, anxiety and difficulty of governing without obtaining any of the advantages either to ourselves or to the country.

The people of the country would not feel themselves thoroughly our subjects. They would be exposed to the evils of either system; they would be serving two masters. Unquiet and uncertainty must prevail, and all progress be much retarded.

Can you then hesitate? I hope that you will not. In whatever way and on whatever principles the territory may be administered, let it be avowedly and honestly on our own account. I would employ respectable natives, and I think that you may much improve by borrowing many things from the natives, and dropping many things which we have hitherto considered essential. Into this I shall go when I come to treat of the mode of administration. In the meantime I but advocate the straightforward course of declaring the country our own, to be administered as shall appear best.

*On the Determination of the Western Boundary, Civil and Military.*

The plain of the Indus is bounded throughout by a mountainous country, and at this point there is also, as I have already noticed, a well-marked ethnical line. A complete change of race takes place. The people whom we now meet differ in all their characteristics from the people of India. In India itself, although there are several Mahomedan classes professing the religion, bearing the name, and in some degree assuming the character, of foreign races—yet they have in fact socially and morally as well as in their blood become amalgamated in the country of their birth. In spite of outward differences, the Hindoostanees are in essentials one people. It is very different when we overstep the boundary. The tribes surrounding Peshawar are other in their habits, in their political institutions, and in their whole development. They know not the principle

of *passive obedience*. A Yoosufzaie with his peculiar appearance and language, trailing matchlock, dirt, impudence, and utter faithlessness, is about as unpromising and undesirable a subject as we could wish to find. Moreover, most of the country in which these tribes are found is far from productive. You will, therefore, hardly think of extending your tax-collecting machinery into such unprofitable soil.

I do not think that it would be expedient or politic to exclude from our rule any portion of the country which properly forms part of India, and which at any rate includes all on this side the Indus. I know that rivers do not bound races—but it so happens that on the other side of the Indus the change of races takes place.

But what are we to do with Peshawar and the other similarly situated territories? They are eminently subject to the disadvantages which I have pointed out. They have no defence but are exposed to invulnerable assailants—the dwellers in the hills. Every one who has held them has been constantly in hot water. The revenue must each crop be collected by regiments of infantry, and order (or rather disorder) must be kept by shifts utterly beneath our dignity. It is therefore highly inexpedient to attempt to hold in our own name the territory in the outskirts of the hills.

But although it is not easy to hold this territory, it is very easy to invade and at any time take possession of the submontane portion of it. It cannot maintain a regular army of any strength. While, therefore, our cantonments are on the Indus it is completely at our mercy.

I would take advantage of this state of things to turn it to account in another way. I would bribe Dost Mahomed into friendship by giving him as a “fee” from us, and on condition of an alliance offensive and defensive, the country between the Indus and his own possessions. I think this better than giving it to some separate Chief, because in the one case the advantage would be but negative—the getting rid of a losing concern; in the other we should have the very positive, and considerable advantage of gaining a direct and powerful hold on the Cabul Chief. Holding his best territory at our pleasure, we should but look to his feeling of self-interest, and we might reasonably demand important concessions in virtue of our gifts. I would, therefore, when you have beaten the Sikhs, propose to Dost Mahomed to accept the territories alluded to on the following conditions:—

1. They are held as a fief of the British Crown and homage done accordingly.

2. An alliance offensive and defensive—our enemies to be his enemies, and our friends his friends.

3. An Ambassador to be received at Cabul as between two friendly powers.

4. The Suzerain to have the privilege of marching through the territory to blockade the Khyber Pass when such a step shall seem necessary.

I imagine there could be little doubt of the acceptance of these terms, and I say that, if the arrangement were carried out, our frontier would be much better and more cheaply secured than is otherwise possible.

The accession of territory would not be sufficient to render the Afghans a dangerous power. In fact it would give them more work at home. The revenues would not be very large. The Dost would still be unable to support an efficient regular army—and his irregulars never would dare to attempt to cross the Indus in the face of our troops. On the other hand, it would no longer be in his power to intrigue with foreign states. Our Ambassador in his capital, and our troops close at hand, he would be too closely watched. No danger could approach us without ample warning and abundant opportunity for making the moderate preparations which would be required. I therefore strongly urge that we take as much as is good for us, fix our proper boundary on the Indus—secure an ally with the remainder, and so we shall, at the same time, bound and protect with outworks our Indian empire. I commend my plan to your consideration.

Here follows a long letter on “The Administration of the Punjaub when Annexed.” But I have already indicated the gist of my recommendations, and it deals so much with persons, and some details as well as principles, that I omit it.

I annex extracts from another letter of the “Economist” series, discussing—

*Some of the Arguments against Annexation.*

MY LORD,—I am sorry to see that the English papers are not yet unanimous as to the policy to be pursued in the Punjaub. Some very absurd fallacies concerning the Punjaub, the Sikhs, and the Afghans have gotten possession of the English mind. It is not denied that geographically and historically the Punjaub is part of India—but people at home cling to the belief that it is

filled with an unruly and desperate population, and the fear that to hold it would be to walk on hidden fires—and ever since the Cabul catastrophe they have a respectful dread of the Afghans, and are haunted with the idea that to advance our frontier is but to “fly to evils which we know not of.” It has been my object to show you that the Punjaubese are not ungovernable, and that on the Indus we have in all human probability that much wished for object, a “*finality*”—inasmuch as the Afghans are, as an offensive military power, *utterly contemptible*. I trust that you estimate the supposed difficulties at their true value.

After all, *fear* is the prevailing argument against annexation. The *Times* talks of the martial tribes commencing with the Sutlej. But *you* are not “afraid”! You know better. You know that the Sutlej is the boundary of no tribe or class of tribes. The Sikhs do not commence with the Sutlej. In fact, much of Sikh-land lies to the east of that river. The population on either side is the same, the Sikhs are the same—the Jat soldiers are the same—the cultivators are the same. Yet it is admitted that the territory on one side is quiet and manageable—then why not that on the *other* side. If you are still unconvinced, let me show you a village on this side and on that, and you will find no point of difference. Let me take you into a village on the left bank of the Sutlej, and I will show you first the *old Sikh* comparatively weak—separated from the population and depending on the favour of Government for a subsistence. Next you shall see *scores* of the new Sikhs, men who once served in the Lahore army—now returned to their places in their own villages—very likely disavowing the character of Sikhs altogether, and making the best and most active cultivators. Lastly, you shall see the fine Jat race which inhabits that country—and members of which may be induced to turn Sikhs and serve in a regular army on being paid. There is something manly and substantial about their character. In soldiering they like to be among the regulars and are seldom found among the irregulars and the tawdry tail of great men. In cultivating they are regulars too. They are all for long leases and money payments. They make their own arrangements and pay their revenue like men. In ordinary seasons I know no part of India, the internal economy of which presents so pleasant a sight. There is a healthy tone which it is pleasant to witness, and a healthy population pleasant to deal with. They are not unruly, but are remarkable for the respect paid to our rule. Even an ordinary affray is now almost unknown. In short they like our system, and think that it fully compensates for the gain to some of their

members in the predominance of the Sikh army. Ask these people whether they would like to go back to a double Government. It is the only proposition that might perhaps induce them to rebel.

Cross, then, the river and you enter no new country. Your materials are precisely the same. The zemindars have not yet had the same advantages, and the Sikh soldiers have hitherto continued to serve. But annex, and within six months, if things are managed by people who understand them, the country will assume exactly the same phase as the Cis-Sutlej territory—almost all parties will give in their adherence to the new state of things—men's minds will be set at rest—imaginary difficulties will disappear as if by magic. The Sikh country will speedily become one of our best and quietest possessions.

I have spoken more particularly of that portion of the Punjaub from whence the Sikhs spring. Of the other portions it has not been pretended that there is anything to dread. They are now as they were when the country formed a "peaceful province of the Mogul empire," with this exception, that they dislike the Sikh rule and would welcome our ingress with most sincere satisfaction.

Rohilcund and the Rohillas had at one time a great name, and can anything be quieter than that country now is? Look at the records of the old districts of Rohilcund and you will see that when we first took possession, things were by no means so quiet—nor the people so apt—nor so much respect paid to our name—as has been and will be the case in any part of Sikh-land. Armed parties traversed the district—wings of regiments with guns went out to collect the revenue from refractory villages. Yet things soon quieted down, and no one now looks on Rohilcund as a country held but by the force of bayonets. Much more easily would the Punjaub be brought to the same state.

The Sikhs as a military class are much more tractable and more easily moulded to our purpose than Rohillas or other military Mussulmans. I cannot too often repeat, and you cannot too carefully bear in mind, the grand distinguishing mark of the Sikhs, as compared with other Indian soldiers, in their not having yet lost their connection with the soil and their character of agriculturalists. They are fine fellows, without prejudice or nonsense of any kind, who can turn their hands to anything. They have not forgotten their origin. Indeed, I think the Sikhs and Jats of the frontier a people whom we should particularly cherish and attach as our subjects. They have much more of our own character than any other Indian race. They can and *do* look up to us—and as soon as the intoxication of recent power has subsided the obedience of all will be hearty and willing.

Make much of them, my Lord. You fear to grasp a serpent but you may yet find it a faithful servant; situated on the frontier of India they are most desirable subjects, for they may be used at any time against the Mahomedans beyond the boundary. Their sympathy with our Government, conduct, character, and habits, will always be much greater than with any other foreign race.

You need not distress yourself with vain fears. Never was there a better hand. You have but to play it. It is not, as one of the papers says, a choice "between dangerous neighbours and unruly subjects"—but between dangerous neighbours and quiet useful subjects. The popular delusion is the very opposite of the truth—and you will, I trust, *prove it to be so*.

Thinking, as I do, that the Jats and Sikhs make good subjects and good soldiers, I think that if you increase the army you cannot do better than offer service to those who wish it. The Sikh regiments have answered well, and the eating our salt would give us an additional hold on and connection with the population from which the men are drawn. Besides, late experience goes to prove that they are much better men than the "*Poorbea*" Sepoys. They have also fewer prejudices—they can put their bundles on their own heads when occasion requires—they eat from the same common cooking vessel—are altogether more hardy and *Europeanlike* in their habits. They would be a great accession to the army.

The *Times* makes the question of annexation depend on obtaining a "*finality*," asks where we are to stop, whether we shall annex Afghanistan too? I answer certainly not, for reasons which I have already mentioned. Afghanistan would not pay, it is no part of India, its inhabitants are not Indians. The more the Dost and his subjects fight among themselves the better for us. The Indus is our "*finality*."

It just comes to this, will you make a temporary arrangement or a permanent one? Will you look to the security of the frontier, or to empty names? Will you do justice to the country which providence has placed at your feet? Your mission is a great one and you must fulfil it, but before all things remember that if withdrawal is a cowardice any half measure is a *double cowardice*, the cowardice that prevents you from annexing and the cowardice that prevents you from withdrawing. Take either course, but *beware* of the fatal middle course. If you withdraw, the work has but to be done over again, if you compromise we are inextricably committed.

## "ECONOMIST" CONGRATULATES THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL

MY LORD,—At last we breathe again more freely—at last the clouds of doubt and suspense are made glorious summer by the Sun of Annexation. The 29th of March 1849 will long be memorable in Indian history, and long will be famous the name of the ruler who has given a "*finality*" to the Indian empire. My Lord, I do most sincerely and heartily congratulate you. The Sikh power, the Sikh army, the Empire of Runjeet Sing, are things of history. The permanent pacification of the country follows from annexation as naturally as effect can follow cause. Any serious disturbance is next to impossible. The means of disturbance no longer exist—the spirit and the will must speedily die out. The Sikhs will soon be known, but as a quiet and agricultural people. The Punjaub will be a submissive and prosperous province, yielding in the arts of peace to none in India, and it may be (if advantage is taken of so fair an opportunity of introducing into our system the improvements which experience suggests) surpassing all in good government—in the adaptation of institutions to the circumstances of the people, and the contentment of an industrious yet manly population. It will be found that even if barren tracts make the whole revenue not very large in proportion to the gross area, yet the large fertile territories will yield a considerable and easily collected revenue, which is a clear gain to our Indian finances—and more than a clear gain, for it will not only be an addition to our rent roll, but may almost be made the means of diminishing our expenditure—inasmuch as we shall now be free from the enormous cost of defensive and offensive measures of constant repetition and little intermission. No humane man could have by any act of his permitted the recurrence of the scenes of carnage and sickening waste of human life, which have ensanguined the last years of our history. No wise or benevolent man could have refused to bestow on a subject people that liberty to sow in seed-time and reap in harvest, which forms the simple economy of an Indian population, and by the aid of a genial climate and certain *self-contained* institutions—natural poor-laws and immemorial village corporations—perhaps gives more human happiness than the more complicated rights and more artificial institutions which distract Europe. I don't know whether you meant to enhance the value of the boon when you kept the world so long uncertain and distrustful about annexation; but it is now apparent that distrust was out of place. The measure is well-weighed, deliberate and complete—and the public voice on the subject will be

*unanimous*. Other Governors-General have added to the Empire, but you have *completed* it ; others have conquered successive parts, but you have consolidated and secured the whole. For the first time India is *really* our own—nay, more, for the first time India is under the dominion of *any one* master. You are the first *sole* ruler of the most famous country in the world. You occupy a throne which has been, since ambition first appeared in the world, the golden prize for which all have struggled, but none have fully obtained. And you may be proud of your position. You have *achieved* it, and I hope that you may keep it long. You have wronged no man, but you have done your duty, and done it well.

Having attained the *finality* of conquest and of empire thus early in your reign, for *you* may be prepared the double glory of both consummating a career of war and originating a career of peaceable reformation. I hope that it may be so. A reformation is wanted. The laws, the customs, and the consciences of a northern race and an artificial society must be more approximated to the plain practical understandings of an Asiatic people who WILL hold that black is black and white is white, whatever philosophers may say to the contrary. But on this I may not now enter. I will but once more congratulate you on your position—and I am sure that all India and all Europe will, with one accord, join in the congratulation.<sup>1</sup>

On the occasion of the changes caused by the annexation of the Punjaub I might very well have looked for promotion there, and the Governor-General was very ready to promote me ; but my pronounced opinions were rather an obstacle during the *régime* of Henry Lawrence and the officers whom he had introduced ; and knowing the Cis-Sutlej so well, I was very well content when it was arranged that I should be promoted to a superior grade, and posted to the district of Loodiana, while I was made to this extent a pluralist that I was also put in charge of Thuggee department in the Punjaub, with a separate allowance for that. So I was transferred to the Loodiana district. I joined at the very hottest of a remarkably hot season ; but I soon settled to work, and was much satisfied with my position. Most of my old Wadnee district was

<sup>1</sup> The extracts from "Economist's" letters, described above at pp. 93-95, end here.

now included in Loodiana, especially the Jagraon territory, of which I have said so much; while on the other side the district stretched up nearly to the foot of the Simla hills. My settlements of Jagraon and other territories were working well, and I believe that they have stood the test of regular measurements, and have not been much disturbed. Of course there have been varieties of seasons; but precarious as is the rainfall of much of the Cis-Sutlej territory, I do not think that it has been very gravely affected by any of the modern famines. There is no saying when these things may come. I do not think I have ever mentioned how constant in the mouths of all the people of that territory was the reference to the great famine of 1783—the famine of the year '40 it was called, meaning the year 1840 of the Hindoo era. Every deserted site of an old village, every memory of misfortune, every drawback of every kind, was always attributed to that evil era. The reality must have been very severe indeed.

I have said so much before of the people and institutions of those districts that I need not repeat that; and, in truth, during the time I was at Loodiana I was a good deal distracted by the work of the city and cantonment, and the passing through of camps and great men. The city was an important one; there was not only a large mercantile element, but it was also a very considerable manufacturing centre—there was a large colony of Cashmerees who carried on an excellent shawl manufacture, and there was a large manufacture of cotton goods. Much more than hitherto it fell to me to decide considerable civil actions, under the non-regulation practice by which I was civil judge as well as magistrate and collector. How we managed I don't quite comprehend, for we knew very little of any civil law, to say nothing of the various laws administered to various races. But the real truth is that in most cases we merely superintended the administration of native law and custom by the people themselves; it was only in special cases, not regulated by native law, that we administered the law of equity and good conscience according to our lights. Not-

withstanding the removal of the European infantry on account of the recent disastrous fall of the barracks, there was still a large military cantonment at Loodiana. The place was very much in the world, and every one came and went that way. My mode of life was very greatly changed from what it had been for some years past. I bought a large and conspicuous house with very pleasant surroundings which had been for a generation the frontier of India, the residence of the Frontier Agent; and I there saw a good deal of company, entertained my friends, and received many visitors. The place used somewhat jocosely to be called "Castle Campbell," but I do not know if that name was continued. I had to combine much station work with my regular district work. Without going into details I may here quote a description which I published two or three years later of the life of a district officer, in writing which I had no doubt a good deal in my eye my experience at Loodiana.

Ladies in cantonments are occasionally somewhat unreasonable, as when they send a servant to a magistrate, and request that he may be punished for disobedience and another sent in his place. Once at Loodiana I was startled by a letter brought in hot haste from an officer of considerable rank to tell me that his wife had been attacked by robbers on her way to Simla, and despoiled of her valuables. I was amazed and disturbed, and sent off emergent forces to scour the country, but could hear nothing of the occurrence till I got by post a note from the lady to say she *did* think she had been robbed of her watch, but she had found it under her pillow, and was sorry to have troubled me.

I had abundant opportunity for making local improvements, for which I have always had a taste. In a large Indian town there is no general indigenous municipality, though all the different trades have their guilds and committees of management. When a new officer takes charge, the City Guilds come officially to pay their respects to him. All the principal trades are represented, and among them the

ladies who have a trade which may not be mentioned. In the absence of a general municipality, the magistrate of the district managed matters in most cases very beneficially, I believe, though sometimes perhaps with rather a high hand. When I wanted to make a new street or other improvement I made it, and assessed the compensation for injuries in a reasonable way—not in the preposterous way that they do in this country. I remember one old woman who carried her opposition to my new boulevard to an extreme, and whom neither force, fraud, nor persuasion would induce to move, even when we offered her very liberal terms; at last the workmen, coming in her rear, unearthed her *in situ*, as a toad is unearthed in the primitive sandstone.

I have had a great deal to do with the making of bridges of boats—the ferries of both the Sutlej and Jumna pertained to the Cis-Sutlej states—and I flattered myself that I made those bridges remarkably well, with the aid of a native engineer of Loodiana named Punjab Mistree, a great friend of mine. Sir Charles Napier's boats turned out so badly, and the military so much depended upon me for their passage of the rivers, that I conceived rather a contempt for the Royal Engineers, and thought that my Mistree was better than any of them. But I confess that I changed my mind a few years later when, during the post-mutiny campaign, I examined a bridge made over the Gogra at Fyzabad by a Captain Nicholson of the Engineers. It was a very good and neat piece of work, and I admitted that he had beaten me.

In the cold season I had a long visit from my youngest brother, John Scarlett Campbell, who had been posted to the North-Western Provinces. I had several friends and relations in cantonments. And, later in the season, my old friend Brandreth brought out from England a charming wife, and paid me a very pleasant visit. The Governor-General came through in camp, and him (Lord Dalhousie) too I escorted through my district, as previously Lord

Hardinge. Colonel Mackeson had been moved to the Peshawar division, and George Edmonstone, having succeeded him, also came with his wife and paid me a visit. Mackeson, it will be remembered, was afterwards killed by an Afghan at Peshawar. I used to see a good deal of a well-known man, Colin Mackenzie. Personally I liked him much, but as often happens with military men who have a religious call, his zeal outran his discretion, and he too was assassinated in the Deccan in consequence of his having interfered with native religious processions on a Sunday. I escaped coming into collision with Sir Charles Napier, then Commander-in-Chief, whom I no more admired than he admired Indian civilians. He objected strongly to my overriding some irregular cavalry whom I had as an escort, saying that Her Majesty's soldiers were not meant to be galloped off their legs behind rushing young civilians; but I managed to steer clear of him.

The ex-Royal family of Afghanistan, *i.e.* the family of Shah Shoojah and Shah Zeman, were at Loodiana under my charge. There was a pleasant Afghan called Salah Mahomed, who had effected the release of the prisoners, and in consequence had to leave Afghanistan on a handsome pension from us. I used to take tea with him of a morning, and could not but feel that there was a heartiness and adaptation to our manners in the Afghan which one does not usually find in natives of India. One day there was great excitement in the Royal quarters, and word was brought to me that the Royal ladies had broken out and were coming to appeal to me about their grievances. That would be a dreadful disgrace to any Mahomedan ladies, and frightful on the part of princesses of the very highest rank. It turned out that there had been a severe quarrel in the palace, and the ladies, besides appealing for justice, thought that by disgracing the family they would have revenge upon their lords. In fact some of them did come, and having heard so much from people who had been in the Afghan War of the beauty of the Afghan ladies, my curiosity, to put it mildly, was raised to a high pitch. In

truth, however, the ladies who arrived were of a mature age, and somewhat *passées*. The family being of such high rank it was difficult suitably to mate them, and the palace was full of very old maids who had been the principals in the rebellion.

My "Thuggee" duties were important and interesting. The Indian Thugs and their crimes have become familiar to the public, and General Sleeman, the main instrument of their suppression, has written a very interesting volume about them. But I doubt if our methods of dealing with them have been at all generally understood. That matter is important, not only as regards the safety of life in India, but also as a lesson in dealing with organised crime, which may be useful as applied to other countries besides India, so I will here say something on the subject. Throughout India Thuggee had been mostly put down before I had anything to do with it, but there had been recently a somewhat serious recrudescence of it in parts of the Punjab, and a special branch of the Thuggee office had been established to deal with it there, of which I had charge. We did manage to put it down, after bringing to justice a number of the offenders.

We worked mainly by a system of approvers and confessions, through which we obtained evidence, and we were exempt from the ordinary rules of criminal procedure, being allowed to keep suspects in our own charge, to work on them through trained approvers, and to conduct everything in our own way. But we were bound to commit the accused for trial eventually, and the trial took place before an independent tribunal, exactly as in the case of any other prisoners. It is evident that a system of that kind required to be worked with extreme carefulness and delicacy. When once a man was induced to confess, he was very apt to try to earn a pardon and gain the position of a privileged approver by carrying his confessions almost to excess. He would indeed boast of the number and atrocity of the murders he had committed, and relate their details with a sort of gusto. One man would say, "I have committed 50

murders"; another would say, "Oh, that's nothing—don't listen to him; I have committed 150." The practice was to take down all the details of their statements with all the accompanying circumstances in great detail, and with scrupulous exactness, often referring to crimes committed many hundred miles distant in company with confederates who were named. The Thuggee department had offices all over India, and statements made by different men in different places, without the possibility of communication, were scrupulously and carefully compared. Nothing was accepted unless the facts alleged were corroborated from independent sources. The practice was to bury the bodies of the murdered men, and very generally their friends and relatives knew nothing of what had become of them. When we got a story confirmed by the concurrent testimony of several approvers, we made them show where the bodies were buried, and found the bones; and by the clues which the approvers gave (they often travelled with their victims for days before murdering them) we hunted up information about the victims, and learned that such persons really had been travelling at the time described, and had been missed, and that they had property such as was described by the approvers. When the case thus came out, and the approvers were confronted with the accused, the latter very generally confessed. In such cases confession is a wonderfully potent means of discovering the truth. In India our object is to put down crime, and we have no sentimental objections whatever to inducing a man to criminate himself, if he does so in such a way that the confession is clearly proved to be true by the verification of the facts related. The practice was that a likely man was admitted as an approver conditionally; that is, if we were satisfied that his story was true, and that he was likely to do good service in bringing others to justice, we sent him up for trial on the condition only that his life would be spared. He pleaded guilty, but an Indian judge is not satisfied with that; we had to prove the facts besides. If he was convicted the sentence of death was commuted to imprisonment for life,

on the condition that he would give us every assistance, and at all times disclose all he knew. From that time the approvers became a sort of government servants; they were never set free, but lived under surveillance in appointed places, and were always liable to be sent back to penal servitude if they played false. What had to be most carefully guarded against was any attempt at blackmailing on the part of these men; any laxness in their supervision would have been most dangerous, nay, fatal. But when the thing was really well managed, with thorough care, fraud was almost impossible, and the results arrived at were far more certain than in most criminal trials. After General Sleeman's account of Thuggee cases I will not attempt to narrate mine, which were upon the whole on a smaller scale, and less sensational; but I may mention one or two cases which did not run so smoothly. The Thugs had never been known to attack a European. I had, however, a very curious case in which they positively asserted that they had killed a European, and buried him near a well in a certain village between Ferozepore and Lahore. The bones were found, and certainly were large heavy bones, which might have been those of a European. The villagers too, to a certain extent, corroborated the story—they were sure that no body could have been buried where this one was found for any honest purpose, and they did distinctly remember a wandering European passing through the village about the time mentioned, and knew not what became of him. Yet, after the most persevering efforts, we entirely failed to find any clue to a European who had been missed at the time indicated. The Thugs from the first said that they had got no property worth mentioning, and my impression was that their story was really true, and that the victim was one of those wandering loafers who are occasionally found in India, to the great discredit of the British name. In another case some men taken up as Thugs volunteered to confess a very frightful crime, and related it with every circumstance in great detail without any promise of pardon whatever. Yet when we inquired into it,

not only was their story not corroborated, but it was distinctly and clearly contradicted in most essential particulars. It was, I think, most clearly shown that such a crime could not have been committed in the place and manner related by them, or anything like it. I again and again invited them to retract and explain, but they stuck doggedly to their story after being thoroughly warned that they were not to expect to be made approvers, or to obtain any indulgence whatever. At last in despair I committed them, hoping that some light would appear before or during the trial. Again they stuck to their story, and the judge who tried them convicted them, and according to the Indian rule in capital cases referred the sentence for the orders of the Board of Administration. The Board, rather to my surprise, ordered them to be hanged.

Not only do natives often make true confessions in a very surprising way when they might never have been convicted if they had not confessed, but also false confessions are not at all uncommon under influences which we should think hardly sufficient. Still, in such cases there is generally some possible motive or influence. I am very much convinced that in any case of what I call organised crime, that is, crime, the result of a wide conspiracy in which many persons are concerned, the system of working by means of confessions and approvers is almost certain to be effectual, sooner or later, in uprooting the whole conspiracy. It may be a very long time before you can make a beginning; I have known organised gangs carry on systematic crime for years without one getting a trace, and drive one almost mad with despair; but when at length, either by accident or treachery, or in any other way, you detect a single case, or catch a single man with proof against him, the whole thing generally comes out. Human nature is human nature all over the world; a man clings to life, and when he finds that it is all up with him he will betray his confederates rather than be hanged, whether he be an Indian or an Englishman or anything else. Perhaps Nihilists may be different, but I have had nothing to do with them.

The system of dealing with Thuggee was so successful that it was extended also to Dacoity, that curse of India; though, after all, it is not confined to India, but under the name of brigandage has been pretty well known in Europe: so the Thuggee department became the Thuggee and Dacoity department. In respect of Dacoity, however, they have been by no means so successful. The fact is that Dacoity is generally not a regularly organised system to the same extent that Thuggee was. There are or were Dacoits of a partly professional character and with a good many of them the department has dealt; but most Dacoities are much more local in their inception and management, and not part of any widely extended professional scheme; hence it is that in that case the Thuggee system cannot be depended upon. In fact, although Dacoity of a large and highly organised character may be rarer than it was, I grieve to see that to this day the crime is very far from having been extirpated in many parts of India. On the contrary, Dacoity of sorts is extremely prevalent, and would even seem to be rather increasing than otherwise. It is a very great blot on our administration. The truth will have to be faced; in spite of all our talk about a new and improved police system, the modern police is not at all efficient in dealing with crime—scarcely more so than the Irish police, upon which it was to some extent founded. However, when I had charge of the Thuggee department at Loodiana, I was not much troubled with Dacoity; indeed, I may say that throughout my executive service among the more robust races I have not experienced very much of that sort of thing. Yet a few years later, when I was no longer in charge of the special Thuggee and Dacoity department, but a much greater man—Commissioner of the whole Cis-Sutlej states—there did occur at this very place, Loodiana, one of the most audacious and cleverly planned Dacoities that I have ever known, under circumstances that very much vexed me. There was at Loodiana a “Chowk,” or small square, where many of the leading merchants and bankers had their places of business; it was

walled and gated like a close market-place, and on one side abutted on the high bank under which the Sutlej once flowed, but where there was then a dry bed. It was evening, an hour or two after dark, in the cold season when the nights are long; the Dacoits generally choose that time, because it gives them all the night before them to escape. The business of the day was done; the merchants had retired to their ease and their families; but few people were left in the square, like care-takers in city offices. Suddenly ten or twelve armed men took possession of the square, closed and barred the gates from the inside, stopped all communication, and warned the few people inside that they would be forthwith shot through the head if they uttered a cry. Then, quick as lightning, they set to work to rifle the shops of all the most valuable bullion they could find. There was some delay before any one in the town understood what had happened, and when at last the police appeared in considerable force they found the "Chowk" a fort in possession of the enemy. The defenders then fired a few shots, but, as it turned out, they really fired in the air and hit nobody. The police, however, seemed to have quite enough to do to marshal their forces, and try to effect an entrance without attempting to surround and capture such formidable opponents. At last, thinking themselves very heroic, they managed to get it, and found no opposition. It turned out that under cover of the sham fire the Dacoits had escaped into the old river-bed with the most portable property, leaving behind only two or three of their party quite unencumbered to keep up the fire, and cover their retreat. These last then ran for their lives, and escaped too, while the police were making cautious approaches. We afterwards found that they had swift camels ready a little way outside, and while the police and the citizens were taking possession of the "Chowk," and searching there in every corner for the robbers, the robbers themselves were off and away upon their camels under cover of the night. I was myself in camp only two or three marches off, and old thief-taker and present very great man as I thought myself,

I felt like a large lion outrageously bearded in his den, and swore by all my gods that I would bring them to justice. But after all I never did. Our trackers carefully followed the tracks of the camel-party for an immense distance right through the Sikh states, but they did so slowly and laboriously when the Dacoits were hundreds of miles away. Neither my efforts, nor those of the Thuggee and Dacoity department, succeeded in bringing the case home. It certainly was not a local Dacoity, and we had pretty good information that it was the work of Meenas, a predatory tribe in Rajpootana, who have often committed offences of that kind at Agra and elsewhere. But we never got hold of the particular men who committed this one, and I must say I never felt more thoroughly beat.

Up to about the time when I first joined at Loodiana, it had been a very healthy station; but just then it began to get somewhat unhealthy, and there gradually came upon it a severe unhealthiness which lasted for some years. Some people thought that the drying up of the bed of the Sutlej, which used to run immediately under the town, had something to do with it, but that had taken place many years before. They wander curiously, those great Indian rivers, and the Sutlej, which used to be close to Loodiana, was now five or six miles off. Looking about in an unscientific way, I fancied that an existing channel might without very great difficulty be connected with the running stream. The Engineers rather laughed at the idea of my diverting such a great river without their aid. The doctors did not know whether it could be done, but were sure that if a running stream could be brought to Loodiana it would be a very good thing. I sent out a gang of prisoners and set to work. After a time a communication was effected and a little water came through; then that stream began rapidly to enlarge its own channel, and next morning, to the surprise of every one, a fine broad river was flowing under Loodiana. Boats were soon procured, and numbers of large fish were caught. However, the unhealthiness of Loodiana

was not cured; it seemed to have depended on deeper causes. Indeed, for a considerable period it became worse and worse, and caused the almost total abandonment of the military station. I have several times had occasion to note a very severe and distressing form of unhealthiness to which I have never seen that medical attention has been sufficiently directed. It is neither a permanent endemic disease, nor a mere epidemic in the ordinary sense, but a slow wave of malignant fever which comes without intelligible cause, remains a few years, and then goes away again. That was what took place at Khytul, that was what took place at Loodiana, and that was what, in later years, took place on a larger scale in Bengal, when a wave of very serious fever advanced over great districts like a slow tide, and after afflicting them for some years, left them as it passed farther on. It might possibly have been that the coming and going of the river affected Loodiana, though I am satisfied that was not the real cause. But there was not a trace of such a change in Khytul. And in Bengal, where it was attempted to attribute the disease to the stoppage of the drainage by the railway embankments, that could have but a very partial and local effect; there must have been some much more widely acting cause. We made all sorts of inquiry without result; the world still knows very little of the causes of disease; but I do think that this particular form of it deserves very sustained attention. I was myself a victim to this Loodiana fever; before I had been very long there I had a pretty serious illness, and though I recovered and got to my work again I was not at all what I had been before the attack.

What with this illness, and the additional duty thrown upon me by the Thuggee department, I should not have got through my work if I had not had much excellent assistance. Brandreth for a time remained to assist me, and I had a very excellent assistant in R. H. Davies, afterwards Sir Henry Davies, Lieutenant-Governor of the Punjaub, and now a member of the Council of India. I long maintained

a correspondence with him, and much valued his friendship. In the spring of 1850 the Government, seeing how much I had suffered, and having occasion to make an arrangement to help the new Commissioner, Edmonstone, to get rid of the immense arrears which he had found on taking charge, proposed that I should go up for the hot months to assist him in disposing of them at the hill station of Kussowlee, on the outer range between Simla and the plains; so that arrangement was carried out, and I left Loodiana and went up to Kussowlee. On getting to work I was horrified at the number of reports, on which I had prided myself, which I found hopelessly buried in Mackeson's arrears. It was rather sad work digging up that charnel-house of my most cherished bantlings. Kussowlee is a very good climate, and not a bad place; in and around it several European regiments are quartered. And I used to go over to Simla a good deal. Officially my position was rather indefinite; I had no distinct charge or responsibility of my own, but I was on very friendly terms with Edmonstone, and I obtained a good insight into the work of the office which I myself filled later, after my return from England. My health did not improve by the change to Kussowlee. I always have hated the hills in the rainy season, and I had reminders of my Loodiana fever. The upshot of it was that the doctors recommended my going home on furlough; my thoughts had been already a good deal turned that way; and it was settled that I should go at the end of the hill season. Before starting, I took part in a conference of civil officers at Roopur on the Sutlej, at the foot of the hills, where the Governor-General joined us, and the future administration of the Punjaub was much discussed. There, too, I met John Lawrence, the Rising Sun, and parted from him on very friendly terms. Then I proceeded on my journey homewards. I had already conceived a desire to know and understand the system of administration in all the different parts of India; I visited as many places as possible on my way down to Calcutta, and had a plan for a little tour in Madras and Bombay before embarking, but it

turned out that I was scarcely well enough for this latter plan, and I had to defer it till later.

At this time I first saw something of the working of the districts under the Bengal Government, and had an opportunity of comparing them with our up-country management, and I did compare them, very much to the advantage of the latter. After a short stay at Patna I penetrated into Bengal proper to visit my brother Charles, then magistrate of the Moorshedabad district, and found him in great force, and hardly conscious of his misfortune in being a mere Bengal officer. We of the upper country had a strong belief that nothing good could come out of Bengal—we believed the climate to be execrable, and the official system as bad. I expressed then surprise to find my brother and some others looking remarkably healthy and well, and no doubt he was a zealous officer; but after looking into the matter I still pronounced the official system to be very inferior, as in fact it was. The Bengal administration had been started before we much understood India, and had been managed very much on the *laissez faire* system, while we had an active executive control. I conceded so much to my brother that he was really very good indeed *for a Bengal magistrate*, but still I added that “things are not in the order here that they are in the upper country, and the difference is greater than I supposed, especially in the Revenue Department. Thomason’s hair would stand on end to see a Bengal collector’s office.”

I was also a few days in Calcutta, whither my brother accompanied me, and saw a good many people there. Another Fife man, Drinkwater Bethune of Balfour, was then legal Member of Council. He had been the Attorney-General’s devil, and was then sent to India. Among the distinguished legal luminaries were a good many friends and protégés of Lord Campbell’s—Sir Edward Ryan, Sir Erskine Perry, and others—whose friendship I have been very glad to have had. From Calcutta I embarked for Europe in January 1851, having completed eight years’ residence in India, and being then in the 27th year of my age.

## CHAPTER III

FURLOUGH 1851-1854

I RECOVERED my health on the voyage homewards, and commenced my furlough, disembarking at Malta; and from thence passing over to *do* Italy before going on to England. I there found a state of things which has long ago passed away—the kingdom of Naples still existed, and the temporal power, still in name at any rate, remained at Rome under the guardianship of foreign troops. It was not till nearly ten years later, in 1860 I think, that on another voyage, passing Marsala, a Neapolitan man-of-war bore down upon the P. and O. steamer with great demonstration of vigour to prevent us from revolutionising Europe; but within twenty-four hours or less, Garibaldi quietly landed without molestation at that very place, and upset the throne of Naples. However, some few things, Vesuvius and Capri, etc., remain intact. I did them all vigorously, thinking that I beat the record in doing thoroughly all about Naples, with Vesuvius and Pompeii and Hereulaneum, and all the rest, in three days, and Rome with equal thoroughness in another couple of days. But I met Fife friends in Rome, then a greater British resort than I think it now is, and was induced to stay on a little time there in a dilettante way. So I had an opportunity of seeing something of the Roman society of those days. I remember the Cardinals playing whist in their red stockings, and looking perfectly happy and content in spite of the recent misfortunes of Rome. I then worked north through Italy and up to Paris, where I had the

satisfaction of seeing Louis Napoleon, then gradually establishing his power. I had been working hard to get up my French, and consulted the waiter as to what play I should go and see; he recommended the *Dame aux Camélias*, then a new piece. I understood it very imperfectly, but for all that was more touched than I thought I could have been by the acting of Doche and Techter, and almost felt for my pocket-handkerchief. But when I went to see Rachel I did not think so much of her. I reached England in March, and after a short visit to my parents, they accompanied me back to London; after which I established myself there for the rest of the season. There could hardly be a more complete change of life than that which I now experienced, for through almost all the years since my earliest youth, in spite of occasional episodes, little breaks in the Governor-General's camp, and the like, I had lived a jingly Indian life, far from the haunts of society, and almost of white men. Now I was suddenly thrown into the centre of the London world. My uncle Lord Campbell, after a long official career, and several years in the Cabinet, had then commenced that function of Chief Justice of England, which, undertaken at the age of seventy, he executed with such illustrious success. His house and good offices were open to me, as they always had been to all my father's children, and I owed to his wife, Lady Stratheden, that unvarying kindness with which she always treated us. My sisters were married, and the elder had a conspicuous house in London, where I met many interesting people. My father and mother still lived in Fife, and afforded me there a home in the summer. For the next three years I had great opportunities for seeing all that was best in British society, law and politics. But others can relate these things much better than I can, and I do not attempt to say much of them here. I will confine myself to a few notes of matters personal to myself.

Almost the first public spectacle that I saw was the opening of the great Exhibition of 1851, where I was very advantageously placed. Exhibitions being then not so

common as in later days, I interested myself in this one a good deal.

Looking back, and remembering how omnivorous in respect of information I have always been, I am rather surprised that I do not seem to have taken more to British and European politics. But I do not think it was a specially interesting time politically; I remember nothing more exciting than Lord John's chalking up "No Popery," and the quarrel between Lord Palmerston and Lord John, and matters of that kind; and though in the latter part of my time at home the Crimean war was brewing, I had not then applied myself to Eastern-European affairs as I afterwards did. In truth, throughout my time at home, my heart was still very much in India. I expected to go back there. One of the periodical revisions of the Company's Charter was about to take place, and I interested myself more in Indian than in European politics. I conceived the idea of supplying a want which then seemed to exist of a sort of handbook to the Government of India, in the shape of a summarised description of the way in which that great dependency was managed, and of getting it out in anticipation of the Parliamentary Inquiry. I am dreadfully wanting in the faculty of idleness, and very soon, amid the distractions of society, I began to collect materials in view to my project, and to piece them together. I think that in those days the India Office was managed in a more paternal way than it now is. The Directors at Leadenhall Street looked more upon their servants as their own special belongings and as forming a great official family; and men returning home were always welcome at the India Office. I obtained there the utmost facility for learning all those things that I wanted to learn about parts of India with which I was not personally acquainted.

After spending the summer with my family in Scotland, and renewing my acquaintance with many Scotch people and things, I returned to London, and set myself seriously to work on my projected volume on *Modern India*. I lived close to and very much in the Oriental Club, where I came

into contact with several historical Anglo-Indians. In particular I remember Holt Mackenzie, a great authority, to whom has always been deservedly given the credit of having devised the system under which the North-West Provinces were settled; a settlement which has been the model of subsequent Indian settlements, and may be said to have been the foundation of our present Indian system. Regulation VII. of 1822, the Charter of Indian landed rights, was his work. But it was not completely effective till, a few years later, the Settlement Procedure was simplified, and the machinery was provided by admitting natives to higher office as Deputy Collectors. There was a curious gap in the employment of natives in recognised high office between the days when they held the highest offices and rank and we merely dry-nursed them, and the days when we promoted them to considerable office in our service. Between these two epochs a generation passed in which we attempted to do the whole work with an absurdly inadequate staff of recognised officials—all Europeans. It was in Lord W. Bentinck's time (1830 to 1835) that there was commenced on a large scale the system of employing natives in responsible British offices, which has since been largely extended, and will, I hope, continue to extend.

But soon I had another function, that of Associate of the Court of Queen's Bench, to which I was appointed by Lord Campbell, without, I believe, any jobbery or nepotism whatever. The Associateship was a very ancient office, and indeed much more dignified in law than it was in practice. An old statute of one of the early Edwards required the Judges to "associate with themselves a discreet knight" in each county—a lay assessor, in fact. I was that "discreet knight," and consequently there was required only a certain lay discretion, not legal qualifications. I flattered myself that my official practice had made me at least good enough to pass for a discreet knight. I had some qualms of conscience as to whether, even when on furlough, I was not bound to reserve all my energies of mind and body for the Company to whom I had covenanted myself away. I applied

officially to know whether I could accept a temporary office—for the office was then temporary, held at the pleasure of the Chief Justice for the time being—and I was told that the Company did not interfere with the employment of their servants when on furlough.

Though I was, as I have said, in law a dignified assessor, and the decrees of the Court ran in my name, coupled with that of the Chief Justice (or Judge trying the case), I was in practice a sort of clerk of the Court, and personal assistant to the Chief Justice. I had only to do with *nisi prius* sittings; that is, the trial of original cases by a judge and jury. I had nothing to do with the sittings in banco, and consequently no concern with the trial of questions of law; I only saw that so far as was incidental to the pleadings on the questions of fact. I was Associate only for London and Middlesex; there were no Associates in other counties. I do not know how the statute was got over there. Besides the trial of the ordinary cases I often had the very important cases brought to the Court of Queen's Bench by the writ of *certiorari*. I had an office where cases were entered for trial, and where the cause lists and lists for the day were made out, and documents received. And I generally sat in Court and did the formal part of the business down to the taking the verdict of the jury. But I am bound to say that though "associated with the Judge according to the form of the statute," nobody consulted me or had the smallest regard to my opinion in the matter. Consequently I had a good deal of time on my hands during a long trial, and having a considerable power of abstracting myself I was able to do a good deal of my own work. I wrote a good deal of *Modern India* in Court. I had to make an abstract of the pleadings for the use of the Judge, and thus came to know a good deal of the way in which cases were conducted. I had during two years the advantage of sitting at the feet of the Chief Justice of England, in at any rate a legal atmosphere. I saw a good deal of the other Judges too, and considered myself a sort of keeper of the Judges. There was that very popular man and Judge,

Erle, afterwards Chief Justice, and Pattison, of well-known fame, and Crompton, a very pleasant and friendly man. I set aside my own work to listen to many interesting cases, and there was always enough to do to keep me more or less on the alert. I heard, too, all the most eminent counsel of the day—Sir Alexander Cockburn, the most eloquent of his generation; Thesiger, solid, but not so eloquent; Kelly; the “blushing” Bramwell, whom I much preferred as a counsel to his present rôle of a polemical writer; Edwin James, who has disappeared from the scene; Serjeant Shee; Hawkins, the most employed of juniors; Wills, and many others. I was paid by fees, the right to which I believe was regulated by nothing but custom, and I suspect that they were originally something very like the gratifications taken by native employés in India, and which (when we find them out) we call bribery and corruption, and deal very severely with. However, in my case the fees were moderate, and regulated by the Judges, and my emoluments were not excessive. Soon after the office was put on a permanent footing and paid by salary, all fees being accounted for to the Treasury. And in quite modern days it has been abolished altogether, the Associates being absorbed among the Masters of the Court by a statute containing an extraordinary provision, inserted in the House of Lords, that while they were to have the increased pay and other advantages of Masters, they were not to be required to do any work beyond what they had been accustomed to do without their own consent. Verily in England there are still strange ideas about vested rights and betterments. However, I think that the last of the privileged Associates have now disappeared, and it has been discovered that so many Masters were totally unnecessary. The ancient office of Associate has gone, but for all that some one must still do the substantial work which I used to do. Besides the work of Associate in London and Middlesex, I used to go circuit with the Lord Chief Justice as Marshal, but that is quite a separate office appointed for each circuit *pro hac vice*. The Marshal is only an aide-de-camp to the Judge, takes care of him, looks up his lodgings,

makes the tea, and carves the joint. I used to feel on circuit that I was rather out of it, having nothing whatever to do with the judicial proceedings, instead of being the "boss" of the show, and very civilly addressed by attorneys as I was in London and Middlesex. But on the other hand, as Lord Campbell's aide-de-camp, I saw a good deal of the best houses and best county society in England on these occasions. During my English judicial career I did make myself a sort of sham lawyer by eating my dinners for the Bar, but I have always been very much opposed to introducing any of the peculiarities and technicalities of English law into India or any other country. I studied no law whatever, and was called solely on the strength of eating my dinners—there was no examination then. At the same time I do believe that the English *nisi prius* trial is really the best part of the system, and that I was fortunate in seeing a good deal of that practice. My impression is that in that matter the English system has some advantages over the Scotch, though in other matters, and especially in criminal inquiries and trials, I fancy that we are much superior in Scotland. Although I believe that the jury is an immensely overrated institution, and now getting somewhat out of date, especially the unanimous jury, I must say that in London and Middlesex juries seemed to have a knack of hitting it off remarkably well. They used to agree together upon an equitable settlement with wonderful facility, and in a way which I believe is not possible either in Scotland, France, or India.

I thought that even if the English common law pleadings were too curt, and showed too little of the hand and real case of the party, they were at any rate very clear and incisive, and opened one's mind a good deal to the logic of pleading. A new Procedure Act was passed in my time, and the giving effect to the changes was an interesting exercise. I think the old pleadings illustrated by the kettle with the hole in it<sup>1</sup> were then rendered impossible.

<sup>1</sup> Pleas—first, that he never borrowed the kettle; second, that the hole was there when he borrowed it; third, that there was no hole when he returned it.

After I returned to India I made a good deal of use, in my judicial functions, of the elementary knowledge which I obtained at this time. And when the tide turned against me, and, being in political disgrace, that was done which was not unfrequently done in India, and sometimes in this country too under such circumstances—that is, I was made a Judge of—I furbished up my Queen's Bench experience, posed as a rather experienced legal hand, and largely instructed my subordinates in the principles of jurisprudence, although at the same time I was very careful entirely to repudiate English law.

When my sketch of *Modern India* was approaching completion my uncle introduced me to Mr. Murray, who consented to publish it. It came out in the spring of 1852, just in the nick of time when Indian affairs were coming to the front, and people wanted something of the kind. So it was a success, was reviewed well, sold well, and very greatly improved my position in London. Many men whose good opinion I greatly valued were very kind and complimentary about it. It was much quoted, and took its place in a great many libraries. To this day I am proud to know that when people want something of the kind, and look up old indexes, librarians are apt to produce Campbell's *Modern India*, but of course it is now quite out of date. The multitude of modern books about India is now very great, and to learn all about it involves a great deal of desultory reading.

Sir Charles Trevelyan, as an older man who had served in India, gave me much encouragement when I was bringing out my book. I came to know Sir Charles Wood well; he was then, and for long, the Whig head of Indian affairs, and was always very kind to me. Though he had not the gift of eloquence, I really do believe that he was an excellent administrator, and he came to have a knowledge of Indian affairs unrivalled among British statesmen. I saw a great deal of many distinguished Anglo-Indians, Directors of the East India Company, and others. At the India Office there was Butterworth Bayley, who had been a great power in

India in his day; Ross Mangles, who was also a member of Parliament (as were one or two other Directors), and other notables of those days. I think the position of an East India Director, who had also a seat in Parliament, was a peculiarly agreeable one, combining as it did practical Indian work with the position of a legislator. The canvassing by which a seat in the Direction was obtained was detestable; but once obtained the position was delightful. I speak feelingly, for I was obliged to choose between the two, and perhaps I chose the worse part. On public grounds I really believe that it was an extremely good thing that some of the Directors should sit in Parliament. They represented a real experience of what was going on at the moment, whereas now India is represented only by a party man belonging to the Government of the day, and to a certain extent by old Indians who are out of the official groove, and have not access to present official knowledge. I know that to our party men the presence in Parliament of any sort of independent official is not agreeable; it is contrary to English party traditions; but as a matter of fact I do not remember any case in which the presence of East India Directors gave rise to undesirable clashing and difficulties. The principal drawback to the position of a Director was, I think, the patronage; they were terribly pestered for appointments. People value much more what they get as a gift or a job than what they obtain in an honest way, and it seems very curious that although the present Indian Staff Corps is an infinitely better thing than was the line of the Indian army, it has been at times rather difficult to get the Staff Corps filled, whereas the East India Directors were so beset by applications for cadetships that it was found necessary to prohibit the entrance of ladies into the India Office, especially widows. In one view the patronage was very convenient for a member, particularly for a Scotch constituency, for when the electorate was in the hands of the upper and middle classes, an East India Director was very welcome there, and had a very secure seat. My maternal grandfather was a good old Tory—I hope not a jobber, as most

Tories are—but he had a large hand in putting into Parliament, and keeping there, a Balcarres Lindsay, who was also an East India Director, in the unregenerate days when Reform Bills had not been heard of. He had nineteen children, and by a coincidence most of them were provided for in the service of the East India Company, where I am confident that they did excellent service to their country.

Apart from the question of patronage, which might have been settled, not only was the presence in Parliament of individual Directors a good thing, but also I believe that the old East India Office had great public advantages as a buffer between Parliament and the people of India, and I may also say between Ministers and India. In the rare cases in which there was very serious disagreement, it was probably good that an independent power should have a certain authority. And even if in some cases the Government had the power to obtain the enforcement of their orders by a “mandamus,” the necessity for doing so acted as a deterrent, and they were apt to give in if their position was not a very strong one. It would have been much better for India if in some cases the Government had not had the power to send out orders in the Secret Department without the concurrence or even the knowledge of the Court of Directors. As I have said, the system under which Directors were elected was detestable, and it may be a question whether an improved method could have been found; but at any rate I am far from admitting that the transfer of the Government of India to the Crown, even when the Minister is assisted by a consultative council, has been wholly and indisputably a benefit.

After the first few months, during which I utilised the Oriental Club, I moved down to apartments in Jermyn Street, was elected a member of Brooks's, and lived a good deal there. Perhaps it is youth that “lends enchantment to the view,” but I appreciated Brooks's more than in later years. I used to see there a good deal of some of the men

of the old school, who were very kind to me; old Lord Landsdowne used to talk to me a good deal, and has left a lasting impression upon my mind. Then there was Lord Glenelg, a monument of ancient Indian history; and Sir John Cam Hobhouse (Lord Broughton) used to ask me to his house, and to talk freely.

Through Lord Campbell I used to see all the Liberal celebrities at any rate, and was taken to the Albany to be introduced to Macaulay; but I had not very much to say upon political matters. Lord Palmerston (whom I never admired) was extremely civil; I did not get beyond that; but I have a lively recollection of Lady Palmerston; she certainly was a princess among hostesses. I visited Paris, and had an opportunity of seeing some of the people and the principal institutions there. I took some trouble to acquaint myself with the system of the French Courts, and watched jury trials going on. The French juries did not seem to turn round in the box and agree as easily as English juries did; they had to retire and consult very seriously. I confess that I have not since been able to follow and understand French affairs.

Later I visited Ireland in company with Lord Campbell, who had the misfortune, very much against his will, to become an Irish landlord, having lent money upon mortgage without anticipating such a result. I then saw, for the first time I think, something of the Irish farmers, and that in the very most Irish part of the country, the north of Galway; and coming from the highly cultivated farms of Eastern Scotland I was astonished to see a somewhat barbarous people and barbarous agriculture, and found it difficult to imagine how they could make a subsistence upon their miserable little fields among the Galway rocks. Yet, in spite of all that has been said, the Irish must have a great deal of industry in their own way, or they never could live and pay some sort of rent, to say nothing of saving money, and giving good portions to their daughters, as they not unfrequently do. I remembered, however, that

in the Himalayas the people carved out little fields with still greater difficulty from the mountain side, cultivated them with extreme economy and neatness, and lived by them; but then those Hindoos have a much older and more developed civilisation. The Galway tenants welcomed their landlord with much effusion, but I fancy that their demonstrations were a good deal prompted by that kind of gratitude which consists in a lively hope that rent will not be pressed for.

In England a house of which I have a very pleasant recollection was that of Lord and Lady Ashburton—the Lady Ashburton whose name was lately recalled in the Carlyle papers. Anything more unlike her than the picture there drawn I can scarcely conceive; I can imagine her laughing very heartily if she had known what Mrs. Carlyle thought of her. She was no doubt given to lion-taming, and I daresay took great care of Carlyle, and he, as all men do, liked to be petted, I suppose. It was a great privilege to visit their house, especially in the country. Lady Ashburton did not deal exclusively in lions, and had a great many of the most agreeable possible people; she was very agreeable and pleasant herself. Monsieur Thiers was a frequent visitor at her house, and I two or three times came upon the polite little round man, but my French and my position did not justify my intruding upon him to any extent. For the consolation of ladies who are very ambitious of social position, I will recall only one saying of Lady Ashburton's. I happened to remark how pleasant it must be to receive so many clever and distinguished people as visitors. "Yes," she said, "but it is very hard work for the mistress of the house to arrange and look after parties, and then sometimes it is awfully dull between times."

In the first year I used to see the old Duke of Wellington, who was often at my sister's house. I only remarked that he was a most scrupulously polite old gentleman of

the old school. It quite distressed me to see him rise ceremoniously at a time when he almost seemed to be held together by the notable buckle at the back of his neck. But he rode with his groom behind him to the last. I also at the same house became acquainted with most of the distinguished ornaments of the Horse Guards, including those who were afterwards well known in the Crimea—General Airey, old General Brown, and others. I met Lord Fitzroy Somerset at Lord Hardinge's, and sitting next him was pleased to find that he seemed to know all about me. He was a very charming man, and I believe in his then position unrivalled. Whether it was good for him to become Lord Raglan I cannot judge.

When the general election took place, some of my friends asked me whether I ought not to have a try, and I believe the Associate might have sat in Parliament, but I looked to India, and for that time did not give way to any such temptation.

I applied myself with renewed interest to the Parliamentary discussion regarding the renewal of the East India Company's Charter and the questions connected with it, and occupied myself with a new volume, which I brought out in 1853, under the title of *India as it May be*. It was quite as successful as I could have expected, but was not of a lasting character like my previous volume. It was, in fact, a very big pamphlet setting forth my view of the reforms which might be effected in all departments. I could not expect any one to read it after years had passed; but still, when I look over it I am satisfied to find how many of my suggestions and predictions have been fulfilled. I also gave evidence before the Committee of Inquiry.

Throughout the years that I was at home I maintained my domicile in Scotland, and spent my summers and occasional vacations there—not only living with my parents, but also keeping in touch with things Scotch.

I wish some handy name for a "United Kingdom" could be invented; it is always a difficulty, especially in more recent days. Even now as I write I find myself obliged to be careful to use the terms "British" or "European." For myself, holding as I have before said that the Scotch are the true English, and that the modern English are only a somewhat secondary offshoot whom we have annexed, I should not mind using the term English generically; but it is apt to be misunderstood and misapplied. By the beginning of 1854 I was due to return to India, but I delayed a little to complete my terms and be called to the Bar. And there was another matter which I put off to the last, namely, to provide myself with a wife. That, too, I managed at that time, and was married in London to the lady who is still the comfort of my mature years. It only remained to pay a last visit with my bride to my parents in Scotland, and then I was ready to start. But my last days were saddened by the state of my father's health; he was then of a ripe age, and had a fall from his horse which alarmed his family. He recovered and received us in good heart, but I could not but feel sad at parting, and in fact very soon after he had a relapse and was lost to us.

The delays which I have mentioned made it impossible to arrive in India before the hot season, and it was a question whether I could then take out a young wife. But after a great deal of consideration and experience of these matters, and a good many voyages to and from India, I have come to the conclusion that half of the warm season is not nearly so trying as the whole. In fact most people go out when the cold season is well advanced, and very soon come face to face with the long hot season. My experience is that if you time your arrival so as just to come at the beginning of the rains, you may get through very well indeed. And if the Red Sea is a little warmer, it is made up to you by the abundant room you have in the steamer, instead of being horribly crowded as at the

popular season. I followed the plan I have suggested, and we arrived, *via* Venice and Suez and thence by sea to Calcutta, on 16th June 1854, quite successfully, my wife being not at all the worse. We found the rain beginning to fall, and had nothing to try us very much.

## CHAPTER IV

### SERVICE AFTER FURLOUGH

IN those days no appointments were retained on furlough, and on my return I had to find a new appointment in one or other of the provinces. I found that there had been question of Lord Dalhousie's giving me an appointment in Calcutta in connection with the Legislative Council, perhaps in the idea that I had learnt law in England; but it was found that I was a fraud in point of law, and that civil servants were in demand for their ordinary work, so an English lawyer was appointed, and I had to find something else, nothing more being then available in Lord Dalhousie's gift. I was glad then to be welcomed back to the North-West Provinces by Mr. John Colvin, then the Lieutenant-Governor, and that was the commencement of relations with him, which I found very pleasant. He was undoubtedly a very superior man. In former days he had been private secretary to Lord Auckland, and was said to have been one of the chief promoters of the unfortunate Afghan War, on which account a certain stigma had attached to him. But perhaps that was before it was known how much that war was the policy of the Home Government. And at any rate, whoever were the authors of it, comparatively at least, there is something to be said for them; for then we did not know the Afghans, and the Afghans did not know us so well, and were not so jealous of us. It is when we think of the second Afghan War, entered into with the fullest knowledge, that we cannot be

so hard on the authors of the first. Mr. Colvin got over the imputation, rose high in the service, and in the years preceding the Mutiny very successfully administered the North-West Provinces. For the time he could only make me magistrate and collector of a district, though he designed me for something higher before long, and I was very glad to get that—districts in the regulation provinces were very much better paid than in the new countries where I had been before. I was posted to Azimghur in the Benares province, a country new to me. North of the Ganges there is a zone of country including a part of Oude, several Benares districts, and a great part of Behar, which is the most densely populated and perhaps the most completely cultivated in all India. The lower classes are a very decent set of people, who go out for service all over the country, from Calcutta to Peshawar. It is wonderful how they live on very small means. I remember inquiring into the circumstances of a grass-cutter, who in his own country had three rupees a month; six shillings we would call it then. I found that he was bringing up in decency and respectability a fine family, who seemed quite well-fed. Even if he had some small pickings at my expense it was wonderful management. Their wants are very few, and as long as famine does not come upon them they do not complain. The soil of all that country is fertile, and besides the ordinary crops a great deal of valuable opium and sugar is produced. Azimghur was not a very large district, but still there were considerably over a million and a half of inhabitants without a single large town. There was no military station, and only the usual complement of civilians—a judge, a magistrate, and two or three assistants. It was rather quiet for a young wife, but we were then scarcely out of our honeymoon. We had got some nice horses, and she learnt to drive me. In one way and another we got on very well for the few months that I was at Azimghur. Then I was promoted to superior appointments, and she never again was at small stations. I think too much of solitary life is bad for a young woman in India; a moderate

amount of it is all very well, but it is better that it should not be too much prolonged. A woman has not the occupations of a man. A man may want a wife to take care of him in his early service, but if he can do without it is better for the lady that he should wait. From that point of view my advice would be: "Don't marry too soon."

We had a great misfortune at the commencement of our career. We had got a large outfit in England, and all the heavy portion of it was sent round the Cape, including my wife's presents and treasures. The voyage was successfully made; the ship arrived near the Hooghly sand-heads—the tail of the bank. There were two vessels, and they saw one pilot brig. They raced to get the pilot; the pilot from a distance saw that they were running into imminent danger, and tried to signal them; but they did not understand. The ship that bore our fortunes just caught the bank, tilted over, and went down in deep water on the other side. The crew barely saved their lives, and we were left to begin the world again. However, people get on very well in a light unencumbered way in India; the bazaars are prolific; my wife behaved like a heroine, and we managed to get on pretty well after all. By a curious coincidence, on the overland route too, one box that had been sent to meet us at Alexandria, containing papers of mine, was also lost, so between the two misfortunes I lost every shred of my papers and all my books. My consolation was that I had put most of all that I had gathered into the books that I had published. Perhaps some people would be all the better if they lost all their papers every now and then.

I was rather apprehensive of getting into too law-ridden a district, and of becoming liable to actions against me in the Supreme Court, the terror of energetic magistrates in Bengal; but I was agreeably surprised to find that there was still a good deal of room for patriarchal rule in Azimghur, and that I had considerable powers. Part of the district was permanently settled after Benares was acquired by the Company, and part, which had come from

Oude in the beginning of the century, was under the North-West Thirty Years' Settlement. I am always interested in the tenure of land, and took a good deal of trouble to examine that of Azimghur. The North-West system of survey and record of rights had been introduced throughout the district, whether permanently or temporarily settled. A permanent settlement is no reason why rights and village constitutions should not be recorded, and accordingly we had these things in the Benares province just as much as in other portions of the North-West, to the great peace and quietude of the district, and facility of administration. It is the absence of anything of the kind which has caused all the confusion and difficulty in Bengal and Behar. I was greatly interested in the work of the Patwarees, or village registrars, in those comparatively old districts. They had already learned to use maps and keep up the record of holdings and liabilities. Afterwards, when I administered Bengal, I made a beginning of something of the kind there; but the resistance was great, and no doubt to do it fully would involve very large expense. In the sequence of the reforms I commenced, an experimental survey and record of certain districts was sanctioned, and was progressing very satisfactorily; but an old and able Bengal officer, a "laudator temporis acti," or rather "non-acti," got into the Council of India at home, and succeeded in knocking the whole thing on the head; so Bengal still remains in that respect in its original primitive state. In the other provinces of India the system of survey and record has been more and more perfected, till I believe that it is now the most perfect that exists in the world.

I found that the Zemindars, recognised owners of the soil, were in Azimghur much more numerous than I expected, and often much more nearly of the character of peasant proprietors. It is one of the many instances showing how much facts are made to conform to the notions of individual administrators, that while the people, the country, and the tenures were as nearly as possible identical with those of Oude on one side and Behar on the

other, both Oude and Behar have been put under great landlords, while Azimghur was mainly a country of small holders. Though numerous they were not so much so, nor organised in such complete democratic communities, as in the Punjaub countries; they were rather like the communes described in a recent work on the Swiss Confederation, where there is within the commune a smaller body, the "bourg," and the burghers are the owners and managers of the communal property, while the commune at large bears the more general public burdens. The old hereditary ryots were exactly in the position of modern Irish tenants, and, as in Ireland, there were demesne lands where rights of cultivators did not accrue. There was apt to be a great deal of difference on account of proprietors trying to stretch the demesne lands, and so exclude any record of rights of cultivators. There had grown up too a good deal of the detestable Indian habit of holding what is called "benamee"; that is, in another than the real name. Men put their property in the names of their wives or their children, or anybody else in whom they trust, in order to avoid the effect of legal process. It is, I think, a great misfortune under our regulation system that too excessive power is given to the civil courts, and even when the best settlement and record has been made it is not final and conclusive—litigious people are allowed to litigate in the civil courts to set it aside, a never-ending process.

It was very much with reference to what I had remarked in Azimghur that a few months later, when I was acting as a sort of adviser to Mr. Colvin, I made a note upon the subject of the compulsory transfer of rights in the land by process to satisfy debts, a subject which the Mutiny soon afterwards brought into painful prominence. I have always taken a strong view of the need of protecting what I may call old "status" rights from too rapid and summary alienation under a system which the people have not come to understand. It is attended with very great evils, both social and political. But also, as I pointed out, when in

course of time voluntary sales have become common, and much land is held by modern purchase-owners, the time comes when in regard to them the object rather is to introduce cheap, free and easy sale. What a man has bought it is better that he should be able to sell—sale, I said, begets sale, and referring to the state of things in France it may be that the excessive subdivision by inheritance is only counteracted by a system of free sale, under which sharers who desire to cultivate the soil may buy out those who desire to follow other occupations.

My great achievement at Azimghur was the discovery of a great system of cattle-poisoning carried on to an immense and hitherto unsuspected extent in my own and the neighbouring districts. It is very astonishing, under what I may call the horizontal arrangement of society in India—that is, the system under which, in the same area, different castes live one over the other without understanding one another—how it could be possible that an immense system of crime, almost universally known to the members of one class, could have been carried on at the expense of another, and that the superior class, without the latter having the least idea what was going on. There were vague suspicions, but nothing more—the death of the cattle was generally set down to sickness and epidemic. The most numerous lower class are the people called Chamars, technically leather-workers, but really the main labouring class of the country. They are scarcely Hindoos; are almost beyond the pale, and are very omnivorous and little particular; will eat dead animals and vermin; and they make the best of the skins, which they roughly prepare, and send in to the leather-merchants. They have regular established village perquisites, and one of the perquisites is the bodies and skins of dead cattle.

The suspicion in regard to the large mortality among the cattle was just so much as to put me on the watch. One day the police caught a boy administering a ball to a bullock. He was seized and frightened, and at last con-

fessed that it was poison. On analysis it turned out to be arsenic mixed with flour. The boy being further questioned, excused himself by telling us who the people were who had put him up to the job. We got hold of several of them; some of them were induced to confess, and told us of cases which were recognised as having actually occurred. Then I at once brought into play my Thuggee experience. To some of the most likely free pardons were offered on condition of making full disclosures. The whole thing came out—a regularly organised system, ramified far and wide. Confronted with those who had confessed, most of the others confessed too in a marvellous way. “Yes,” they said, “everybody did it, and we did it too.” One disclosure led to a great many others, and so we traced the thing very widely all over the country. As in the Thuggee cases, we examined all the facts that the prisoners stated, ascertained that cattle had really died under the circumstances they described, and made sure that there was no unfair influence to induce false confessions. The inquiry commenced in October, and by the end of the calendar year 619 prisoners had been convicted in my district alone, besides many afterwards tried, and very many in neighbouring districts. The astounding thing was that it should have gone on without the injured people discovering it. They had exorcised evil spirits, and resorted to all sorts of methods to stop the mortality without avail, and thought it an inevitable fatality. From what the prisoners told us we traced up the supply of the poison, and found that it had been dealt in wholesale. There were two kinds of arsenic in the market—yellow arsenic, a compound of arsenic and sulphur, I believe, used for many legitimate purposes—painting, preserving, and the like; and the purer white arsenic, which seemed to be used for little else than poison. The trade in this latter had very largely increased in the past two or three years. The Calcutta Custom-house returns showed a great increase, and a very large proportion of it was sent to the up-country marts in our neighbourhood. One rural dealer alone admitted that his books showed the sale of over a

hundred maunds, nearly four tons, in the course of a year. I could not believe that the dealers could have sold such large quantities without some knowledge that it was being used for illegitimate purposes, especially as a good many of them were also engaged in the leather trade, and collected large numbers of skins, the result of the system which was being carried on. I would have liked to have had them punished too, but the judicial authorities did not see it, and I did not succeed in obtaining any convictions against the dealers. However, the affair made a great deal of noise at the time, and I think the effect in putting down the system was very great. Nearly twenty years later, I was rather gratified when, in reply to inquiries made by the Government of Bengal, the Bengal magistrates reported that they gathered that in former days there had been a large trade in arsenic, but that somewhere up-country in the Benares province strong measures had been taken, and it was now very greatly decreased.

These arsenic cases were a very plain and simple mode of poisoning, common to a great part of the world. But many of the natives are undoubtedly capable of a much more refined and high-art style of poisoning. They use vegetable poisons, which we can hardly trace by analysis, with great effect. At one place a considerable system of killing camels by poisoning was discovered, in which the poisoners all said that they did it by a mere puncture with a poisoned weapon in a delicate part of the body, and they were corroborated in all their assertions that were capable of being tested—the camels certainly died without any other ascertainable cause. Undoubtedly the natives killed tigers with poisoned arrows set in a trap.

My fear was and is that what was so easily done to animals may be done to human beings too, although the circumstances are such that it is comparatively rarely that these cases are found out. Both at the time of which I am speaking, and for some years afterwards (and I rather think it still goes on), the crime that we had most difficulty in dealing with was robbery by drugging and poisoning. They

operated very much like the Thugs, ingratiating themselves with travellers, and then drugging them and carrying off their goods; but they were not so diabolical, and generally used a concoction in such a way that many of the travellers after a time recovered when their friends were well away with the property. Yet there did not seem to be the same organisation—the cases did not hang together so much as those I have described. When we found out one or two cases we never seemed to get any farther. For a good many years, drugging cases were a terrible trouble to my mind.

In the cattle inquiry, one of the prisoners admitted that he had put poison into the food of a family, but nobody died; and when we went into the matter, it curiously turned out that that food had been presented to a neighbouring spirit. The owners of the spirit had some other offerings besides; they were all mixed together, and though the spirit owners and their party were taken excessively ill, no one died.

As regards domestic poisoning, the difficulty is that, in consequence of our inability to interfere in the privacy of families, the extreme rapidity with which bodies are disposed of in that climate, the religious character of the rites, and above all the practice of cremation, it is almost impossible to discover anything of the kind. I think I have mentioned the very advantageous position occupied by a widow without sons; and even if the wives do not avail themselves of the maxim "Nothing venture nothing win," there are always many people about them who profit immensely by a widow holding. The number of estates held by widows certainly seems extraordinarily large. In Bengal, too, it does seem that a very large proportion of the properties are in the hands of widows; and some people think that, if careful statistics were taken, they would point to an abnormal mortality of husbands, just as a deficiency of girls in a census points to female infanticide.

At the time of the Azimghur cases I pressed very much for a law regulating the sale of poisons in India, but the

Government of India would not have it ; and though in after years in various capacities I returned again and again to the charge, the Secretaries always turned up the previous correspondence, and the Governor-General in Council always saw no reason to depart from the decision of his predecessors. When I came to have a legislature of my own in Bengal, I would have done it there fast enough, but then the Penal Code was in force throughout India, and I had no power to alter its provisions. So to this day the sale of poisons in a great part of India remains, I believe, entirely uncontrolled.

In my annual report of the criminal administration of Azimghur, I claimed for it very creditable police results. In that country, long in our possession, without any formal disarming, the use of arms had almost entirely gone out. I reported that there had hardly been a single breach of the peace in which guns or swords had been used. The people are pretty pugnacious, and no doubt the long iron-bound sticks which they use called "lathees" are pretty formidable weapons. There had been some half a dozen cases in which by the use of them in affrays deaths had occurred. But the clear ascertainment of boundaries and rights, the record of them and their protection by the law, rendered the occasion for affrays extremely rare ; it is the absence of any record of rights which makes quarrels so much more frequent in a Bengal district. Some murders about women and for such like causes will occur in the best regulated districts, and I am rather puzzled to see how extraordinarily rare they were in Azimghur in that year—I hope people did not take it out in poison. As respects crimes against property, there was not a single *Dacoity* ; and of six highway robberies (apart from three or four drugging cases) five were brought to justice. Altogether, as I was not in charge the whole year, and cannot suppose that in a few months I made any great change, I may say that I think the police of the district was then really very fairly efficient. It is true that it was out of the main routes of traffic, and so rather a

more favourable specimen than the average ; but altogether throughout Northern India in those pre-mutiny days I do not think that serious crime was at all excessive. I rather think that a comparison with more modern times may be decidedly in favour of that ancient era. No doubt we have never very efficiently dealt with ordinary thefts and the simple burglaries so common in India ; the digging through a mud wall, or making a hole in a thatch and abstracting the property of simple people, I am afraid there will always be a good deal of that till our whole system is very much improved. In some of my former districts the thieves had been very expert. Round the cantonment of Kurnal, which closely adjoined the intermixed Sikh jurisdictions, a highly qualified guild of professional thieves had grown up ; and when the troops moved forward to Umballa, the thieves moved on with them too ; we had great difficulty in putting them down. The magistrate himself could not rest in camp without putting his valuables and horses in immediate charge of a sentry. Stories are told of high-placed officers who got up in the morning (their heavy goods having gone on overnight) and found that they had no clothes to march in. They took mine out of my tent one night, and I did not know whether to be pleased or mortified when I found that they had turned them over, and finding them not worth stealing, had left them under a tree close by. I believe that the old story of stealing the sheets from under a man while he was asleep has actually been verified for a bet. They tickle the sleeper with a feather and make him turn over. There is one maxim with regard to Indian thieves which prudent people generally follow, and that is, cough and give the alarm, and get somebody to catch him if you can, but be careful not to seize him yourself, even if you have the chance, or possibly you may have a knife into you. They oil their bodies and are as slippery as eels.

In all parts of the world the police are apt to be abused ; they have a very difficult game to play, between the pressure upon them to catch criminals, and the severity against them if they show over-zeal or a vigour beyond the law. There

was afterwards a disposition to condemn our pre-mutiny police as terribly bad and corrupt, but I do not think it was at all justified. Immaculate they were not, but on the whole the system was tolerably good. I don't think they were in any way materially worse than their successors, and my impression is that they dealt with crime a good deal better. One want there was—there was no special head of the police of each district; the magistrate of the district usually kept that principally in his own hands. But he had so many other things to attend to that he could hardly do it all quite efficiently. There was a want of a special police assistant, European or native, to the magistrate—so much would certainly have been beneficial. But after the Mutiny there was a cry against natives and native police; a good many young Europeans of sorts had done more or less good service with volunteers and in irregular ways, they were a good deal connected with the press, and the cry all was "Get rid of the corrupt natives and put in these fine deserving honest young European gentlemen." There were, too, a great many unemployed military officers of the native army which had mutinied, and many advocated a military police on the Irish model. In fact, for some purposes, a military police was exceedingly handy and convenient to those local governments which had no native armies of their own. We greatly disliked applying to the Commander-in-Chief for small jobs, even when we had not to deal with such firebrands as Sir Charles Napier, or honest military enthusiasts as Sir Colin Campbell—at best the headquarters people always will bring in the art of war and the rules of strategy, and insist upon a much larger and more completely equipped force than we think necessary. If we ever had little wars upon our hands, we very much preferred to be able to manage them ourselves in our own rough-and-ready way. And for the guarding of treasure, preventing outbreaks in gaols and the like, a drilled police took the place of the native army. But for real civil police work, military equipment and the military spirit is nothing but a hindrance and an encumbrance. A policeman's work is entirely different

from a soldier's; military stiffness and honour stand very much in the way of coping with thieves on their own ground—a good soldier often makes an extremely bad policeman. Ordinarily in India there is not the smallest need of a quasi-military force to keep down the population as there is in Ireland. However, after the Mutiny, new police forces were established all over India under European officers, some more, some less military, and it was supposed we were to come to a kind of millennium in regard to crime. Then it was said we must make the police independent of those charged with judicial functions, upon the clap-trap maxim that the same man must not be thief-taker and judge, which is not really carried out in full in any country, not even in England. It was sought to make the superintendent of police as independent of the magistrate of the district as the Commander-in-Chief is of the Civil Governor in regard to military affairs, and there was danger of the real control of the district drifting away from the experienced magistrate to a police officer who might or might not be qualified for such a task.

There was also an important change in the police procedure. Hitherto our magistrates had been what the French would call a sort of *juges d'instruction*, and the police a *police judiciaire*. They used to do very much what is done by a procurator-fiscal under the direction of the Sheriff in Scotland. Their duty was not only to catch criminals, but to sift the case and protect the innocent. They recorded the statements made in the first instance, and sent those in at once to the magistrate. In the decision of a case, nothing was more important and useful than to compare the first statements to which the parties had committed themselves with those that they afterwards made after several rehearsals. For instance, when people swore, as they so often did, that they recognised criminals, it was very important to see what their first statements were. Under the new system the police had their functions apart from the magistrate; their credit or discredit depended on convictions; they kept such correspondence as they might

have to themselves, and sent up the case cut and dried. The magistrate was permitted to know nothing but what he could obtain by oral examination of the police, brought away from their duty for the purpose, and examined under Anglified conditions of evidence. Under those circumstances, the police being mere interested prosecutors, many safeguards were, I think, taken away, and there were great facilities of furbishing up evidence in the absence of sufficient proof. It used to be a frequent complaint that the higher appellate courts let off criminals whom admirable police officers had secured with great credit to themselves, blazoned in the newspapers. But it was a curious thing that under the Indian system, on several occasions, provincial commissioners of police having, at a subsequent period of their service, become judges of the highest courts, they were notorious for being the most prone to reverse convictions on the ground of doubts about the evidence—they knew the tricks of the trade.

Whenever anything goes wrong it is always attributed to the innate depravity of the natives—of course Europeans are never in fault; yet some glimpses we have had of the proceedings of English police make one think that they too are not always faultless, and when I had lately occasion to look into a recent case I doubted whether I had ever known quite such a scandal in India. That was what was known as the Edlingham burglary case, a burglary of peculiar atrocity, where an old clergyman and his plucky daughter were shot and severely wounded. A great fuss was made about it, and the police produced what seemed overwhelming evidence against two burglars; they were brought up at the Assizes; there was such strong evidence that at last the judge thought it unnecessary to go into a very critical point; the jury very promptly convicted the accused, and they were sentenced to penal servitude for life. Everybody was satisfied but the prisoners, who loudly protested their innocence and made repeated appeals for mercy, but nobody listened to them. There were, however, some people who always believed them innocent, and ten years after, partly

through clerical influences, two other notorious bad characters were induced to confess that they were the men, and that the others were innocent. The Home Secretary made a private inquiry and satisfied himself that the second story was true. The original burglars were released, with a very large compensation, £800 each, while the other men, after having been paraded with much sympathy from the local public as Christian martyrs who had confessed, solely for conscience' sake, were brought up at the next Assizes, pleaded guilty, and in accordance with the English practice were upon their own plea convicted without the slightest inquiry of any kind, and sentenced to very much mitigated penalties in consideration of their confession. Again the matter was considered as ended, but to me and others that seemed a most unsatisfactory conclusion. There was only one thing quite certain about the case, and that was, that if the confession of the last men was true, and the first men were really innocent, the police must have been guilty of the most diabolical concoction of evidence, conspiracy, and perjury on the first trial; must have taken a very peculiar pair of boots, and carefully impressed a series of suspiciously clear footprints on the soft soil outside the rectory; hung a piece of one of the men's trousers on a nail of the rectory window, where it was supposed to have been torn out in escaping, and left a torn piece of newspaper in the rectory where the shots were fired, while the corresponding piece of the newspaper was carefully folded in the coat pocket of one of the accused. We strongly urged that in some shape a thorough public inquiry should be made, to ascertain the real truth. The Home Secretary at length did that, in the shape of a prosecution of the police who had been concerned in the first trial. Knowing well the difficulty of sustaining the *onus probandi*, especially after the lapse of years, I should not have been at all surprised that they should have got off in a "not proven" kind of way, but much more than that happened; they were very triumphantly acquitted as wholly innocent. The second set of burglars stuck to their story in all essentials, but contradicted one another a good

deal, and ungratefully turning upon the clergyman who had been instrumental in their confession asserted that they had been promised that they would be pardoned if they confessed, and one of them added that the clergyman had threatened him that if he did not confess the other would peach upon him about a notorious murder of a policeman of which these two had been suspected. The clergyman indignantly denies anything of the kind—I believe with perfect truth; there seems nothing whatever to detract from his high character. But though he had been subpœnaed, and was present in court, it suited neither the prosecution nor the defence to call him; an English judge does not interfere; the mode of obtaining the second confession was not considered material to the trial of the policemen, and so he was not examined. The judge's charge was very much in favour of the accused policemen, and he observed what a dreadful thing it would be if any one in good position could have sought to condone a murder in order to obtain confession of a burglary (as the burglar had asserted). The jury acquitted the accused policemen; and their immediate superiors, the magistrates of Northumberland, so much sympathised with them as to present them with an address engrossed upon vellum in testimony of the noble way in which they had done their duty! So the matter rests. The first men are declared innocent and very largely compensated, while at the same time the police are petted and favoured on the ground that the case against them was perfectly true. Public opinion is divided, and the principal sufferer is the poor clergyman who smarts very much under the imputation which the judge's observation seemed to convey, only partially removed by the judge's subsequent assurance that his observations were purely hypothetical. There was a great deal of evidence in support of the story of the second set of burglars, but the real truth will never be certainly known. I do not think such a scandal could have occurred in India; we should have gone into the case much more thoroughly at an earlier period. At the same time, though we probed

things pretty thoroughly in India, it must be confessed that in the olden time in the trial of cases the procedure before the magistrate left much to be desired. In the absence of any proper law of procedure things were done in a somewhat slipshod fashion. Cases were not brought to trial as well as they might have been; the mode of taking evidence was not always very good. There was too much of depositions in writing, sometimes two or three witnesses were taken at the same time and afterwards cross-examined. When the superior authorities insisted that witnesses should not be detained, evidence was sometimes taken in a piecemeal kind of way, and then the whole was taken *ad avizandum*, as we say in Scotland. One of my assistants at Azinghur, a clever and energetic but somewhat eccentric man, got credit at first for the prompt disposal of his witnesses, but then it turned out that he was in the habit of letting them go without coming to a decision, and making up his mind upon the papers afterwards, not a satisfactory system at all. A good criminal procedure was very much required.

The least creditable part of our Indian pre-mutiny administration was the substantive Criminal Law. It was very strange that nearly a hundred years after we had established our dominion in great parts of India, and a quarter of a century after Macaulay had been sent out as legislator with a strong law commission to assist him, we were still administering what was supposed to be the Mahomedan criminal law. There were a few fragmentary enactments regarding special offences, and the powers of the various classes of magistrates and judges were defined by a limitation of their powers of punishment. But the substantive law was still in name founded on that of the Mahomedan doctors. Though I have so long administered it, I confess that I have never studied the Mahomedan criminal law, nor even know whether there is any complete law of the kind. Civil law there certainly is in abundance, not only well defined in regard to ordinary matters, but also in regard to more recondite subjects. A Mahomedan

lawyer will tell you with the utmost exactness the law regarding hermaphrodites, and other things that nobody wants to know. But if there ever was a complete criminal law, most of it had become quite inapplicable to modern times. There was a general direction that we were not to administer any part of that law which seemed inapplicable and contrary to justice. Though Mahomedan law officers were still kept up, we never consulted them unless we were in a difficulty, and wanted to justify something which it was hard otherwise to justify. In truth, those officers were very accommodating, and they had a very convenient "Futwa" applicable to cases not specially provided for, namely, that the act was liable to "discretionary punishment." For very long in native times punishments had been quite arbitrary; but under our rule there had grown up a pretty extensive judge-made law, sanctified by the decisions of the "Sudder Court,"<sup>1</sup> and collected in the private compilations of some industrious officers which made a kind of rough codes of reference; so we got on pretty well in a way, with occasional ebullitions on the part of individual magistrates who invented some strange crimes.

I have never made a study of the successive phases of the Penal Code drawn up by Macaulay and his coadjutors, and afterwards amended and re-amended and bandied about between law commissions in India and in England till it was passed in 1860, so I cannot express an opinion whether the delay in giving effect to it was due to original defects or to over-scruples of lawyers; but I cannot help thinking that we ought at a much earlier time to have had some kind of a law which would have been better than no law. Macaulay had the advantage of not being really an English lawyer, but perhaps he was a little too original in this matter. Of course the work of the code was not solely his, but I have no doubt he worked well upon it, and had a great deal to do with the drawing of it. The illustrations were, I think, an excellent feature. Notwithstanding this work I confess I have always had a certain grudge against

<sup>1</sup> The Sudder Court was chief court of appeal in the province.

Macaulay, when I see how, going out with £10,000 a year to make his fortune in India, on the voyage and in all his spare time in India he kept reading and re-reading his old friends the classical authors, and a good many others in languages other than Oriental, and after he had exhausted the good classics took to those that he avows to be very second-rate and inferior, while we hear nothing of Oriental literature. With his immense capacity and memory he might have been a second Sir William Jones. No doubt Greek plays were to him what French novels are to other people, and it cannot be all work and no play. In the list of books for the voyage, after enumerating Greek, Latin, and Italian authors, he says, "I must also get some books on jurisprudence, and something to make a beginning of Persian and Hindoostanee"; but I don't think we hear that very much came of this last. I have already said that I think Macaulay was probably right in bringing his great influence to bear in favour of a decision for English rather than Oriental education. But perhaps his opinion would have borne still more weight if it had been known that he could himself compare the European literature of which he was so fond with the Persian and other literature of the East. If he had studied India more he might also have avoided the mistakes in his essay on Warren Hastings and other writings on Indian subjects. The code of criminal procedure and other codes were not undertaken till long after Macaulay's time, but we got them about the same time as the Penal Code.

Although I had nothing to do with civil justice at Azimghur, still, as the civil procedure also was much changed a few years later, I will say a word of the state of things then prevailing. The early Regulations laid down something much more like a code of procedure in regard to civil justice than in any other department. It in no degree resembled that of the English common law; it was much more like the Scotch procedure. Elaborate written statements were put in on either side, and were replied to by the other party in rejoinder and sur-rejoinder; and when

all that was exhausted the issues were settled and the trial proceeded. Civil justice was, as regards original trials, almost entirely in the hands of native judges; civil servants came in as superior and appellate judges with almost no knowledge of civil law. But then we professed to administer to every one his own law—Hindoo law to the Hindoos, Mahomedan law to the Mahomedan, and every sort of foreign law to every sort of foreigner, so the judges had to be guided by experts. In regard to mercantile transactions, contracts, and the like, there was a certain mercantile customary law which might be more or less ascertained; and for the rest the rule of “equity and good conscience” was prescribed. The Hindoo and Mahomedan laws are both very elaborate, and one way and another there was great scope for litigation, of which the natives very readily availed themselves—it suited their genius. The greatest evil was the interference of the Civil Courts in regard to rights in the land which really were a new creation, for which the law did not provide, and which would have been much better dealt with in the special courts of the Collector, the administrator of the land. Particularly the forcible seizure and sale of land was very injurious in many ways.

Where the Azimghur district bordered upon Oude there was a great deal of friction on the frontier, owing to the disturbed state of the latter country and the difference of jurisdiction. The advantage was not wholly on our side. If our people feared the lawlessness of Oude, the Oude people feared the procedure of our Courts; and some of our people, litigated out as it were, used to go over to Oude, while many of the Oude people, in trouble in their own country, used to come and establish themselves in our borders, without giving up their claims in Oude, and sometimes sought from that basis to carry on their domestic wars in Oude. In my time our frontier was lined with these people, and, on the other hand, the Oude frontier was lined with illicit drink-shops established for the purpose of smuggling liquor into our territories, as well as some earth, salt, and opium. I was very anxious to put a stop to this sort of

thing, and established good relations with the Nazim<sup>1</sup> of the neighbouring part of Oude. But my zeal received rather a sickener. The Oude authorities represented that an atrocious Dacoit of many crimes had taken refuge with his followers in my district, and begged of me to hunt him out. He was represented as a very notorious criminal. Strong remonstrances came from Lucknow, and I think even the British Resident was induced to back them up. I thought I was bound to do my very utmost in such a case. I zealously made preparations for capturing the Dacoit and his followers, and had actually commenced the campaign with some bloodshed when a message came across the frontier to say that they had made terms with the Dacoit, and it was all settled. It turned out that it was a mere political quarrel after the fashion of Oude. In most estates there, there were the ins and the outs, just as there are in our political parties: a party in power and an orthodox opposition, who did everything they could to harass the Government in power, usually taking to the jungles and carrying on their opposition from thence. The Dacoit I was so anxious to seize had been a leader of opposition. But a political crisis had occurred; he was taken into favour again and installed as Talookdar, so all my trouble and energy were thrown away.

That season at Azimghur I had an attack of bad eyes which gave me trouble for some years. At first I submitted to have them doctored, with the result that they became a great deal worse, but afterwards I discovered that the best way was to leave them alone; and a remedy, which seemed strange, was to expose them very much to the sun. I found that when I spent long days tiger-shooting upon an elephant in most glary weather they were not worse, but better. Later an oculist, whom I scarcely expected to believe this, quite accepted it as likely and natural. He said I suffered from congestion; the sun acted as a stimulant to dispel the congestion, and had the same effect as the well-known golden ointment, the only medicine I supposed

<sup>1</sup> Nazim = local governor.

to be somewhat beneficial. To this day light and air seem to make my eyes all right for the time. It is only at night, and when I get sleepy, that they feel congested.

I did not stay long at Azimghur. Early in 1855 I was appointed by Mr. Colvin to be Commissioner of Customs for Northern India. I say for Northern India, because although the main work was in the North-West Provinces, and the whole was under that Government, our establishments extended much farther along the Punjaub frontier, and away along the Indus down to Scinde on one side, and far away around the native states on the other side down to the Bombay frontier. In fact we made an immense circuit completely round the great mass of native states, and extending in its whole circumference almost thousands of miles. The appointment was a very pleasant and much envied one, of a very independent character, with much free scope for seeing very many parts of the country in the cold season, and a residence in the hills in the hot weather. The Commissioner was in fact the Commander-in-Chief of a large army of a great many thousand highly disciplined men, with many European as well as native officers, and a large patronage, if that be an advantage. I did not think it so. In former days many articles had been subject to Customs duty, but for some years these had been reduced to two—salt crossing the line into our territory, and sugar crossing the other way, from our territory into native states. Very much of the country from the Jumna to the Indus is saline, and salt-producing tracts were scattered here and there all through that country, the salt sources taking the form either of saline wells or of salt lakes supplied by a natural infiltration, and evaporation in the dry season. In those days, when communications were difficult, the main sources of supply to the North-West Provinces were saline wells very near the frontier of the Agra and Delhi districts, from which salt was made very cheaply by solar evaporation, but not of first-rate quality. The cheapness of the salt on the free side of the line, and the excessive amount of the

duty, from 2000 to 2500 per cent, afforded an immense temptation to smuggling. Salt worth 3d. per Indian maund was worth three rupees, or six shillings or more, the moment it had crossed the line ; so that it may be said that one successful venture out of twenty would pay, and it was extremely difficult to maintain the preventive service. There was some very difficult raviney country on that Agra frontier, and on dark nights men with headloads of salt used to dash down into those ravines. If they were lucky they got through ; if the pursuit was too hot they threw down their loads and escaped. Over a great part of the line we were obliged to maintain strong posts every few hundred yards, with constant patrolling, and much supervision and discipline, and throughout the whole line great vigilance was required. The duty on sugar was much more moderate, and gave little trouble ; people did not seriously attempt to smuggle that. The inhabitants of the native states beyond our Customs line were free from our heavy salt duty ; but that country produced little or no sugar ; it was supplied from our territory, and only from our territory, being entirely surrounded by our Customs lines, so we were able to charge a moderate duty upon the sugar exported in the same carts and by the same merchants who imported the salt. To aid in the prevention of salt-smuggling a great hedge had been established connecting all the Customs posts, and no traffic of any kind, whether liable to duty or not, was allowed to cross the line except at the openings called open posts. Still, as there were many of these posts, and the supervision was very complete, the inconvenience was not greater than that which necessarily exists on every Customs line where high duties are levied. A much more disagreeable task was that connected with what was called the "Internal Customs" establishment, to prevent the domestic manufacture of salt within our own territories. There were no considerable sources of salt supply there, but in many parts there was a certain amount of salt in the earth, by washing which and drying the liquor in earthen pans on the hearths a very inferior, but still more or less edible, salt was

obtained. It has always seemed a cruel thing by severe measures to prevent poor people from getting a little cheap salt in this way ; but really, so long as we levy the heavy salt duty, it is not so cruel as it seems, for it is only that salt duty that makes the use of the inferior and hardly-obtained salt possible. If there were no duty no one would attempt to make and use earth-salt, so it would have been stultifying ourselves to impose the duty and allow people to evade it altogether by making the inferior stuff. The difficulty was that the stopping it involved much domiciliary inquisition, and the letting loose of the Customs establishment over the country at large, where it was very difficult sufficiently to control them. Upon the Customs line we could maintain an exact patrol and discipline, but away from that limit we could not be sure what might not be done. However, we did our very best, and employed our most trustworthy officers in the supervision of that duty.

The headquarters of the Customs establishments were at Agra, and on my appointment I went there and occupied myself in mastering the subject, and getting my hand into the work, besides visiting some other parts of the line. Then the hot weather coming on, I went up to Nynee Tal with Mr. Colvin, where I had the double function of carrying on the Customs work and acting as one of a sort of informal Council who assisted Mr. Colvin in regard to the general administration of the country. I found Mr. Colvin a very large-minded man, and it was a great pleasure to work with him. Nynee Tal is a very charming place just before and just after the rains, but I never liked the rainy season, either at Nynee Tal or at any other hill station. It was, however, a great advantage to be able to place my young wife in a temperate climate. While there I saw something of the province of Kumaon and the people of that country. They are a very interesting people—a sort of original Hindoo society, unmixed with Mahomedans ; and sheltered in their hills they are very quiet and simple in their ways. A very large proportion of them could read and write in their own Hindoo characters. They have always

been governed in a very patriarchal kind of way. I liked them. But some people do not—they think that they have been too much petted and spoilt; and no doubt they are shrewd enough to be able to take advantage of what fortune offers. To those, at any rate, who have official assistance they are very pleasant to deal with. There was something very nice in the way in which, when marching in the hills, they used at each march to extemporise, out of branches of trees, little houses with beds and tables and all complete. Though the pay of officers in the hills was very inferior, still the attractions of the climate and the people were such that officers who once got there were apt never to go away again if they could help it. The oldest of them is Henry Ramsay, now General the Honourable Sir H. Ramsay, brother to one of the successors to the title of Lord Dalhousie. He was there from remote ages, as long as I can remember, and is still there; and though he is now pensioned, his personal authority among the people is so great that I believe they still voluntarily refer their serious disputes to him, and he is quite a power for good. I have not always very great sympathy with people who have made bargains in rupees, and then want to be paid in gold, worth half as many rupees again, but it does seem an extraordinary anomaly that under the military regulations an officer who chooses to reside in Europe is paid in gold at 10 rupees per pound, while if he resides in India he can only be paid in rupees; consequently if Henry Ramsay were wasting his life at a European watering-place he would get 50 per cent more than he is allowed to get when he has elected to live as a patriarch and tower of strength to British rule among the Kumaonees. I have represented that as much as I could, but can get no redress; I am only told "that is the rule."

For a long period our policy has been to draw in and concentrate the Inland Customs line, so as to shorten it as much as possible and to bring as much territory as possible under our salt duty. Of course the shorter and closer we could make it, the easier it was to maintain it, and the more

profitable the result. Consequent upon some of Lord Dalhousie's recent annexations, soon after I took charge we found it possible to make a great contraction of this kind. The British occupation of Jhansi, the Nagpore country, and the Berars gave us a line of British territory from Agra south to and over the Nerbudda, and thence down the line of the Taptee to Bombay, and we took advantage of that to withdraw the line which had hitherto gone many hundreds of miles round by Allahabad and Mirzapore, and to place it upon the direct line. When we determined to do this, it was necessary to carry out the arrangements before the approach of the dry season, when the active traffic commences ; so I had to go down and carry out the work. After making the arrangements at Agra, I went south by Gwalior, Jhansi, and Saugor. At Gwalior I had an opportunity of making the acquaintance, through the Resident, of that not very amiable person, Scindiah, and learnt a good deal about him. He had no civil aptitudes, but, they said, was really a very smart military man, and could handle a brigade as well as any officer in our service. Soon after, in the Mutiny, he had a grand opportunity of playing a great part—there is no saying what might have happened if with all his resources he had put himself at the head of the Sepoys. It was from no love for us that he abstained, but it is generally believed that courage failed him—he hesitated and temporised—the opportunity passed—it was not till it was too late that his troops took the matter into their own hands, and came down upon Wyndham at Cawnpore. However, as it was, he served our purpose ; it was not for us to be hypercritical as to his motives, and it was all very right that he should be reinstated by our troops. But he growled terribly about the conditions, and never bore us any goodwill.

Beyond Gwalior the high plateau land about Saugor (not Saugor Island at the mouth of the Hooghly) is a pleasant country about 2000 feet above the sea, and which runs along about the same height to Bhopal and Mhow. Beyond that there is a dip into the valley of the Nerbudda, but some parts of the Nerbudda valley are very pretty, especially

about Jubbulpore. Beyond that again there is more high land with hills rising to several thousand feet in places—but no very good sanatorium. In the course of this tour I successfully laid down the new Customs line, where it remained for the better part of a generation, till abolished in modern times. I always throw myself heartily into what I undertake, and for some months salt occupied the larger portion of my thoughts by day, and sometimes my dreams by night. I got up the subject, turned it all over, and worked out statistics. According to my calculation, under the high duty, Northern India was very insufficiently supplied with salt—only about 6 lbs. per annum per head of the population including the consumption of cattle; while in Lower Bengal the consumption was nearly double, and in Madras quite three times as much—the duty in Southern India being very much lower. Subsequent statistics showed, I think, very much the same result.<sup>1</sup> In Madras, so long as the duty was tolerably low, the consumption was fully 18 lbs. per head. Comparing Northern India with Bengal, I was at one time inclined to think that rice-consumers might require more salt in proportion than the consumers of the drier grains, but that seems to be negatived by the statistics of Southern India, where there is probably a majority who do not live by rice. Emigration agents and others find the coolies they get from Southern India more vigorous and better able to stand sea voyages than the Hindoostanees, notwithstanding the supposed physical superiority of the latter; and I have had misgivings whether that might be in any degree attributable to the deficient supply of salt in Hindoostan. It gave me a pang, too, when I thought that it might be possible that in the Punjaub countries the substitution of our dear salt and scant supply for the abundant and cheap salt of native times might degrade and de-invigorate that fine race of people.

In later days, when the policy was to get rid of the

<sup>1</sup> The latest available returns show the salt consumption to be nearly 16 lbs. per head in Madras, nearly 11 lbs. per head in Bengal, and nearly 8 lbs. in the North-West Provinces.

Customs line, it was denounced in very strong terms as barbarous and injurious in the extreme, not so much on account of the high rate of salt duty levied, as on account of the commercial and social evils, and the flagrant opposition to modern free trade principles. My friend Sir John Strachey, the Indian apostle of Free Trade, used very strong language about it ; but I confess that I do not wholly agree with him, any more than I did about the necessity for abolishing the whole of our Indian import duties. As regards the Customs line, in early days I pointed out that if it were possible to arrange with the native states to get possession of all the salt sources and substitute a salt duty in those states for all transit duties, that would be very desirable indeed. But that certainly was not possible in my time—we had not then a sufficient control over the native states. For the rest, the Customs line was certainly expensive, but the pay of natives is small, and after all, the expense was not very excessive compared to the revenue received. I think I have already said that where our line was thoroughly maintained with a large staff, the mercantile hindrance was not great nor abuses considerable. On the other hand, there were considerable incidental advantages from a political, police, and revenue point of view. Under our system there is an almost excessive personal freedom in India—sometimes a hardly sufficient control over people who need to be controlled. I have known semi-predatory hordes from Central Asia march through the length and breadth of the land doing a great deal of damage before we had any proper knowledge about them or information whence they came and where they went. In the then existing state of things, a single line between the British territory and the native states, by which the traffic could be put under a certain surveillance, was not without its advantages. By means of the Customs line we were able to check the illicit importation of opium from native states, and also the traffic in arms. And for police purposes we did much to check the free passages to and fro of Dacoits ; the line was certainly in this respect very useful in my day.

We could not altogether prevent the ingress of Dacoits from Rajpootana, but such cases were then really very rare ; and that it was so was, I think, very greatly due to the surveillance of the Customs establishments. As I write I see in the Indian news that the mail from Delhi for the north was stopped and plundered by a band of twenty men, and that this is only one of a series of daring robberies carried out in that neighbourhood so far with entire impunity. In that country of much traffic and intermixed jurisdictions, we were always a good deal troubled with highway robberies ; but when I presided over the Cis-Sutlej states, I was able to report that the mails had never been touched.

The first step taken by Sir John Strachey in the government of India was to abolish the sugar duty, on the ground that such an export duty was utterly barbarous. Yet we maintain the export duty upon rice to this day ; and I still think that, under the circumstances, that sugar duty was a fair contribution from these states which still exacted dues upon our traffic, and the levy of which, so long as the Customs line was maintained, really cost us nothing at all. The really serious evil I think was, neither the mode of levying the salt duty nor the sugar duty, but the excessive amount of the salt duty. I was quoted as having been the first to denounce the evils of the Customs line—but what I denounced when I was Chief Commissioner of the Central Provinces was not the regular well-appointed line, but a loose, ill-supervised, and ill-regulated supplemental line that was run through our own territories on account of the inequality of duty in different parts of India, and which was attended with great abuses. To complete the subject, I will here briefly allude to the subsequent changes in the salt system. Immediately after the Mutiny, I had again the disagreeable duty of suppressing the manufacture of earth-salt in Oude. Under native rule we could not interfere with that, and it was carried on to a considerable extent, the more so that in the then imperfect state of communications, Oude being far removed from the regular salt sources, our duty-paid salt was dearer in parts

of Oude than in almost any other parts of India. It was necessary, when Oude became British, to suppress the domestic manufacture in the same way as in the North-West Provinces, and the people being so long accustomed to it, an even more severe domiciliary supervision was necessary. They thought it very hard, and nothing connected with our rule was so unpopular; but it had to be done. I am glad to know that now, with railways running through Oude, the duty-paid salt is brought there a good deal cheaper than in former days.

It was some years later that in the Central Provinces I commenced that discussion with a view to get rid of Customs lines in our own territories, which afterwards bore fruit; and some years later, when I was in Bengal, I had the satisfaction of making with the Government of India an arrangement by which all that was obviated. The duty in the different parts of India was not equalised, but approximated and graduated by steps, so that the lower-priced salt should not be taken round the line to compete with the higher-priced. The very low duty in Madras and Bombay being considerably raised, the Bengal duty was gradually lowered along the Orissa Coast till it was joined on by the last step to the Madras duty. That system, as we then arranged it, worked quite successfully for some years. I see no reason why it should not have been maintained, the Northern India duty being reduced to the Madras-Bombay rate. But there arose a view in favour of equality, carried, I think, to a somewhat pedantic point, which really was a practical inequality. The Government of India insisted that the duty should be made equal all round. At first it was levelled up so as to be really higher on the average than it had ever been; then it was considerably lowered to 2 rupees per maund. Now it has been raised again to  $2\frac{1}{2}$  rupees per maund, which makes it on the average about what it was before these changes. I say that this equality is a practical inequality for this reason—that the large consumption induced by a low duty

in Southern India caused the salt revenue paid by the people there to be really larger in proportion than in other provinces ; and since the duty has been equalised the payments are much larger. In Northern India, again, the conditions are such that the high duty checks consumption to an injurious extent. On the other hand, in Bengal the high duty of  $3\frac{1}{4}$  rupees had been levied since the year 1817—the people have been thoroughly accustomed to it. And the conditions of soil and climate there are such that the consumption has not been reduced below 11 or 12 lbs. per head. Under the permanent settlement Bengal contributes less to the revenue than other provinces—the difference was in some degree made up by the higher salt duty. And if at an intermediate point the Northern India salt would have had some advantage in competition with Bengal on account of the lower duty, that was counter-balanced by the fact that, while the Northern salt is a coarse cheap salt, the salt used in Bengal is refined salt imported from Liverpool, and worth in bond three or four times as much as the other. The higher duty was lower in proportion to quality and value. But that was unfortunately the very reason why it was difficult to maintain the differentiated duty. British merchants were interested in the Liverpool salt imported into Bengal ; they could make their voice heard in Parliament, and any arrangement which told against the advantage they had hitherto had was a sure prelude to their making it very hot for the Indian Government. So the duty is now equal on all salt fine and coarse, and whether the consumption be large or small. I greatly fear that under Crown Government mercantile interests are apt sometimes unduly to prevail.

A few years ago it was found possible, by arrangement with the native states, to get possession of all the salt sources, abolish the Northern Customs line, and levy the duty at the salt sources, paying the native states for the surrender of their privileges, and rendering to them their share of the duty in proportion to consumption by their subjects. I have not been able to find any detailed account

of the administration of this system, but the salt revenue seems to be well maintained; it is said, in general terms, to be successful, and no doubt is so. It must, of course, involve a much more considerable control over and supervision of the many native states in which salt is found than was attempted in former days. But this seems to be accepted. And, provided the duty does not lead to the development of new sources and smuggling, and serious trouble does not arise in regard to police control, and opium, and other things which I have mentioned, the change will have been wholly beneficial. I have, however, always maintained in and out of office, in Parliament and everywhere else, that our heavy salt-tax, if a necessary evil, is in truth a very great evil—a hard poll-tax on the poorest of the people, injurious to the cattle on which the people so much depend, and which in that climate much require salt, and fatal to the fish-salting industry, the people being driven to dry the fish in the sun without salt, with very stinking results.

When the duty was 3 rupees per maund of 82 lbs., taking the average consumption per head of the population at a little over 12 lbs. per head and five persons to a family, I calculated the duty to be  $2\frac{1}{4}$  rupees per family. With a  $2\frac{1}{2}$  rupee per maund duty the incidence is a little less; but then the duty advanced by the dealer always eventuates in a larger charge upon the retail sale. Taking the earnings of a labouring man at 5 rupees per month, or 60 rupees per annum, the duty would fall on him as an income-tax of quite 3 per cent.

## CHAPTER V

### THE CIS-SUTLEJ STATES

BEFORE I had completed the new Customs line which I undertook in the summer of 1855, I was offered by Lord Dalhousie the Commissionership of the Cis-Sutlej states, the appointment of all others which I most coveted, that being my second native country. George Barnes, a man whose distinguished career was cut short by his premature death, had been obliged by ill health to go to England, and I was to take his place. I gladly accepted the offer, and as soon as the Customs work which I had immediately in hand was completed, I ran up to Umballa and took charge, my wife following as soon as the season permitted. It was then a very large charge; there were four British districts in the plains—my old districts of Khytul and Ladwa (then called Thanesur), Umballa, Loodiana, and Ferozepore; besides the hill district of Simla, and all the larger native states which had not been mediatised. It used to be said that when the Cis-Sutlej Commissioner with all his following and the Vakeels or representatives of the native states met the Governor-General, his camp was the larger of the two; and though many of the smaller states had now disappeared, his following when he marched was still very large.

The Cis-Sutlej was now subordinate to the Chief Commissioner of the Pmnjaub, Sir John Lawrence, under whom I had not previously served. He frankly told me that I did not owe the appointment to him; that if it had been left to him he would have put in one of his own men

the Governor-General himself had done it—but he kindly added that after his own man he could not have wished a better choice, and quite accepted me in that light. In truth, too, I was in very hearty sympathy with his methods of administration, and entirely pleased to serve under him. He had the reputation of being somewhat hard and strict; but the Cis-Sutlej was then more than a mere division of the Punjaub—it was a kind of outlying province attached to it—and as John Lawrence did not know it very well, and was otherwise very fully occupied, I still enjoyed much freedom of administration. The cold season headquarters was at Umballa; the hot weather official residence at Kussowlee in the hills. But in the rainy season I myself preferred Umballa. That was, I think, a very delightful place in those days. The local civil station was not very conveniently situated, and the Commissioner lived in the Cantonment—a model cantonment laid out by Napier, afterwards Lord Napier of Magdala. Like everything he did, it was magnificently done. I forget how many villages had to be removed to make room for it—a very great many, twenty-seven, I think,—but that was past a good many years before; the villagers had been compensated and absorbed; and though after the war the space proved too large and had to be contracted, we could enjoy the fine cantonment with large broad roads, open parade grounds, many trees, good gardens, and a near view of the hills. The military force was large—several European regiments, and a good many native regiments, a General and large staff, and a pleasant society. We were on excellent terms with the military authorities—all that went very smoothly. My next neighbour was a Scotchman from near my part of Scotland, Hope Grant, the much-respected Colonel of the 9th Lancers, and afterwards the distinguished General, Sir Hope Grant. I was quite sympathetic with him except in the matter of music. At first I thought it very kind of him to enliven our conversation with the fiddle, but I found that he stopped, and it was explained to me that what I took for the fiddling of my youth was violin music of the very highest class.

I have so fully described the country and the people that I need not here repeat what I have already said. I found the people very prosperous except in one serious particular, viz. the very low price of grain, which came hard upon the agriculturists. There had been a sort of glut of grain, especially about Loodiana. It has been noticed that that is very often apt to happen when we have a reaction, as it were, after the conclusion of wars, especially when the people take to agriculture with great heartiness. The means of communication, too, were then very indifferent. There were not the facilities for the export of grain which now exist, and which have rendered the Punjaub countries a great source of wheat for export. In spite of it all, the Loodiana people struggled manfully on and paid their revenue. I had the satisfaction of finding that my summary settlements had turned out well, and more regular proceedings did not discover great inequalities to redress. I had not professed to make the settlements very low. Low settlements like low rents sometimes lead to lax farming. It is better that, when people show energy and make improvements, they should be allowed the benefit of those improvements, than that they should be let down too suddenly at first. Some of the people on our eastern border, who are not so energetic, had more difficulty in making the two ends meet with low prices. It was rather sad to me to see the very reduced position of my old friends the minor Sikh chiefs, who had been deprived of their authority; but they behaved wonderfully well and good-naturedly about it. I suppose it was bound to be done, and I hope that now a generation has grown up which never knew mastership, and think themselves fortunate in the enjoyment of the revenue, and have fields enough for their own cultivation.

The administration had suffered somewhat from the over-frequent change of European officers, partly on account of the necessities of the Punjaub, and partly because of the increasing facilities for furlough to Europe. That frequent change of officers is a very great evil of our modern administration. Men do not settle down among the natives as

did the Indian officials of ancient times; the more facilities there are for officers resorting to Europe and for bringing wives from Europe, the more difficult it is to keep them fixed. What between the many gradations of the service and frequent promotions, frequent furloughs and pathetic appeals on account of health and the necessities of families, it is immensely difficult for any head of an administration to prevent frequent changes, and to refuse men at out-of-the-way unpopular stations their turn of something better. The modern rules allowing men on furlough to retain their appointments rather aggravate the evil; men very often take furlough when they are at a station they do not like, and calculate the time of going so that they may have a claim to promotion on their return. However, I say this merely to explain difficulties. I was well served by many excellent officers in the Cis-Sutlej.

With respect to the native states, my system still was to let them alone as much as possible, and not too much to press upon them European innovations, if they were at all decently managed. The Sikh rulers were really indigenous, not foreign conquerors. At the same time, like most native rulers, they were not exclusive and unduly prejudiced in favour of their own people, but employed capable Mahomedans and others almost as freely as Sikhs.

I have had no personal experience of the administration of the larger native states, the rulers of which are almost all foreign to the countries which they rule; but as regards all the smaller and more indigenous states in the Sikh country, the Central Provinces, and Bengal, I think I have had to do with as many as anybody. Only the Bombay native states I have not had to do with; and everywhere I have always thought that so long as no great trouble turns up it is best to leave them alone, and only hold them responsible that nothing forces them upon our attention. I would say, "Happy is the native state that has no history." During my tenure of the Commissionership nothing did much force itself upon my attention in the native states, and I

interfered very little with them, rather devoting myself to the administration of the British districts. By far the largest state, *Puttiala*, was managed in a very native kind of way, but I think not badly; I heard few complaints. The *Jheend Rajah* was more familiar with our ways, and more imitated our system, but he did so quite voluntarily, without any instigation from me. Altogether I had the satisfaction of knowing that when I handed the Sikh states over just before the Mutiny, they were very well affected to us, and did extremely good service during the Mutiny. The worst of it is, that with our system of supporting legitimate succession it is very difficult to get rid of an incapable, and almost impossible to set aside a minor. Upon the whole, however, the Sikh states have gone on well. I am afraid there have been one or two deaths of men of much promise from drink—that is very sad. The question is, Are such things promoted by our patronage of drink?

The only occasion on which I had to take action of a penal character against a ruling Chief was none of my seeking. There was a Mahomedan state called *Mumdote*, away down the *Sutlej* beyond *Ferozepore*, which was one of those exempted from the mediatising order. The Chief was the representative of an old Pathan family. I had no personal knowledge of it, as I never had charge of the *Ferozepore* district, and it was much nearer to *Lahore* than to my headquarters. But very serious charges of tyranny and misconduct, almost approaching to murder, which had occurred before my time, were brought against the Chief, and I was directed by the Chief Commissioner to go down and make a regular investigation of a judicial character. After a careful inquiry I was constrained to find the main charges proved. I think the man was a little out of his mind. The result was that he was degraded from his functions, and though a few years later a brother was put in possession, it was in a lower position, with much diminished powers. During both the cold seasons that I held this appointment I marched a great deal in camp, visiting both

the British districts and the native states. And when I went to the farthest part of my jurisdiction, to Ferozepore and beyond, I took occasion to come back by way of Lahore and visit those most important Punjab districts—Lahore and Amritsir and the Jullundur Doab—which I had known when I was at Loodiana. My wife, too, enjoyed this life, and used to ride a great deal. She was sometimes amused at the herds of antelopes, which seemed to understand that we did not want to shoot them, and allowed her to chase them upon her pony. I never could understand why the natives tolerated those antelopes; they must have done a great deal of damage. The large deer called “Nilgai” or “blue cows” are supposed to be a kind of cattle, and are more or less sacred—not so antelopes, which chiefly affect the cultivated country. Many native chiefs had large game-preserves like our game-preserves nearer home. But why in the open country, amid the highly-cultivated fields, the antelopes were permitted to survive, was what I could not make out. Even in our long-settled districts of the North-West Provinces, *e.g.* about Alighur, down to comparatively recent times, one could see from the railway train antelopes among the crops just as one sees pheasants and partridges from a train in this country—they learnt not to mind trains—though there were no game-laws. Recently there has been question of setting up some sort of game-laws in India. I trust that will not be permitted; it would be altogether an evil. Only one species of animals we preserve—that is elephants, for they rarely breed in captivity, and if we are to have them at all we cannot allow them to be killed for the mere sake of killing. They are only found in very large numbers in remote jungly districts; the herds in more civilised parts (where they often do much damage) are being rapidly captured, and are coming to an end. We had no wild elephants in the Cis-Sutlej. But elsewhere I have been rather put in a dilemma by a report coming in that an elephant had been captured in a man’s garden; the question was what to do with it. Quite apart from the regular operations for capturing herds, the natives have a

wonderful way of creeping up and noosing the legs of single elephants.

To have done with the subject of sport, I may add that we had not many tigers in the Cis-Sutlej, only a few in the valleys under the hills. On one occasion I had a considerable party out shooting there. We tried very hard for a tiger, but failed to get one, and in the evening had retired to our tents, when some of our native attendants came rushing in, crying, "There's a tiger come." That seemed very strange, but we had not time to think—rushed to our guns, and rushed out excitedly, to find that the tiger was a dead tiger which the natives had killed in their own way for the sake of the reward for killing wild animals, which they claimed. It was one of the finest tigers I ever saw; but I confess I did then rather wish that they had been a little less precipitate. However, next day I distinguished myself upon other game in a way which I hardly expected. I happened by a long snap-shot to knock over a hog-deer which got up before the elephant, much as a rabbit gets up before a sportsman, and took a good deal of credit for that. Not very long after, a very large and fine spotted deer appeared in the distance looking at us. I got up my gun, but my companions said, "Don't fire, it's too far off." After my first triumph I was keen, and persevered, saying, "I'll take my chance." The deer leapt into the air and then disappeared, and my companions laughed. But I would take a turn to look, and when I came to the spot there was the deer lying dead, shot through the heart! then I laughed. Some way farther on a very large hyena got up, was turned out of the jungle, and rather disturbed our line. I fired again just as he disappeared in the jungle beyond, but I did not seriously think I could have hit him, and we marched on; but we had not gone far when one of the elephants gave a start and a squeak, and kicked something in some reedy water; it turned out to be the hyena, lying stark dead in the water, a brute with about the most formidable-looking teeth I ever saw. After that I was not going to risk the great reputation I had gained. I speedily

had a despatch requiring my presence in camp on important business, and did not risk any more shots. I rather think there are people alive to the present day who, on the strength of that achievement, believe me to have been one of the best shots in India.

In truth, however, I did a great deal more work than play. The appointment was really a very heavy one, since there was not only the administrative and political work, but, owing to the absence of any separate judicial establishment, we had the whole of the judicial work, civil as well as criminal, upon our hands. It was not till much later that separate judicial establishments were provided for the Punjab territories. The judicial work was no light task; for when we had established the British peace, the people carried their energies into the courts as thoroughly as any Scotchman of the last century anxious to "ding" his neighbours by process of law. In fact, they indulged in a great deal of litigation; and though in those days we suppressed lawyers, and would have none of them, they managed to carry it on without lawyers to such an extent that our judicial statistics showed a number of cases in proportion to population double that of the older provinces. We insisted on disposing of land cases in a summary way in the land-revenue department without regular civil court process, but the cases had to be decided all the same. And then there were a great many other cases: every man had a kind of running account with his banker; and there were a great many cases originating in that root of all evil—woman. There were always a great many breach of promise cases, in which the man is always the suitor; it is not the fashion for women to sue on that subject. The woman is a valuable possession for whom the man makes a bargain, and if he is jilted he sues.

Under a non-regulation system there was a great absence of technical law, and I was able to give a great deal of scope to my legislative proclivities, and to air the experience which I had acquired in the Court of Queen's Bench, laying

down rules for my subordinates. In this way I anticipated a great deal that was afterwards done by the codes of procedure, especially in the way of insisting on regular cause lists, and the appointment of cases for trial at a fixed time and place, and especially the mode of taking and recording evidence. Beyond this I do not think there was much to be learnt from English criminal procedure. God forbid that I should ever have consented to introduce any of the clap-traps of English criminal law—inducing any one to refrain from fully and exhaustively examining the prisoner, or anything of that kind. Our own procedure, regularised and improved, was, I believe, very much better than that.

Owing to the newness of the territory and the frequent change of officers, the police establishments were not at all so good as I could have wished, and I set myself very much to promote the improvement of the district police forces, and the maintenance of a regular system of promotion by merit. A subject very long debated in India is the improvement of the village watchmen—the chokidars. There is a strong school which has always striven to turn them into regularly paid and efficient policemen. I have been rather adverse to that; I think it is too enormously expensive, and makes the country too police-ridden. The question is, whether the responsibility is to rest with the zemindars or with the chokidars. If the chokidar is the servant of the zemindars, appointed by them, and paid in the native way, we can hold the zemindars responsible; otherwise we cannot. So that where the zemindars are a popular institution, representing the body of the people, I prefer to put it upon them. It is where there are large zemindars removed from the people that it is dangerous to trust them with the village police, for then there is danger that they will use the police to oppress the people, and for revenue purposes. In early days in Bengal the zemindars had the whole police jurisdiction in their hands, and had lands and allowances to maintain the police. Then, when it was found they abused those powers, a regular police was appointed and paid by Government; the zemindars were relieved of their

police powers, but they retained their police allowances, and let the village police fall into a very degraded position: it has been a never-ending source of trouble.

A great difficulty in Northern India is the dealing with the tribes known as criminal tribes—the members of which are to a great degree professional criminals. They are worse than mere pilfering gipsies, have seldom any ostensible honest occupation, or at most profess to catch vermin and the like, but they really have mainly lived by crime. Such are “Bowreahs” and other well-known tribes. I was much occupied in trying to get them settled down—a task which has also been undertaken by many others, and I think with partial success.

Upon the whole, we were very successful in dealing with crime throughout the territory. In the first year of my incumbency there were three Dacoities, one or two of them attended with circumstances of considerable aggravation, but we succeeded in ferreting them out—thirty-five Dacoits were convicted; and the second year there was only one Dacoity—the bad one at Loodiana to which I have previously referred. We were also much troubled with highway robbery upon the Grand Trunk and other roads, but with them also we dealt successfully. There were twenty-seven cases in the first half of 1856—forty-three robbers were convicted; and in the second half of the same year there were only four cases.

In regard to civil justice, on looking up some old papers I find that I availed myself of my experience of English common law procedure more than I had thought, and that I circulated to my subordinates rules and regulations much founded on my recollections of Queen’s Bench practice to a very considerable extent. I do believe that real good was done in the way of insisting on regularity in dealing with cases—the stating of clear issues, and obtaining prompt decisions. Going beyond the English practice, I instituted a system of issuing, in the first instance, in suitable cases, a

preliminary summons for the purpose of conciliation; that was often very successful. Where we could not bring the parties to agreement, I much encouraged reference to arbitration of clear and distinct issues; but, on the other hand, rather discouraged the too prevalent practice of throwing over cases in a crude and wholesale way to a set of semi-professional arbitrators whose honesty was not always quite above suspicion. With a view of ascertaining, as far as possible, the customary law, I asked the officers who decided cases to note in a special book points of particular interest which were decided.

In regard to the procedure I thus explained my position:—

“I have tried to introduce a good many improvements on the previous practice. In some instances I have merely put in force rules already existing, but which had never been acted up to; in some others I have introduced what I thought improvements within the legitimate range of a Commissioner’s discretion; and in a few instances I have tried experiments beyond the range of existing rules, suggested by the experience of an important English Court, where I had put in practice many recent reforms of the law.”

As respects the result I said:—

“On the whole I think favourably of our civil courts, and believe that in them, more than in any other department, our administration may compare to advantage with that of other parts of the country. If laws are wanting, that is not our fault; and if the result of appeals indicates a want of certainty in the decisions, that is an evil common to us with the rest of India, and inevitable in a new country, in new courts, and under a new system. At any rate, the justice which we administer, such as it is, is, I believe, given with a very small amount of delay, harassment, and expense; and that is even more important than the quality of the justice.”

If the people were, as I have said, pretty litigious, it was a healthy, sturdy kind of litigiousness. They were sometimes very determined in fighting out their cases to the end. A

defeated suitor would say, "I will go to Nondon" (their way of pronouncing London). I remember rather a fine-looking man who thought he had a grievance, and followed the Governor-General's camp down to Mooltan, and succeeded in attracting his Lordship's personal attention. But being told that nothing could be done for him, and that his Lordship had embarked in a steamer to go to Bombay and Calcutta, he turned round, marched all the way to Calcutta, and there turned up again before the Governor-General. However, they gradually learnt that that kind of thing was of no use, and became more reasonable. An ultimate appeal lay from my judicial decisions to the chief Punjaub authorities at Lahore, but I had the satisfaction of finding that none of my decisions had been reversed. The Chief Commissioner was good enough to give me credit for having given tone and character to the administration, and added an encomium, which pleased me, and which was very consonant with his own views, namely, that I had "taught the officers under him that vigour is not inconsistent with law and rule."

We took much care to preserve the rights of the people in the land from a rash and premature alienation, such as has occurred in other provinces. I have noticed in connection with Azimghur the great difficulty of this subject, and the great evils which have attended wholesale alienations contrary to the habits and public opinion of the country. It is, however, very difficult to make precise rules on the subject, and the only rule which at that time we were able to lay down, and which has long prevailed throughout the Punjaub territories, is that no compulsory alienation of landed property is permitted without the special sanction of the highest authority—a sanction which cannot be claimed by any creditor as a matter of right, but only when a sale in execution seems to be really for the benefit of both parties, and not inconsistent with the rights of third parties. If I think a man can pay, I prefer a certain amount of personal coercion rather than sell a

hereditary property which has not been practically saleable in native times. Still, the discretion of the higher authority is a very vague rule, and I am afraid that to this day nothing better has been substituted.

Voluntary sale was permitted, subject to the rights of co-sharers in the village. The custom of the country gives a right of pre-emption to the other sharers; and even if they cannot or will not buy, they are entitled to a reasonable veto upon an objectionable new-comer, just as the members of a club may fairly object to receive a disagreeable new member. If it were otherwise, as these communities are constituted, a discordant or designing purchaser, getting hold of a small share and a few fields, might disturb and endanger the peace of the whole community. However, in well-to-do parts of the country with a good population, such as that about Loodiana, there was very rarely any inclination to alienate land; on the contrary, they clung to it tenaciously, and if ever there was a chance, there were always people within the village most ready to add to their fields. I only hope that in modern days the influx of lawyers and action of the courts may not have undermined this happy state of things. So far as I can gather, in the Jat districts of the Eastern Punjaub the people are still holding their own; but in the Western Mahomedan districts there is said to be great indebtedness, carried indeed to a dangerous extent. An officer who has much experience of those districts has drawn a picture of the state of things, which is very alarming. A large proportion of those people, too, are Jats, or Yats, as they are there called; but the change of religion seems to have been accompanied with a good deal of intermixture of blood, and they are less provident and reliable than their Hindoo or quasi-Hindoo congeners. I continued to do all I could to maintain and foster the village constitutions, always believing that they are the true foundation of local self-government—the basis from which we may work upwards. As those village constitutions then existed they certainly worked admirably well; and I think that, more fortunate than other parts of India, the Punjaub still retains

these corporations in good vitality. As respects the limited common interest in property, the common rights in grazing, etc., and the common liability for the revenue, the people showed no desire whatever to dissolve that community of interest. If any man ever did from any cause fail to make up his quota of the revenue, the others were always very ready to take over his holding.

I have before alluded to the position of non-proprietary cultivators. In these days of which I am now writing, there was still little or no contention about their position. The members of the proper proprietary community were still quite willing to recognise their claims to fixity of tenure on payment of the customary revenue. It was not till much later that a serious contention on that subject arose, and my belief is that it never would have arisen if it had not been started by European officers, keen for landlord rights. One officer in particular, who unfortunately came to hold very high office in the Settlement Department, was quite fanatic on the subject, and raised contentious questions which even Lord Lawrence had some trouble in allaying.

In my time there was a good deal of question upon the subject of the direct taxation of the non-agricultural classes. In native times there was very generally a tax of this kind called the "Atrafee" tax, which was the predecessor of our income and license taxes. It could not be called an income-tax, for it did not seriously touch the highest and richest people, but it was quite of the nature of a graduated license tax. I did not see the need for giving it up, and I think that our subsequent policy in this respect has justified that view. In districts where we rushed to surrender the native taxes, and a long interval elapsed before we put on similar taxes on our own account, they were much more keenly felt, and were imposed with much greater difficulty than where the people had been accustomed to the native tax with irregularities and abuses which we have sought to correct.

I had a good deal of anxiety about the Public Works

Department. Napier had already constructed fine barracks, much in advance of those which had preceded them, and probably more suitable for their purpose than many of those which came after them—so we had not much trouble on that subject. But the Grand Trunk Road to unite Hindoostan with the Punjaub ran through a very difficult country between Kurnal and Umballa, crossing a very heavy drainage—and the work had proceeded with extreme slowness. The communication between Umballa and the hills was very indifferent, being liable to be interrupted by a great stream from the outer Himalayas, which, usually almost dry, came down as a mighty torrent after heavy rain in the hills. When very heavy it could not be crossed at all—there was nothing for it but to wait on the bank till it ran itself out and went down. To obviate the risk of moderate floods, an elephant used to be stationed at the crossing during the rainy season, to try to pick out travellers who might happen to be drowning—not very encouraging for them!

The head of the Public Works Department was a respectable enough man, but very slow, somewhat perverse, and not very effective; and his deficiencies were not wholly counteracted by the superabundant energy of one of his subordinates, late the distinguished military member of Council, Sir George Chesney. The new hill road, from the foot of the hills to Simla, was then being constructed by a very old friend and countryman of mine, Captain Briggs, now General David Briggs of Strathairlie, and I think he made a good job of it. There was not much going on in the way of construction for irrigation purposes; I have already mentioned the Western Jumna Canal, the need for the remodelling of which was a perennial source of complaint at which we hammered away continually without success. Personally I was very much interested in the idea of getting a canal from the upper Sutlej to the part of the country where rain was so scant, although the soil was very good. I repeatedly visited the point where the Sutlej issues from the hills about Roopur, in the hope of

seeing my way to a project of this kind ; but the physical difficulties were very great ; for the first thirty or forty miles the country was considerably above the level of the Sutlej, and very heavy cuttings would be required. It was many years before the work was undertaken, but I am happy to say that it has now been carried out, with the aid of the native states, in the shape of the present Sirhind Canal—a very expensive work, but one which, I greatly trust, may prove extremely beneficial. The worst of the enthusiasm which was got up in favour of irrigation was that when public opinion was turned on in that direction, and Sir Arthur Cotton for a time had his way, it seemed to be imagined that irrigation works were equally good everywhere, a mistake which has now been found out. The Punjab I believe to be a part of India eminently suited for irrigation, having a fine soil but very scanty rainfall, while a series of great rivers bring immense floods from the Himalayas. The only question is that of health. There is no doubt that in this respect great harm has been done by irrigation works, and the subject has never, I believe, been sufficiently probed. It would be very sad if the fine population of the Punjab suffered physical deterioration. And no doubt there are some further questions to settle in connection with irrigation.

To conclude the subject of our public works, I may say that the Grand Trunk Road was finished just about the time when the construction of the railway from the side of Seharunpore had made it of comparatively little use. Between Umballa and the hills the crossing of the Guggur remains, I believe, as great a difficulty as ever. I was myself convinced that if I had remained a year or two longer we could have circumvented that stream, and made a secure road. But there was always an uncertainty about the future of Simla ; and it was not done. Only now it is understood that a railway is being constructed from Delhi through the Cis-Sutlej territory to Umballa and thence to the foot of the hills at Kalka. From thence Briggs's hill road has long been fit for carts and light carriage traffic.

But if Simla is to maintain its present position there must be a light railway right up to that place ; since one has been made to Darjeeling, it can very well be done to Simla too.

All that I have hitherto said refers to the plain country between the Jumna and the Sutlej and the people of that country. The hill territory between the same rivers is also very interesting, and the people are entirely different in their character, their castes, their agriculture, and other things. In fact there is little social intercourse between the people of the plains and those of the Himalayan country, except that in a few cases, among the upper classes, good-looking hill-women, of families claiming to be Rajpoot, come down to be wives of rich Rajpoots of the plains, who pay pretty heavily for these young ladies. I have heard it said that this practice in some degree accounts for the polyandry which exists in some parts of the Himalayas, but I have never sufficiently inquired into the matter.

The Mahomedans never penetrated into the hills about Simla ; and when the Goorkhas brought the line of the Himalayas under their dominion, they got as far as Kangra (where they came in contact with the Sikhs) without at all mixing themselves up in the affairs of the plains. When we took the Simla country from the Goorkhas in 1816, it was beyond our regular borders, and we so little appreciated it that we only sought to get rid of it somehow or other. We found hill Rajahs whom we set up in most of the country, and what we could not thus dispose of we made over to the Rajah of Puttiala, though he was quite out of place there. The Sikhs or Jats have never had anything to do with those hills, and are quite strangers there. When a little later we discovered the value of the hills we had to buy back lands for our stations and cantonments, and to this day the proper British territory there consists only of those stations and a few petty territories which have lapsed from want of heirs. But the Deputy-Commissioner of Simla has very complete control over the petty hill Rajahs—indeed in the matter of supplies and porters for travellers

he has more complete control than in a British district with British laws. I previously made mention of the people of Kumaon, and the remarks I then made apply to the people of the Simla country—but still the latter are a different people in many respects.

The whole of the southern slopes of the Himalayas, all the way from the Indus to the present boundary of the Nepaul country, are inhabited by very interesting and pleasant Hindoo races. I leave aside for the present the Cashmerees and their congeners, who were conquered by the Mahomedans and are very much Mahomedanised, but all the rest of the country I have mentioned is held by good-looking races, who may be taken as a favourable type of early Hindoos. They have no predatory instincts like so many hill-men, but are easily governed and easily managed, though they are quite civilised and well educated. There are no aboriginal races in the Himalayas, unless the Hindoos be the aborigines—I mean none of the black races found in the interior of India. The hill Hindoos are very Aryan; there is, I think, among them no trace of intermixture with Turanians or Tartars. Unmixed races of the latter no doubt border them on the north among the snowy passes of the Himalayas, where they carry on the Trans-Himalayan traffic, and some of these latter people may be seen working at Simla; but they are entirely different from the natives. The Tartar or Bhootea women especially are very strong, fine, powerful, ruddy-looking women, capable of bearing great burdens. Among the Hindoos the only Turanian trace, I think, is in the architecture—there is something very Chinese-looking about their temples and better houses—and a remarkably pretty architecture it is. I know nothing prettier than a hill-temple among deodar trees. Simla has, of course, become a very big place now, and between Simla and the plains there is quite a group of hill stations for European troops within sight of one another—Kussowlee, Sabathu, and Dugshai. Though the hills north of Simla are delightful, it is unfortunately the case that the country between Simla and the plains is the worst, barest, and ugliest in the

whole range of the Himalayas. I cannot but think that it was a very unfortunate selection to mass our European troops there. The old direct road from the foot of the hills to Simla—upwards of forty miles—was about the most detestable I have known in any part of the world. I have a very painful recollection of frequently grinding up and down it. The new road is much easier and somewhat pleasanter, but is very much longer and does not pass through at all a nice country. I did not dislike Kussowlee, which is high and cool; and well-wooded so far as fir-trees go; but the water disagrees with a great many people, so much so that it was not found possible to keep whole regiments there, and it was reduced to a depôt for those soldiers with whom the water does not disagree. Sabathu is much lower, and a hot disagreeable place. Dugshai was invented later, and is better, but I do not think it first-rate. Simla is, no doubt, a nice place once you get there—indeed, for a moderate-sized station, barring the climate of the rains, a very nice place; the vegetation is beautiful, deodars, tree-rhododendrons, and oaks; but it has, I think, quite outgrown its capabilities; it is not fitted for a very large population. There is no space, not a yard of flat ground. The Europeans are too scattered, and the natives in the bazaars inconveniently crowded. The water-supply is most deficient; the place is situated just on the dividing ridge between the waters flowing into the Bay of Bengal, and those flowing into the Indian Ocean; there is very little water in the station; and though of late years a certain supply has been brought from a distance, I believe it is still scarcely enough for the most necessary requirements of the place—certainly there is nothing to spare to give anything like running water, or to flush the places where rubbish is collected. The rains are sufficient to moisten and fester the débris of the bazaars—not really to clean the hill-side; consequently, in spite of all that is done, Simla does not seem to be a very healthy place; it does not agree with every one, and some dislike it in spite of the pleasant society. While the rainy season lasts there is perpetual

rain and cloud; the clouds are always passing through your drawing-room. The cold season is very cold—far too cold for such a confined situation, and no one stays there then who can help it; so the good seasons before and after the rains are really very limited. No doubt for a few weeks after the rains the hill climate is most charming, and so it is sometimes in April, but the distance from the plains is a very great disadvantage. It is very troublesome for natives to get at, and many of the native dignitaries who are brought there dislike it.

I had occasion to mark the course of the cholera one season when it was very bad. Nothing can be more strange than the devious courses which it follows. There does seem some evidence of its taking the course of human traffic along the lines of great roads; but sometimes it jumps over a hundred miles, and appears at a distance. Sometimes it attacks white people and leaves the natives alone; sometimes the natives and leaves the whites alone; sometimes the prisoners in jail and no one else; sometimes the free people and not the prisoners; sometimes one side of a barrack-room and not the other. There was a curious instance of this last in Umballa; but it turned out that all the men attacked on one side of the room had fished in the same tank within a day or two. Only one thing seemed up to that time to be very well established—namely, that cholera did not go much uphill: we marked it round the foot of the hills and up the lower valleys, but it never came high; and that seemed to tally with the theory of its propagation by running water, since that does not run uphill. However, no sooner does a theory on the subject seem established than the next outbreak dissipates it. I believe the very next year there was a bad outbreak of cholera at the hill station of Murree; not many years after it reached Simla, and I think has since been there two or three times.

Simla, in common with other hill stations, has the advantage of being placed among very quiet hill people.

The stations themselves get flooded with a good many scamps from the plains, but the moment you get into the villages beyond you seem to come into a kind of primitive paradise, where all is peace, and there is no fear of robbery or turmoil or political trouble of any kind. The women are particularly nice-looking, simple in their ways, and with none of the false shame of the Mahomedan *purda-nisheen*<sup>1</sup> women. The population is, after all, small, for the country will not support considerable numbers. There are no real valleys, only clefts in the mountains; the bits of cultivation by the streams are very small, and the upper fields are very laboriously terraced out of the steep mountain sides. They cultivate these little fields with much industry, bringing water to them in petty conduits, sometimes from long distances. There is a very picturesque-looking bright-red crop which is conspicuous on the hill-sides. The hill-men have taken to cultivate potatoes largely, and very first-class potatoes they are. In the neighbourhood of Simla strawberries too are, I believe, now much cultivated for the Europeans. The hill people keep bees largely in their houses, the hives being let into the walls in a curious way, with an exit on the outside. There seems to be a curious property in the hill air of carrying the voice to an enormous distance. I have seen a hill-man shout across to another village on a neighbouring mountain in a wonderful way, and get from thence the supplies that we wanted.

I wonder not to have seen more notice of the curious practice of the hill-women of putting their babies' heads under a spout of water to send them to sleep and keep them quiet. When the new cart-road was first made, there was a village at a halting-place about half-way up, where rows of such children might be seen in a grove close to the road. The water of a hill spring was so adjusted as to furnish a series of little spouts each about the thickness of one's little finger; opposite each spout was a kind of earth-pillow, and a little trough to carry away the water. Each

<sup>1</sup> *Purda-nisheen* = sitting behind the curtain, *i.e.* secluded in the women's apartments.

child was so laid that one of the water-spouts played on the top of its head, and the water then ran off into the trough. I can testify that the process was most successful; there never were such quiet and untroublesome babies as those under the spouts. The people were unanimous in asserting that the process did the children no harm, but, on the contrary, benefited and invigorated them; in fact, they seemed to think that a child not subjected to this process must grow up soft-brained and good for nothing. Certainly their appearance showed no signs that this singular method of bracing the intellectual portion of their bodies had done them any harm. I think people in this country afflicted with babies might with great advantage try the plan; an apparatus could easily be fitted up in a nursery, and I do not think the Acts of the Water Companies contain any provision for an extra charge for babies.

The greatest evil under which the hill people suffered was the forced labour. I do not think they altogether disliked regular jobs with travellers going into the interior, when care was taken that they were regularly paid. But the hardest thing of all was the migration of the Governor-General's camp. The number of porters required was so large, and many of the people in the camp, especially the native servants, were so exacting, that people had to be brought from very great distances, so that they were often absent from their home for weeks, yet only got from the Commissariat two or three days' pay for the actual job that they did. I hope the cart-road has remedied the greater part of this evil; but when there is much work to be done, the demand is always a great strain on the sparse hill population.

As I have said, the country up to Simla is very poor, and the principal vegetation consists of horrid cactuses. But beyond Simla there is really much very nice country, with beautiful vegetation. The great drawback is the excessive steepness of the hills, which prevents roaming about; but many roads have been made, and I suppose it is much more accessible than it was in my time. There is a moun-

tain between Simla and Mussooree called the "Chor," about 12,000 feet high, and at the back of that is a charming country among a charming people.

The only difference I ever had with Sir John Lawrence was one connected with this hill country, and it was somewhat characteristic. In the autumn, about the beginning of October, I had arranged to make a little trip into the interior of the hills, marching up towards the snow, and taking *en route* a petty hill territory which had lapsed to us. But somehow, either by accident or by a paragraph in the newspapers, this came to the knowledge of Sir John Lawrence, and before I had gone many marches I received a somewhat curt and imperative message to say that bad examples must not be set; that the indulgence of living in the hills must not be overstrained; that the time was come when all officers must descend to the plains, and down I ought to go. He did not know, or did not remember, that I was far from being one of the men who are too fond of the hills, and that in fact, instead of staying beyond the allotted term, I had from choice passed most of the rainy season in the plains. I was then rather hurt, and set out my view also in decided terms. Sir John was most reasonable, and admitted my version of the case. But in the meanwhile time had passed; I did not care to press the matter, and my trip to the snow was lost.

The "native" officers of the Cis-Sutlej and the Punjab were perhaps not quite so good as those of the more settled provinces. There is always a certain disadvantage in the employment of strangers from a distance so far as we were obliged to do so—the indigenous men were yet not very perfectly educated in our ways. Still we had some good men; I have a great belief in the capacity of the "Khatrees," the most educated class of the Sikh country. They are not only first-rate merchants and traders, but also good civil officials, and can turn soldiers too when need be. Several of Runjeet's principal governors were Khatrees. They turn their hand to anything more than other Hindoo

castes, and find their way into important posts in various parts of India. I believe that the Emperor Akbar's great financier "Todar Mull" was a Khatree. The largest zemindar in Bengal, the Maharajah of Burdwan, is a Khatree. I had a head of my office of this class—a very competent man, of whom I was very fond. But, as I think I have said, we are very hard on natives when they get into any scrape—ininitely harder than upon our own countrymen in this country. A few years later Sir Herbert Edwardes held the post which I had at the time of which I am writing; and coming up on a visit in those later days it almost broke my heart to find my native friend undergoing a frightful sentence on a conviction by Edwardes for taking a gratification—a great many years' penal servitude, as a common malefactor. The man may have been guilty, but if he was the sentence was, I must think, terribly severe. I confess too that in those days I had not great confidence in Edwardes's judgment. In his younger days he was undoubtedly a man of brilliant ability and a very clever writer, and he did much excellent service; but he rose in rather too sudden and irregular a way, and was tempted into performances which brought Lord Dalhousie down upon him. And in later years he took very strong views which I may not call fanatical, but which were tinged with severity towards those who were not of his persuasion. He was the leading spirit in the prosecution, or persecution, of the Mahomedans stigmatised as "Wahabees"—a course which Lord Dalhousie deprecated very early in the day, but which was followed to a greater degree in days subsequent to the Mutiny. No doubt some of them were convicted of disloyal practices after full consideration by judges of the Bengal High Court, so we may assume that they were not free from guilt. But in Edwardes's hands they fared still more badly, or it would have been so if the higher judicial authorities at Lahore had not mitigated the sentences.<sup>1</sup> One case I remember seemed

<sup>1</sup> I had written as I have of Edwardes from memory, and looking it over thought it well to refer to the account of his Cis-Sutlej career in the Life published by his wife. It is hard to judge a man who has gone to his rest by

a hard one—that of a Mahomedan chief butcher and commissariat contractor at Lahore. There seemed no doubt that he was of the Wahabee persuasion, and had subscribed for the support of the zealot colony at Sitana at a time when it was far from our frontier and had only to do with the Sikhs. I daresay, too, that when the Punjaub became ours he had not withdrawn his subscriptions. But when we went to war with the Sitana people and engaged in the Black Mountain campaign, the correspondence showed that he had written “*ab wakt munasib naheen*”—“now is not a fitting time to assist,” and then he buckled to his duty as a layman, and supplied the British troops in a very effective way! But that was not thought enough to condone his heretical treason.

It was during my incumbency in the Cis-Sutlej states that Lord Dalhousie retired from India. During his last year he had gone to the Nilgherry Hills instead of to Simla, and so I did not then see so much of him as I otherwise should. And in truth, though I always was in a special degree an adherent of his, and he treated me with great kindness and consideration, his health had not been good; he did not lead the open, easy, military kind of life in camp that Lord Hardinge did, and I really had not so much personal familiarity with him that I have had with other Governors-General with whom my official relations were not so close. I had been absent from India, too, during a great

what a loving wife puts in print; but one cannot read it without seeing that neither in health nor in other ways was he fitted for the regular and serious work he then had to do. She describes it as “putting a highly-bred racer in a plough”—contrasts the people with his frontier Mooltanees—enlarges on the crimes of the Wahabees—and of his regular work tells us little more than that he occupied himself in “effecting changes in the Omlah or native clerks (whom Sir Herbert says I never saw the like of in the Punjaub).” Evidently he means the like of for badness—and that was no doubt the occasion on which my poor friend came to grief. As it was upwards of six years after I had left I could not be responsible for the Omlah; but weak favouritism is the last thing of which any one has accused me, and as, apart from myself, I may say that the Cis-Sutlej had been administered by some of the most efficient and distinguished men in the service, I should be slow to believe in the phenomenal badness of the establishment on the authority of the high-bred racer from the Trans-Indus Frontier.

part of his reign. While there I saw him often, and was very intimate with his staff and surroundings. I speak of him rather in his official than in his personal character.

No one will dispute that Lord Dalhousie was a man of very great ability and energy; and we owe it to him that British India was completed and rounded off with the natural boundaries that nature has set to it, that the various provinces were united by a continuous British territory, that the system of trunk railways was initiated by which our communications have been put on a thoroughly good footing, and that the great dominion has been settled in a form which it still retains and may long retain.

Lord Dalhousie, whether from temperament or from policy, was pretty imperious in his style. Only a very strong man, determined to hold his own, could have tackled that very rampant person, Sir Charles Napier; and there were others too who required keeping in order. On some of the civilians, too, he came down with a hard hand. He astonished the Bengal Board of Revenue on one occasion; his Lordship had appointed a member of the Civil Service who came from East Lothian, but who was rather one of the Company's hard bargains, to an office to which his standing in the service made him eligible. The Board of Revenue remonstrated regarding his fitness, and were rebuked by the Governor-General in an order in which he styled their conduct "unparalleled presumption." I do not know how far the Board had or had not kept their remonstrance within the limits of respect, and perhaps a certain amount of truth gave a sting to it, but I do think the language of the Governor-General was rather strong. Much, too, as I admired his policy in the Punjaub, I thought his pronouncements a little excessive in that he seemed to speak of the conduct of the Sikhs in having one more blow for independence as a sort of crime; but after all he treated them quite liberally.

When the political tide turned, it was long the fashion for many writers and speakers to cast stones at Lord Dalhousie on account of the annexations by which he completed the Indian Empire; but I still believe that those annexa-

tions were quite justifiable, and in the highest degree expedient. A long battle raged upon the question of the right of adoption, but it seemed to be quite forgotten that the practice which he followed in that respect had been established long before his time, namely, that an adoption of an heir to a ruler required the sanction of the suzerain power. Adoption is, in fact, the Hindoo form of a will, but both in native times and in our own feudal chiefs could not transmit the chiefship in that way without approval, having regard to the rights of the collaterals as well as to those of the sovereign power. In many cases this rule had been applied. In the Sikh states I never heard of any claim to succeed by adoption. In regard to ancient dynasties such as the Rajpoot states, where the chiefship was rather the expression of the rights of the clan than of the individual, neither Lord Dalhousie nor any one else claimed to appropriate a feudal state as a lapse. There the Government only decided between the conflicting claims of an adopted child and a collateral according to the custom of the clan. Even in the usual case of new states founded by recent adventurers, the denial of an indefeasible claim to perpetuate by adoption did not imply that permission should be refused in all cases,—it was never deemed desirable to wipe out native states under all circumstances. But the decision was regulated by views of large political expediency,—the interest both of the Empire and of the people,—not by a mere narrow technicality which might give us territories we did not want and deprive us of those which it was highly desirable that we should have. In this view I think Lord Dalhousie was entirely right in considering that, within the limits of the more accessible parts of India, the sovereign power which bears the whole burden of defence and administration should not neglect a favourable opportunity of acquiring the revenue also, in cases in which it could be done with entire regard to justice and good faith. The concession of a universal right of adoption a few years later, subsequent to the Mutiny, was the mere result of a change in the political tide—the swinging of the pendulum of public opinion to the opposite extreme from its

previous position. Circumstances had occasioned a good many annexations, and it was perhaps well that there should be a rest for a time; but in the end I believe it is quite injurious that successions should be entirely regulated by the narrow technical legality now established rather than by broader considerations. To come to the particular annexations of Lord Dalhousie—as a matter of fact this right of adoption came into question only in one or two minor cases—the greater annexations depended upon totally different considerations. I have already dealt with the annexation of the Punjaub, and I think no one is now found to deny that that annexation has been a great success. In the case of the large Mahratta state of Nagpore, the Maharajah not only did not adopt, but positively refused to adopt when invited to do so. The province of Berar was an old possession of the Nagpore Rajahs, which had been conquered by us and given to the Nizam on account of proximity and the assistance he rendered us in quite recent times after the last of the Mahratta wars. The arrangement made for taking the administration of it into our hands, while we account to him for the revenue, was the result of pecuniary obligations into which the Nizam had entered long before Lord Dalhousie's time, and which he had hopelessly failed to fulfil. The annexation of Nagpore and administration of Berar have united Northern and Central with Western and Southern India—a union which never could have taken place if we had not become possessed of those territories. By far the most difficult annexation to justify from a strict treaty point of view was that of Oude. It has always been acknowledged that whatever the faults and the incapacity of the King of Oude, the family had always been most entirely loyal to us. In latter days the King had quite failed to keep order in his territory—the excesses and misconduct of the great land-holders had been vividly depicted by British political officers, of all men least inclined to view native rule with disfavour. The occupation of the country could only be justified by a kind of *suprema lex*. But the treaty of 1837, which had been

formally made in India, and the disallowance of which by the Court of Directors had never been communicated to the King, stood in the way. It curiously enough happened that Lord Dalhousie, who has been branded as the great advocate of annexation, was the one man whose scruples could not be overcome; he declined to annex, and would much have preferred an administrative compromise to get over the immediate difficulty. It was not by him but by positive orders from the Home Government that Oude was annexed. And it was after he had left that the Royal Family was I think, in regard to details, treated with somewhat scant consideration; but I shall have more to say of Oude later when I come to my service there.

I think I have already said that I was opposed to the annexation of Lower Burmah or Pegu as being beyond the natural limits of India. But on other grounds there is this to be said, that Pegu was not a native Burman possession, but a conquest by the Burmese which we wrested from them, and that it has turned out an extraordinarily productive country—the rice granary of the world. Whether its having led to the annexation of Upper Burmah be a good or an evil, that is another affair.

For more than fifty years the Governor-General individually has been more and more dissevered from the details of the administration, which are mainly left to the provincial governments; he only interferes with the aid of his Council under special circumstances. Up to Lord William Bentinck's time the Governor-General was himself Governor of the whole of the great Northern Provinces. In Lord Auckland's time the North-West Provinces were committed to a Lieutenant-Governor, and though Lower Bengal nominally still remained an appanage of the Governor-General, his constant absence made it impossible for him to administer it, and it was generally left to a member of Council as temporary Deputy-Governor. Before the end of Lord Dalhousie's time Bengal also was made over to a permanent Lieutenant-Governor, and the Governor-General wholly ceased to have any local governorship. Lord Dalhousie's previous

experience had not been in the departments of civil administration, but rather in that of public works, where he had had a very large share in regulating the English railway system. In India he had in many ways most ample occupation in the proper functions of Governor-General, and his hand was perhaps less visible in matters of purely civil administration than in other departments. The Punjaub was not erected into a governorship in Lord Dalhousie's time. Sir John Lawrence was still Chief Commissioner, and under that arrangement the Governor-General might interfere as much or as little as he thought fit. But he did not invent the non-regulation system; and though he carefully tended the Punjaub, and took very great interest in it, his merit was not so much the actual administration as the choosing so fit a man as John Lawrence and thoroughly supporting him. To those two men jointly the great success of that administration must be attributed.

As respects the administration of India generally, the Governor-General, as head of all, undertook many important improvements. The machinery of the Civil Services was much reformed and regulated; new rules and arrangements were made regarding pay, promotion, furlough, and other matters; and care was taken to prevent injury to the service from public servants involving themselves with trading companies, or losing their independence through indebtedness. In the department of Public Works especially very much was done by Lord Dalhousie; he may be said indeed to have laid wide and deep the foundations of the material prosperity which the country now enjoys. He began by establishing a systematic and efficient Public Works Department in lieu of the mongrel machinery by which such affairs had hitherto been managed. To him personally is entirely due that great trunk railway system which has been so very remarkable a success, probably more so than in any other country in the world. Roads and other means of communication were largely developed by him, and much attention was paid to ports and harbours. The great subject of irrigation also largely engaged his

attention. He established the present postal system and the telegraphic system. He took large measures for the development of the resources of the country, agricultural and mineral, for promoting the cultivation of tea, the working of coal and iron, and other things of that kind. It has been remarked that in the final minute in which he summarises his administration, comparatively few paragraphs were given to his annexations and other political achievements, and a very great many to the various departments of public works.

To the army he devoted a full share of attention. He did not by any means overrate the merits of the native army, nor did he trust them too much ; but he adjusted their claims in such a way that he thought they had no proper ground of complaint. At the same time he decidedly expressed his opinion that the European army needed strengthening, and he gave very much care to ameliorating the condition of the European troops. Read by the light of subsequent events, there is no reason whatever for attributing blindness to him in regard to military matters, but quite the contrary.

Take him all in all, Lord Dalhousie was a Governor-General the like of whom I doubt if we shall ever see again.

I had charge of the Cis-Sutlej states till immediately before the outbreak of the Mutiny. But by this time the new rules had come in, under which officers on sick-leave had a lien upon their appointments when they returned, and in the beginning of 1857 we learned that George Barnes intended to come back. In view of that contingency Mr. Colvin proposed to me the appointment of Secretary to the Government of the North-West Provinces. It was not altogether an advancement, but looking to the whole situation, and my relations with Mr. Colvin, I decided to accept it, and looked to pleasant and important work in aiding him in the administration of that Government. Sir John Lawrence offered me the Lahore Division of the Punjaub—

the heart of that country and a very important charge ; but thanking him, I said that I was pledged to Mr. Colvin, who had already obtained the consent of the Governor-General to my transfer. A few weeks later, before I left, Sir John was good enough further to offer me the Rawal-Pindee Division, with the advantage of a residence in the hills. I did not quite know whether to be flattered by a more advantageous offer, or rather hurt by the doubt implied of the sincerity of what I had said before ; but I really was quite pledged and had no desire to change, so with very many thanks I declined the further offer. In the event, however, that proved a turning-point in my career. If I had remained in the Punjaub I should have held one of the most important posts there during the Mutiny, and continuing in that province should have worked in a sympathetic atmosphere, and among a sympathetic people, in the later days when the Indian political tide had turned, and the Punjaub alone remained the country of popular institutions after an aristocratic reaction had flowed over most of the other provinces. As it was, I drifted into countries where, maintaining my principles when others had changed theirs, I was out of touch with the policy of the day, and, as it were, wandered for several years in the wilderness.

Barnes returned in the end of March, and I made over to him the charge of the Cis-Sutlej states, just before the early symptoms of the Mutiny developed themselves at Umballa. It was arranged that I should take a short holiday after the work I had gone through, and then marching through the hills should meet Mr. Colvin in the Mussooree country on the other side. I went off on a little visit to my brother, who had just brought a newly-married wife to Moradabad. We had a little tiger and other shooting in the Rohilcund Terai, and then I spent a few days at Moradabad, where all was then quiet, and the young wife was enjoying her first experience of Indian life. It was but a few weeks afterwards that they had a much sadder and rougher time of it. On my way back, near Sheharunpore, a horse of mine was stolen, the only one I

ever lost that way in India. It was of no great value, but we look at things from our own point of view, and I was afterwards inclined to look upon the stealing of my horse as the first overt act of the Mutiny, and to expect to see a bold mutineer careering upon him. When I got back to Umballa many incendiary fires had taken place there, and things were looking very serious indeed. Forsyth, the Deputy-Commissioner of Umballa, took a very alarming view of the situation. But though we might speak in ominous terms, we could not realise what was really coming. I was out of office then and glad to get my wife away, so we leisurely marched up towards Simla, and there, after interviewing the Commander-in-Chief on the subject, I cast away all disagreeable thoughts, and went on with my wife and a lady friend into the peaceful and pleasant interior of the hills, where we enjoyed ourselves without serious thought of coming ill. We were in that delightful country at the back of the Chor. In that first half of May there was still a good deal of snow on the mountain, where we went up for the purpose of tobogganing down again. Lower down there was all the freshness of spring; the leaves were out, the flowers blooming, the hill bees collecting honey, and those nice hill people gave us all we wanted. I never felt more free from care in my life, and never enjoyed a quieter and pleasanter scene,—taking it easy in every way,—when a messenger arrived with the news that the storm had burst, and India was in a blaze.

## CHAPTER VI

### THE SEPOY MUTINY

WE have been rather unlucky in regard to a history of the Sepoy Mutiny. There is a large history by Kaye and Malleon, which I confess I had not till lately read. I thought I knew as much about the Mutiny as most people, and hardly relied very much upon these gentlemen. But to assist my recollection I have been lately glancing through their volumes. Sir John Kaye's account of the Mutiny, in three large volumes, goes up to the capture of Delhi, when the back of the movement was really broken, and our supremacy assured. He was not in India at the time, and his history is a compilation; but in that view I am bound to say that so far as regards the facts he seems to have conscientiously brought them together to the best of his lights. So far his only fault seems to be the usual fault of professional historians, that he overpaints his colours, makes his heroes too heroic, his panics and his atrocities possibly somewhat over-sensational. And as regards his political views, I do not think him at all reliable. He does not deduce his opinions from facts, but seeks to make his facts fit his opinions. I should like entirely to cut off the first volume, in which he constructs out of his inner consciousness an elaborate political foundation for the Mutiny. On the other hand, Colonel Malleon, whose facts I think much less reliable, professing to write a continuation of Kaye's history, thinks it necessary to re-write, as he says, the third volume; but in reality he re-writes both the second and

third, mainly, it appears, for the purpose of contradicting Kaye and reversing his judgments—setting up as heroes those whom Kaye has condemned, and pulling down those whom Kaye has praised.

As regards Kaye's political theories of the cause of the Mutiny, I will only say that there is not one tittle of evidence in support of them; they are only opinions—what one may call "pious opinions." And what is more important is that none of the results which legitimately ought to have followed the political circumstances which he depicts did follow. The ill-used native princes, who ought to have lost all faith in us, remained in the main faithful, or at worst temporised, and so played our game. In our own territories, Oude excepted, there was no considerable civil rebellion at all. When our power was swept away for a time, a few isolated people set up on their own account, but there was nowhere anything like general or popular rebellion—at most there was only anarchy, some plunder by predatory tribes and individuals, and a good many cases of land-holders, who had been expropriated by the civil courts, taking their own again. As the first civil officer who returned to the territories which we had lost, I am in the best position to say that we then encountered no opposition whatever, and going back among the people resumed our intercourse with them exactly as if nothing had happened.

Even in Oude, which had scarcely been a year in our possession, and where the causes of civil rebellion were obvious, the people certainly did not behave worse than might have been expected. Oude was the home of a very large proportion of the mutinous Sepoys. And the great landlords, the Talookdars, to curb whose misdeeds the country had been annexed, had not yet been disarmed—their teeth, as it were, had not been drawn. Even under those circumstances, general rebellion was not so immediate as it might have been; the aggrieved Talookdars did not behave so very badly at first, but rather temporised, and sometimes behaved pretty well, protecting our fugitives. It was not till after the failure of the first relief of Lucknow

under Havelock and Outram had become apparent, and still more after Sir Colin Campbell's first capture of the city and subsequent retreat and abandonment, that the Talookdars as a body went into full rebellion.

As respects the effect of Lord Dalhousie's annexations, I do not think any one will now doubt that the Punjaub as a British possession saved India; that without the Punjaub and the Punjaubees we must inevitably have failed before Delhi, and lost all Northern and Central India—and then who knows what would have happened? The possession of Nagpore and Berar were useful to us, not detrimental—they made a line of British possession which prevented the fire spreading south. There is then only Oude to set against the advantage we derived from the Punjaub. And even as regards Oude, it may be a question whether holding a position in Lucknow, and keeping from Delhi the horde of Sepoys who surrounded the Residency, we were not better off than if the miserably weak native government of Oude had been upset by the Sepoy contingent and Lucknow had been wholly in the hands of the Sepoys, or the king of Oude had become a puppet in their hands like the king of Delhi—he certainly was not in a position to have held his own like the more independent princes.

Certainly the great Mutiny was a simple military mutiny, and a mutiny only of the Bengal army, so called, though there was not a single Bengalee in it—really the Hindoostanee army, including the contingents of native states, under British officers, which were practically part of that army, but excluding the Punjaubees and Nepaulese. The number of people who claim to have saved India because their troops did not mutiny was large, and some of them really did excellent service in troublous times; but the fact is that the Madras army was entirely distinct in every way, and was not infected by the madness, while the Bombay army was only partially affected, in so far as it had Hindoostanees in its ranks. As to the Bengal army, the whole of it went, with very little exception indeed.

Further, the Mutiny was not in its inception altogether a swift or sudden event—in some sense it had been long preparing. I do not claim to be wiser than other people, but as I am writing of my own recollections I may quote what I said in my volume, *India as it may be*, published in 1853, page 349. “It is impossible to attach too great importance to the subject of Sepoy mutinies. Shall I venture to say that the great combinations which occurred a few years ago were compromised rather than quelled? The system and discipline under which such things may any day occur must be anxiously looked to. Most serious mutinies have occurred in the early days of our army, but they were open and local outbreaks, and were quelled with a strong hand. General, silent, deep combinations, involving concession and compromise, are much more serious.” “Something then,” I said, “must be wanting in our system.” And after discussing the causes of the want of discipline among the Sepoys, I dwelt on the deficiency of European troops, insisting that it was much better economy to increase them and diminish the regular native troops—especially that very expensive force, the native regular cavalry. I proposed a plan for rearranging the army, by an increase of Europeans and native irregulars, and a diminution of the number of native regulars.

The combinations to which I have alluded were in fact a kind of military trades-unionism—always a very dangerous thing. The annexations which had taken place, both before and during Lord Dalhousie’s time, did lead to trouble with respect to the pay of the native troops. The Sepoys were very willing to serve in the new countries, so long as they received the large extra pay allowed to them for service beyond the British dominion; but when, the places where they were quartered having become British, the extra allowances were reduced, they very much resented that. When Sir Charles Napier had annexed Scinde, the troops sent for service there mutinied in a very serious way, and that mutiny was by no means successfully dealt with

—practically I think the Sepoys for the most part gained their point. But to cover the retreat of the Government, and to provide an equitable adjustment for the future, a rule was laid down under which an extra allowance was made to the Sepoys when the price of their provisions exceeded a certain point. That was a very equitable rule, but in the working of it difficulties were apt to arise in regard to the calculations on which the compensation was based. I remember some years later, when we had Madras Sepoys in the Central Provinces, they were quartered in the Nerbudda valley where wheat was exceedingly cheap, but rice was very dear. Somehow the Madras Sepoys had been classed as rice-eaters, but in fact they lived luxuriously on the best wheaten flour, while at the same time they claimed compensation on a rice-scale and pocketed the difference: that was an abuse.

When the Punjaub was annexed there could be no pretext of dearness of provisions there—it was a very cheap country. But when the war-service allowances ceased, several regiments mutinied. Sir Charles Napier was then the Commander-in-Chief, and it was on that subject that he quarrelled with Lord Dalhousie. Fire-eater as he was, he did nothing very heroic, but on the contrary sought to get over the difficulty by concession. The Government might or might not have yielded to his representations, but it is undoubted that a financial question rested with the Government, and not with the Commander-in-Chief. Notwithstanding, Sir Charles took upon himself to alter the mode of calculating compensation for dearness to the advantage of the Sepoys, without consulting the Government, and refused to submit to their authority. One regiment was disbanded, but the others gained something by mutiny. It was on that occasion, too, that Sir Charles Napier took upon himself to transfer to the Nusseeree battalion, a local Goorkha regiment stationed at Simla, the line title and line allowances of the disbanded regiment, a matter about which I shall have a story to tell presently.

After all these things it is hardly to be wondered that

the Sepoys, long petted and praised, waxed fat and were inclined to kick. Their trades-unionism became very pronounced. And then on the top of that came, in 1857, one of those panics to which Hindoostanees are subject—a real panic that their caste and religion were to be interfered with, which took shape in connection with the greased cartridges so stupidly served out in the first instance. It may be said that the insubordinate trades-unionism alone could not have led to such a violent outbreak, and that the panic alone would not have made the outbreak so general and widespread; but combined, the trades-unionism and the panic together brought about the great revolt.

I had considerable opportunities for watching the inception of the Mutiny. When it broke out my position was peculiar. As I had made over charge of one office, and had not assumed another (which, in fact, I never did succeed in assuming), I was left for a considerable time out of office; and yet I had almost greater opportunities for watching events than if I had been in any particular office. Almost immediately on receiving intelligence of the outbreak I went down to the plains, and in the hope of being able to join Mr. Colvin at Agra, and was for some days with the troops marching towards Delhi in the end of May. Unable to get down country I returned to Umballa, and was for some weeks there at the centre of intelligence, Umballa being practically the base of the operations against Delhi, and the point of connection between Delhi and the Punjab, whence troops came continually marching down. While at Umballa I occupied a good deal of my time in collecting information about the events which were going on, and reducing it all to a narrative,<sup>1</sup> which was published in two successive numbers of the *Times*. In the beginning of August I got down to Meerut, and though it was impossible to get on to Agra, I was then in frequent communication with Mr. Colvin by means of the small letters and quills, and the like, sent through native messengers. I saw a good

<sup>1</sup> Extracts from this narrative are printed in the Appendix at the end of Volume II.

deal, too, of the attempts which were made to recover some of the district about Meerut, and between Meerut and Delhi; and I was within hearing of the guns of Delhi throughout the most critical part of the siege and assault. And when the place was taken, and the mutineers between Meerut and Delhi fled, I was the first outsider to enter Delhi after the capture. I then became Special Commissioner with the first column which proceeded to recover the North-West Provinces, was the first to enter the fort at Agra, and one of the first when we marched down to join hands with those holding Cawnpore. Between the second relief of Lucknow and its ultimate capture, after a little time spent in assisting Sir John Grant, who had been deputed to Benares, I was summoned to Calcutta, and was for a time employed as a sort of mutiny assistant to the Governor-General, and charged with the function of compiling an official narrative of events to be sent home by each mail for the information of the Government at home. As soon as Lucknow was captured, I was sent to Oude as second in command to Sir James Outram, the Chief Commissioner; and though my functions were civil, while the Chief Commissioner (afterwards Sir R. Montgomery) managed the political and military affairs, I had necessarily the opportunity of seeing and hearing a great deal of the events of 1858. Thus it is that I have said that I had opportunity of knowing as much about the Mutiny as most people. For all that, I do not propose to write a history of it. But I may say something of my personal experiences, and repeat some of the statements which I made at the time. It will be seen that I escaped the worst horrors. I had no occasion to be over-excited or lose my head, and trust that I did not.

One thing is certain, that however widespread the Sepoy combination may have been, the outbreak was not matured silently and secretly; on the contrary, the Sepoys took a very great deal of trouble to make known their discontent by many manifest signs, rather, I think, implying that they did not so much want to revolt as to have their own way. For some months warnings of this kind were frequent and

acute. The first conspicuous outbreaks took place not far from Calcutta, and a good deal occupied the attention of the Government. Simla had not then been established as the regular summer quarters, and in the absence of any special necessity on the frontier, the Governor-General remained at Calcutta. Not so the Commander-in-Chief. General Anson, then Commander-in-Chief, was in some respects a good man, but he had no knowledge of India; he was rather a court soldier and home politician; he saw well enough the faults of the Sepoys, but he did not realise the importance of the crisis. He went off rather early in the season of 1857 to Simla, where he was both away from the native army and away from the Government.

We now see what extreme madness it was that, while affairs were in a very threatening condition, the great military magazine in the fortified city of Delhi was allowed to remain guarded only by Sepoys—Sepoys inside the city, and Sepoys outside in cantonments. One cannot fairly judge after the event. I have admitted that, after unburdening my mind, I myself cast off care and went off into the hills; but then I was not responsible for army matters, nor even in office at all. I cannot help thinking that if Lord Dalhousie had still been Governor-General, and had been working with an experienced Commander-in-Chief, things would not have been allowed to drift so much, and a European regiment, or the wing of a regiment, would have been sent down from the hill stations above Umballa to look after the Delhi magazine when the alarm became serious.

It was as nearly as possible about the 1st of May that I had an interview with General Anson at Simla. I had no personal intimacy with him, but I had promised at Umballa that I would see him and speak seriously to him; and, as having been so lately in charge of the division which contained more troops than any other in India, I wrote and formally appointed the interview. I found General Anson a perfect gentleman, as he was; and, in truth, he very much

disarmed me by at once accepting all I said, when I assured him of the seriousness of the matter; impressed upon him that the fires at Umballa were undoubtedly the work of the Sepoys; told him of the communications which we had ascertained to be certainly going on between the men at Umballa and those at other cantonments; and dwelt on our apprehensions and the necessity of facing the questions involved. Finally, I mentioned the subject of Meerut—told him that through native officers at Umballa we had reason to believe that the state of things there was very threatening indeed, and that the conduct of the cavalry was mutinous in the extreme. “Yes,” he said, “I entirely agree with you; nothing can be worse. I have ordered them to be tried (or I am going to order them to be tried) by court-martial.” He seemed to think that that clinched the matter. I did not feel so satisfied of the virtue of a formal court-martial, but I could say no more, and I went off on my holiday. That was the court-martial which brought on the great Mutiny.

As regards the suggestion of conspiracy beyond what I have called military trades-unionism, the only question in my mind has been, whether there was any preconcerted conspiracy for the seizure and occupation of Delhi. Certainly, if there had been, the thing could not have been better done. The Sepoys revolting at Meerut made just enough of disturbance during one evening and night to confuse and distract the large European force there, and then they went off to Delhi, marching as Sepoys can march, and finding no one to oppose them, raised the Delhi regiments, took possession of the magazine, and established themselves in the fortified town. But watching events carefully as I did, my final impression is, that the Sepoys never showed so much organisation and design as to make a plan of this kind at all probable. If their plan had been to occupy Delhi, they were much more likely to have mutinied in the first instance there, where they would have had it all their own way, rather than in the presence of the strongest European force in India. It seems more likely

that the local events at Meerut led to an outbreak there and a flight to Delhi, and that the occupation of Delhi by the combined Meerut and Delhi forces was a sort of unprepared accident.

The news of the outbreak was sent to me by Lord William Hay (now Marquis of Tweeddale), who had been during my incumbency, and still was, Deputy-Commissioner of Simla, and it had found me, as I have already mentioned, in the quiet recesses of the hills. I did not like to break it all at once to the ladies of my party, but made some pretext for returning towards Simla, and marched in that direction. A day or two later, when we got nearer to Simla, we met Europeans flying from thence, and the gravity of the matter could no longer be concealed. In fact, the fire had already come a good deal nearer than we at all expected. I received another letter from Hay to tell me that the Goorkha regiment quartered close to Simla had mutinied, and advising me not to come in there. He still hoped to get them round, but suggested that if the worst came to the worst, I should try to raise the hill chiefs against the Sepoys; he was confident that they would be faithful, and might be more than a match for a single regiment. Another march brought me to the place where a large number of the Simla ladies and other residents were assembled under the protection of a hill Rajah, and I then learnt particulars of an affair of which much was made, and in connection with which there was a good deal that was ludicrous, and something that was discreditable, but which really was pretty serious. Panic there certainly was, but not at all so groundless a panic as some panics at Calcutta and other places, which took place under the protection of our soldiers and forts and ships. The Nussereee battalion had very long been stationed at Simla. After they mutinied, it was the fashion to say that they were not Goorkhas at all, but only Simla "Jhampaneess," that is, the hill-men who carry ladies about. But that was not really so; if they had been only local hill-men they would have behaved better. But they were a very mixed lot. Among them were some of those

whom we call "real Goorkhas," though in truth they are not Goorkhas, but men of the Turanian hill tribes of Western Nepaul, who have come under the dominion of the Goorkhas. Then there were a number of a kind of half-bred Goorkhas, the descendants of people who were left behind when the Goorkhas were compelled to evacuate those hills in 1816—people who had formed local connections and preferred to stay behind. Altogether I believe the regiment was composed of hill-men of one kind and another, and not at all of Hindoostanees. They were just as prone as the others to trades-unionism for their own advantage; but, as it turned out in the end, did not participate in the wild panic which led to massacre. This was the local regiment which Sir Charles Napier had transformed into a line regiment. The men liked the line pay; but when in the capacity of a line regiment they were ordered down on the outbreak of the Mutiny, they did not like that at all, and refused to go. The commanding officer, with charming social qualities, was not quite the man to manage a regiment under difficult circumstances: they got quite out of hand, into a state of undeniable mutiny; went so far as to put their commanding officer into the quarter-guard, and altogether were in a very bad state. A couple of companies of the regiment, who were on duty at Kussowlee and the neighbouring stations, hearing that their regiment had mutinied, thought it best to lose no time, so they plundered the treasury which they were guarding, and with double charges in their guns, and a good deal of liquor to fortify themselves, they marched off with the treasure under the very noses of the Europeans in the barracks above, and proceeded towards Simla in a very excited state, singing some Goorkha Marseillaise. Things looked very black indeed.

The European regiments from Kussowlee and the other stations had gone down towards Delhi, leaving only small depôts; there were no men available to come after the Goorkhas. From Simla, too, all the combatant officers had gone down. The place was full of women and children, with many non-combatant clerks, etc., and a few invalid

officers. They had just heard of the horrors of Meerut and Delhi; and as yet no one could tell that the hill regiment would behave differently from the others. The bazaars, too, were full of a very indifferent class of people from the plains, and the Simla treasury and bank were very tempting. In fact, the place was very much at the mercy of the native regiment if they had gone to extremities; it is hardly wonderful that there was a panic at Simla. When things were at their worst the European residents gathered together at the bank-house. All who were capable of bearing arms resolved, if need be, to fight, and if they could do no better, at least to die in defence of their wives and families. Some one was stationed as a look-out, and was to fire a gun if he saw the Goorkhas approaching. After prolonged anxiety a shot was heard, and then came an unexpected catastrophe: the brave defenders melted away—each separately had pressing business which required his presence for a little time elsewhere; in fact, the defence broke down altogether. However, it fortunately turned out that the supposed signal shot was a mistake, and the Goorkhas were not coming on. Many of the inferior Europeans then fled on their own account; and the Deputy-Commissioner, quite judiciously, I think, bundled off all the rest over whom he had influence to the place where I found them, while he stuck to his post and still tried to manage the regiment. Kaye speaks of this panic as very excessive, and says it is no wonder that the ladies became quite uncontrollable. I must say that I did not find any very excessive panic. I do think that when there is real cause for alarm ladies very often behave exceedingly well. The gathering at the Rajah of Keonthal's place was a kind of cross between a panic and a picnic. The worst alarm was at Umballa. An officer of high character and position, and perfectly in his right mind, fancied that he saw Simla in flames from the Kussowlee ridges. It was no mere report. He came down to Umballa with the news that he had actually seen it with his own eyes, just when there was a large gathering there of the officers about to start for Delhi. As they had all left

their wives and families at Simla, it may be supposed that this intelligence greatly disturbed them. But that, too, was happily a mistake, whether caused by a brilliant sunset or, more probably, by grass fires on the intervening ridges, we never knew. At any rate, the officers at Umballa were soon relieved, and they were enabled to do their duty without misgiving; for the Simla Goorkhas got frightened at what they had done; the counsels of the better men among them prevailed, and they were persuaded to return to their allegiance. The Kussowlee detachment was met by delegates from the regiment, who rated them in very strong language for having committed the regiment prematurely. They returned to Kussowlee with the treasure; only, I think, a couple of men deserted, carrying two or three thousand rupees with them—the rest was duly deposited in the Kussowlee treasury, and under the circumstances we were glad to overlook this little incident as a misapprehension. Soon after the whole regiment was got down to the plains; they were not trusted before Delhi, but they were sent to Seharunpore, and were made useful there, so that ended well after all. And when the regiment was gone, the hills remained quite quiet and undisturbed.

Just at the moment, however, I thought it better to deposit my wife at my old station at Kussowlee; and having put her in safety there, I went down to Umballa, meaning to get to Agra and Mr. Colvin if possible.

From the moment when we knew what had happened at Delhi, I think no responsible person in our part of India had the least doubt of the extreme gravity of the crisis, or was at all inclined to take any sort of unduly sanguine view. General Anson, in a most difficult position, behaved like a man and a gentleman, and did his best. I do not think that there was any unnecessary delay in getting off towards Delhi with all the force that could be made available at the moment.

From Umballa I went on to Kurnal, where I was in the end of May. The aspect of affairs there was not very encouraging. Poor General Anson was just dead of cholera

there. Brigadier-General Halifax, who had commanded the station at Umballa, was dying before our eyes. Another friend of mine, Colonel Mowatt, the commandant of the artillery, was dying a little way off. A fatality seemed to attach to all the superior officers who had been at Umballa when the march to Delhi commenced. I did not know General Barnard, who had only just joined, but he too soon after died. Throughout the siege cholera hung about the camp, but, curiously enough, never became very severe among the men, while it was very fatal to the highest officers. I rather think anxiety and heavy responsibility predispose to this disease more than anything else.

While I was at Kurnal the so-called siege train arrived on the way to Delhi. I did not know much of these things, but I could not help thinking that it looked a very trumpery affair to bombard and take a great fortified city—some half-dozen old-fashioned 18-pounders, and some howitzers and mortars. I have no doubt that I echoed the opinion of those who understood the matter better than I did when I wrote, as I find I did at that time, expressing a strong belief that Delhi would never be taken with that battery. One thing did impress me very much at that time, and that was the pluck, courage, and zeal shown by all our people on the way to Delhi in the frightful heat of that country in the last days of May and first days of June. In the excitement of the time heat, that would be intolerable at any other time, was not felt. Young men who had been on leave at Simla, and were away from their regiments, were delighted to be sent down to Delhi in charge of bullock carts, or in any other subordinate capacity. I have not always thought my countrymen perfect in all situations, but I do doubt whether any other people could have equalled them in such a crisis as that.

As I had no military function with bullocks or otherwise, and found the road to Meerut and Agra completely stopped, I did not get more than a march or two beyond Kurnal, and presently returned to Umballa. There I found Barnes working excellently. And the Sikh Cis-Sutlej chiefs

behaved admirably, giving us every possible assistance. We had, however, rather a bad time in that first half of June; all India seemed to be falling away from us. One day—I think it was the 8th or 9th of June—the telegraph seemed to repeat the experience of Job. First we heard that the whole Jullunder brigade had mutinied and were in full march in our direction on the way to Delhi. While that message was still being spoken came another message to tell us that the troops in Rajpootana had mutinied, and that that country was lost to us. Then there came yet another to say that the Bareilly brigade had mutinied, and that Rohilcund was lost, following which I heard that the Moradabad regiment had gone, and that my brother and his young wife had been obliged to fly; but happily they escaped to Meerut with their lives. We made up our minds that things could hardly be worse than that, and were consoled to know that our troops, after having beaten the mutineers who met them before they got to Delhi, had sat down before that place, plucky and confident. In the latter part of June and beginning of July there was a good deal of talk of an attempt to take Delhi—not by artillery, but by a *coup de main*. Some young officers were keen to emulate the fame of those who had taken Ghuznee by blowing in the gates with bags of gunpowder, and then rushing in. But more prudent counsels prevailed; the Generals considered that even if we had succeeded in blowing in the gates we could hardly have taken that great town with our small force. It became manifest that there was nothing for it but to settle down to a siege, and get up all the reinforcements and all the artillery that was to be had. I occupied myself for a while assisting Barnes, and doing his work for him when he had to go away for a day or two. We had a good deal of trouble about the Jullunder mutineers. The first telegram (received during the night) said: “The whole of the Sepoy regiments have mutinied and are marching on Phillor, but we cannot wake the Phillor signaller—our line is sure to be cut; signal back to Phillor.” Phillor was the magazine on which we de-

pended for the Delhi force, and into which a small detachment of Europeans had been thrown. Towards morning we succeeded in getting an answer from Phillor to say that all was quiet, and no signs of any mutineers at all. A little later they telegraphed: "Yes, we see a dust, like troops coming on." Soon after, their line was cut, but they were warned; the mutineers were more anxious to get to Delhi than to risk an assault, and after being joined by the native regiment at Phillor they passed by. After the well-known episode of the encounter with these men near Loodiana, we looked out for them passing Umballa, and having heard that they were taking the line between Umballa and the hills, a party was sent out to try to intercept them, which I volunteered to accompany. They were, however, mostly infantry, and I rode a long way ahead hoping to get news of the mutineers. It was in the dead of the night when I passed the village of a small Sikh chief, and came to a traveller's bungalow by the roadside, where I found some people, and eagerly asked of them if they had any news of the mutineers. "Oh yes," they said, "they are passing now; you can hear them; they are going through the jungle, just beyond the village." And sure enough I did hear sounds like the traffic of a street a little way off, and one or two stray shots fired by their undisciplined followers. It was certainly a very unpleasant situation, for I had no troops with me; but the truth was that the mutineers had then no desire to attack any one, but were only anxious to get down to Delhi as fast as their legs could carry them. I sent off to hurry on our own troops, but did not like to retreat myself when the natives seemed to take it all so coolly. Still, I did feel very uncomfortable, and being pretty tired lay down just to think over the matter. Sleep was the last idea that entered into my mind. However, the mutineers marched on and I dropped off to sleep. The next thing I knew was the noise of our officers rushing in to demand where the rebels were. It was by that time broad daylight, and the rebels were a long way off. Our men were very tired, but we gave them some

hurried breakfast, mounted as many as we could upon elephants, and set off in pursuit of the Sepoys. We never caught them—it is not easy to catch a Sepoy when he is bent on getting over the ground. We saw no more of them, and they got off to Delhi, that great centre of attraction to all revolted Sepoys. After that adventure I thought I could understand Clive going to sleep during the somewhat languid battle of Plassey.

It was an instance of the curious capriciousness, with which the Sepoys revolted or did not revolt, that several days after this a detachment of the regiment which had mutinied at Phillor came quietly marching into Umballa by the regular road, with a convoy of ammunition with which it had been started for the use of our Delhi force just before the regiment mutinied. All through there were many instances of this unaccountable uncertainty on the part of the Sepoys. One still more curious I afterwards learnt at Lucknow. When Sir Henry Lawrence was defeated at Chinhut, and there was a rush for the Residency, all the Sepoys who were outside joined the mutineers as a matter of course, but a smaller number who happened to be inside the Residency—detachments from various regiments—and who were shut up with our troops, remained faithful to us throughout, and fought their comrades with the utmost fidelity and vigour, although they might have easily got over the slight barrier and joined the enemy at any time. Much was no doubt due to good management—especially to my relative Jack Aitken, so well known for holding the Baillie Guard with his Sepoys. Even when things looked so bad that the more prudent and unbiassed Sikhs thought it expedient to desert, these Sepoys, who by the merest accident had found themselves within the Residency, remained entirely staunch.

In the end of June I went up and settled my wife in a house at Simla, where she quietly remained until the worst of the Mutiny was over, and where she was able to receive her sister-in-law as soon as there was any communication with Meerut. Both Simla and the barracks at Kussowlee vacated by the European regiment

were full of ladies who had taken refuge in the hills. I saw a good deal of them, both at the first outbreak and on this second occasion, and never observed among them anything like unreasonable panic. I remember some charming women who at the first were rather in a kind of mutiny dishabille, but they always seemed to keep up their spirits. In fact they rather erred on the side of excessive confidence. Indian husbands were generally good husbands and correspondents, and one nowhere heard such abundant camp news as from the ladies whose husbands were before Delhi; they were full of military information of all kinds. When a false report came up that the Sepoys had evacuated Delhi and escaped on the other side, the ladies were not so much thankful as indignant that the mutineers had not all been captured or killed—I did not find it at all necessary to encourage them; they rather needed taking down a little. Once I told a party of them that they must be patient, and not in too great a hurry, and one reflective lady then said: "But what if we don't take Delhi; do you think we shall then all be massacred?" I could not help rather maliciously saying: "Oh no, I daresay we might survive in the hills, even if we are cut off from Europe—perhaps in future days a white race will be discovered in the interior of the Himalayas, and will be traced to the survivors of the Mutiny." I administered that to them by way of consolation, but they did not seem to see it.

Early in July I returned to Umballa after having invested in some native gold coins—gold mohurs—and divided them with my wife. We sewed them up in our clothes, and kept them there in case of accident. On my way down the hill I met a chaplain returning invalided from Delhi, and he insisted upon presenting me with a sword, which he girt about me. A terrible trouble that sword was—it was always getting between my legs and otherwise annoying me—and when I tried to use it I was *not* covered with glory. At Umballa, however, by paying an excessive price I obtained a very fine revolver, a much more useful weapon, which was my constant companion for a long time to come.

Umballa was then pretty secure, and troops often passed through from the Punjaub. The garrison of the place was rather meagre, and a somewhat incompetent general officer, who was not wanted at Delhi, had been sent there; but Barnes continued to manage exceedingly well with the assistance of the Sikh chiefs. Most of the Sepoys had been got rid of—some disarmed, and some sent down to Delhi, where they deserted. There was little severity except towards some Sepoys duly convicted of treasonable practices. The only execution I think that I witnessed throughout the whole of the Mutiny was one that happened to be going on while I was passing. It was an old native officer, a subahdar, who had been convicted by the military authorities, and whom they proceeded to hang. He was very cool and quiet, and submitted to be executed without remonstrance. But the rope broke, and he came down to the ground. He picked himself up, and it was rather a painful scene for the spectators. But he seemed to feel for their embarrassment, and thought it well to break the awkwardness of the situation by conversation, remarking that it was a very bad rope, and talking of little matters of that kind till another rope was procured, which made an end of him. There were not then many other cases of punishment.

I was still very anxious to get to Agra if by any chance any route to that place should be opened. Stories kept coming in about Mr. Colvin; some said that he was incompetent—some that he had gone mad. I had very good reason for believing that these stories were not true, and the more felt it my duty to join him if possible; but for the time that was quite hopeless.

I think it is the case in regard to most exciting events that when we look back at the actual records of the time we find that people soon get accustomed to circumstances, and do not think nearly so much of them as those who see them from a greater distance. And so it is, that when I look over my letters to my wife through the most exciting periods of the Mutiny, I find very little that is heroic in

them, and a great deal of the humdrum details of ordinary domestic life; the pony that had gone lame, the new cow that had been bought, and something that I had purchased at poor Brigadier Halifax's sale, and sent up as a present to her. I find that on 11th July we all abandoned the cares of empire and the terrors of the Mutiny to attend that auction; perhaps we were something like the Romans who bargained and sold while the Carthaginians were at the gate. Yet we did not take an over-sanguine view—in my letters home I strongly urged the need for sending out to India every available British soldier with the utmost possible expedition. I said that we might, under the circumstances, well denude all our garrisons except Ireland. Ireland is the incumbrance that is always with us; we have not got rid of that yet, and I do not know when we shall.

It was at this time that I occupied myself with the narrative<sup>1</sup> of the Mutiny, which I despatched in the beginning of August, and which was published in the *Times*. Early in August I found that there was a probability of my being able to get at least as far as Meerut, and I determined to start for that place as being nearer to and more in communication with Agra, and a place where I should be more ready for a further advance.

I have now come to the point after which matters began to turn a little in our favour, and the hope revived that we might soon see a prospect of taking Delhi and suppressing the Mutiny. The fire had as it were reached its highest—and so here I may pause to look back a little.

Of the men at the head of affairs I have already referred to poor General Anson, the Commander-in-Chief.

Of Lord Canning we at a distance did not then know very much nor feel his hand—our ideas of him were rather negative, in regard to what he did not do, than positive. What I here say to connect him with the story of those times is then a good deal founded on what I afterwards saw and learned.

<sup>1</sup> Extracts from this narrative are reprinted in an Appendix at the end of Volume II.

Lord Canning certainly had some excellent qualities which endeared him to his personal friends and to many of those who were in immediate personal contact with him. He had a calm and just mind and a very remarkable passive courage which kept him undisturbed in most trying circumstances. But neither to those who had known him as a public man at home nor to those in India who judged him as a public man, apart from personal feeling, did he seem a man of very exalted genius, nor such a hero as Sir John Kaye makes him out to be. He was morbidly (one may almost say) slow and dilatory in his work, and very far indeed from an efficient administrator—quite the contrary. In dealing with the Mutiny his principles were right but his practice very imperfect; and he owes his reputation more to sympathy with the noble stand he made against the Calcutta disposition to excess, and the sobriquet of Clemency Canning, than to his success in controlling his subordinates. Certainly for a long time Lord Canning did not at all realise the seriousness of the Mutiny. His refusal to allow Lord Elphinstone to send off a special steamer to procure assistance from England, when the news was received from Meerut and Delhi in the middle of May, may be excused on the ground of the suddenness and novelty of the crisis; and his refusal in the first instance to accept the services of volunteers may be honourably justified on account of unwillingness to precipitate a war of races. Though the volunteers proved extremely useful and we could hardly have done without them, they did many things greatly to be regretted. But the well-known telegram to the Commander-in-Chief of 31st May, full three weeks after the crisis, shows a lamentable want of appreciation of the situation. "Your force of artillery will enable you to dispose of Delhi with certainty. I therefore beg that you will detach one European infantry regiment and a small force of European cavalry to the south of Delhi, without keeping them for operations there, so that Alighur may be recovered and Cawnpore relieved immediately." There were

plenty of military advisers in Calcutta who must have well known what Delhi was and what artillery was available, and there was still roundabout telegraphic communication. When I compare that telegram with what I myself, as a mere amateur, picking up scraps of information, wrote on that very date regarding the artillery and the improbability of taking Delhi with that arm, I feel that the Governor-General must to an extraordinary degree have been slow to take in the facts. I confess to much sympathy with Lord Canning in the gagging of the press, for which he was so much abused; and the Act passed on 30th May giving the Supreme and Local Governments power to proclaim rebellious districts, and in such districts to appoint a Special Commission for the trial of offences against the State, with summary powers, was entirely right and suitable." But a curious change seems to have come over Lord Canning and his advisers in the course of the next few days, for it was only one week later that on 6th June the first Act was superseded by another of much more extreme and, I think, quite unnecessary severity, under which most unjustifiable things were done on a very large scale. Court-martials were authorised summarily to try and execute for civil as well as military offences, and not only the Government but any person authorised by the Government (and a good many persons were so authorised, some of them not at all reliable) might appoint any number of single Special Commissioners with unlimited powers of life and death. It was under that last Act that such powers were given wholesale to all and sundry, and barbarities were committed with a flimsy pretext of legality, but without any semblance of decent judicial procedure or of the most elementary justice. The provinces of Allahabad and Benares were then cut off from all communication with the Government of the North-West Province, and were taken in charge by the Government of India, who on the 9th of June proclaimed "Martial Law" throughout those provinces. I have often heard of "martial law," and have known a good many

occasions on which energetic people demanded "martial law," but to this day I have never been able to make out what it means, unless it be a general leave to any military person to kill any one, take any property, or do anything else he pleases. That is, I think, what is generally understood, though not exactly expressed. Possibly on this occasion the Government may have meant only to authorise court-martials to try civil offences under the Act, but the proclamation seems to have been understood in a much wider sense—there was very little of the formalities of military law in what was done.

Of this I feel sure that when Lord Canning's Government passed that Act of 6th June 1857, and proclaimed Martial Law in certain provinces, they were bound to exercise the strictest executive control over the manner in which such terrible engines were used. And while giving Lord Canning every honour for the principles of clemency which he inculcated, I cannot forgive him the extreme administrative inefficiency which allowed those principles to be set at naught in practice, and blood to be shed in a most reckless manner. When Sir John Kaye, who so much extols Lord Canning, depicts in such strong language the atrocity of the deeds committed by our side in the Benares and Allahabad provinces, he forgets that the executive Government of that country was then Lord Canning's, that there was full uninterrupted communication with Calcutta, and therefore (negatively at least) his hero is mainly responsible for not preventing such things. Even if Kaye has a good deal exaggerated our atrocities (I think they *are* exaggerated in his pages), I would say that if a half or a quarter of what he alleges was really done, Lord Canning and his Government were very greatly responsible. It was not till nearly two months later that, on 31st July, an order was issued intended to check the exuberant severity of the Court-martials and Special Commissioners, and even then precise rules of a merciful kind were laid down only for Sepoys; for civil offenders there was only a general exhortation to avoid unnecessary severity, which practically had

no effect at all. Lord Canning's merey was always chiefly in favour of Sepoys; he judged much more harshly those of the civil population who had been led into acts of rebellion. I have always taken the other view, that though the Sepoys were possessed by a kind of madness, still they were men who, having eaten our salt, had turned on us in the most savage manner; whereas, when our power was completely swept away and there was nothing but anarchy, we could hardly expect all our native subjects to remain devoted to us as if they had been our own countrymen, or attribute much moral guilt to those who thought our day was past and set up for themselves. The wonder, I think, is that so few did so. Wherever the Sepoys broke out, as a rule they murdered all the Europeans they came across. It was the exception when they did not do so. On the other hand, among the civil population our fugitives were generally spared and often assisted; it was quite the exception when they were murdered. I confess then I was not much inclined to be lenient to Sepoys, and would rather have spared any others.

Although Lord Canning did nothing effective to stop the shedding of blood in the districts under his control through all June and July, he afterwards, in the course of August, took a step much more effective than any proclamation—that is, he sent up Sir J. P. Grant to Benares with the powers of Lieutenant-Governor; and as I afterwards saw something of Grant's government, I can never believe Kaye's assertion that the wholesale execution of natives continued unchecked at Allahabad for months longer. But I myself know that very much later, when I was at Allahabad, and Lord Canning had personally assumed charge of the North-West Provinces, some Special Commissioners were hanging natives in a very reckless way under Lord Canning's very nose. It was then stories went about of people who had sent trusted servants out in the morning on an errand and in the evening recognised them on the gallows, hanged for rebellion. Even as regards the Sepoys there was a strange want of proper control, and in the later days, when they

were coming in freely, it used to be said that it was a mere accident what became of a man. Two tribunals were sitting; if he chanced to turn to the right and came before one he was sure to be hanged; if he turned to the left and came before the other, he was sure to be patted on the back and to get his pay and pension.

Probably, as it turned out, it was fortunate, but I know that at the time Sir John Lawrence felt much the want of personal support on account of Lord Canning's excessive dilatoriness and bad business habits. He told me himself that for, I am afraid to say how long—all the worst months of the Mutiny, I think—he never had a single letter from Lord Canning himself, except one, and then he was wiggled for irregularly promoting a native officer. In fact, Sir John Lawrence had no proper authority in military matters at all, and no large powers were given to him in any other matters, as he begged they might be. He simply acted on his own responsibility in an irregular way, and if anything had gone wrong he must have borne the blame.

In the Punjab an almost opposite view of guilt was taken to that which was preached from Calcutta. There the Sepoys were treated with great—in some cases with extreme—severity; but the general population was trusted in a way which seems marvellous, remembering what very recent subjects they were, but which was justified by the result. The question of confidence or no confidence in the natives was one which much distracted many counsels during the Mutiny. In the Lower Provinces there was a school who saw nothing but treason and conspiracy among the leading natives of Behar, while others successfully trusted them. In the North-West Provinces there were violent differences of opinion. At Allahabad, and afterwards to some extent at Agra, the mistrusters had their own way. Only in the Punjab was there a general adoption of the system of confidence with most successful results.

John Lawrence's great services in the Mutiny have been thoroughly appreciated by the public. Yet in some

matters there have been detractors, both at the time and since, among his own men who were not satisfied with his cautious and careful proceedings. Nicholson and some of the more violent men went about calling him an old woman. Edwardes, whom he consulted about the abandonment of Peshawar, and others whom he had trusted, took credit for saving him from this or that weakness. But I believe that they were entirely wrong, and that to Lawrence it is due that the Punjab was made the means of taking Delhi and saving India. Though personally a very strong and courageous man, it is quite a mistake to represent him as in any degree affecting a military character, and I am sorry to see him handed down in bronze gilt with a great sword and got up in a quasi-military costume. I doubt if he often wore a sword, and his dress always was *most* unmilitary and informal. He was the Carnot of the campaign, not the Napoleon. Also, he was not one of the sanguine men who hazard rash things in a magnificent way, and become heroes if they succeed. In fact he was rather of the opposite and anxious turn of mind. He saw fully all the difficulties and risks. His real merit was that, bearing it all in mind, he made his arrangements with a view to ultimate success. In trusting the Punjaubees, and putting himself so much as he did in the hands of the men who had been in arms against us only eight years before, he acted from no over-confidence, but rather from feeling that it was our only chance. The policy of enlisting them wholesale in our service was not only designed to give us the means of controlling the Sepoy regiments, but also by sending the Punjaubees to fight at Delhi to relieve the Punjab of the risk from them there in case of any reverse. He rather under-estimated than over-estimated our hold in the Punjab. In July, when the idea of blowing in the gates and taking Delhi by a rush was pretty well abandoned, I wrote to him to say that, so far as I could gather, there was not the least chance of taking Delhi then, but our troops seemed to be pretty comfortable on the ridge, the rains had come well on, the heat was no longer so

excessive, and I did not see why they should not hold on where they were for a long time to come, till they got reinforcements and might take the place in the end. His reply was that I might be right, but that within a month Delhi must be taken or we should all be dead men. It was not taken for a much longer time than that, and we survived very well. In truth, the means by which John Lawrence saved India in the Mutiny were more remote than the mere arrangements of the day; it was the system of administration that had satisfied the people of the Punjaub. The Sikh Government, though indigenous, was not national. Runjeet Sing had destroyed the independent Sikhs, and he governed through mercenaries of all sorts; and although latterly, for a short time, there was a sort of pretorian rule which gave the soldiers a good time, the people never liked that. The patriotism of a native of India is rather for his village than for his country. When, then, under Lawrence's *régime*, they found that their institutions were respected, the land revenue demand was moderated, and they were allowed to manage their own affairs without too much interference, while those who liked to go for soldiers could have good service with us, they were quite content and gladly assisted us to get rid of the hated Sepoys.

In carrying out that latter measure and ridding ourselves of the Sepoys still in the Punjaub, even Lawrence, with all his authority, could not wholly restrain the more violent men; but things would have been much worse if he had not used his authority on the side of moderation.

As respects the question of holding or abandoning Peshawar I may be somewhat prejudiced, as having always maintained the Trans-Indus Afghan territory to be a weakness to us and not a strength. But now, trying to look at the matter quite dispassionately, in view of the ultimate very great difficulty we had in taking Delhi, I cannot think it possible to say that Lawrence was wrong in considering and advising about the expediency of making over Peshawar to Dost Mahomed and marching to Delhi the large force

locked up there. On the contrary, knowing as we do the extreme risks that were incurred before Delhi was really in our possession, it seems that nothing could be more reasonable and prudent under the circumstances than to think of abandoning our un-Indian possession, of at best very doubtful advantage to us, in order to secure Delhi and India. In the Mutiny the man who deserved most credit was he who was willing to spare troops to help where they were most needed, not he who insisted on keeping them in his own district as Edwardes did. And the attempt to give Edwardes credit in this matter at the expense of Lawrence seems to me much out of place. Even Lord Canning's admirers are scarcely justified for the credit they claim, because, after keeping Lawrence in suspense for six weeks, at the end of that time the telegram was sent, "Hold on to the last." Circumstances had then a good deal changed, but I still think that even in August the Peshawar force might with great advantage have been sent to Delhi to assist in the assault in September.

So again, when it was telegraphed up from Delhi that a message, purporting to be from the king, had come in offering to give up the place if he could get a promise that he would be spared, Lawrence very sensibly replied: "I don't believe he can do it, but if he ever has a chance by all means give him that promise." A cry was raised that he was condoning atrocities. I think he was most entirely right. I rather think he made some reservation about murder; but at anyrate no one seriously suspected the wretched old king of having anything to do personally with the atrocities of the first outbreak.

I have not looked at the account of the Mutiny which I sent home in the early part of August 1857 for upwards of thirty-two years. Many of the details are now out of date, but I here reproduce the parts of a more general character as showing the view then taken from the standpoint where I was behind Delhi—a better standpoint I think than that of the Presidency towns. We did not

then know much of what was going on in the Lower Provinces, and thought more of the greater events before our eyes. I prepared myself for a start down country with a light marching equipment—the sword and revolver, and especially an unusually large and powerful but somewhat impetuous gray Arab horse that I then had. I had a couple of large holsters in my saddle; and I soon after learned a mode of using them which I much recommend to all who may be similarly situated. The revolver naturally had its place in one holster, but in the other I used always to carry what is called in India a “damper,” on account of its damping the appetite; that is, a large thick cake or scone of unleavened bread, which I rolled up and stowed away in that unsuspected holster. I never ate it when I could get anything else, but it always gave me confidence that I could not starve. I hope the story that we have lately been told is not true—that so lately as 1882 the British soldier, marching on the torrid sands of Egypt, was supported with repeated tots of rum. I am sure nothing could be worse; whereas, if he carried some light concentrated food as the Germans do, it would be a real sustenance. Starting on 12th August I travelled by way of Seharunpore, accompanied to that place by a young civilian, W. Plowden, now Sir William Plowden, M.P., who was sent to open and keep open the road. At Seharunpore we found a somewhat vigorous administration, which meant a good deal of hanging. One junior civilian distinguished himself in that way, and has written a book about it which I have not seen, so I will only say that there really had been a good deal of disorder and plundering, and that our officers had successfully held their own in Seharunpore, with the assistance of the Goorkhas from Simla, and had recovered the neighbouring station of Mozuffernugger between Seharunpore and Meerut. On the way to Mozuffernugger I found a quite young civilian—a young man from my county of Fife, who had gone out to hold the place, Malcolm Low, now M.P. At Mozuffernugger we met a party of the Carabineers, who had come out from Meerut as an

escort to establish communications, so I had no difficulty in getting on to Meerut, where I arrived in the middle of August, and put up with my friend R. H. Wallace Dunlop, the magistrate of Meerut, a very good and discreet man. Although I had got to Meerut, it was quite impossible to get any farther, and I was delayed there a considerable time. It was a thoroughly Mutiny kind of life at Meerut; the place was surrounded by hostile forces, and the only communication with the outer world was the precarious route by which I had come. We were within hearing of the guns at Delhi, yet we had no direct communication with that place, and it was rather tantalising to follow by the sound something of what was going on and yet to have no immediate reliable news. The mutineer army had possession of the side of Delhi next to us, of the ferries over the Jumna, the Hindun bridge a few miles nearer to us, and the country thereabouts. Our information was principally derived from the camp of the mutineers through their friends in the city of Meerut. On the other side, in Rohileund the nearest approach to a regular rebel government had been set up, while the districts to the south were in possession of mutineers and rebels of various kinds. Immediately around, especially between Meerut and Delhi, the country was full of marauding Goojurs and Mewattees—that was largely a Goojur country. All the efficient troops had gone to Delhi—only remnants and deposits remained, and also some European cavalry, part of Her Majesty's Carabineers. Many European refugees from all the neighbouring districts had come into Meerut, and the able-bodied men were enrolled in a volunteer corps which was very active—they had learned the use of arms and become rather plucky and aggressive. A sort of entrenched camp had been formed, known by the native name of a "Dumdama," within which people were lodged. They seemed quite cheerful, and many ladies were still there. Writing on the 18th of August, I said: "There are many ladies here, far too many, I think; they should be sent away, but they have the upper hand." In fact they did not want to

go. As it happened, nobody attacked Meerut; I rather think that if the Delhi mutineers, instead of attacking our camp outside of Delhi, had sent some regiments across to Meerut, it might have gone hard with us; but they did not venture so far. In Rohileund the Hindoo Zemindars stoutly resisted the pretended Pathan Government, and there was so much fighting among the different classes of natives that they did not trouble us. It was much the same in the districts about Meerut. For the possession of the country round the cantonment our volunteers, occasionally assisted by the few regular troops available, carried on a sort of guerilla war, especially against a certain Waleed Khan, who had set up in a fort in the neighbouring district. Between Meerut and Delhi a Mahomedan Tehseeldar on our side, an old friend of mine, had established a kind of fort, and I think he was the inventor of what were called the telegraph guns, which made a great show in those days. A large number of great iron serew sockets had been imported to sink in the ground for the reception of the telegraph poles, and to protect them from the white ants, etc. These were lying about as yet unused, and my friend had the brilliant idea of turning them into artillery by drilling a touch-hole in them, mounting them as guns, and loading them with the wire chopped into pieces. He had a formidable battery of this kind facing the Delhi road, and the moral effect was so great that he held his own throughout the siege, and no one ever ventured to attack him. The worst of it was that some of the enemy found out the trick and mounted batteries of the same kind, with which they frightened our people.

I was threatened with want of occupation at Meerut, and needed exercise, so I took to going out with the volunteers. They were a good specimen of the kind of volunteer corps that were formed during the Mutiny, both in regard to their good and their bad points. They did very good service, but were difficult to keep in order, even under such a good man as Dunlop of Meerut, and I can easily imagine that under a less capable and moderate man they might

have been very unrestrained indeed. I find in a letter to my wife of 22nd August an account of an expedition in which I took part.

“ I went off at 1.30 this morning with the volunteers on an expedition to surprise two villages ten or twelve miles off, supposed to contain arms and plunder. We did not find much, in fact hardly any arms, but a few spoons and forks and billiard cues. We had some fifty volunteer horse, some volunteer foot, and a small party of Carabineers. There was no real resistance, and it was particularly enjoined that there was to be ‘ no killing ’; but the volunteers could not be restrained from firing at natives who broke cover, and they shot at least one man dead, besides wounding some others. Volunteer expeditions must be bloody work for boys with arms in their hands which they want to use on every occasion ; they cannot draw fine distinctions. The regulars are much better. To-day I took one village with the dragoons. They behaved very well and were quite in order. I was very well got up with the Arab (who is in great force and much admired, but too obstreperous), the revolver, and a sword, which, after many failures, I have at last learnt to wear ; but I did not use the weapon upon any one. I am a vast deal better for the trip. I was suffering from inaction, but have come back quite recovered.”

We maintained communication with Mr. Colvin by native messengers. For some time past I had the ambition of recasting the form of our administration where the cataclysm of the Mutiny had swept away everything and left a clear field ; and Mr. Colvin gave me an official commission to draw up a scheme of the kind, on which I occupied myself. He told me that his health was not good, but did not give me the idea that he was in any way incapacitated ; on the contrary, his letters were calm and clear, and his instructions were drawn in a way that showed no decadence of power.

I varied projects for a new administration with more guerilla expeditions. On 9th September I find an account of

one on a somewhat larger scale. Here is what I say :—  
“ We had a grand expedition yesterday. An express was sent in to say that something considerable was to be done, so I thought I would like to join, and having, I believe, the best horse and the best revolver in Meerut, I flatter myself I don't turn out so badly. Two of our men sent for revenue to a town in the Delhi direction were killed. The villagers were said to be supported by troops from Delhi, and our old enemy Walcedad was supposed to be ready to take us in the rear. Our picket was fired upon, and they killed five of our men. So having got together a considerable force we marched against Pilkowa in regular array at 2 A.M. When the head of the column with which I was got near Pilkowa, before daylight, some shots were fired at us from the jungle. At daybreak we invested the place, after driving away a party of irregular cavalry whom we had found on the road. No serious opposition, however, was attempted. In fact, I believe that our men were killed by the sowars from Delhi, and the guilty parties were able to make their escape, as we found afterwards. I kept at the head of the volunteers, and we surrounded the village. When we got round to the other side we came on numbers of people flying. The orders were to kill only armed men, but there is no holding the volunteers, and I am afraid they attacked people with very little discrimination. I was first, and tried to enforce order; the first few natives we came across I took prisoners, and made them sit down on the grass; but as soon as I went on I found the others going at them. With intense difficulty and much vociferation and strong language I saved most of them, but one man was run through and badly wounded. Meantime the other volunteers broke away and killed a good many. On returning we found that the regular troops had not been at all so bloody, but the whole place was plundered and gutted by the soldiers and camp-followers. I should have been very glad to have tried my revolver on a real rebel, but as it was I took no part in the killing, and only saved lives. I am rather discontented to have had no

use of the revolver which cost me so much. Certainly the excitement and rushing about does one good, and in these days one can stand a good deal of blood. I have just received a letter from Agra. Mr. Colvin is certainly the kindest and most considerate of men. We were within twenty miles of Delhi, and the great guns were going famously, so we trust the assault is going on in earnest." The letter from Mr. Colvin here alluded to was dated 4th Sept., five days before his death, and was the last I received from him. After matters personal to me, he says, "I thought you would be glad of the commission which I have officially given you to prepare the outline of a scheme for recasting the administration of the country in all branches. This will be a fair field for maturing the results of your North-West Provinces and Punjaub experiences. Whether I can co-operate with you as I would heartily desire in the great work is more than I can say. My health is very seriously shaken, and we may still have much to go through."

It was after the assault on Delhi had commenced that we heard the end had come; Mr. Colvin had breathed his last. It was in those days that I first made the acquaintance of one of the most distinguished of his successors, Alfred Lyall, then a very young civilian. He shared my tent, and very early I learnt to appreciate him. He was then, as he is now, a most accomplished and agreeable man.

It was at Meerut that I first realised the strong feeling against the Mahomedans which had grown up in the North-West Provinces. We thought that the Mahomedans had no excuse from the caste grievance, which was the immediate occasion of the Mutiny, and were disappointed when the Mahomedan Sepoys in the regular regiments went with the rest. Then we thought that the irregular cavalry, a superior class, and largely Mahomedan, would have stood by us, and when a good many of them went too we felt very much aggrieved. When our power was completely upset in the North-West Provinces and all signs of our rule had disappeared, it was not unnatural that in some places the

Mahomedans whom we had succeeded within the memory of man should try to set up in our stead, the more as the Sepoy rule was nominally that of the old Emperor whom they had in Delhi. We were very bitter against those Mahomedan pretenders. Some people thought that a good many had been driven into rebellion by the distrust and suspicion with which they were treated, as in the case of my poor friend Wazeer Khan, of Christie's Horse, of whom I have previously made mention. Many Mahomedans were still doing us very good service, but it was difficult to keep down a certain distrust of them. When the final assault upon Delhi commenced we only knew it by the increased firing of the artillery. On 16th September I say to my wife, "We are becoming more and more intensely anxious to know what is going on in Delhi. We have not a word of authentic intelligence since the 12th, though all the native accounts agree that there was desperate fighting on the 14th, and that we were in Delhi, but by no means in complete possession, the Sepoys fighting desperately." The next day I say, "We still know nothing of what is going on. I cantered out this morning in the Delhi direction and heard the great guns still going, so I conclude that the Palace is not yet taken, as we fervently hope it soon will be. On the 19th I again rode out, but could learn nothing except that fighting was still going on. Even on the 20th I say, "Still no news of Delhi being really taken, and we begin to wonder whether it ever will be. I can't think what is going on. Meantime I have been progressing much with my scheme for the future administration, and hope it will be a good one. I am, however, rather anxious to be after flying rebels, and disgusted at the delay."

That same day, however, we made out that the rebels were really evacuating Delhi, and the next day I was with my friend the Tehseeldar, who had the battery of telegraph guns half-way along the road. We ascertained that the mutineers were pouring over the Hindun bridge in full retreat, and that Delhi was really taken. We also learned that poor Greathed, the Commissioner of Meerut, who had

been sent to Delhi to look after political affairs there, had died of cholera during the assault. As soon as the last of the rebels seemed to have passed the Hindun bridge, a party of us from Meerut advanced to take possession of it, and, rather to our surprise, found that they had not broken it down behind them—it was in fact very little damaged—so crossing it I rode straight on to the Jumna and got over into Delhi, the first man to arrive, I think, *after* it was taken. Soon afterwards my brother (who had escaped from Moradabad, and who had taken his wife to Simla) also arrived from the other, the Umballa side.

As I said at the time, I went into Delhi with the vultures, and the sights on the outskirts were indeed very sickening—so many dead bodies were still lying about, but they had been cleared away from the Cashmere gate and the breach close by, and I was able to see the point where the actual successful assault took place without being disturbed by the most horrible sights. I was surprised at the smallness of the breach which had been made after the vast amount of artillery firing which we had heard ; but it was enough to get in by, that was the great thing. I found the headquarter staff comfortably established in the Palace, and during the next two or three days I had abundant opportunities of seeing Delhi and hearing all that had been going on.

The Delhi force was so much cut off from direct communication with the outer world, and comparatively small affairs nearer to Calcutta and Bombay bulked so much larger than the reality in the public perspective, that I think it was hardly realised at the time, and is perhaps hardly realised yet, how much the battle of India was fought and won in that siege of Delhi, where the Sepoy force was so much concentrated, and was attacked by the forces of the Punjab without any external assistance whatever. The whole question whether we were to keep or lose India depended on that siege. I think, too, that sufficient justice has never been done to General Archdale

Wilson, who took Delhi. I do believe that to him individually the success was in a very great measure due. He was not a showy or a very brilliant man, but he was a good, cool, solid man, a good whist-player and a good organiser. To him it was due that order was introduced into the camp, that the whole force was not disturbed by every alarm, and that by methodical arrangements we were enabled to meet the constant Sepoy attacks without exhaustion of our own forces, and so to hold on till the Sepoys had very much exhausted themselves and we were able to attack them. If General Wilson was somewhat slow in making the attack, and somewhat anxious before he resolved to do so, he had very good reason. The result showed that the capture of Delhi was all we could do; it was rather touch and go, we had no force to spare. And that being so, it is rather hard that the man upon whom all the responsibility rested should have been somewhat depreciated by the younger men around him, whom he properly consulted, discussing the probabilities and the risks. Several of them seem to have believed that Delhi was only taken because General Wilson was prompted and almost coerced by them; but, after all, he bided his time and did take it at the right time.

When I went in immediately after the capture, the city was very much turned inside out, the shops gutted, and the people fugitive. But there did not seem to me to be any great thirst for blood; our soldiers seemed to have had about enough of that. There were no executions going on to my knowledge. The poor old king was confined, with his old wife, in a small house within a railing where people went to look at him like a beast in a cage; but no one then seemed to have the least desire to do him any harm. Wilson was a moderate man, and the disposition entirely was to encourage the people to return and protect them. The only visible piece of vengeance was Hodson's work;—the bodies of the princes whom he had killed were brought in and laid out in triumph in the Kotwalee, a spectacle which all were invited to see. I do not think the

circumstances of their death were quite generally known, but it had leaked out a good deal. I knew Hodson rather well. After he first came to grief in the Punjaub, he came and lived at Kussowlee when I was the Commissioner there ; and, as he had been rather removed under a cloud than actually convicted of an offence, there was nothing to prevent my acquaintance with him. He was very clever and agreeable, and when I came to know him well he tried hard to show me that he was entirely without fault ; a subject on which I maintained a prudent reserve. When I heard stories about the way the princes were killed, I asked him about it and had a very long conversation with him on the subject. If he had told me any secrets it would perhaps not be fair to divulge them, but in truth he gave me much the same story that first appeared as the authentic account, without the subsequent embellishments about a desperate attack upon him and the rest. I could not but look very grave about it, but the deed could not be recalled, and I only strongly advised him to say as little as possible, and not to make a farther parade of the matter, but to get the bodies decently buried out of the way as soon as possible. There is no doubt that Hodson was a man of great energy and talent, and the way in which, when he had a chance on the outbreak of the Mutiny, he got together a wonderfully effectivé regiment out of the most unpromising materials, and used them in our service, was a great achievement, even if they were a good deal bribed by plunder. Whatever his faults, we should probably have looked leniently upon them after he was dead, if indiscreet friends had not tried to prove a great deal too much. His brother, I think, made him out to be rather a saint than otherwise ; a character which he certainly never claimed. My impression is, from papers I afterwards saw, that if he had lived he must have been the subject of a formal inquiry or trial, not on account of the people he killed, that was passed and gone, but on account of others to whom he gave guarantees in a very unaccountable manner.

It was not till later that the very regrettable severities

took place at Delhi. When I was there I did not apprehend that, and I do not think it was the work of the military authorities—it was after some of the expelled civilians returned. I was then far away and do not know particulars, but my impression is that many of the executions were unjustifiable. I do not think it was the doing of Charles Saunders, who became Commissioner of Delhi, though he failed to control his subordinates. I rather think it resulted from the want of any sufficient controlling authority, the usual delay having occurred in the arrangements of the Government of India.

I was not able to write many private letters when I was in Delhi. My wife at Simla had much better and fuller news all through, and it now reads odd in the midst of these scenes, that one letter to my mother at home was filled partly with an account of Delhi, and partly with details about the letting of a farm in Scotland. But I was able to despatch a letter to the *Times*, some passages of which I append.<sup>1</sup>

When I went into Delhi, Nicholson was dying or dead; the sympathy and regret on his account were great, and I with others heartily praised his great energy, and lamented the loss of the man best fitted to command and control the Punjaub regiments. But military opinion was not altogether unanimous—some of the regular officers thought that in his famous action outside Delhi he had over-marched and altogether used up one of the best of Her Majesty's European regiments. I scarcely knew him personally, but always understood that he was not only vigorous but even violent in some of his actions and a great deal of his language. And now that we see the things that are told of him by those who most praise him, one cannot but feel that he was a very violent man. I have seen mention of alleged utterances of Nicholson about a desire for power to flay alive the most guilty rebels. It would hardly be fair to judge him very seriously by that; but while Bosworth Smith, in his

<sup>1</sup> Extracts will be found in the Appendix at the end of Volume II.

Life of Lord Lawrence, glorifies Nicholson to an excessive degree, some of the facts he relates tell the other way, and it is at any rate clear that he was very insubordinate, and behaved very badly to Lawrence himself, because Lawrence restrained the men of excessive action. Nothing I think more redounds to Lawrence's credit than the way in which he kept his temper with Nicholson and others, and while restraining Nicholson, utilised him to the utmost, for I do believe that at Delhi Nicholson really was a right man in the right place. Wilson was very cautious, and Nicholson's excessive vigour may have supplemented what might possibly have been wanting. I only tremble to think of the difficulties I should have had if, when I went with the first column with somewhat imperfect and undefined powers, Nicholson had commanded the troops as was originally intended. As it turned out, he died a soldier's death after having rendered great services, which are very deservedly praised. I only dislike the disposition to a sort of deification of him as the incarnation of vigour. It is perhaps a pity to spoil the stories about the natives worshipping him, which are about as authentic as Highland Jessie, whose best friends now show her, if she ever existed, to have been a Glasgow slavey, and to have derived the divine afflatus from the street music of her native Gallowgate. At all events these pretty stories are decently contemporaneous, and far more justifiable than the romantic songs invented generations later about that contemptible and drunken young man, Charles Stuart, whom his followers at the time did not treat with civility, to say nothing of deference.

I was rather flattered by the consideration with which I was treated in the camp, but I presently found that it was partly due to an idea which had gone abroad that I was about to take the civil command. And I might have been ready enough to do so for the time at least, if any one had had authority to appoint me, though I had no personal knowledge of the Delhi districts. But Delhi then belonged to the North-West Provinces—Mr. Colvin was

dead, we did not know who was to succeed him, and had no means of speedy communication. We held, too, at that time nothing but the town of Delhi, and it had been arranged to instal a military Governor of the town. I could hardly have done much good without very full powers. My friend Charles Saunders, who had been Greathed's second, was in charge of his office; and so when it was suggested that I should go with the column about to follow the rebels and recover the country, and Sir John Lawrence telegraphed a provisional approval till the orders of Government could be obtained, I very readily accepted that arrangement, and tents and equipments were speedily provided for me. The force to move out of Delhi was arranged with considerable promptitude. The European infantry were really entirely exhausted by the siege—some 450 wearied men represented two regiments, but the Punjaubees were fresh and strong, two good and full regiments formed part of the column. The cavalry, both European and native, was fresh and in good condition, and there were plenty of field-guns quite efficient though not manned according to the orthodox strength. The difficulty was to find the right commanding officer—all the best men were wounded, or in one way or another incapacitated. Hope Grant, whose regiment, the 9th Lancers, was going, afterwards so much distinguished himself, that one may without detriment say that at that time he was not fully appreciated. He was supposed to be rather slow, and it was said that, when his cavalry were under a heavy fire and doing no good whatever, he would not take the responsibility of moving them back without orders—so he was left behind, and the command fell somewhat accidentally to Colonel Greathed of Her Majesty's 8th Foot as senior officer. The column moved out on 24th September, but I was not to take charge as Civil Commissioner till we reached the next district, which was in possession of the enemy. I forget why, perhaps because the regular civil authorities were in possession of the Meerut district. At any rate, it was not till the 26th that

I went out and overtook the column. There had been some plundering at Ghazeeoodeennugger, and a European sentry had shot a Sikh who tried to pass with plunder, which so incensed the Sikhs that to pacify them the soldier was put under arrest for a time. Beyond that, the large Goojur village of Dadree was found empty, and was burned. The Goojurs richly deserved any punishment; they had devastated the country wherever they could, but to burn their houses was hardly the way to quiet them down. After I joined, I tried to prevent that sort of thing as much as possible. At the next encampment we found the people quietly returning to their villages and encouraged them to do so. Colonel Greathed I am bound to say was quite well inclined to moderate measures, but he had not a very good control over his officers.

On the 28th we got into the enemy's country, occupied by our old friend Waleedad with the aid of a good many Sepoys from Delhi, and we had to fight for it, the first battle that I saw. We marched as usual through the night, starting in the very small hours of the morning, and coming to a cross-road some time before daylight were warned that the enemy was at hand, and so the troops were halted. The few of us who were with the advanced party dismounted for a little rest, and lying under a tree I had just dosed off when I was rudely startled up by a clattering and shouting. I never passed more unpleasant moments than when I realised the clattering of horses coming down the metalled roads and some Persian-speaking irregulars with us crying out, "They are on us," "They are on us." And I never was more grateful to any man in my life than I was to my native syce (horse-keeper) when I heard him running up with my horse and calling, "Here he is, Sahib." I scrambled up with extreme expedition, and then Richard was himself again. However, it turned out that the enemy, finding that they had come upon a considerable party, thought discretion the better part, and after two or three vague shots we heard them clattering back again.

After this small victory I became proud and would not

rest till I went on with a small escort to try and get some information. We met some natives on the road, and they told us we had better not go on as the rebel battery was a little way ahead. I thought it might be a mile or two. Then one or two early husbandmen came along going to their fields, and we chatted with them in an easy way and learned all we could about the doings of the rebels. Meantime day was beginning to dawn, and at last we made out to our surprise an obstruction on the road within two or three hundred yards, which turned out, when we saw it a little better, to be the rebel battery with the guns pointed straight on us. It was now our turn to make a hasty retreat, but the rebels had also made us out, and sent a few shots after us. That white-gray horse of mine was a very conspicuous object in those days, and people said he made a capital mark for the enemy. Later in the day he was hit, but it was only by a very spent ball, which did not do him much harm, and the only effect was to make me a little more careful. Soon a regular action commenced, and the troops advanced in orthodox fashion. I followed the lancers into a native serai, and hardly realised that the thing was getting pretty hot till one or two of the officers were brought back wounded. However, the result was that we beat them completely and occupied Bulandshuhur. The people of the town soon returned and sold us supplies in a friendly way; but some Sepoys were found in the houses, and that led to a good deal of plundering. That same day Waleedad abandoned his Fort of Malaghur, and joined a brigade of mutineers retreating from Delhi. A larger Sepoy force had also crossed the Jumna a little lower down, and the general feeling in camp was that by a rapid advance we might have made an example of them. Military difficulties, however, were found, and we halted for the next three or four days. On 3rd October we marched to a place called Koorjah, a considerable Mahomedan town, full of people who were or had been in our service, both civil and military. Though some of them had no doubt been in Delhi, and they had for a time received a

rebel Tehseeldar, they had upon the whole not behaved badly, and now received our Tehseeldar and gave us a friendly reception, so I was anxious to treat them leniently. But then came an incident of which a good deal was heard. Some one found a skeleton by the roadside, not a very uncommon thing in those days, and it was said to be the skeleton of a woman. I believe some kind of medical committee was held upon it. I was not present, and cannot vouch for the story that went about the camp that of three medical officers one was very decided that it was a woman, another rather inclined to think it was a man, and the third very sagely pronounced that he could not exactly say, but of one thing he was *quite* sure, that it was either a woman or a man. However, the general verdict settled that it was a woman, and then it was evident that if it was a woman it must have been a large and large-boned woman. From that the whole camp jumped to the positive conclusion that it must be a European woman. There was no pretext of any known case of any European woman who had been murdered in those parts, but people were not very logical in those days, and it went about that we had found the skeleton of a murdered European lady. A great cry for vengeance arose. My authority was very imperfect, indeed; I had really received no regular commission at all, and when I did receive it I had no absolute control over the military. But the magistrate of Boolandshuhur, who was also present, agreed with me that it was most undesirable to drive the Koorjah people to extremities; we deprecated hostilities. The commanding officer wavered and hesitated; but, towards evening, he marched out the troops towards the town in order to disarm it. A collision seemed very imminent, and with darkness coming on and the Punjaubees keen for plunder, the result might have been disastrous. I rode out with the troops, and when we came near the town, simply said to the commanding officer, "I have no authority to stop you, but I tell you that I think it most undesirable and inexpedient that there should be any collision here; to my knowledge a very large

number of the Koorjah people are serving in a regiment of irregular cavalry which is down in Scinde and still faithful to us, and many others are in our service. And now that we hope to restore peace we want to be friendly with these people; if you do anything you do it entirely on your own responsibility." That responsibility was a great sedative, and the upshot of it was that the troops were marched back again, much to the disgust of many among them. My friend, Sir George Bouehier, who then commanded a battery, says in his book that the Civil Commissioner insisted on sparing the town because it paid a large revenue; but the reasons really were much more important than that. After this incident I found it very much easier to control military ebullitions. My experience very strongly is that the European soldiers are perfectly amenable when their officers are moderate and firm in the desire to keep them in. I never had any occasion whatever to complain of undisciplined excesses on their part throughout the march. They used occasionally to bring in a fat trader and say he looked very like a "Saypoy," but when they were told he was nothing of the kind they were quite good-natured about it. At the next place we found a friendly Zemindar, and everything was quiet; but we had more and more news of mutineers from Delhi marching down country. One used to think stories of husbandmen ploughing their fields in the presence of contending armies rather a myth, but in this part of the country it literally was the case. I confess I thought them rather imprudent to be ploughing as we were passing, seeing the risk of having their bullocks seized; but most of them seemed to go about their cultivation as usual, and I came along and talked to them just as if nothing had happened.

We used to march at night, starting about 2 or 3 A.M., so as to get the cool hours. My recollection of the life is quite a pleasant one. The siege of Delhi had not exhausted the supplies or even the luxuries of Upper India, and our force came away exceedingly well supplied, the only difficulty being the amount of impedimenta, for we had not

only good supplies for men and officers, but a large amount of plunder, which it was difficult sufficiently to reduce. The country through which we marched furnished native supplies and abundant forage. The officers of Her Majesty's 8th Regiment were good enough to make me an honorary member of their mess, which saved me a great deal of trouble, and I could not have fared better in the quietest of times. Partly, however, owing to our encumbrances, and partly to what we thought a want of go in the Commanding Officer, our progress was not very rapid. We were expected to follow and attack the retreating mutineers; but they completely outmarched us, and though various bodies of them crossing from Muttra and elsewhere came across our path, they were always just a little way ahead. I used to go to a man ploughing his fields and say: "Where are the rebels?" "Oh," he would say, "three regiments of them passed down this morning, but they are a long way off by this time." As we approached Alighur we had news that a detachment of mutineers from Delhi had arrived to reinforce the Mahomedan rebels in that place. Alighur had changed hands two or three times during the Mutiny, but the people had not behaved very badly. It so happened that in order to give me pay till I could join at Agra, I had been appointed as a mere paper arrangement magistrate and collector of Alighur, and I unexpectedly found myself in my own dominions. I hardly thought that the rebels would stand against us, and was anxious to save the town if possible, so I rode ahead with a small escort. I found the people in the suburbs quite friendly, though not very clear whether the Delhi mutineers were within the walls or not. When we came near the main gate we found a crowd of people in front of it, and I beckoned to them to parley. Thereupon a smart-looking man upon an active pony trotted out towards us, and I thought it was all right; but just as he was getting near us, for some reason quite unexplained, he suddenly turned round and galloped back. As soon as he got to his friends the crowd separated and disclosed two guns in position, which forthwith opened fire upon us—a

most unpleasant reception on my entry into my capital! Naturally we made ourselves scarce as quickly as possible. We got into a grove alongside the road, and sent in hot haste for assistance. I never was more relieved than when two or three of our guns came up at a gallop, and unlimbering, opened their fire. From what I have seen in the Mutiny I did not much believe in the effectiveness of the old-fashioned artillery to kill very many people, but there is no doubt whatever of the moral effect of the noise. Bag-pipes are all very well, but when your heart is sinking there is nothing to bring it up again like the bang—bang—bang of the guns on your own side. On that occasion, from considerable depression we became very elevated indeed, and before long, our troops coming up, the enemy disappeared and shut the gate. Soon after, some of the natives brought me news that many rebels were flying from the other side of the town, where the cavalry went after them and cut them up. The town itself, however, still seemed formidable, and there was talk of delaying the attack. However, news was brought to me that the gate on the other side was open, and then I got a Punjaub regiment from the commanding officer, and marching in, took quiet possession. We found the guns that had given us so much trouble, but on the principle of letting bygones be bygones, I thought it better not to inquire who had fired them and who had not—and our administration was soon established just as usual. I am afraid, however, that during the ensuing night some plundering took place.

The next day I conducted an expedition to surprise two rebel Thakoors of a considerable place called "Akrabad." These people had behaved exceptionally ill, having gone into open rebellion without any excuse whatever very early in the day, and committed acts which had caused a reward of 2000 rupees to be set upon their heads. Major Ouvry of the 9th Lancers, a very active officer, commanded the cavalry of the expedition, and we arrived at the place just at dawn. It turned out that the Thakoors, hearing of our approach, were afraid to make a stand, and attempted to

retreat, but we overtook them, and they were killed. Malleson states that they were summarily tried and executed, but that is not the case; they were simply killed in the pursuit. I did not see them killed, but I saw their bodies directly afterwards; exceedingly fine men they were. I confess that on this occasion only, believing that these people had behaved exceptionally ill, I allowed a vindictive spirit to get possession of me, and took part in a rather bloody pursuit. But there were no cold-blooded executions of any kind. The Thakoors' women were captured in large native carriages and brought safely back. All the other villages seemed quite friendly, and if any of them had misgivings, the example of Akrabad brought them round, so the country was quite quieted that day. The crops were particularly good, cultivation was going on, and all was peaceful.

But urgent news now came from Agra that they were again threatened there by a combination of the Mhow and Neemuch brigades of mutineers, one of which had come from Delhi, and the other had never reached that place. The Agra authorities pressed much that we should come to their assistance. On 8th October we were at Bijeghur, only six miles from Alighur and forty-two miles from Agra. The Ranee of that place had behaved particularly well, and I especially desired that she should be well treated; but we had hardly got into the place when a large house was set on fire, and the Ranee's property was plundered. It turned out that this was not an unauthorised act of the soldiers, but that the officer commanding Her Majesty's 75th Regiment, having found some powder and arms, which the Ranee's people had reasonably got together for their own defence, had taken upon himself to condemn her, and let loose his men. As usually happens in these cases, it was the fault of the superior officer rather than of the men. And in this column in particular it was not so much that the officer commanding the column was disinclined to moderate measures, but that he had not sufficient control over those under him. As I reported at the time, he was

very angry at what had been done, and promised redress and compensation. "But," I said, "the carriages, bullocks, horses, etc., of the Ranee were recognised in different parts of the camp, and I attempted to obtain for her actual restitution. I regret, however, to find that red tape is so little peculiar to peace and civilians, that though the plundered property was there, visible to our eyes, the whole afternoon was spent bandying the matter about from one officer to the other before the officer commanding each offender could be reached in the regular routine way and the case be taken up by him. The consequence was that night closed in and no restitution was made." I have already, I think, said that till we got to Agra my own position was a very undefined and uncertain one, as I had only a sort of provisional authority of an imperfect character, depending upon subsequent confirmation. Meantime, still more urgent demands for assistance came from Agra. The rebels were said to be on the very point of attacking that place. We were still forty-two miles distant, but the column started in the early hours of the morning of the 9th, and marched towards Agra. At the end of the march we were still thirty miles distant, but I thought it well to get on in advance, and so I went straight on with Major Ouvry and a couple of men, and did not stop till we reached the Jumna and got over into Agra. I was not at all molested on the way, and treated the villagers as I passed as if I was there as a matter of course. But that I was able to do so under the circumstances, when one body of mutineers had just crossed the road I took, and another was threatening Agra on the other side, is the best proof how little of civil rebellion there was in the country, and how easily we resumed possession the moment the mutineers went away. Some of the accounts represent the relief of Agra on the 10th of October as if it had been almost a second relief of Lucknow, but the fact that I myself came quietly in on the 9th shows that on one side at any rate it was not very closely beleaguered. However, the people shut up in the fort at Agra had long been cut off from the outer world

(except so far as they maintained communications by native messengers, who concealed small notes about their persons), and I was welcomed as a sort of dove coming into the ark. I was hospitably entertained by the Muirs (now Sir W. and Lady Muir) in their quarters in the fort. There was a very large assemblage of Europeans there. Agra was then the headquarters of the Government of the North-West Provinces—all the higher civilians were there, as well as all the district officials and the refugees from the neighbouring districts, with the whole of the staff of their officers and a great many others besides. There was a European regiment and some European artillery. Altogether there was quite a European town within that old Mogul fort, besides the native servants and followers. It was quite unlike anything one sees in India. But upon the whole they had settled themselves and shaken down better than might have been expected, and seemed not so very uncomfortable in their physical condition. Morally, however, they had been exceedingly uncomfortable. The social atmosphere had been stormy in a high degree.

In the early part of the Mutiny the question of confidence or no-confidence in the natives had become a very raging one.

At Agra the magistrate, the immediate executive officer in charge of the place, was the Hon. Robert Drummond, a brother of Lord Strathallan's, and one of a family of distinguished brothers. He was a man of energy and of much experience among the natives, in whom he had come to have much confidence. He had served in districts of Rohilcund where a superior Mahomedan element was predominant, and was rather partial to the Mahomedans. He stoutly maintained that in this Mutiny of the Sepoys there was no reason to distrust the tried native officials in whom we had hitherto trusted—that it was not becoming in us to show any undue panic, and that we should rather exhibit a bold and confident front. He pledged himself to maintain order through the men in whom he confided, till at least we were overcome by actual military force. Others again maintained that the country was permeated

with treachery, and our best native officials could not be trusted at all; that the Mahomedans in whom Drummond put his faith were especially to be distrusted; and that we should at once put ourselves as far as possible beyond the power of them all. Mr. Colvin, not in good health, was sorely pressed by the opposite parties, but his view was in favour of a confident attitude. The opposition faction declared that Mr. Colvin was weakened and unable to hold his own, and that, as they expressed it, the *bourgeois* Scotch governor was overridden by the aristocratic Scotch magistrate. The practical result of it all had been that those who liked to take refuge in the fort were not prevented from doing so, but they were not permitted to encumber it with the whole of their goods and property, and horses, and cattle, and all the rest of it. Those who were willing to live outside the fort did so. Many of the Government officers and Government records still remained outside, and as far as possible the ordinary business was carried on, and the appearance of British administration was maintained, even when the districts around were falling away from us. So things went on till the beginning of July. At that time Mr. Colvin had a threatening of serious illness, which made it necessary for him to delegate for a day or two the conduct of affairs to two or three of the senior civilians. And though he recovered and resumed his functions, he was no doubt somewhat shaken for the time. Then came the attack of the mutineers upon Agra. The British military force went out to meet them on the 8th July. The affair from a military point of view was badly managed—we were defeated, and our beaten forces came back to the shelter of the fort. Then there was a dreadful stampede of all who had remained outside—very much property was lost and many of the Government records. And though the civilians got into the fort, and the enemy had no immediate chance of taking that, the feelings of those who had lost their property were very bitter. The European community, crowded together in the fort after a great disaster, were in a very unamiable

mood—discord and recriminations much prevailed. The Brigadier-General, whose strategy had been so unfortunate, was perhaps not unreasonably deposed. But there was also a violent cry against Robert Drummond, the magistrate, who could hardly be responsible for an unexpected military defeat. Mr. Colvin was pressed so hard that he consented to suspend Drummond from his functions. Shut up as our people then were in the fort, there was not much scope for any function beyond the organising of the garrison, and though there was much ill-feeling, things went on without any additional misfortune so long as Mr. Colvin lived. There were some excellent men in the fort—Reade of the Board of Revenue, the senior civilian; Harrington of the Sudder Court; Muir, and others. Colonel Cotton, the new military head, was an energetic man, and the arrangements for defence were well managed by Colonel Fraser, the chief engineer. The mutineers, finding themselves unable to take the fort, went off towards Delhi, and the garrison were considerably relieved. So things went on till poor Mr. Colvin died in the first half of September. The garrison were able to communicate with Calcutta by means of native messengers to the nearest telegraph stations, and the news of Mr. Colvin's death brought from Calcutta a very extraordinary decision of Lord Canning's—Colonel Fraser, the engineer, was appointed the temporary successor of Mr. Colvin, with the title of Chief Commissioner of the North-West Provinces. If he had been made mere commandant of the besieged garrison, there could have been no objection to the appointment; but just at the time when we were about to assault Delhi, and might reasonably hope to recover our districts, it was a very strange appointment. Fraser was an elderly Scotchman—a sensible man as it turned out, and quite good in his own profession; but there never was a man more free from any knowledge of civil affairs or ambition that way. Feeling ran so strong that there was always danger that, at the moment of our recovery of power, a military man might be carried away by the military

proclivities for vengeance. Fortunately Fraser behaved very well, indeed; and so did the senior civilians, Reade especially—a man of very high position and character, who might reasonably have expected to be put in the chief command almost as a matter of course. He gave Fraser every possible assistance, and during the few months that Fraser nominally held power things went on quite as well as could have been expected. But it was generally believed that the anxiety of the position killed Fraser in the end.

For a little time before our arrival, a great new anxiety had come upon the occupants of the fort—the threatened attack of another body of the mutineers. That absorbed all their thoughts, and led to the urgent demands for assistance which had reached us. Up to the day when I arrived, the enemy had been advancing, and were believed to be within a short march of Agra; but that day a favourable turn had occurred. News came that they had halted, perhaps hearing of our victorious column, and that they were inclined to retreat. That evening came news that they actually had retreated, and what between the imminent arrival of friends on one side and the retreat of the enemy on the other, there was much rejoicing. Before I went to bed that night, I was officially informed in the most positive manner that the enemy had retreated without doubt. This was more than confirmed when we got up in the morning of the 10th; the whole force of the enemy was, we were told, clear away beyond the Kharce Nuddec, a small stream on the Gwalior road, and were now fully sixteen miles distant. The stream, it was added, was unfordable for guns. The best proof of the confidence of the Agra authorities in the news is that on that morning Mrs. Muir actually drove out for an airing on the very ground which the enemy occupied in the battle that day.

The relief was so complete that everybody was able to turn their attention to the pleasant spectacle of the arrival of our troops, which, having made a long-forced march in the night, marched into Agra in good time in the morning of 10th October. There were great congratulations and

great shakings of hands all round. It was arranged that the troops should encamp on the Agra parade, a very fine open ground, and the Agra volunteers undertook to do the scouting for them, though, according to the political information, much scouting did not seem to be required.

The tents and baggage had not arrived, and as they marched in, the tired troops lay down in rough bivouac upon the parade. Meantime, the grateful members of the relieved garrison proceeded to entertain their deliverers with all the hospitality in their power. I myself went off to breakfast with a friend who had reoccupied his house outside, between the fort and the parade, where we had a very sociable and pleasant party, and made an excellent breakfast in the best of spirits. I had just about finished my breakfast when we heard the sound of some big guns in the distance, but we were so much accustomed to that sort of thing that we did not disturb ourselves. However, a good many guns boomed in at the open windows, and some one said, "What's that?" "Oh," the reply was, "I suppose they are firing some kind of salute." "But," I said, "it seems rather an irregular kind of salute," and as the firing went on, at last I got up and went outside to see what I could learn. All still seemed quiet on the high road, but, immediately after, a couple of natives came running down the road, and when they got near they shouted, "Mokabilah ho raha," which means, "A battle is going on." They could not explain very clearly what it all meant, but they were very clear that there was active fighting. I immediately got my horse, and having (in full security) left my revolver in the fort, I managed to borrow another from an Agra volunteer, and rode up in hot haste to the parade to see what was the matter. There I found a heavy cannonade going on without any mistake at all, and round shot hopping about the parade like so many cricket balls.

It turned out that the enemy had completely surprised us. Instead of retreating they had that morning marched straight down the metalled high-road—not a mere surprise

party, but the whole force, bag and baggage, with all their material and many guns, including some exceedingly large ones; but no one took the least notice of them. There was a highly-organised intelligence department at Agra, who got unlimited news, true and false, but on this occasion no one brought any news at all. The only circumstance to favour the advance was that the high millet crops were on the ground, some of them 10 or 12 feet high, and so the free marching down the road was not so visible as it would have been at another time. They reached the point where the road crossed the parade ground quite unobserved. They probably had some scouts, and discovering our troops there, arranged themselves and got their guns in position before they announced themselves to us. The first attack was made by a few fanatics who rushed in and cut down two or three of our men, but were not numerous enough to do material harm. If the enemy's real forces had made a rush in the same way, when no one expected them, there is no saying what might have happened; but fortunately, as natives generally do, they believed in and stuck to their great guns, and instead of charging in, they opened that heavy fire which had disturbed us at breakfast. Very much surprised our people certainly were, but it was lucky that the camp had not come up, and, quite unencumbered, our men were very speedily ready for action. When I arrived I found a considerable body of them in the middle of the parade-ground, while the camp followers and residents were rushing about in panic. I thought the best thing I could do was to join the troops, and did so. There were there, the 9th Lancers, a field battery, and a strong regiment of Sikhs, and they were in good order. The enemy's guns were a little way off, and their fire seemed rather vague, but we had lost a few men, and one or two officers of the 9th Lancers fell either then or very soon afterwards. It did not seem clear whether any one in particular was in command of our troops. Very soon after we suddenly saw a large body of cavalry coming at a gallop towards us through the crops. They were rather mixed, in many uniforms, but were a large

and compact body, coming on very rapidly and vigorously. Very shortly they were upon the open parade, galloping right upon us, and the whole affair took place exactly as if it had been a parade manœuvre. We were ready for them, the lancers in order, the Sikhs rapidly formed into square, and the guns ready; but just as they got near us some one raised the cry; "Don't fire! don't fire! they are our own irregulars running away." The artillery hesitated, and before we knew where we were, they had got possession of one or two of our guns and sabred the gunners. However, the Sikhs received them excellently, and the lancers went for them. It was hardly my business to charge, but when I looked round it was too late to retreat, so I made the best of it, and joined in the charge of the lancers. I had been one of those who had rather jeered at regular cavalry as hardly suited for Indian work, but certainly on this occasion they did excellent service, and I very much admired them. To get properly at the enemy they had to wheel half-round, and I noticed the exceeding steadiness with which they performed that manœuvre, and the solid way in which they charged. They scattered the irregulars opposed to them like chaff before the wind, and there was soon no doubt that we had won that encounter. Still the hostile cavalry, though utterly broken, were scampering all over the place, and caused an immense amount of confusion and panic. They were galloping about the parade, and our men firing at them as if it were a kind of big battue. I was rather sorry for one man who nobly attempted to save a discomfited comrade mounted behind him, the two were brought down, and rolled over just in front of me. I had come up before the panic had fully begun in the lines at Agra, but it soon set in very badly, and a good many of the fugitive rebel troopers wildly galloping up and down the place raised the panic to an excessive pitch. They say there never was such a scene of confusion; everybody was riding over everybody else.

However, on the parade the cavalry incident blew over, and our forces began to get more completely into order.

The parts of our column that were behind arrived on the ground, some field-guns soon came out from the fort to reinforce us, and told us that the European infantry were coming shortly after. The commanding officer was on the ground, and our artillery effectively returned the enemy's fire, though they had not such heavy guns. So it went on for some time; but then one of the enemy's tumbrels blew up, and that was a kind of turning point. After that it became pretty evident that they felt they too had had a surprise in finding our column upon the ground. They began to slacken, while we waxed more confident, and in fact they soon began to execute a strategic movement to the rear, while we pressed them hard. They left one very big gun upon the parade, and not long after abandoned two more of the same kind. For a time they kept good order, and made a stand in places where bullets flew most uncomfortably thick, but gradually they got more and more into full retreat, and by the time we had covered something like a couple of miles of ground they were thoroughly repulsed and beaten. We made some halt then, but it turned out that Colonel Cotton of Agra (Gun Cotton he was called), who was by this time on the ground, was the senior officer and in command. He was not the man to lose a chance of crushing an enemy. The infantry of our column were pretty well done, and the Europeans just arriving from the fort were not quick enough to follow a fugitive native force; but the mounted troops, cavalry, and some artillery were still pretty fit, and they continued the pursuit. The retreat became a rout, large quantities of baggage and accumulated plunder were abandoned all along the road, and many of the enemy were killed. My horse and I had rested and breakfasted, so we were fresh enough and I was easily able to keep in the front ranks of the pursuit till the enemy had lost all order, and were utterly dissipated, flying into the shelter of the crops on either side of the road. Our pursuing force became smaller and smaller, but we kept it up till we approached the neighbourhood of the Kharee Nuddee, ten miles from Agra.

It was at this point that there occurred a crisis in my military career. I fancied that I saw among the crops, away at one side of the road, something like the gleam of large wheels, and thought that it might, perhaps, be the enemy's guns trying to escape by a bye-road. I could not at the moment get any one to attend to my view, and having no force of my own, I thought it best to gallop along in that direction and see for myself. I was mounted on that fine but rather impetuous gray Arab whom I have mentioned before. Approaching the spot where I suspected the enemy's guns to be retreating, I had to go through a high field of standing millet; and when I came out on the other side I saw right before me, only a little way off, a crowd of rebels with a train of guns which they were urging along in hasty retreat. Naturally, being quite alone, I tried to pull up my horse, but he was greatly excited and I could not manage it. He carried me straight on towards the enemy. The situation was desperate. I could do nothing but wave my sword and shout out loudly, partly in the hope of bringing assistance on my side, and partly to frighten the enemy. I never was more relieved in my life when I saw that the people with the rearmost of the enemy's guns, evidently taking me for an officer leading the pursuit, and believing that my force was behind me, fled at once and disappeared in the crops beyond. The splendid bullocks with which the guns were "horsed" came to a standstill, and I found myself in possession of the guns. Three guns, with all their equipments, were left on my hands—only the leading guns, which were a little way ahead, went on. That was a proud moment of my life. But with victory came embarrassment. I looked round and found that I was entirely cut off by the high crops from all sight of, and communication with, our own people. I had only seen the enemy disappear on the edge of the fields on the other side, and for aught I knew they might be prospecting me there. I did not like to shout very much, for fear of showing them my embarrassment, and I could hardly simulate many voices. An idea occurred to me. I would shoot one of

the leading bullocks in each gun, and, leaving him entangled in the harness, would go to fetch assistance. There was no time to be lost. I proceeded to the execution of the plan, and put my pistol to the ear of the first bullock. To this day I remember the look of that very fine quadruped as he turned his mild eye upon me, unsuspecting of my murderous intent. My heart rather sank within me, but I had become habituated to deeds of blood, and persevered. I pulled the trigger: the pistol snapped. I pulled another, and another barrel: the wretched borrowed pistol snapped all round, and I was helpless. It was a painful situation, but there was nothing for it. I galloped wildly back to ask for assistance. I encountered Major Turner of the Artillery (now Sir Frank Turner, K.C.B.), and though he had few men to spare, he kindly gave me a corporal and five men of the lancers whom he had as an escort to his battery. I returned with them as quickly as possible, found that the enemy had not come back, and finally secured the guns. We then continued the pursuit of those which had gone on. But by this time they were approaching a ford where their people were crossing, and on a small rising ground they unlimbered the two guns they still had, and turned them upon us, flourishing their sponges, and pretty plainly intimating that if we came on they were ready for us. Under those circumstances we thought it prudent not to attack with so small a party, and some little time passed, each side waiting for the other to begin, like the historical British noblemen. In this situation we at last descried two small bodies of cavalry in the distance, and hoped that we were about to receive reinforcements, but remembering the mistake of the forenoon, one or two of my men suggested that they rather thought these were not our people but the enemy; it seemed very doubtful indeed. We thought it well then as a precautionary measure to retire into the high crops, till we saw how it turned out. When they got near we were satisfied from our place of observation that they were our friends, and sallying out, met Watson of the irregular cavalry (who still survives as Sir John Watson),

and who was soon afterwards joined by Probyn, now Sir Dighton Probyn. The enemy, seeing our reinforcements, and perhaps having effected their object of covering the retreat over the ford, stood out no longer, and abandoning their guns fled before us, while we took triumphant possession of the guns—two of our own British nine-pounders. The best proof of the reality of their defence and defiance was, that these guns were fully equipped with their tumbrels and ammunition all complete. Some of Watson's troopers, who were old Sikh artillerymen, dismounted, turned the guns upon the still retreating enemy, and fired upon them with some effect.

One more adventure I had, which somewhat detracted from my triumph with the guns. I overtook an armed rebel, not a Sepoy, but a native matchlockman; he threw away his gun, but I saw that he had still a large powder-horn and an old-fashioned pistol in his belt; my blood was up, and I dealt him a mighty stroke with my sword, expecting to cut him almost in two, but my swordsmanship was not perfect; he did not fall dead as I expected; on the contrary, he took off his turban, and presenting his bare head to me, pointed to a small scratch and said, "There, Sahib, evidently God did not intend you to kill me, so you may as well let me off now." I felt very small; evidently he had the best of the argument. But he was of a forgiving disposition, and relieved my embarrassment by cheerful conversation, while he professed, as natives do, that he would serve me for the rest of his life. I made him throw away any arms he still had, safe-conducted him to the nearest field, and we parted excellent friends; but I did not feel that I had come very gloriously out of it. I have never since attempted to use a sword as an offensive weapon, nor, I think I may say, attempted to take the life of any fellow creature. After my experiences with pistol and sword, I have been for the most part satisfied with the weapons of a civilian.

Our pursuit was now ended, and it was getting towards evening—we collected our scattered forces, and made the

journey back to Agra, where we arrived at twilight, after a long and exciting day, and were received with grateful enthusiasm by our twice-delivered compatriots there. It was, I believe, a very hot day, and there was not a cloud in the sky, but I never felt or was conscious of the heat, and came back quite fresh. I attributed this not only to the excitement, but also to the circumstance that I had happily just completed my breakfast when the surprise took place. After long experience I am very much convinced that there is no better protection against the sun than a good meal,—the man who suffers from the sun is the man who goes out on an empty or insufficiently provisioned stomach. A mere morning ride under such circumstances often causes headaches and disturbance when there is but a very moderate sun.

I never could get full credit to that story of my capture of the guns in that romantic way. The essence of the adventure was that I was alone and had no witness, and I omitted to take the names and addresses of those lancers who might have given strong corroborative testimony. Even my own wife is not a firm believer—husbands are seldom prophets to their wives. My friends accepted my story with a certain faint smile. But it is certainly no story which has grown upon me; I wrote the account at the time to my wife precisely as I have now given it, and reported it officially soon after. The accounts written to my wife were published in a local newspaper at Simla, under the title of “How I took five guns with a pistol that wouldn’t go off,” and that threw a somewhat jocosely air over the narrative. Perhaps I was wrong to have claimed all the five guns. Although I caused the last two to be taken, and was actually the first to take them, it must be admitted that those irregular cavalry allies filled something of the part that the Prussians did at Waterloo. The circumstance, too, that I and my small party of lancers had for a time hidden in a field, though fully justified by strategic considerations, detracted from our heroic character in the

eyes of our allies—they doubted if we had taken any guns at all, and suggested that if we had, we only found them in a field. Yet as regards the first three guns, I do assert that I did take them literally in the way I describe, and will continue to assert it to my dying day. I cannot say that all the crowd of people with them were fighting soldiers, there may have been a good many drivers and people of that kind mixed up, but there certainly was a large body of rebels of sorts in active retreat with the guns when they fled at my approach. Those first three guns were rather artistic articles of native manufacture, and I had some hope that I might have got them to adorn my home in Scotland; but I had no means of removing them, and they were swept into the general tale of trophies of the victory. I have seen, however, in a traveller's book that they are still preserved in the fort at Agra, and I hope that possibly my son may some day be able to reclaim them.

The day after the victory I had an agreeable surprise. When I went up to the hills in April, anticipating my soon coming to Agra, I had despatched all my heavy goods with my tents, carriages, and some of my horses in charge of some of my servants to wait my arrival there. When I asked the friend to whom I had consigned them what had become of them, "Oh," he said, "of course they are all gone—none of those things were allowed into the fort, and when the enemy defeated our troops, they plundered everything. You can't expect to see any of them again." But presently I unexpectedly met one of my servants on the road, and was welcomed by him. I inquired how they had fared. He said they were all right, and so was all my property. It seems that not being admitted into the fort, they encamped for a time in the glacis outside, but when things got too hot for them there, they took a native house in the city, and deposited all my things in that. They had no one to help them, and very little money, only something for their road expenses down to Agra; but they managed it all, and when they were installed got some little assist-

ance from a native banker with whom I had a slight acquaintance. Apparently the rebels did not treat the native city as altogether an enemy's city, and only plundered it with a light hand, taking the most tempting and valuable loot. There was evidence that they had visited my property, for one of them had taken a fancy to the cloth lining of one of my carriages, and very carefully cut it out; but otherwise no material damage was done; even my horses, being in a native stable, seem to have passed for native horses, and were not touched. It is a very remarkable instance of the way in which native servants often stuck to their masters, and shows that even the rebels were sometimes not so black as they were painted. Those same horses a little later went through another catastrophe and defeat, and were again saved by the servants in charge.

We halted two or three days at Agra. The question of my future employment had then to be settled. The Government of the North-West Provinces had still very little to govern. A friend of mine, who had his family in the fort, was acting as Secretary to Government, and it was not very convenient to him to be deprived of that employment. I was not very ambitious of it, and was then a good deal inflated with military ardour; so it was arranged that I should continue as Civil Commissioner with the force sent to reoccupy our districts, and a formal commission was made out to that effect, with retrospective effect from the date of my joining the column, and giving me the necessary powers. In consequence of communications which had passed, Colonel Hope Grant was relieved from detention at Delhi, and soon after we left Agra he joined the column, of which he took the command as senior officer and Brigadier-General. But meantime another turn of events had taken place. News reached us that the first relief of Lucknow under Havelock and Outram had proved a failure as to anything beyond reinforcing the garrison, and that they were besieged as closely as ever the original garrison had been. We were instructed not to delay at all in order to

re-establish the local authorities, nor even to fight the rebels who still held Furakhabad and some other places, but to hurry down as quickly as possible to the assistance of Cawnpore and Lucknow.

Having recovered my equipments at Agra, I now started in full marching order and in very different style from that in which I had left Umballa. Indeed I was rather embarrassed by excessive equipment, and left a good many things at Agra; but still I took a handsome camp, and it was as well that it was so, as several of the civilians who had been shut up in Agra took the opportunity of getting down with the column, and I was able to accommodate and assist them. I was provided with a civilian assistant. My old friend, Robert Drummond, the same who had been deposed at Agra, accompanied me with his wife, and H. Harrington, who became a member of the Governor-General's Council, besides one or two others. We had quite a party of civilians. The first few marches we met with no opposition. We found the crops flourishing, the people busy with their agricultural operations, and quite friendly. We were able to re-establish British authority even without leaving troops. The Rajah of Mynpooree, a great Zemindar, had behaved very badly, but he fled, and his uncle delivered over to us the town and fort, and even his treasure. The accounts from Lucknow became more and more alarming. We were very circumstantially told that the garrison there could not possibly hold out beyond the 10th of November, and that it was necessary for us to join in the relief with the utmost expedition. General Grant accordingly pushed on by forced marches. Our great regret was that on this account we were unable to deal with the rebel Nawab of Futtehghur or Furakhabad, who had held a large part of the Doab between Mynpooree and Cawnpore, and so effectually clear that country. Futtehghur was a little off our line of march, and we could not tackle the Nawab without some detour and delay. Soon after passing Mynpooree, we came across one of his outposts, and routed it with some loss to them. I had a very strong feeling that it would

have been far the best policy to clear the Nawab out of the Doab, which we could easily have done in a very short time, and so re-establish British authority, and open communications all the way from Delhi to Cawnpore; and the military authorities were of the same opinion. But the orders were so imperative that we dared not do it. The people of the country came in and gave us every information, and the Nawab's people cleared out very completely from our line of march. We heard, too, from every native we met, that the mutineer regiments retreating before us from Delhi had been utterly defeated and almost annihilated in an action with the Cawnpore force at Sheorajpore, near that place. These native accounts turned out to have been very much exaggerated; the victory of our troops was not nearly so complete as they said; but it shows how much opinion was running in our favour. Being obliged to go straight on, we made one or two very long marches so as to leave Futtehghur in our rear. One considerable diversion against the enemy I managed to obtain. I learned that some of the Nawab's forces, joined by some Delhi rebels, repulsed from Cawnpore, with three or four guns, were at the famous old Hindoo city of Kanouj, only a little off our line of march, and I persuaded General Grant to let me have a detachment to clear them away without stopping the march of the column. We accordingly started with a portion of the 9th Lancers, under Major Ouvry, and a few light field-guns, and came upon the enemy on the banks of a stream outside Kanouj. I saw our guns open upon them where they were thickly massed on the other side of the narrow stream. It seemed to be the occasion of all others on which an artillery efficiently served, as ours seemed to be, would take deadly effect. Certainly the shot went smashing among them and sent them flying in complete rout. I expected to see a ghastly scene of the dead and the dying, but, strange to say, scarcely any one seemed to be left behind. It made me think more than ever that the effect of the artillery (of those days at any rate) was more moral than anything else, and that the slaughter was not

at all in proportion to the noise. However, we soon forded the stream, captured the enemy's guns, pursued them almost up to the Ganges, and cut up very many of them. Our information was that at this time the mutineer regiments at Futtehghur were already crossing the Ganges in retreat, and abandoning the Doab; but we could not follow up our victory; we had to go on to Cawnpore. Consequently the Nawab re-entered into possession of the country and the road was closed behind us. There was no more communication with Agra till another column came down much later on. The moral effect of thus abandoning the country we had re-entered was certainly very bad. As we came down public opinion was certainly entirely with us. The natives thought that the contest had been decided in our favour, and were all ready to side with us. But when our column disappeared and rebel rule was re-established, they did not know what to think. Victory seemed to be still doubtful, and the end of the Mutiny was, I believe, very greatly thrown back, especially when our infructuous march was followed by the dilatory tactics of Sir Colin Campbell.

One more small expedition beyond our immediate line of march was undertaken. Very circumstantial and authentic news was brought to us that a European lady was a captive with the rebels in a village not far off. That news created great excitement in camp, and an expedition for the rescue of the lady was organised with great zeal and enthusiasm. The force marched with much precaution in the dead of the night. All the measures were excellently taken; each one vied with other to achieve the desired end, and before day broke the village was successfully surrounded. The British force gradually closed in upon it, and by the time it was full daylight the guides brought them to the very house where the lady was confined. It was surrounded by men whose enthusiasm then reached the highest point, as the surrender of the lady was triumphantly demanded. Then a half-caste woman appeared on the roof of the house, and addressing her deliverers in the choicest

terms of Hindoostanee abuse, told them that she wanted none of them, and bade them begone. That was the only European lady to be found, and the expedition returned somewhat crest-fallen.

We pushed on to Cawnpore by long double marches, the country still flourishing and agricultural operations going on as usual. In fact, splendid crops were upon the ground. It shows how wonderfully self-governing the people are, that in spite of the entire absence of control, and anarchy so far as administration is concerned, things seemed to go on so much as usual. On 24th October we were at Bilhaur, a large Brahmin village in a country from which the Sepoy army was very much recruited. In fact, of these agricultural Brahmins half the adult males were serving in the mutineer army, mostly in the cavalry. The other half, their fathers and brothers, met us as cheerfully as possible, called themselves *Padres*, and did not seem to imagine that we could have the least fault to find with them. They furnished supplies and did all we wanted well enough. On the 25th we reached Choubepore, where we at last found a sort of British authority—a kind of police having been organised from among the villagers—and on the 26th we marched into Cawnpore and reunited ourselves with our countrymen on the other side of the fire, as it were, where we were among newly-arrived British troops and in communication with Bengal and Calcutta, from which we had been cut off ever since May. My function was thus so far concluded.

In reporting upon that march from Delhi, I stated that we had no doubt killed as many as we could of those who opposed us in arms, but that there had been no civil executions; and, in fact, no civil punishments of any kind. A few captured Sepoys were made over to the military authorities and tried by court-martial, but there was no blood-thirstiness at that time, and I think most of them were acquitted. I rather think a few of the fanatics, who first got among our troops in the surprise at Agra, were "sent to the rear," as it was called,—a position from which

they never returned ; but treatment of that kind was very rare. I do not think there was any unauthorised putting to death at all. The European soldiers—I can answer for it—were perfectly amenable as long as their officers did their duty. The only trouble was plunder and some burning where arms were found or there was supposed to be special provocation, and that was only when there was insufficient check. I am afraid there was a good deal of petty plunder ; on several occasions I very much complained of it. No doubt some of the native soldiers, Sikhs and others, were inclined that way, but my worst complaint was that the European officers sometimes set the example when they had no excuse for doing so ; and that, when there was plunder, the military red-tapeism to which I have before alluded made it almost impossible to get redress. I have said that Colonel Greathed did his best to stop it, but ineffectively. General Hope Grant had a much better control over the troops, but he had a feeling that some of the people deserved to be punished. In all other respects, however, I got on excellently well with General Grant—Sir Hope Grant, as he soon afterwards became—and I add my tribute to his high character. He and his wife were old friends of ours at Umballa. Although he had his regiment in admirable order, and in that respect was always a first-class officer, his military qualities were not appreciated by general opinion in time of peace, nor indeed till after the fall of Delhi. His health, too, was not strong in those days, but he was one of the few who went through the whole Mutiny without being sick or sorry—improved, indeed, immensely in health ; and from the time that he got a command, on the column leaving Agra, to the end of the Mutiny wars, he came more and more to the front ; not perhaps a brilliant man, but a most conscientious, unfailing soldier, very careful of his troops, always ready to obey orders, and a great favourite of Sir Colin Campbell.

One thing I admitted, that during the march fodder for the horses and bullocks was taken without paying for it. We were always encamped in the very midst of the great

rain crops, — many of them grown expressly for fodder, — and it would have been almost impossible to have stopped the camp-followers from cutting some of these, or to measure and pay for them regularly in our very rapid march. After all, the people owed us revenue, and I contented myself with giving general certificates, so that those villages which behaved well should be allowed for what was taken afterwards. On principle, I had neither attempted to punish villages which had behaved badly (short of armed resistance to the immediate march of our force) nor too much to enter into friendly relations with those which had behaved well, because, as we were not allowed to occupy the country, it might put them in a false position when we were gone. But, ardently desiring that the British districts where there was no real civil rebellion should be reoccupied as soon as possible, I made some recommendations founded on my experience with this first column, regarding the course to be followed when another force was sent really to occupy the country. The chief point was this, that definite instructions should be given for the treatment of the people, and that a military force effecting the reoccupation should be accompanied by a camp-magistrate with the fullest powers, over soldiers and camp-followers, which are exercised by cantonment magistrates, so that any breach of rules or of discipline should be summarily dealt with. I suggested that the mere possession of arms and ammunition should not be treated as conclusive evidence of rebellious guilt, as it was by one or two officers during our march; for, I said, our protection being wholly withdrawn, arms were as necessary to the loyal to protect themselves as for the disloyal to attack others. Where men have made a business of plundering their neighbours, they should no doubt be punished; but not so where they have merely acquiesced in a *de facto* government, or even where they have only resumed the control of the lands of which our system had deprived them. On this latter point I dwelt especially as one of wide application. In a paper published at the time I said: “Whatever popular

opposition there is in our old districts, beyond the mere freebooting of plundering tribes, may be traced almost exclusively to one great source of hostility which has raised many people against us—I mean the very large transfer of landed rights which has taken place under our system, especially by the action of the civil courts. These transfers are for the most part paper transfers; the old proprietors still reside on the spot, most frequently in the character of tenants who retain the land, but by paper transfer their rights and privileges are given to another. We suddenly imposed without check a system to which the people were altogether strangers, and the ousted proprietors remain discontented, angry men, still looking on themselves and looked on by others as the real proprietors. Our Government being to all intents and purposes overthrown and swept away, these old proprietors have as a matter of course resumed their own again. The auction purchaser disappears with our system just as much as our collectors of revenue and police officers do, but the result is that the old proprietors—the popular men—are committed to hostility to us. I hope that, under the circumstances, the past will be treated indulgently, and that, if what has been done by us must be reasserted, we shall take warning for the future. If the land of the Punjab had been transferred as that of the North-West Provinces has been, it is quite certain that we should not now be here; that we should neither have taken Delhi nor saved Allahabad. The Sikhs would have been against us to a man, and General Havelock would probably have been taking part in the defence of Calcutta.”

That campaigning life had agreed with me exceedingly, and I arrived at Cawnpore as well as ever I was in all my life. In truth, I had not gone through any great hardships, and the march from Delhi was almost luxurious—we were so well found and had such abundant camp equipage and carriage, which came very useful when we joined the troops from below, who were very much wanting in these things.

I think we rather surprised the people at Cawnpore—who expected to see the battered remains of the heroes who had gone through all the hardships of Delhi—when we arrived in all the panoply of glorious war, as it appears when people put on their armour and before they have got hard knocks. Indeed, the European infantry excepted, we were most of us very fit, and presented quite a showy appearance as we marched in triumphantly to secure Cawnpore and relieve Lucknow, which we were very confident we should soon do.

Upon the other hand, while the military equipments at Cawnpore were very deficient, and the soldiers, carted out there without carriage or knowledge of the country, seemed very helpless, we were quite surprised after all the horrors of the Cawnpore massacre to find trade and civil life going on so well and cheerfully there. It was curious, after all that had passed, and while the place was still so much threatened by the enemy (by whom it was reoccupied a few weeks later after Windham's defeat), to see what a hive of industry it still was, and how much that was useful to us could be got there. The people had all kinds of articles for European use on sale just as usual. The more violent spirits had wanted to destroy Cawnpore utterly as a vengeance for the terrible scenes enacted there, but Havelock knew better, and would not permit that, and the result showed the wisdom of the decision. Our unprovided troops pushed hastily up, got supplies and outfits of all kinds there, excellent leather campaigning articles especially. It is difficult to say anything in extenuation of the Cawnpore massacre and the terrible scene at the well, and yet we must remember two things: first, that it was done, not in cold blood, but in the moment of rage and despair when Havelock had beaten the rebels and was coming in; and second, that we had done much to provoke such things by the severities of which our people were guilty as they advanced. At a later time a careful investigation was made into the circumstances of the massacre, and we failed to discover that there was any premeditation or direction in the matter. It was

doubtful whether, if the Nana had been captured, the guilt of directing that massacre could have been brought home to him. Even discounting, as has already been suggested, a good deal of Kaye's general statements of wholesale atrocities on our part, enough remains to make it difficult for us to talk as if the natives only were guilty of deeds of blood. I do not know precisely what happened at Benares, but I suppose the particular things specifically related by Kaye did happen, besides the bloodshed attending Neill's irruption, and I know that at Allahabad there were far too wholesale executions. Again, apart from Neill's doings, and certainly when a Major was sent on by Neill towards Cawnpore, there is no doubt that people were put to death in the most reckless manner. And afterwards Neill did things almost more than the massacre, putting to death with deliberate torture in a way that has never been proved against the natives. Havelock kept him under while he himself was at Cawnpore, but as soon as Havelock's back was turned Neill set to work. It is a pity that his deeds could not have been forgotten, but some unkind friend published his own letters in an Ayrshire journal whence Kaye has taken them and republished them. He seems to have affected a religious call to blood, and almost gloats over the way he ordered fat Subahdars and Mahomedan civil officers to be lashed till yelling, they licked the blood with their tongues, and were afterwards hanged, in all which he sees the finger of God. If these people had been really guilty of the massacre it would have been disgusting enough, but Neill himself does not say that they were found guilty of the murders. He executes vengeance for the massacre on "all who had taken an active part in the Mutiny," and when we know how these things were done we may well doubt if there was any proof of that. The really\* guilty people were not likely to trust themselves in Cawnpore at that time.

Neill is one of those people who have been elevated into a hero on the strength of a feminine sort of violence, and whose death much disarmed criticism at the time, but now

that he has passed into old history, I may say that, so far as I could learn from the most impartial sources, there was not much more in him. An officer of the Company's Madras Europeans, he had not much sympathy with natives of any kind, and coming to Bengal he could see no difference between a "Pandy" and a Sikh. He commenced his heroic career by a petty squabble with a station-master near Calcutta about the starting of a train, which the newspapers magnified into a historical event, and he came up country with a great belief in himself. He and his Europeans were no doubt much wanted at a critical time at Benares, though if the Sikhs had been well handled they would probably have done what was necessary. I can never forgive Neill for his very bloody work, and especially for his share in the mismanagement which caused the loss of the regiment of Loodiana. At Allahabad, by violence and mistrustful usage, he all but turned against us the Ferozepore regiment (only second to the men of Loodiana in my affection) which afterwards did such splendid service. They were only saved by the influence of Brasyer, not only over his men, but perhaps to some extent over Neill, for he was an old European soldier of the Company's Army. Happily, Neill was then superseded by Havelock.

Havelock was undoubtedly a most excellent man in all the relations of life, and there is no character so much admired by the modern Britisher as the religious soldier—the man with the sword in one hand and the Bible in the other. But one hardly understands Havelock's very great popularity. He was hardly bloody enough for the Old Testament Christians (falsely called Christians), and he was unpopular with his soldiers to an extraordinary degree. He was a martinet very formal and precise, and seems to have maintained a rigid and perhaps somewhat sour discipline which they could not bear. Outram, on the other hand, was the most popular of men—the soldiers adored him. And though on the advance to Lucknow he gave over the command to Havelock, he really himself led the van throughout, and in his buoyant way was the life

and soul of the advance, till, one of the first to arrive at the Baillie Guard, he scrambled in somehow. However, this is a digression, and only what we learned from others. Havelock and Outram had gone on to Lucknow some weeks before our arrival, and were shut up there as much as the original garrison. At the same time the party left in the Alumbagh, immediately outside Lucknow, with the camp-followers and others, remained there almost unmolested, and small convoys from Cawnpore had been able to reach them, which made us think that if once there was a force sufficient to enter Lucknow there would not be much more difficulty. Although before our arrival the tenure of Cawnpore had been somewhat precarious, after our victorious entry we did not doubt of its security. Certainly the last thing in the world that any of us dreamed of was its recapture by the enemy after several regiments had arrived from England.

It was a subject of complaint that up to the end of October not a single regiment from England had reached us, and most of the China regiments had gone on to Lucknow. A very fine and full regiment, the 93rd, was at Cawnpore, and some other detachments and odds and ends; and from the beginning of November the troops from England began to arrive, and a new army was being formed. The Commander-in-Chief, Sir Colin Campbell, was on his way up from Calcutta, and great things were expected of him. We thought that the neck of the rebellion had been broken in Delhi, and that the rest would be comparatively swift and easy. At Cawnpore we entered as it were upon new politics and new heroes. At and beyond Delhi we knew little of the events about which people in Calcutta and the Lower Provinces had chiefly excited themselves—the abandonment of the Behar districts, the defence of Arrah, the controversy about Tayler of Patna, Koer Sing's rebellion, and all the rest of it; and when we did hear of these things, coming from the capture of Delhi, they did not seem in our eyes so very large, nor did we then understand the dilatory character of the Commander-in-Chief, who had arrived in Calcutta in August but was only now about to

take the field. On the other hand, we rather thought that the people in those Lower Provinces, taken up with their own affairs, did not quite realise what had been going on in the North, and how the battle of India had been fought and won there. I was very much struck by the difference in practical efficiency for service between the old regiments accustomed to India and those newly arrived. Hope Grant's 9th Lancers were a model in that way, they thoroughly understood their business and the ways of the country; but the best troops who did not understand Indian ways were comparatively inefficient, and had to be taken care of like exotics as they were. The Naval Brigade were coming up at this time, and very much astonished the natives. They had never seen anything like them before. In one of my letters I find a native description of them as men four feet high, four feet broad, and of enormous strength, who carried 24-pounder guns on their shoulders. Their first experience under Windham, however, was not very fortunate; and when they lost some of their guns they showed considerable activity in retreat. When the regiments began to arrive from England, the Cawnpore troops soon grew into a very considerable force; but the truth was that the so-called Crimean regiments were made up of very poor recruits, and, generalship apart, that was the main reason why Windham came to grief.

Our Delhi column was not to wait for the reinforcements, but to push on for Lucknow after only two or three days' halt. I was rather in a dilemma as to my own position, for when we crossed the Ganges we should be out of the jurisdiction of the North-West Provinces, and my commission from Agra would in strictness have no longer any validity. I was, however, still full of military ardour, and in the absence of orders I thought I had better go on with the column. I imagined I might be political adviser to the Commander-in-Chief till at least he took Lucknow and liberated Outram. I did not then know him so well as I did afterwards, or I would not have been so keen to act with him in that capacity. My tents were struck to cross

the Ganges with the force in the early morning, when telegraphic orders came up from Calcutta that I was to join J. P. Grant, then administering what were called for the time the Central Provinces at Benares, and to give him what assistance, information, and advice I could;—so my military career came to an end, and instead of crossing into Oude I made my arrangements the next day, left my horses and heavy baggage at Cawnpore, and started for Benares by the carriage-post which was running on the Grand Trunk road. The country on either side of the road was really not at all occupied—we only held the road, and that very imperfectly—parties of the rebels often crossed it. On the way down from Cawnpore I met some very rebel-looking troopers, but they said nothing to me, nor I to them, and we passed on our respective ways. At Futtehpore, between Cawnpore and Allahabad, I found in a small tent George Probyn and his wife, who had escaped with their lives after very singular adventures in hiding with a native in Oude; they had indeed gone through terrible trials. At this time, too, I learnt that there was no doubt that a brother of my wife's, a cavalry officer who had been in garrison at Futteghur, had perished between that place and Cawnpore, after doing all that man could do in defence of the fugitive party. Another near relation of hers, also a cavalry officer, perished with most of his family at Cawnpore. At Allahabad I found a number of civilians, and heard a great deal of what had been going on there, much of it not very pleasant hearing. There were some excellent men; Court the magistrate had, I believe, done exceeding well. But his superior, Chester the Commissioner, to whom very large powers were delegated, though an amiable good man in ordinary times, had got over-excited in the Mutiny by private losses and otherwise, and had quite lost his head. He had given the life and death powers of Special Commissioner to very unfit persons, and had altogether failed to control them, and allowed much bloody and violent work to go on.

Sir Colin Campbell arrived at Allahabad about the

same time that I did, and I lost no time in interviewing him to tell him all that was going on up country. I think it was about November that I saw him, just six months to a day after I had interviewed his predecessor at Simla to warn him of the coming storm. Those six months were the hot months, the worst for us, yet at the end of that time I could tell Sir Colin that the neck of the revolt was broken, and that I thought we could easily reoccupy our districts if we only went about it quickly and without too much formality. I found him in a very characteristic position—seated on a charpoy under a tree in his shirt-sleeves. He received me in a very pleasant, good-natured way, though I thought he did not listen so patiently to all I had to say as he might have, being very much inclined to talk himself. He took all that I had to tell him in very good part, but then he insisted on going over the eternal story, of which he was never tired, how he had given up his command at Peshawar rather than enter upon an expedition with what he considered an insufficient force, and he drew the moral—“ Ah, but I can tell you, I am not going to be controlled by you civilians; I will do what I think right, whatever anybody says.” There is many a true word spoken in jest—I took that at the time as a pleasant piece of badinage, and though I began to have some doubts, I see by my letters that I still believed in Sir Colin. Soon after, I came to realise that he very much meant what he said. He delayed everything for months, because he would do nothing till he chose, gave us a great deal of trouble, and involved us in embarrassments with political consequences of which we have not seen the end yet. He went to Cawnpore, and presently overtook Grant’s column. He did not excessively delay the relief of Lucknow, but when he had relieved it, to our astonishment he marched back again, abandoning Lucknow, and only leaving Outram to hold the Alumbagh once more. From all that I learnt later in Lucknow—I believe there is no doubt that the rebels were wholly evacuating the place—and that no one was more astonished than they

were by Sir Colin's retreat with the rescued garrison. If we could have held the place for a little while, and offered moderate and reasonable terms to the rebels at that time, I believe that matters might have been much more easily settled. As it was, things in Oude became worse than ever—the settlement was infinitely more difficult, was long protracted, and then was only obtained on terms very humiliating to us and unjust to the people.

As it happened, however, Windham's misadventure afforded a sort of *ex post facto* justification to Sir Colin, and shielded him from criticism. He had determined on retreat, and had indeed commenced the march before that occurred. Indeed Windham's defeat was a kind of unexpected accident. The Gwalior contingent were a notable example of the inconsequent behaviour of a good many Sepoy corps. They wavered and abstained from action during the critical period when they might perhaps have turned the scale against us; and when Delhi was taken and victory was plainly ours, they braced themselves up to hostile movements against us. But when the British reinforcements had arrived no one supposed that they would have the audacity to attack Cawnpore, or that if they did, Windham would have any difficulty in defeating them. As it was, Sir Colin arrived just in the nick of time, if he had then and there attacked the enemy; but he dawdled for a week before doing so, and then contented himself with driving them back. They remained at Calpee, a very important point only forty miles from Cawnpore, for months, after that threatening our communications, and a centre of rebel gathering, till in the following May Calpee was taken by Sir H. Rose coming up from Bombay, and then the rebels doubling back upset the Gwalior Government and caused us fresh troubles. When Windham was defeated and driven in, his troops took refuge in the fortified camp which we had made near the Ganges. It was limited in space—there was no room for the camp-followers and civil refugees, but the fortification commanded the bridge of boats over the Ganges which thus remained intact, and there was a

terrible scrimmage to get over that. It was then that my servants again saved my horses and property. They managed to get over the bridge with the fugitives, and saved all in their charge, so when I returned later on I found everything intact.

The ways of natives are inscrutable. Nothing could have been more admirable than the way my servants behaved through the Mutiny—especially the syces (grooms) in charge of the horses. But a little later my most confidential syce asked leave to go over to the country in Oude held by the mutineers to look after his family. He did not return. Some weeks later, when I was at Allahabad, a veiled woman in the deepest grief and loudly lamenting appeared at my door, and in woeful accents informed me of her husband's (my servant's) death. I was much distressed, and did my utmost to console her, but her grief was inconsolable. At last I sent her away with a very handsome present. Months after that I heard a rumour that my dead syce had been seen in the bazaar at Lucknow, and after some search we found him perfectly safe and well. He admitted his fault, but pleaded that his family had put pressure upon him on account of the mutineers, so I had to forgive him, and he served me for many years after.

Along with my report of the march down country, I sent to Government a memorandum strongly urging the re-occupation of the North-West Provinces, and pointing out how it could be done. I showed how easily a very moderate force sent up from Cawnpore could clear out the rebel Nawab of Futtehghur, which was all that was required to ensure our possession of the Doab, and establish communication with Agra and Delhi. I went into details regarding Rohilcund, which I knew very well, showing that the Mahomedans who now ruled the country were but a minority of the population, while the great majority were Hindoos, including most of the land-holding classes, and bitterly opposed to Pathan rule. I went over the districts and principal places to show that this was so, adding that the Pathans themselves were divided, the Pathan country being

bisected by the territory of the Nawab of Rampore, who had remained faithful to us. I suggested that the troops available in the Upper Doab might be moved over into Rohilcund, and the Doab itself protected against any relapse by inviting my old friends the Cis-Sutlej chiefs to send their troops across the Jumna for a little time. In this way, I said, all our old districts might be safely re-occupied, and people would then believe that we really had taken Delhi and reestablished our authority. But it was not to be for some time yet. After Sir Colin's first relief of Lucknow he did nothing very material for months. Some weeks later he got as far as Futtehghur; but it was by a second column from the Punjaub and Delhi, which came down and met him there, that the Doab was at last cleared and communication between the upper and lower country finally established. All the rest, not only Rohilcund, Bundelcund, and Oude, but much of the Benares and Behar divisions, remained in possession of the rebels till late in the spring.

From Cawnpore and Allahabad I sent two letters to the *Times*—one in the character of "A Civilian," the other of "A Soldier." In the first I brought the history of the Mutiny up to date, especially our march from Agra, much as I have already related it here. In the other I made suggestions for military reform. That was perhaps rather premature, but on looking over my suggestions I cannot but think that they come very near the plans which were eventually adopted. I said we must first take care that the native army does not again obtain an overwhelming proportion over the British troops; we must as much as possible divide the native troops, and guard against their union for purposes of their own; and we must make the native army one which shall add to the general strength of the Empire, and be efficient for general service whenever required in or out of India. To attain these ends I proposed, much as I did in 1853, that we should have a greatly-increased European force, that the 40,000 European soldiers hitherto maintained in India should be increased to

something between 70,000 and 80,000, and that the regular native army should be reduced by 100,000 men. Further, that we should as much as possible reduce the numbers of the old class of Sepoys in our native armies, and enlist Punjaubees of all kinds—Trans-Indus Pathans, Goorkhas, and as great a variety of races fit for soldiering and free from prejudices as one could find.

The army thus constituted would be the General Service army. But I also urged the need of local corps in each province, constituted from local materials, and designed for local needs or the duties of guarding treasure, jails, offices, and the like hitherto performed partly by detachments of native regiments and partly by the ordinary police. This last arrangement was in a way very generally carried out, but not in the way I wanted. I never contemplated that these local military corps should take the place of the ordinary civil police. But that was what was too often done. The police was turned into a military police, under a quasi-military *régime*. In subsequent years it was necessary to undo all that. In an administrative capacity I myself took a large share in undoing it, and restoring to the police a civil character under complete magisterial control, while drilled battalions were confined to quasi-military duties. In the end I am afraid that some of the provincial governments are not sufficiently equipped with a local military force. Such a small local force, at the immediate disposal of the local authorities, can often do things in a rough and ready way, when large forces and great expenditure must result from setting the Commander-in-Chief in motion. But the higher military authorities are always trying to centralise and to get hold of all the local troops. Already they have succeeded in appropriating the fine Punjab local force. Bengal and the North-West Provinces have no adequate local force, and there is a continual attempt to bring the Madras and Bombay native armies under the immediate control of the military authorities at Simla. I think it would be much better to reduce those native armies to small local forces, and add

the Europeans and any other specially fit men to the General Service army.

Looking to the disastrous mutiny of the so-called "contingents" attached to native states, I suggested that they should be abolished—that part of the cost should be contributed towards the expense of the Indian army, and that for the rest the native princes should be made directly responsible for any forces they are permitted to retain. That is, I think, very like what in substance is now being done, except at Hyderabad. For native regiments I advocated the existing irregular system—that is, that the company officers should be natives, and there should be but three European combatant officers, who might be perhaps temporarily supplemented by a few others when very severe fighting work had to be done. I incline to think that the European officers now allowed for native regiments are too numerous and too expensive.

One suggestion I made of a more doubtful character. Looking to the great advantage which we had in practice obtained in the crisis of the Mutiny by collecting and arming non-official Europeans, Eurasian clerks, Christian drummer-boys and the like, all whose lot was wholly cast in with us, I suggested the formation of a sort of Christian militia wherever the materials for anything of the kind existed. I was impressed with the feeling that we had no substantial root in the country; that such roots might some day be formed, and that in some degree we might have the stability which the Mahomedans had when a nucleus of their own race and religion was formed in the countries they governed. At the same time no one would be more opposed than I to raising religious questions or giving privileges on the ground of religion, and I am not at all clear about such proposals as I then made. I was a good deal amused by some of the comments of the English newspapers on these suggestions of a soldier. They gave him the credit of being evidently a military man of considerable experience, and upon the whole received them favourably. But the *Times*, in a leading article on the letter, went

further than I did, and wound up by saying, "We trust that the institution of a native army may be never seen again in Hindoostan. It should be merged in auxiliary levies."

From Allahabad I went on to Benares, where I was very kindly received and entertained by Mr. (now Sir) J. P. Grant, a very remarkable man. And I deem it a great privilege to have been then brought in contact with him, and to have discussed matters freely with him. I had an opportunity of communicating to him all that I knew of what had been going on up country, while I learnt very much from him: but as to rendering him any serious assistance in his work, I found that there was not much to be done. In truth he had very little country to rule over. Most of the districts were still very much in the hands of the rebels, including my old district of Azimghur. He had a regularly-appointed secretary, a man of much talent, though deficient in civil and local experience, but these latter qualifications were very amply supplied by the large staff of civil officers collected at Benares and Allahabad, including Mr. H. C. Tucker, the very experienced Commissioner of the Benares division. I had thought it not improbable that, under the circumstances, Mr. Grant (then a member of the Governor-General's Council) might have been sent to succeed Mr Colvin in the North-West Provinces, but I found this was not contemplated. He became the next Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal. Altogether I let it be understood that, after having interchanged views with Mr. Grant, there was not much function for me at Benares, and I was then directed to proceed to Calcutta and report myself to the Government of India. I found my way there accordingly in that month of November 1857. Lord Canning received me very kindly, and I had much to say to him and the members of the Government. I soon realised what I had heard on all hands, how slow Lord Canning was, almost to a morbid degree. My letters at this time emphatically describe him as an able and upright man, but slow beyond all measure. He was a great smoker

and very *ruminating* thinker. I was still without any regular function: till the Commander-in-Chief advanced nothing was open. My only apparent duty was my old commission to make plans for reorganisation, and that seemed rather distant. Lord Canning was to give me some points to work up, but they were terribly long of coming.

Meantime socially I had a very pleasant time in Calcutta, then very full both of every one connected with the Government and of large numbers of officers arriving from furlough and troops arriving from England. Altogether it was a very stirring place, full of Mutiny talk and rumours true and false. I was almost the first arrival from the up-country ark, and was welcomed accordingly. H. V. Bayley, Judge of the Sudder Court, kindly put me up. My brother Charles, of the Lower Bengal Civil Service, arrived at that time, having been ordered back from furlough, and we had a very pleasant reunion after a long separation. He was rather astonished at my appearance in Khakee (dust-coloured) dress with a revolver in my belt, while I had become so accustomed to that sort of thing that I did not think anything of it. I soon adapted myself to more civilised clothes and habits, but for very long after that I always put a loaded revolver under my pillow, with my pocket handkerchief, when I went to bed. It seemed the most natural thing in the world, and I had some difficulty in breaking myself of the habit. My most intimate early friend, John Dalrymple, was also in Calcutta. He, too, belonged to the Lower Bengal Civil Service, and we had been separated for years, till on this occasion we met again and foregathered as intimate as ever. Another old friend, also of my term at Haileybury, E. L. Brandreth, I found at Calcutta, and W. S. Seton Karr and his wife were not far distant in a Bengal district where I paid them a pleasant little visit. Among the most cherished of my Calcutta friends were the Ricketts. Henry Ricketts, one of the senior and most distinguished of the Lower Bengal civilians, and soon a member of the Governor-General's Council, and his daughters, very universal

favourites, the eldest of whom had been one of my shipmates when I first came out to India.

My brother Charles had to return to his district in Eastern Bengal, but even there he had a brush with mutineers, from which he emerged with credit. In December the native regiments at Chittagong and Dacca, after having so long remained quiet, at last revolted. But it turned out that the people of Eastern Bengal, Bengalees and Mahomedans though they were, treated the Sepoys with just as much hostility as the Punjaubees. They hated them as an alien race, turned out to oppose them, and hunted them out with much pluck. No better answer could be given to those who supposed that the Mahomedans were all hostile to us. The Sepoys found no friends in Bengal, and those who escaped with their lives only found their way home as fugitives. Both Bengal proper and all Southern India to the Nerbudda remained in our undisputed possession. In the North the Punjaub, Dehli, and the Upper Doab were rescued from the fire. In the rest of India the fires continued to blaze while Sir Colin made his slow arrangements.

In the absence of any regular occupation I had time to write some more letters<sup>1</sup> to the *Times*, and so the time passed. When we got towards the end of December, and there were no signs of the Commander-in-Chief's doing anything effectual, we began to get impatient. Lord Canning then sent for me, and commissioned me to do in fact for the Government what I had hitherto done for the public in the *Times*, namely, to write a succinct account of the events of the Mutiny, and the proceedings consequent upon it, to send home to the India Office by each mail; and for that purpose all the public offices, and even the Governor-General's Private Secretary's Office and his private letters, were all thrown open to me. That, of course, stopped my writing to newspapers, but I was rather glad that I had already sent a summary of the causes that led to the Mutiny, and the events that had occurred. I had no

<sup>1</sup> Extracts from these letters are printed in the Appendix to Volume II.

arrangement or communication with the *Times*, but only sent the letters on my own account, and they were published as those of any other correspondent; but I was honoured with big type and a good many leading articles. The letters were anonymous, and only signed "A Civilian," "A Soldier," and latterly "Index," but I was flattered by the notice that was taken of them. My uncle, Lord Campbell, always a most kind uncle to me, expressed a very favourable opinion of them, and sent me various letters in commendation—some from those who had learned who the author was, and others recommending their perusal without any such knowledge. I need not repeat what has become ancient history, or that which has been already related, but I must here insert a part of the last letter, that dealt with the subject of the alleged atrocities committed on our countrymen, and especially countrywomen, mutilation, and dishonour, and the rest. That was a subject which had then excited very much interest, and led to much controversy. My letter was a sort of text-statement of the side of the case which denied the genuineness of the alleged atrocities. It was continually quoted, and led to very great discussion. It may seem that I put my case very strongly, but people would now hardly realise how much was then made of the atrocities, and how much they were believed in. People used to collect on the arrival of a steamer from India, to see the ladies without noses and ears, but they never did see them. It was also of vital importance to sift the truth of the matter, because on that very greatly depended the tone and temper of our behaviour when we came to recover our districts, and deal with those who had offended against us. Here is what I said :

"I think it was eventually admitted that no mutilated person has ever been found, and most people will admit that no case of the dishonour of a European woman has been proved. The truth is, that in all civil commotions, when there is a great deal of party and personal feeling and much violence, the foremost allegation always made by one party to excite hatred against the other is the dishonour of

women. It was so in India ; it was and is so in Turkey ; it is so in the United States, as regards the Southern blacks ; if we may judge by the story of the lady of Carlisle in the 1745, it was so in the last century ; but I do believe that ninety-nine hundredths of these stories are inventions."

New work having been given to me, I sent in to Government at this time some suggestions for reorganisation, the fruits of what I had been doing in pursuit of Mr Colvin's commission to me. The main purport of it was a proposal to introduce into the North-West Provinces, on their recovery, something of the Punjaub system. I dwelt very much on the extreme evil of a highly technical system of very undigested law—abused by very inferior lawyers—and especially on the great political evils caused by the transfer of old rights in the land under this system. I admitted all the advantage of fixed law when contained in good, clear, and simple codes ; but till we could get that, I was in favour of a rather despotic rule, with only simple rules of procedure, but administered by selected men under a centralised control. I dwelt particularly on the loose mode of taking evidence in our courts, so much of the evidence being rather affidavits than really sifted evidence, and I insisted that judicial officers should make a note of the evidence with their own hand. I submitted a scheme for the rearrangement of the districts, and suggested that the powers of life and death, so widely committed to all sorts of people under the name of Special Commissioners, should be withdrawn, and that, where a special tribunal was necessary for the trial of life and death cases, it should consist of not less than two competent officers.

I again dwelt on the necessity of local battalions for local purposes, but very particularly explained that they should have none of the functions of the ordinary civil police. For the management of that police I recommended that a superintendent of police should be appointed in each district, but entirely as the subordinate of the

magistrate of the district, and under his supervision and control.

At this time I was rather uneasy to have heard nothing from my wife since I left Delhi at the end of September. Her letters had been accumulating and never got down country, and I had only very occasionally heard from others something of her. Ever since I left her at Simla things had been quite quiet and undisturbed there, and she had been living on in a house there accompanied by her sister-in-law Henrietta Campbell, the same who escaped from Moradabad after many trials. Henrietta was confined of a son at Simla, but unhappily it died there, and though she herself lived till 1859, and left a daughter behind her, we always doubted whether she quite recovered the effects of the Mutiny. We were all very fond of her, and her death was a terrible blow to my brother. She was a daughter of Mr. W. Butterworth Bayley, a very well-known old Indian, and chairman of the Court of Directors. Early in January I learned that my wife had got down to Umballa, where she found her friends, Mrs. Forsyth, Mrs. Hope Grant, and others, and eventually she got on to Meerut, where she had also friends, and when Seaton's column opened the road my letters came down in abundance. My brother John was meantime employed in charge of the Rohtuk district of the Delhi division, and had much hard work in getting it into order, as it had been one of those most disorganised by the Mutiny.

I have said that to write the accounts to send home I had the run of all the offices and private papers, and I was very much interested in that; but to tell the truth, I was much disappointed to find so little that was new to me. If I had thus learned any of Lord Canning's secrets, perhaps I should not even now be free to divulge them, but the fact is that I do not recollect anything to divulge. The country was then rather under-governed than governed by any wires behind the scenes. Even as regards the bare facts of the administration very little information came to Calcutta from the Upper Provinces and other parts of

India. Exactly what was going on — where there was judicious lenity, and where severity, as at Delhi—of all that we knew very little indeed. Then my reports were edited by the Governor-General before they went home. I see that with the first I have kept a note of Lord Canning's, in which he was good enough to say: "I have read the narrative carefully, and think it excellent," but he adds that he has withheld some small parts which put the hope of early and complete peace and order too high. He knew better than I did how little the Commander-in-Chief intended to hurry. I have kept the reports which I wrote in Calcutta in January as they went home in print, but do not find very much in them that is now of special interest. It is clear that after the beginning of November things instead of improving considerably retrograded. The Rajah of Mynpooree, whom our column had expelled, returned and displaced our nominee. The Futtehghur people not only retook the districts from which we had driven them back, but largely extended their possessions, and Waleedad of Malaghur (who had given us so much trouble) joined them. The whole of the Central Doab was entirely an enemy's country. The rebels in Rohilcund became stronger and more defiant than ever. Bundelcund was entirely given up to anarchy, and our only consolation was that the native chiefs and chieftainesses fought desperately with one another. The Ranees of Tehree and Jhansi made war on one another as if no British Government had ever been heard of. In Rajpootana the state of things was that in the absence of the supreme power, the feudatories of the great chiefs, the Thakoors as they were called, almost universally rose against their liege lords, and the chiefs relied on the hope of assistance from us. In Oude things became very much worse; all those who had been doubtful or cautious took open part against us, and a regular hostile native government was established. Outram, with a strong force at the Alumbagh, was much more severely attacked, and had much greater difficulty in holding the place than the small scratch force which had held it from September

to November. But in the beginning of January Seaton's column came down from Delhi to Futtehghur, and met the Commander-in-Chief there. From that time a rough authority was established in the Doab, not without some hanging, and the communication remained more or less open. One unfortunate result, however, was that the troops in the further provinces came under the more immediate control of the Commander-in-Chief, and were hampered accordingly. Some Nepaulese troops had for some time kept on our account a partial hold on some of the Benares districts, Azinghur, Jaunpore; and now Jung Bahadur himself, with a considerable Nepaulese army, had come down as our ally and occupied Goruckpore, and was ready to enter Oude in co-operation with the Commander-in-Chief. The Nepaulese are sensible, good sort of people; their officers seem to be comparatively good, and the soldiers behaved well and did not plunder. In fact the Nepaulese played their cards very prudently; they came down and occupied those districts as a kind of assistants and possible successors to us, knowing well that if we triumphed they would be rewarded, and that if things went badly with us they would find themselves in possession of just the country they wanted.

I see a curious thing noted, that notwithstanding the disturbed state of the country the Cabul fruit-vendors found their way down even to Calcutta. While all other traffic had been stopped, these sturdy Afghans, accustomed to lawless places, brought their camels through the disturbed districts with little injury. A feature of the military movements of this time was the departure from Calcutta to join the China expedition of one or two Sepoy regiments which had not mutinied.

In the course of January the Government became very seriously alarmed at the inaction of the Commander-in-Chief, and it was at last determined that the Governor-General should go up country to look after matters. I was instructed to accompany him, and went accordingly in the latter part of January, the Governor-General's headquarters being established at Allahabad. Many officers were col-

lected there ; there was a large house which got the name of the "Red Lion," which was a sort of centre of North-West Province civilians, and where I stayed for some time. We were always expecting something considerable to be done, but were always disappointed ; and so it went on to the end of February. It was at this time that a good many executions, which I thought very inexpedient, went on under the Governor-General's very nose, by the sentence of uncontrolled Special Commissioners, and that the treatment of the Sepoys was so uncertain and variable. Towards the end of February I suddenly heard that my wife had taken advantage of a military escort to come down with them, and was on the point of arriving. I went up to Cawnpore to meet her, and we were reunited on the 26th of February. I was rather embarrassed to know where to put her, the arrival was so sudden, and there was no accommodation at Cawnpore ; but I took her back to Allahabad, and managed to get a house, where I established her.

In March at last the Commander-in-Chief got into motion towards Lucknow. The Governor - General then informed me, what had for some time seemed probable, that I was to be employed in Oude ; and one day he produced and showed me the famous proclamation confiscating the lands of Oude, of which I had not had the least notice or suspicion. However, I reserve all that for my next chapter upon Oude. Here it is enough to say that the Commander-in-Chief, having reached Lucknow, attacked the place with, no doubt, very commendable strategical skill, and duly captured it ; but was so slow about realising his own victory that the rebels were able to retreat almost unmolested, and after all we conquered very little more than the city and a few miles round. While this was going on, I went up again to Cawnpore, and as soon as Lucknow was taken I went over there and joined Outram, as his second in command in his civil character of Chief Commissioner of Oude. My experience there will come presently. But now to finish the general history of the Mutiny campaign, Oude apart. Things went wrong again

in Behar, and General Lugard was despatched there with a division in hot haste. In spite of some marching and counter-marching, no serious attempt was made to occupy the Oude country, and for another month the Chief halted at Lucknow.

An unfortunate repulse from a Talookdar's mud-fort (a piece of unlucky mismanagement), in which that favourite officer, poor Adrian Hope, was killed, gave him an exaggerated idea of the formidable character of those Oude forts, even though the garrison (*more suo*) decamped the next night. So far as I could see, if the Commander-in-Chief had had his own way he would then have gone into summer quarters and reserved the recovery of India for a great campaign in the next cold season. I have mentioned what we had done in the six hot months, under every disadvantage, from May to October. Now the six cool campaigning months, from November to April, had past, and on the 1st of May 1858 we were very little more advanced than on the 1st of November; from the Alumbagh outside Lucknow a couple of miles to the Residency inside was about the only substantial advance. Sir Colin Campbell had had no Dalhousie behind him, and he had managed to fritter away the whole of that time.

The Nepaulese army took part in the attack upon Lucknow in a creditable way; but we had ample force to have done that without them. And for the rest, the Commander-in-Chief was prejudiced against native troops not after his own pattern; he never cared for them, and would not use them further. Jung Bahadur, too, objected to expose his men too long in the hottest weather; so after a little time they marched home again without incident, and were eventually splendidly rewarded for their demonstration, the whole of the Oude Terai (or submontane region) being made over to them. I visited Jung Bahadur near Lucknow, and was rather disappointed; at least he did not show me his intellectual side, and entertained me by sending for his rifle and showing me his shooting.

In April the Government became very seriously alarmed about the indefinite prolongation of the war, and the frightful drain upon our resources which accompanied it, and they insisted that at least our older districts should be reoccupied. What happened was that we were obliged to do in May and June—the two very hottest months—with much suffering and loss, what we might easily have done in November and December. Under pressure from the Government the Commander-in-Chief at last started for Rohilcund. Meantime another column from the Delhi side had been ordered into that country. They successfully occupied the Bijnoor and Moradabad districts, under General John Jones, known as “Jones the Avenger.” So far as I can make out this title was not really due to any particularly bloodthirsty work on his part, but was only one of those phrases which, once used, are repeated in a jocular way. In May Jones advanced upon Bareilly, and was even impertinent enough to occupy great part of the town before the Commander-in-Chief. Sir Colin, however, soon put a stop to any too rapid action, and while he hesitated the enemy doubled back on Shahjehanpore and gave much trouble. Then Sir Colin did the best thing under the circumstances, retired from the active campaign for the season, while General Jones and the civilians settled Rohilcund.

Sir Hugh Rose with the Bombay column, and Whitlock from Madras, had successfully performed the functions allotted to them, and restored order in Rajpootana and Central India, whence they advanced into Bundelcund. Rose took Jhansi in April in spite of orders from the Commander-in-Chief to delay and do something else. Then the Government ordered him and Whitlock on to the Jumna, and at last in May they took Calpee, Banda, and Kirwee, the places within fifty miles of our headquarters and main forces, where Sir Colin had allowed the rebels to gather for the six previous months.

It was hoped then that that part of the country was settled, and Sir Hugh Rose, who had suffered from sunstroke, had actually surrendered his command to go and recruit.

But we were not done with those rebels yet. It turned out that they had doubled back upon Gwalior, and the next that was heard of them was that they had succeeded in upsetting Scindia, and were in possession of Gwalior and all its appliances. Sir Hugh Rose resumed his command (for which he is said to have been wigged by his military superior), and it was in the most frightful heats of June that he and Napier succeeded in recovering Gwalior by a dash which was possible in the absence of Sir Colin. Even then the famous Tantia escaped with his followers, and kept the native states of Central India disturbed for the better part of another year.

In Benares and Behar, too, no effectual settlement had been arrived at till the hot months of May and June, and then the work was at last done with great suffering.

Thus it came about that, in spite of the Commander-in-Chief, the British territory was pretty well settled by the end of June and commencement of the rainy season of 1858. It was principally Oude that remained, and that was not settled till the beginning of 1859. The histories tell us of marching and counter-marching, and the surrender of this and that fort to the Commander-in-Chief; but it cannot be too plainly stated that Oude was settled not by arms but chiefly by diplomacy. Things had come to that pass that peace was obtained by yielding to rebels with arms in their hands all they wanted. The Talookdars were thus induced to come in; very many of the Sepoys also went home, and it only remained to drive over the Raptée, the remains of the rebel troops, which was successfully done by the end of the year.

By the spring of 1859 the Mutiny was ended. I have no hesitation in expressing the firm belief that it might have been ended early in 1858 if it had not been for Sir Colin Campbell, and if all had been left to him it certainly would have gone on another year still—if we had succeeded in quenching it then. It may seem incredible that he should have carried delays to such a point, but we must understand the character of the man. There appeared

in the *Times* a critique of his conduct up to May 1858, which was dated from Dublin, and signed by "A disabled Officer" who had just returned from the war. That so exactly expresses my view of the matter that I reproduce great part of it in an appendix.<sup>1</sup>

There may not be many other cases so extreme as that of Sir Colin Campbell, but I am inclined to suspect that there are a good many other military commanders of whom something more or less of the same kind might be said. In these days it is almost more important to military fame to retain high-faluting military correspondents than to beat the enemy, and we are generally given to understand that there are sacred military mysteries that no civilian eye can penetrate. No doubt there are good generals and bad generals, and certain things that depend upon technical skill, but after watching a good many campaigns I am inclined to think that energetic common sense is the great thing, and that most of the strategical mysteries are the greatest pedantry.

I suppose that a real history of the Mutiny as a whole will never be written—I doubt whether the materials exist. I have expressed my great admiration for the things done by our countrymen—very many of their achievements were above all praise. But the military writers overdo details; and what I may call the civil history of the Mutiny has never been fully brought together. With all the opportunities I have had, I do not now at all correctly know what was done in different parts of the country. I have heard, for instance, that great severities were practised with Sir Hugh Rose's column, but I do not know how much is true. Upon the whole, as we recovered our territories the chief control generally fell into good hands, and I think that things were managed well notwithstanding some exceptions. But still I fear that the events of the Mutiny long left their mark in a certain alienation of feeling between Her Majesty's European subjects in India and the natives. Many changes resulted, some for better, some for worse,

<sup>1</sup> See Appendix at the end of Volume II.

and I am not sure which preponderate. I doubt very much whether the changes are all so greatly for the better as many people think.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Extracts from letters and articles on the subject of the Mutiny, written by the author of these *Memoirs* and published in the *Times* of 1857 and 1858, will be found in the Appendix to Volume II.

END OF VOL. I



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