Some Reminiscences of Three-Quarters of a Century in India

By A Mutiny Veteran

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By
A MUTINY VETERAN

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1909

Dedicated

TO

MY TWO SONS

MAJOR D. W. CHURCHER

ROYAL IRISH FUSILIERS,

AND

CAPTAIN B. T. CHURCHER

LATE THE QUEEN'S REGIMENT

BY THEIR AFFECTIONATE FATHER

THE AUTHOR

PREFACE

THIS little book is an unpretentious effort to place before the public a few reminiscences in the career of a Mutiny Veteran. It makes no serious attempt to criticize events connected with politics, or to relate anything that did not come under the author's notice. I have begun by recording a few of my sporting reminiscences, which may be of interest as an introduction to the more serious portion of the brochure, which treats of the great rebellion of 1857-58. I have recorded all that I can remember in the absence of any regular written memoranda of that terrible time of trial. I feel deeply thankful that I was privileged to take a small part in upholding the honour of my country, and keeping the grand old flag flying, and it is with feelings of deep thankfulness to Almighty God that I look back upon so eventful a period of my life, and all the dangers from which I was so wonderfully preserved. Ignorant, at the time, of the misfortune which had befallen the members of my family, I thoroughly enjoyed the excitement of the period. Nevertheless I could scarcely join a fellow Mutiny Veteran,

the late Mr. Legge of Jaunpore, in a remark which I well remember him making : " Oh I wish there could be another mutiny : I was so happy : I *was* so happy ! " As I have said very little about the political situation, I now subjoin a few remarks on that subject.

In looking back upon the administration of India we naturally find that those who held responsible positions were not all of them perfect, but every allowance must be made for them, considering the intricate problem set before them, of administering a country consisting of a vast conglomeration of castes, creeds and religions. Under such circumstances it is difficult to imagine what better form of Government it was possible to devise than that which was established, and still exists, and which, it must be acknowledged, is a wondrous piece of machinery, the result of careful and prolonged deliberation. The people have rejoiced under a settled Government, and in the consequent peace which has reigned, and it would be an unpardonable sin to disturb them. We all know that only a very infinitesimal number, out of a population of upwards of three hundred millions, could possibly comprehend, in its details, so fast and absorbing a question as that which relates to the Government of India. Before we acquired the country the natives had been a much oppressed people, but since then every effort has been made to improve their condition. Large sums of money have been spent, and continue to be spent, in educating them, but owing to their

countless numbers, they are in a state of chaotic ignorance as regards any question relating to the Government of their country. Those who imagine that they speak for them, do so from an exceedingly slender margin of practical experience, and entirely from selfish motives, and with no idea whatsoever of benefiting their countrymen. There are renegades amongst us who have from time to time encouraged the natives to attempt to obtain self-government for themselves; their efforts have ended in fomenting disloyalty, sedition and murder. None of the people would ever have joined in anything so destructive of good order, had their mental capacity been capable of seriously considering the problem of self-government, and what it involved, but for these would-be patriots. What could they possibly make of a "House of Assembly," with the powers pertaining thereto, for this is one of the objects these reformers have in view? How would the members be elected out of so vast a population, with all their divergent interests? If ever they obtained so great a concession, their object, so openly avowed, would be to turn every European out of office, and to stop the payment of interest and dividends on British capital, running into many millions sterling. We should be landed in difficulties far greater than any we have hitherto had to contend with. Hundreds of millions of money represent the British capital invested in India. What would become of it if British control were withdrawn? Imagine the wonder and amazement of the Native States, to say nothing of the Ameer of Cabul, and of the Nepalese!

They would sharpen their swords under the impression that, the British having perpetrated so great a folly, at the bidding of a few Bengalee Baboos, the time had come for them to parcel out the country amongst themselves. Such would be their sentiments. Every sane and healthy-minded man will turn from the contemplation of such a catastrophe, carrying with it dishonour and disgrace, with horror. From what source, it may be asked, would such a Government derive its strength? Certainly not from the Army, where they would find no co-operation. With the civil European element withdrawn, the Army would be perfectly indifferent, chaos would reign all round, and all security of life and property would vanish. And this transformation is to be brought about at the bidding of a few faddists. A very healthy sign is beginning to be apparent in the awakening of the Government to the knowledge that drastic measures are called for as the only remedy for the troubles these would-be reformers have brought about, and considering the vast interests at stake, it is to be hoped that the executive will continue to use their powers freely, in awarding severe punishment to all those who disturb the peace of the country.

It is time that people, well acquainted with India, and who have spent the best portion of their lives there, made themselves heard. How any person, after a brief visit, extending over a period of two or three months, can presume to know anything about the country, it is difficult to understand!

The Congress men have held several meetings, in which they urged the repeal of the Regulation of 1818,

which enabled the Government to arrest and carry out deportations. They also urged that recent enactments to enable the Government to cope with the promoters of outrages, should be repealed, and they loudly cheered the deported nationalist leaders, expressing great sympathy for them. It is to be hoped that the Government will not yield one iota in any of the steps they may take in suppressing sedition and anarchism. We can now see clearly the direction from which all the recent trouble has come. These men have for long tampered with the indecision of the authorities, and it will sooner or later be seen that the passing of a Summary Justice Act will at once bring them to their senses, and all conspiracy will collapse. The actual agitators are not fifty in number, and their tools, the conspirators, are a handful compared with the populace of India, and to think that we are to be driven to act according to their wishes, is too ridiculous for words. The populace know nothing, and care nothing for all the scheming of the evil-disposed. They believe in the stability of the Government, and they are satisfied. Give them freedom from the petty oppression of the police, as has been suggested, and from the Tehseeldarie Omla, and they would throw all the Congress men overboard. This unrest in India has been gradually fomented, and now, owing to our supineness, they have brought it to such a head, that the delay any longer of strenuous measures will be fatal to all right Government of the country. The suppressive measures which the Government will have to take have been urged upon them until people ac-

quainted with the country are tired of the display of so much apathy. It is true that the conspirators have now the laugh on their side. It is time that the European element in the country got up an Anti-Congress of their own, with which to thwart these evil-disposed men.

Our Government, all over the world, is notorious for blundering along, with the hope that things will right themselves somehow; when they are at last awakened to the seriousness of the situation they begin energetically to work, and soon the trouble is over. How often has a Governor not been known to say, "Let there be peace in my time, after me the deluge." We are informed that these anarchists have been told that the Government are now working for the purpose of enlarging the share of the Indian peoples in the administration of the country. This will be received with much enthusiasm by the Congress men, for it is exactly what they have been working for. They will have got in the thin end of the wedge, and will have obtained much more than they expected just yet. They will watch to see how far the Government will go. If thwarted in their anticipation they will begin again their bomb-throwing and seditious tactics, and go on in this way until they get the Government of the country pretty nearly into their own hands. This is their ultimate avowed object, but the independent States in the country will for ever be a thorn in their sides, and we can imagine the way these proud princes and autocrats will take in dealing with a parcel of Calcutta Baboos. The people will lose

confidence in the stability of the Government, the future to them will be all uncertain, and all progress of the country, in the direction of wealth and prosperity, will be brought to a standstill. If after all our efforts, and vast expenditure of money, we have only succeeded in producing a body of anarchists (for most of the highly educated amongst them are of one mind, that is, ambitious and unscrupulous) the sooner we curtail the expenditure, and relegate them back to their Urdoo and Nagrie, the better for all parties. In England itself there are many of these men, to say nothing of Paris and Russia. Out of India and England it is impossible to get hold of them, but they all have property, and well-to-do relations in India. Confiscate their property until such time as they know how to behave themselves, and make their relations, under heavy penalties, responsible for their good behaviour. All students should be made to find security in money, and in the persons of two respectable men, before the privilege of studying in our schools and colleges is granted to them. I have said before that the people in the Moffussil know nothing of the anarchists and of their plottings, and it will be a thousand pities to disturb them in their peaceful occupations, for they are a peace-loving people. The anarchists know that we work on Constitutional lines, and that we should never be able to undermine their cunning, but if by any chance such suggestions as I have made were adopted, they would soon be brought to their bearings. They see that in spite of their shameful ingratitude the Government has satisfied some of their aspirations,

but the more we give in to them the more troublesome they will become. Having worked successfully so far they will never give in until they have obtained all that they desire, and the country in consequence will go from bad to worse. Is it asking too much of the Government to speak plainly to them, to put its foot down, and to say, once for all, thus far shall he go and no farther? We must give the Executive in India a free hand, and there will be time to consider the granting of representation to the Hindoos and Mahomedans after they have settled the matter between themselves.

E. J. CHURCHER,
Barrister-at-Law.

LONDON, *October* 13, 1908.

It is difficult to understand why there should be any hurry about the establishment of Executive Councils in India, with a sprinkling of native members, as has been suggested. The proposals put forward do not meet with the approval of the nation. The Mahomedans in the Punjab say that an Executive Council is not wanted there, and are opposed to the Hindoos. The Hindoos deplore the manner in which the Government are favouring the Mahomedans. They want things all their own way. How much better it would be to tell them to settle the disputed controversy amongst themselves, and then to approach the Government with a decision upon which they have unanimously agreed. It would then be time for the Government to consider what course to pursue. When once established these Executive Councils would, as all acquainted with India know, be very little good one way or the other.

E. J. C.

March 15, 1909.

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CHAPTER I

GENERAL REMARKS AND SPORTING REMINISCENCES

IT has not often fallen to the lot of any of my countrymen to write the experiences of three-quarters of a century in India, and as my life in that country extended to a goodly portion of that period, I think it may be of interest to some of them to peruse a few of my jottings.

My recollections go back to a time when British administration had been introduced into the greater part of India for many years. Our foreign friends looked with admiration at the peace which reigned, and regarded our administration as perfect in every respect. The country had been misgoverned by native rulers for so long before we entered into possession, that the populace, during the period of which I write, hailed our advent as that of peace and plenty. Before the outbreak of the Mutiny nothing would persuade our rulers, or those in command of the native Army, that there was, or ever would be, cause for serious anxiety, much less actual danger to the European population. We might have still been in that happy condition, had not our own folly changed everything for the worse. We not only had a Mutiny in which,

with scarcely an exception, the whole native Army joined, and which we suppressed with the greatest difficulty, but we very nearly lost the country altogether. That was armed rebellion. We are now threatened with sedition, which, unless adequately dealt with, may prove even more dangerous. The sole aim of the seditionmongers is to subvert all authority, and to make it subservient to their own wants and wishes, if only the British Army would remain to protect them. All this, and much more, has been brought home to the authorities very forcibly; the wonder is that they are so callous to it. They will be awakened to the necessity of vigorous measures before long.

As a young man I was devoted to sport. This enabled me to obtain a great insight into the internal condition of the country. India was then at peace, and the rural population lived in a state of contentment. They were not educated, and there were no "Banda Maturams" to poison their minds. The Punjab war in the "Forties" caused no anxiety, for the people took very little interest in it, so complete was their belief in our invincibility. The post offices were few and far between. In stations occupied by Europeans the post was delivered once a day, and as there were no ocean steamers or railroads, it took about six months to get a reply to a letter from England. Threepence (two annas), paid in coin at the post office, was the postage on an ordinary half-ounce inland letter. There were no postage stamps. I am writing of 1845. We never heard of famines,

or epidemics of any kind. The agriculturists and landlords knew nothing of rights of occupancy, and the tenants were all tenants at will. The former looked upon the latter as their "Ma Baps" (mothers and fathers), and there was very little litigation in the Courts. There was no High Court as at present constituted, and no penal or suchlike codes. The Sudder Dewani Adalat was the principal court in the Upper Provinces. There were no barristers. Law agents, styled pleaders, did the work in the courts. For every such person in those days we have now at least twenty-five men, and their number is increasing more and more as time advances. One may safely say that the country is at present overrun with native barristers and pleaders, and it is owing to their numbers (for they have to make a livelihood, and that in nine cases out of ten a very precarious one) that their names are a by-word amongst the people. With many of them the retaining fee does not exceed two shillings (one rupee) and honorariums are paid in proportion. I myself am a barrister of thirty-five years' standing, and am well acquainted with all that goes on in the Courts. If trouble arose in those days the landlords and tenants stood by each other. The officers in charge of districts never troubled themselves about the inhabitants. They placed implicit confidence in their Thanadars (heads of police), and Tehsildars (revenue collectors), and were followed on most occasions by quite a number of these and other people, to say nothing of Chuprasies (orderlies with red badges), when they took their walks abroad. The people made obeisance

to them, and when the "Hazoor" (Presence) condescended to speak, there was a general hush, whilst the men round about stood with folded hands. After the "Presence" had spoken, a little further move was made, and then the "Hazoor" mounted his horse and rode away. Badminton and tennis courts were not then known.

How different now is the behaviour of the people. In the days of which I am writing the magistrate ruled the district pretty much in his own way, and punishments were administered in a most summary manner. If any one attempted to interfere he was ordered to "Chup rahow" (be quiet). There was scarcely any record kept of the crime committed in the district, and no reliable reports were furnished. As things are now, the district magistrate's whole time is taken up in writing reports, and every little matter is tabulated. Were it not for the Baboo (head clerk) his life would be a burden to him. In those days the police made and unmade crime pretty much as they liked. In the place of a district superintendent of police, who resides at headquarters, inspectors, sub-inspectors, chief constables, head constables, and constables, all in uniform, who now occupy police stations, there was one chief officer, called a Thanadar, at each station, upon Rs. 20, or Rs. 30, per month, subordinate to the magistrate, and a dozen Barkendazes (ordinary watchmen) upon Rs. 4 or Rs. 5 per month. These men clothed themselves after their own fashion, and amongst them all there was not anything like the corruption now prevalent. Each village had a Chowkidar

(watchman), almost the only ancient appointment still in existence. He received Rs. 2 (four shillings) a month as pay from the landlord. A Gorait (petty watchman) was also at the call of the landlord. He had about one acre of land assigned to him free of rent, for the work he did during the year, and he was the hardest worked of them all. The Gorait reported all misdemeanours to the Chowkidar when not paid to do otherwise. When any crime took place the Chowkidar informed the landlord. The latter, if the case was a serious one, and likely to affect his interests, would start for the police station, and settle the matter with the Thanadar in the usual way. If a murder took place the Thanadar, having had his tip, in his report to the magistrate of the district, put it down as the work of a tiger, an alligator, or wolves, or to an accident, and there the case ended. There were no hospitals to which the body of the murdered man could be conveyed for examination. In spite of all this the people were contented and satisfied. There was scarcely a village in which dancing, singing, and tom-tomming (drum beating) did not go on to the late hours of the night, whereas now nothing of the kind is heard, except at marriage feasts, and religious festivals. Dancing and music would nowadays denote that the people were well to do, and the police would in that case find some excuse for raiding them.

I shall never forget a case, one out of many, which came under my own observation. A cultivator lived in a village called Nahurghattie, near Mehndyghat, in

the Fatehgarh district. In ploughing his land he turned up some gold bricks, in size three by two inches, and half an inch in thickness. The bricks were twelve in number. The finder cut off a small portion from one of them, and sold it to a goldsmith. With so much money in his possession he gave up work, and spent his time in tom-tomming, singing, and smoking. His wife remonstrated with him. One day to appease her wrath, he told her of his find, saying that there was no occasion for them to think of work for a long time. She was delighted, and persuaded him to have some jewellery made for her. He did so, and continued to amuse himself as usual. The wife, bedecked in all her fine jewellery, appeared in public, and in answer to inquiries from her female friends she was foolish enough to inform them of the gold bricks her husband had found. Being jealous of her good fortune the women informed the Chowkidar. He reported the matter to the police. They would not believe him, until he told them that the man spent his time in amusements, and tom-tomming. The police then came down upon the man, and ill-used him so severely that he was thankful to get rid of the bricks. In their report to the magistrate of the district the police stated that a cultivator had found *one* gold brick, which they sent in a sealed cover for his honour's inspection and orders. The magistrate returned it with orders to give it back to the finder. It was also appropriated by the police, with the other eleven. This is a typical case where treasure of any sort is found.

I will now describe an incident of another kind

which occurred two years before the Mutiny. It will illustrate the primitive condition in which we lived. I was then twenty-three years of age. I became acquainted with a man, whom I will call M. He possessed an estate in the district of Etah called Gurrie Bandola. M. could make nothing of his son, a youth with native blood in him. He took him to Australia, and showed him how he could earn a livelihood by breaking stones, as metal for the roads, and he promised him that if he would give his mind to the work and would continue to do so for three months, he would purchase him a small estate. The father set his son the example by sitting beside him, and breaking stones. He did so for a few days, after which the young man worked by himself. At the end of the three months the son had earned a little money, and his father then purchased for him a small estate of a few acres of land, with a house on it, and set him up as a market gardener. Not long after, the son married his neighbour's daughter, and so the two estates were amalgamated. This is a long prelude to what follows, but it could not be omitted. Before leaving for Australia M. asked me to look after his estate during his absence. I did so. Soon after I was persuaded by the estate Moktiar (law agent), of the name of Olfatroy, to contest a mortgage case in which the estate was interested, relating to a village called Mowat, situated about a mile from M.'s headquarters at Gurrie. The village belonged to the estate, but had been mortgaged some years ago, during hard times, to a wealthy man, whose name was Kharakgeet. I instituted the case

on the principle " once a mortgage always a mortgage." To my astonishment I gained the case, but nothing would persuade Kharakgeet to give me possession of the village. He ignored all court processes, and defied me, saying, " come and take it if you can." I could not stand the challenge, and determined to take forcible possession. I sent word to the estate tenants that they were to attend at my house next morning. They did so, armed in the usual way with clubs, swords, and matchlocks. The proceeding I was about to adopt was, of course, illegal ; but I was young and inexperienced. Mounted on my beautiful Arab horse Selim I started at the head of my little army, which consisted of about 200 foot, and six horsemen. When we had approached to within 150 yards of Mowat, the skirmishing began. Desultory fire from both sides went on for a short time, but as no progress was made, and there were no casualties, I got impatient, and shouted to the men to storm the village. They rushed forward, yelling as they went, with myself and the other horsemen at their head. We entered the village, but our opponents had decamped, and we were left in peaceful possession. We obtained a bloodless victory.

There were great rejoicings for the remainder of the day, and all night. The men feasted, sang, and danced to their tom-toms, until morning broke. Then the principal tenants appeared with nazars (money offerings) and flowers, an old established custom. I took care that Kharakgeet's household in the village were not molested. The tenants said that he was so

sure that we should not have the courage to attack him, that he would not move the women of his household to a place of safety. Some days after he came to see me, and was grateful for the consideration shown to his family. He presented a nazar of Rs. 50, and acknowledged me to be the lord and master of the village. He became a tenant of the estate. On M.'s return he was overjoyed at my success, and made us all "khush" (happy) with presents. On the date of his expected arrival I had everything ready for him. I did not expect him to arrive until about 8 p.m. A little before that time the reader may imagine my astonishment when his groom ran up to tell me that his master, with the pony he was riding, had fallen into a blind well (M. was shortsighted). The well was about a quarter of a mile from the house. I hurried to the place with servants and ropes. On arrival I called to M.; to my delight he answered that he and the pony were not hurt. We soon had them both out of the well, which was about twenty feet deep. The shock to the old man's nerves was very great, he trembled from head to foot. The pony, which went by the name of Puch Kullian (white feet and nose), was in the same plight. Some days elapsed before they got over the effects of the fall. (M. had attempted to take a short cut along a footpath through some fields, and being shortsighted, met with the accident.)

In those days the country had not been disarmed. The disarmament took place after the Mutiny. It was a common sight to meet people armed with swords and shields, the latter strapped to the back. The

Thakoors, a fighting clan, very numerous in Oudh (I speak of days before the annexation), used to come into our territory with pony-loads of saltpetre for sale. They never left their homes without their bows and arrows, not that they feared molestation from us, but that they had so many feuds with their own caste fellows in Oudh, that they never undertook any journeys unarmed. When using the bow they sat on the ground, placed it against the toes of both feet, fixed the arrow, and stretched the catgut with the fingers of both hands. The bows were made of horn, were of a peculiar shape, and not more than four and a half feet in length. They seldom missed a shot at a distance of sixty or seventy yards. And now, I think, as I shall soon be dealing with the great rebellion, I will close this introductory section with a few incidents of my sporting experiences, which may be found of some interest.

In my younger days shooting was what I most delighted in; at the same time I took a keen interest in the people, and in their habits and customs. I was afterwards glad that I had done so, for it gave me a greater insight into the inner life of the country than most people obtained. At first the black buck, and suchlike small fry, were all that I shot and hunted, including the Chickara (Ravine deer), in the districts of Etah Allyghur and Mynpoorie. In a small single pole tent, commonly called a Swiss Cottage, with canvas walls reaching down to the ground on both sides, under which the servants slept, with my books, dogs, pony, and three or four servants, I was generally to

be found in the neighbourhood of some forest. When encamped under trees the heat was never unbearable. Under some of the trees trouble used occasionally to be caused by the large black scorpions that roamed about at night. The transport consisted of two camels. They carried all the baggage, including the small tent, and were never the worse for it, for we only marched a distance of a few miles each day.

I always went about with my tiger cage, which was in five parts, and swung about the sides of the camels. My first experience with big game was with a tiger in the jungles of Pilibhit. On approaching a village, the inhabitants, who were all Bhurs (a people who live in and near forests), begged me to kill a tiger which had made himself very troublesome to them. I was only too delighted to do so. The Bhurs lived principally upon roots, which they obtained in the forests; it was useless for them to cultivate land, as deer and other animals would graze down the crop before ever it came to maturity, and besides this there was always the fear of a tiger carrying off the man ploughing, and destroying his cattle. The tiger, I was told, frequented the forest near the village. The Bhurs tied an old buffalo to a bush in the forest at noon, about half a mile from water; late in the evening the animal was killed by the tiger. Two Bhurs watched the kill from a tree. After a kill tigers make a point of retiring to some water, where they cool themselves. The two watchmen ran to my camp, and reported the kill. They and others, with some of my men, carried the iron cage, and fixed it up under a tree, plac-

ing branches, with foliage, all round and above it. I was at hand to see that the tiger did not molest them. After making the cage ship-shape they placed my blanket and pillows inside it. I was then shut in, after a string had been tied to my foot with which to warn me of the approach of the tiger. Two Bhurs betook themselves to a thick branch of the tree above me, taking the other end of the string with them. The reader can imagine my feelings. I laid down, as I did not expect the tiger just then. It was a fine moonlight night.

I had been in the cage about an hour, when the string was pulled. On peeping through the foliage, I saw a magnificent tiger standing over the buffalo, and snarling at some jackals if they approached too close. He was facing me. I put a bullet into his chest; it went through his body and soon proved fatal. He roared and threw himself about a great deal. After about a quarter of an hour he lay quite still; I called to the Bhurs not to come down, as one can never be quite certain that all danger is over. As there is seldom any chance of getting a second shot I lay down and went to sleep. I awoke long before daylight, and to my astonishment found a large number of Bhurs sitting round the tiger; they were spitting upon him, and calling upon their gods to give him a bad reception in the next birth he attained to. I was overjoyed at my success, for the tiger was indeed a very fine specimen. I allowed the Bhurs to do pretty much as they liked with him. They cut off his claws, and plucked off his moustache, which they said they would

sell for charms. The tiger had evidently had a desperate fight not long before with a wild boar, for he had some nasty wounds, which appeared to have only lately healed.

Next morning I went on my way, as there was " Khubbar " (news) of more sport of the kind.

It would be a repetition of the same story to write of the many almost similar experiences I had of tiger shooting. People came from long distances to beg for my assistance in ridding them of these beasts. On one occasion a young goat had been tied to a bush near the cage. On hearing the bleating of the animal it was not long before a tiger appeared. Some leopards were occasionally troublesome, but the Bhurs on the branch above me used to frighten them away. The tiger sprang upon the goat, and threw it about as a cat does a mouse. In one of his playful efforts he threw the goat on the top of my cage, and himself sprang after the creature. As one of the tiger's hind legs protruded through the bars of the cage, I tied it with my silk kammarband (waistcloth), but in the hurry of the moment a bar of the cage got tied with the tiger's leg. I do not know what made me do so foolish a thing. Before I had time to loosen the tiger's leg he tried to get away, with the goat in his mouth, but finding his movements impeded in so extraordinary a way, he pulled and lashed about. The branches on the cage were soon scattered, and then the tiger had a full view of me. The fierce efforts he made to get at me, and the horrible appearance of his blood-stained mouth were dreadful to behold, and

not soon to be forgotten. He almost pulled the cage off me. There was no bottom to the cage, it was dispensed with to make it lighter. To end the scuffle I put a bullet into the monster's head. He was a large mangy beast. The Bhurs on the branch above me were chattering like monkeys, and calling to their friends. They soon surrounded me, and were horrified at my appearance, for the goat's blood had trickled down from the roof of the cage, and had besmeared my hands and face, and of course they thought that I had been seriously hurt by the tiger. In answer to their inquiries I told them I had had a little " tamasha " (fun) with the tiger ; they threw up their hands, and called out " wah, wah," which I think may be translated into bravo, bravo.

In those days, as is the case also at the present time, there was a small traffic in so-called dried tigress' milk, which was said to be of great efficacy in some serious complaints. The family priest was of course at the bottom of the delusion. He would intimate to the patient that tigress' milk alone could cure him, his reason for saying so was of course to get him to spend money, some portion of which would in the natural course of events stick to him. On obtaining the sick man's consent, the Bhurs were sent for. They made it appear that the thing was impossible, and that it was not breeding time for tigresses. The priests and Bhurs played into each other's hands. After much talking, the sum the Bhurs were to receive was settled, and to it the priest added his portion. On obtaining the

money the priest handed the stipulated sum to the Bhurs, who were then sent away to procure the milk. They made out that it would be necessary for them to follow a tigress with cubs, and that on her suckling them some of the milk would drop on the ground, which they would scrape up. To obtain the milk was next to impossible; the Bhurs would nevertheless return in the course of a few days with the droppings of vultures, which they had carefully scraped up from under the trees upon which these birds lodge. They made out to the priest that they had obtained the so-called milk at the imminent risk of their lives. The droppings of vultures, being white in appearance, easily passed for dried tigress' milk. The priest, after making a decoction of herbs, would put the so-called milk into it. After a solemn incantation, the medicine was administered to the patient. If the man recovered there was for some days a grand time of feasting and rejoicing for the Bhurs and the priest; if he died it was put down to "Kismut" (fate).

On one occasion a patient, as one would naturally expect would be the case, died. I was invited to attend his funeral. In towns held sacred by the Hindoo population the Brahmin element is always in the ascendant, and these priests lose no opportunity of reminding the populace of the sacred character of the bull. These animals roam about the town and feed on the crops, which are supposed to be much benefited by their doing so. The well to do people occasionally feed them with sweetmeats. On the

approaching death of the man I am alluding to, as in all such cases, a young heifer was procured. The animal is made to stand at the dying man's bedside, and its tail is placed in his hands. The man is told that after death he will have four rivers to cross, namely, of milk, clarified butter, treacle, and honey, and that without the assistance of the heifer he would never get across them. After death the body is carried on a bier to one of the many temples, and placed on the ground, where earthenware vessels, containing water which the cows have passed, are buried. The older the water, the more virtue it is said to contain, and the more valuable it is. The water is of course in a most offensive condition. According to the money that is paid, one of the vessels is opened, and some of the water sprinkled on the corpse, and then the body is carried away to be cremated. When no sacred river is at hand into which the cremated ashes can be thrown, the son, or nearest relation to the deceased, ties a portion of the ashes, and small unburnt bones, in a corner of his cloth, and takes it home. A day is appointed for feeding the Brahmins, the bones are ground up, and, with the ashes, mixed with wheaten flour, the dough is made into cakes, with which, with some condiments, the Brahmins are fed. This is done because the Brahmins assure the people that their own entrance into heaven is perfectly certain, and that the only chance an outsider has of getting there is either through a sacred river, or through their bodies. Of course the Brahmins get well paid for eating the

bones and ashes. In suchlike ways the people are still befooled.

In the Bhabar (forest at the foot of the hills) a sportsman fond of shooting elephants generally came across them in small herds. I never took pleasure in shooting them. The first one I shot at I wounded in the forehead, but did not do him much harm, as may be imagined from the insignificant bullet in use in those days. The wound made him very savage, he had been turned out of the herd, having lost the battle in contending for the mastery with another tusker. Elephants being one of their numerous gods, commonly called Ganeish, the Bhurs are averse to killing them, but this animal, owing to his wound, made himself so exceptionally dangerous that they dug a pit in a path he frequented on his way to water, covering the opening with branches. In one of his excited moments, brought about by the Bhurs, the elephant fell into the pit, as I was afterwards told, and there the poor beast was allowed to starve, as they did not consider that the same as killing him. They raised a mound over his remains and made offerings to propitiate his evil spirit. Elephants are easily tamed, and the cost of keeping them is only a little more than that of a good horse. Once captured and placed with tame elephants they soon become docile. They are generally found in small herds of all sizes and ages. It is far from sportsmanlike to shoot them. The natives have a very easy way of catching them. They prepare a certain number of long stout ropes: to one end they

firmly tie a good-sized stone, and make a kind of buttonhole arrangement near it. They then decide upon the direction in which the herd are to be driven, and place their people, with the ropes they have prepared, along it, behind trees. The herd is started by the loud beating of tom-toms. As they dash away, one after the other, they kick up a great dust, and it is then that the people on the watch run up, and dexterously buttonhole one of the legs of a young elephant. The stone at the other end of the rope is swung about as the beast rushes along, and gets caught in the trees, and then the animal is suddenly brought down, and separated from the herd. After starving him for a few days a tame elephant is brought up. The wild animal is strapped to him, and walked away, and in a few days he is as tame as the others.

I came across an extraordinary sight when on the march with my men. All at once we heard the moaning of a lad in pain ; it came from some grass near rocks. We hurried to the spot, and found that a large boa constrictor had swallowed a boy up to his armpits, but could get him down no further, owing to his outstretched arms. The poor fellow implored us to help him, which of course we did. The only way to kill the boa would have been to put a bullet into his head, but that might have killed the boy also. If we attempted to approach, the snake lashed out with his tail. It would have been certain death to a man if the beast had succeeded in gripping him, for he would have squeezed him to death. The Bhurs are never without resources. They cut down two

long saplings, with which they pressed down the body of the snake, and then one of the men hacked the animal in two, when out came a jackal and a partly digested hare ! With half his body cut off the boa was helpless, we slit his mouth open, and pulled out the lad. He was a Bhur by caste, about eight or ten years of age, with no clothing on his person. He said he was looking for honey, which they generally find in the hollows of trees, when he was seized. His whole body was wounded by the teeth of the snake. The boy said that he had been about three hours in the grip of the beast, that the animal had partly swallowed him by his feet, because he could not do so by his head, as he kept him off by throwing dust into his eyes and mouth. We made a stretcher and carried him into camp, and did all we could for him. His parents came soon after and took him away, but the shock had been too great for his system, and the poor fellow died soon after. We measured the boa. He was within two inches of twenty feet in length, and two feet three inches in girth round the middle. When these beasts seize an animal they swallow him head foremost, except in the case of deer with antlers. Had the lad fainted, on being seized, he would have been swallowed in the usual way, that is, head foremost.

These large boas are usually found near the openings of rocks, and on trees. They are not numerous, and many people in India have never seen them. I have often had narrow escapes from deadly snakes. Owing to the small Government reward per head for a cobra,

their numbers have decreased. The Hindoos worship snakes. Those who live on the outskirts of civilization believe that the earth rests on the head of a cobra. Others believe that it rests on one of the horns of a bull, and that earthquakes occur when the bull transfers the earth from one horn to the other. The people are now more enlightened, and are not averse to killing the cobra for a reward.

When the rainy season began, generally about June 15, I used to leave the forests owing to malaria, and betake myself to the open sandy country, in the proximity of rivers, where I amused myself with fishing and shooting crocodiles and alligators. I remember one very amusing occurrence. A large crocodile lay on the opposite bank to where I was standing (the rivers are never more than fifty or sixty yards broad near the hills); I fired at the beast, but he did not move. On looking with my glass a wound in his neck was perceptible. I had a second shot to make sure of the animal, and then as he still remained motionless, we crossed the river in a boat, with my gamekeeper and other men. On reaching the bank we were afraid to approach too close. I poked the creature with a long pole, but he would not move. I then jumped on his back, thinking that he was dead, when to my astonishment he commenced to struggle to get into the water. We had brought a rope with us. Before I knew what the gamekeeper was about he had tied one end of the rope round his waist, and he then jumped astride the beast, holding on by the fore legs. The crocodile

and gamekeeper disappeared under water, but we hauled them out by the other end of the rope. The gamekeeper could not be persuaded to leave the creature, and as they were disappearing a second time I shot the crocodile in the head, and we then pulled him out, the gamekeeper still clinging to him. We tied the creature to the boat, and I took him home, where he was opened. Various kinds of jewellery, worn by native women, with pieces of cloth and rope, and some stones, were found in his stomach. Some Brahmins are averse to these creatures being killed. I was once asked by the villagers to shoot one, as he used to attack the cattle crossing the river, but when about to shoot, the gamekeeper told me that three Brahmins behind me had sat down, and were praying to their Gods that my shot might miss the animal. When I spoke to them they said that he was harmless, and would not admit that jewellery worn by women had ever been found inside such animals. To convince them I fired at the alligator, and landed him. We went across the water, and had him opened, and to the astonishment of the Brahmins two handfuls of jewellery, worn by women and children, were found in him, as well as some articles of female apparel. The astonishment of the Brahmins was great. They of course wished to appropriate the jewellery, but I would not let them do so. The women of the villages daily go down to the river "ghat" (landing), late in the evenings, to wash, and for water for household purposes; it is then that the alligators and crocodiles seize them.

Many women and children yearly lose their lives in this way.

In the days of which I write wolves were numerous and troublesome. On a moonlight night, I was asleep in the open, when the wife of the groom cried out piteously that a wolf had gone off with her child, which had been asleep by her side. I caught up my gun, which was ever ready, and ran in the direction the woman indicated. I had gone some distance in the forest when I heard a child laughing. I crept nearer, and saw the child sitting on a footpath. The wolf in running up to the child made him laugh. The child had been fond of the stable dogs, and seeing an animal of the same kind, had no idea of his danger. My first inclination was to run up and rescue the child, but I wanted to kill the wolf, which was a notorious child thief. Owing to the indistinct light it was impossible to make sure of a successful shot with a bullet. As the beast was not twenty yards from me, and my muzzle-loader was already charged with shot, I peppered his face from both barrels. This blinded him, and I then ran up to the child. The wolf tore madly away, but he was stunned by running up against trees, and soon after the servants clubbed him to death. I need say nothing of the mother's gratitude at the safe restoration to her of the child, without a hurt of any kind, for the wolf had carried him away by his clothes. I have seen many children who have been brought up entirely by wolves. They could not of course speak, but made a noise like a monkey,

looked idiotic, and went on all fours. I have spoken above about sleeping in the open. It was a common practice with me, in the very hot Summer months, to have my bed placed out in the open. When it was time to retire the water-carrier would appear with his "mussuck" (water leather bag) and sprinkle the bed with water, after which I would lie down on it, and soon be fast asleep. I never suffered in any way for doing so. In some parts of the country the doctors will allow you to sit in the wind in wet clothes until they are dry!

I once witnessed a very thrilling incident. It had been my desire for some time to do some bear and burrell shooting, as well as to obtain a good specimen or two of the Golden Eagle. I had one, but it was not perfect in plumage. These eagles, in flying, seem to float in the air. They go from valley to valley seeking the young of any animal they may see. I sent my camp to a small village, in a part of the hills where I was told eagles would be found. The people living in the valleys have a great horror of them, as they have often been known to fly away with infant children. The children are exposed to much danger from a peculiar local custom which I may briefly describe. The women, when very busy, were in the habit of placing their infants near running water, from which they would divert a little stream. They would then place the child on a ledge of rock near it, and allow the water to fall drop by drop on its head, from a leaf. This would have the effect of sending the child into a sound sleep, and there he would be left until the

mother returned to him. They call it giving the child "naloa." I had seen many eagles, and had noticed where they had their nests, which was generally on a peak of an inaccessible rock.

An eagle had evidently made himself very troublesome to the villagers not far from where I was encamped, by carrying off their little goat kids. They had determined to try and club him to death, and for that purpose had tied a kid to a bush not far from which a mother had given her infant "naloa." The eagle, perceiving men hiding near the kid, went for the infant and carried it away. I was after burrell that afternoon, and suddenly noticed a man and a woman shouting and running up hill towards one of the peaks above the village. Soon I perceived what they were after, for I saw an eagle, with something in its talons, flying towards the peak. I followed as fast as I could, and saw the eagle settle in its nest, on the edge of the peak, for a minute or so, and then fly away leaving his burden behind. The father of the child, with a long crook in his hand, was the first to attempt to climb the peak, but he had not gone far when he fell, and was much hurt, and there he lay groaning. Then the mother picked up the long crook and commenced to climb. She was about half way to the nest when I arrived. The closer the woman got to the nest the more frequently did the eagle swoop down upon her, to frighten her away. She succeeded in getting her left hand into a crevice of the rock. I kept the eagle off by shooting at him, but I missed him every time owing to my excitement, my gun being loaded with ball.

At last the brave woman commenced to shove the crook in her hand higher and higher, but alas it was found to be too short by about three or four feet. As she could not possibly climb higher I told her to throw down the crook, and that I would lengthen it. Whilst doing so the eagle got very fierce in his attacks upon the woman, but I succeeded at last in breaking his wing, and we were then able to work more peaceably. As soon as the crook was lengthened I pushed it up to the woman, who then commenced to pull down the nest, which consisted of dry branches, about half an inch thick. Soon the woman had the satisfaction of seeing a small bundle of cloth; she said it contained her child. It was necessary to pull down the bundle, as there was no other means of getting at it. As it came rolling down the mother threw away the crook, and caught it, and hugged it to her bosom. Soon after she dropped the bundle into my arms, and then the difficulty was for the woman to get down. I supported her with the crook fixed against the rock, and at last she succeeded in reaching the ground. The poor child partook of nourishment cuddled up in his mother's breast, whilst she crooned over him. I was too much excited to trouble about the eagle, as he was not dead, and would require some fighting, and I had no wish to spoil his plumage by putting a bullet into him. We left him, but some villagers came along and clubbed him to death. The husband was rather badly hurt and had to be helped to his home. I succeeded in ridding the place of some of the eagles, and obtained some good specimens.

Owing to our short marches, the two baggage camels occasionally gave trouble. On one occasion a small herd of camels approached my camp in the forest. When not working them the owners take their camels to the nearest forest to feed. One of their beasts was seen coming towards the baggage camels, which were both males. They immediately ran after her, and commenced to fight. The savage noise they made brought the whole herd round them. It is very difficult to make a camel let go where he once takes hold of his enemy by his teeth. These two fought and bled for more than half an hour, when one of them gave in and ran away. After that it was amusing to see the victor look round in great pride for the creature who had brought about all the mischief, but she had been driven away with the herd, whilst they were fighting. His savage appearance at his loss made it impossible for his keeper to approach him. He was eventually lassoed to a tree, and spent some hours making most horrible noises. They soon forget their quarrels, and spend their time peaceably until another opportunity of the kind occurs.

CHAPTER II

THE GREAT REBELLION

IN the pleasures of my nomadic life I was seldom in touch with my fellow countrymen, and with the exception occasionally of a letter from my brother, knew nothing of what was going on in the outside world, or of the progress events were making towards the great Indian revolt. In the month of March, 1857, I was encamped in some forest near the foot of the hills, when a very decided change in the behaviour of the natives was noticeable, which I could not account for. They were wanting in respect, a trait I had never noticed in them before. I spoke to my gamekeeper, and asked him if he had any news from the station (Fatehgarh). He said he had heard nothing of any consequence : he however said that some " Sadhoos " (Hindoo devotees) had spread a report that the end of the British Raj was at hand, as the Kings of Delhi and Oudh were compassing our overthrow, with the assistance of the Sepoys of the British Army. This news was very unexpected : I was then arranging for the capture of some elephants. Throughout the length and breadth of the country there are resting-places, distant about ten

miles from each other, to which the Sadhoos resort. They go about besmeared with ashes, and with little clothing on their persons. They stay the night, and then move on to make room for others. They are attended to by women of their own caste, who reside at the rest-houses. During the night the principal people in the villages close by visit these men. They impart to them information regarding the state of the country, and spread reports which have no foundation. The people make offerings to them. These secret communications were still going on when I left India. The "Sadhoos" travel on foot from one end of India to the other. In 1857 they had spread some reports which disturbed the minds of the people, and made them impertinent in their behaviour. Through their medium word had been passed on to the "Chowkidars" (watchmen) of villages, the meaning of which only a few of them at first understood; they were told to prepare small wheaten cakes, called "Chuppaties," similar to those given to them, and to distribute them to the Chowkidars of the neighbouring villages. Two of these watchmen brought these cakes for me to see. They inquired of me what it all meant. I of course could not tell them, but said that coming from "Sadhoos," a most detestable class of people, they were to take no notice of the matter. The "Chuppaties" were about the size of a five-shilling piece, and a quarter of an inch in thickness.

Soon after this I was suddenly awakened to a danger, which, in spite of the premonitory symptoms noiced, I did not anticipate, by receiving a letter from

my brother Thomas, who resided at Fatehgarh, distant eighty miles from Cawnpore, in which he told me that rumours were being circulated that a serious rebellion in the native army was then hatching throughout the country. He added that the 9th Native Infantry, stationed at Fatehgarh, was implicated, and he strongly advised me to come home at once, which I did. The rumours were soon confirmed by news of an outbreak at Barrackpur, near Calcutta, and of an attempt at rebellion by the Sepoy Regiments stationed there. So insensible were the Government all through the month of March of actual danger, and so certain was every one of the loyalty of the native army, that the daily routine of work all over the country went on as usual. If officers commanding native regiments were asked what the rumours meant, they were ready to swear to the loyalty of every man in their regiments, and scouted the idea of a rebellion. It was only after the outbreak, and when some officers of these regiments had been shot by their men, that they woke up to the fact that a rebellion had actually broken out. It was most painful for them to believe that they were about to lose soldiers whose equal in physique could not be found in other parts of the world, and we all know that their gallant behaviour, when led by British officers, in times of war, was beyond all praise. The troops, both native and English, were armed with the old Brown Bess, a single barrel muzzle-loader. Breech-loaders had not, to my knowledge, been then invented. The " Brown Bess " caused all the mischief, which

culminated in the mutiny. The natives had never made any objection to the weapon so long as they were supplied with cartridges containing no lubricating substance. It was only when they found out that the cartridges contained pigs' and bullocks' fat, that they objected to them.

There is no disguising the fact that the military authorities were entirely responsible for the rebellion, for they could not have been ignorant of the caste prejudices of both Mahomedan and Hindoo soldiers. The utter abhorrence of these men of the bare idea of touching anything containing pigs' or bullocks' fat was commonly known, and yet in the face of this knowledge the troops were supplied with cartridges containing both descriptions of fat, and they were not only expected to receive them, but were made to bite off the ends with their teeth before inserting them into their guns. In doing so they would of course lose caste amongst their brethren, who would no longer eat, drink, or smoke with them, so long as they were not again reinstated in caste. This did not matter much in the case of the Mahomedans, for all they would have to do would be to distribute a few pice worth of "Batasas" (native sweetmeats) amongst those of their brethren then present, to recover their position. But with the Hindoos it was a much more difficult matter, for it necessitated their going to some sacred place (Ajodhia or Benares) to bathe and to propitiate the Brahmins, and only after they had done so would they be reinstated in caste. The soldiers felt convinced that the whole thing was

an attempt to Christianize them all. The Mahomedans, with the annexation of Oudh fresh in their minds, were only too eager to fan the flame, for they had received their instructions from the Courts of the Kings of Delhi and Oudh. They did their utmost to poison the minds of the Hindoos, and to induce them to join in the revolt. The Hindoos had no king or emperor under whose flag to rally, whilst the Mahomedans had, and they made catspaws of their comrades. The Mahomedans, of all the different castes and classes in India, were then most to be distrusted. In case of a revolt they had everything to gain, and it was not for want of trying that their cause was lost. A little time before the outbreak little Mahomedan children would be seen in the streets, swaggering about with wooden swords in their hands, a thing they had never before been seen to do. The Hindoos soon began to see that they had been made dupes of, and were fighting to reinstate the Mahomedans in power, but the revelation came too late.

It was about the middle of April that I returned to Fatehgarh to my brothers, Thomas and David. Reports of bloodshed and lawlessness were beginning to come in. We three brothers got together the silver coin and valuables we possessed, locked all up in an iron safe, and at night threw the safe into a well close by. Our parents were then residing at Omerghur, distant twenty-five miles from Agra. We determined that one of us should go to protect them.

The roads were quite unsafe for any other means of conveyance but horseback. We sent for our upper servant and gave him a Bible, and told him to go into the garden, and place three straws, of different lengths, between the leaves, with the ends projecting, and then to bring the book to us. We had decided that the one who drew the longest straw was to start for Omerghur, distant a little over 100 miles. It fell to my lot to draw the longest straw, and then we all prepared for my departure. I had a Waler cob, a splendid animal for endurance. A quantity of Chuppatie cakes (unleavened bread) for my horse and self were tied in a cloth, and strapped round my waist. The servant also tied to my waist a small tin pail and pan, with a long string attached to it, with which to water the horse and myself from the numerous wells we should pass.

I started about eight o'clock at night, having had, as it turned out, my last dinner with my brother Thomas, whom I saw no more. It was a dark night; I made first for Thana Durriogunge, situated in the Etah district, and distant forty miles, and reached it about 2 a.m. There was an indigo factory there belonging to Mr. M. before mentioned. His servants fed my horse and myself. They also made a fresh lot of Chuppaties, while I had a short rest. There had been no appearance of actual danger so far. I went on my way again at 4 a.m., and arrived at the Dak bungalow (Government travellers' resting place) at Etah, distant about twenty miles from the last place, about 7 a.m. There my horse and I had more

refreshments, and a short rest. I started again about 9 a.m. for Omerghur. This proved to be the most dangerous part of the journey, for I was occasionally fired at, and at times chased by horsemen from villages near the road, but my dear cob used to outdistance them all.

I reached Omerghur, 55 miles from Etah, none too soon, and fagged out. On arrival at my father's house I saw gangs of armed men about the premises. The servants told me that they belonged to the Rajah of Omerghur, who had arrived in great state, followed by retainers, and that the Rajah himself, and some of his armed bodyguard, were seated in the drawing-room. I went in, and to my astonishment found that to be the case. The Rajah, a horrid black pock-marked individual, was seated at a table, and his men on chairs and sofas round about the room. I asked the Rajah what he meant by taking so great a liberty, when he said that my father and mother were arranging to start for Agra, but that unless my father paid him Rs. 5,000 (£500) he would not let them go. Owing to my fatigue I was not in a fit state to remonstrate with him. Just before my arrival the Rajah had sent word to my father that those were his terms. My father was an old man, with a very bad temper. I found him in a great state of excitement, with my mother holding him, to prevent his leaving the room, to confront the Rajah. Had it not been for my most opportune arrival he would have gone into the room and shot the Rajah. With much difficulty I quieted him, and persuaded him to give me a cheque for Rs.

5,000 on the Agra bank, assuring him that we should get back the money when peace was established. He at last gave me the cheque, which I took to the Rajah. He then left, promising to help us as soon as the cheque had been cashed.

In the course of three or four days he sent word that we were at liberty to go. I reported the circumstances to Mr. Drummond, the magistrate at Agra. The difficulty in arranging for palanquins and bearers, for my father and mother, was very great. We left the servants at the house, with the exception of a Mahomedan cook and my groom. The journey was a very perilous one, and the wonder is we ever reached the fort alive. We had to pass through the town of Etmadpur. On the roadside a rebel sepoy sat, with a musket in his hand. I made the bearers, who carried the palanquins, make as much noise as they could in passing through the town, to give the people an idea that we were a large party. We were forty men in all. The rebel sepoy did not move, but every moment after I passed him I expected a bullet through my back; nothing however occurred until we entered some deep ravines through which the road passed on the way to the fort. There we came across gangs of disbanded sepoys, about a thousand men, belonging to two regiments which had been disarmed at Agra, and told to return to their homes. They were in a very excited state; they stopped us as soon as we met, and made the bearers put down the palanquins. My father, in his impetuous way, insisted upon knowing why they had been put down,

and shouted to the bearers to go on. This added to the danger, and to my anxiety. I tried to explain our situation, but every moment was of importance. In my perplexity I did not know what to do. A fine stalwart Brahmin sepoy, evidently a non-commissioned officer, was standing near my horse. He had strings of beads round his neck. It suddenly struck me that he might be of use to us. I whispered into his ear that I would give him all the money I had with me, if he would help us to get to the fort. He promised to do so, and called to his comrades, telling them that we were his friends, that he lived near our estate, and that if they molested us they would have to pass over his dead body to do so. The man was a high caste Brahmin, and they dared not hurt him, for any man killing a Brahmin was for ever debarred from entering heaven.

The bearers had kept the sepoys from robbing my father and mother. My father, who was very fearless, did not understand the common dialect of the country, and increased the danger which surrounded us by his impatience. Our friend the Brahmin started with us for the bridge of boats, over the river Jamna, which was close to the fort. We were stopped by many gangs of sepoys, but our friend saw us through them. On arrival at the bridge I gave him all the money I had, which was about Rs. 60 (£6). We parted with many protestations of loyalty from him, he made a low obeisance to my father, who shouted to him in an angry voice, " Jow " (go). Needless to say we never again met the Brahmin. We entered the fort at

sunset. Then I was confronted with further difficulties, for how to obtain decent quarters for my parents in such a crowd was very perplexing. The palanquins were put down in a corner, and my father got out to stretch his legs, as he said. After explaining to my parents what I was going to seek for, I left them, and in about half an hour I succeeded in finding a room, in a large marble square, a corner of which was occupied by the Lieutenant-Governor, Mr. Colvin. I took my parents to the room, and both before, and after, had many a squabble with people trying to secure rooms for themselves. Once my father was in possession nothing would have induced him to quit the place. I was sure of that, and never hesitated to leave him to see to our requirements.

The room was in three small divisions, with a screen, made of reeds, between them. My first thought was for my mother, to make her comfortable. I arranged the blankets and rugs we had brought with us on the straw, for a bed for her. I then went outside the fort, and purchased two stools. Nothing more could be done that night. The cook, who followed us, prepared hot water in some marvellous way, as only Indian cooks on a pinch know how to do, and we had tea and biscuits that night. Next morning I managed to put together a small table, and to pick up a few oddments, and, with the food the cook purchased outside the fort, we soon got on comfortably. After seeing to my parents I attended to my dear cob, and had him tethered outside the fort, with numerous other

horses. I saw him fed, and properly cared for. The cook took a great burden off my mind. He was an old servant, and knew how to set about getting things ready. Outside the fort gates, fowls, mutton, and vegetables were procurable, and there was a room below us where he cooked them. With the money my father had I paid up the palanquin bearers. These men, who are Hindoos by caste, form the most useful class of servants we have in India. In times of war they are enlisted by hundreds. They follow the army and carry, on doolies (a bed strung on a pole), all the dead and wounded to the hospitals in the rear. In the house they do all the dusting, after the sweeper has swept out the rooms; they also wait on their masters, and look after their clothes.

Agra was the capital of the North West Provinces, now called the United Provinces. The Hon. John Russell Colvin was the Lieutenant-Governor of the Province. Agra was his headquarters. At the time of the outbreak the 3rd European Regiment, and the 67th and 44th Regiments of native infantry, were stationed there, under the command of Brigadier Polwheel. At the Brigadier's suggestion the two native infantry regiments were disbanded on May 31, and the men were told to go to their homes. All combatants in the fort, capable of bearing arms, were enrolled. I felt proud of my father, then a very old man, when he stood beside me, and insisted on being enrolled, although, owing to his age, he certainly would have been excused had he wished it. A fortnight afterwards the Gwalior contingent, stationed

at Sindhias capital, mutinied, and it was then that detachments of that force, serving in the Agra division, also did so. Soon after a strong body of mutineers from Nemach appeared. They were on their way to Delhi, and we were told that they were coming to Agra for the purpose of taking the heads of the Agra garrison, and of all other Christians they could get hold of, as an offering to the King of Delhi. In spite of this grandiloquent talk they met with disaster. On approaching Shahgunge, also called Sacheta, distant about four miles from the fort of Agra, a body of 500 men of the 3rd Europeans, about thirty mounted volunteers, and six guns, marched out to meet them. The rebels were found to be about 3,000 strong in horse and foot.

I was late in joining the volunteer horse, and fell in with the Europeans. To all present at the action which ensued it was apparent that our men were badly handled. The enemy entered the village in great strength before we approached it. Our guns did much havoc. Soon the enemy appeared to have had enough of it, and were seen to be moving off. All this time the Europeans were lying down, and many of them lost their lives owing to the long period of inaction. The Brigadier was informed that the ammunition for the guns was expended, and that Captain D'Oyley, who had charge of the guns, had been killed. He then ordered the Europeans to storm the village, which they promptly did in gallant style. I believe they had never before that day been in action. The enemy could now be seen retreating fast, but with our guns

useless, it was considered unadvisable to follow them, and soon the order was given that we were to return to the fort. After getting to within half the distance to the fort, the enemy's cavalry, finding that we were retiring, came round to intercept us. The volunteers, commanded by Major Prendergast, were told to check the advance of the rebel cavalry. They faced about for that purpose, and charged. The odds were very much against them, and they lost twelve men. The rebel cavalry then fancied that they had the volunteers in a hole, but our men were beating time to give the Europeans, who were then on the double, time to get to the fort. The volunteers, seeing our men had made good progress, cut their way through the rebel cavalry, and rejoined us, leaving more of their number behind. We lost in all 130 men and two officers. This was a serious matter, and need not have been so bad if the whole affair had been better managed. The enemy re-occupied the village. Early that night their cavalry visited the station, and with the assistance of the Agra budmashes (bad characters) they looted and burnt down almost all the houses in it, after which they went on their way to Delhi. We might have given them a taste of our guns, mounted on the ramparts, but the sun had long set, and, as on other memorable occasions, we were too late.

During the whole period of the mutiny only one round shot was fired from the ramparts of the fort, and that at an imaginary enemy. The fort is faced with red sandstone, and has never had a shot fired against it, nor was there the slightest semblance of a

siege during the mutiny. There were upwards of 5,000 people in the fort, of which number only about 1,000 men I believe were actual combatants. I never witnessed any disorder in the fort, nor did I see dead or wounded cattle in it, as some people have asserted. Cholera broke out at one time, but I had left the fort to carry out a commission entrusted to me by the Government.

On the morning following the departure of the Namuch mutineers, I was outside the fort, armed and mounted on my cob. Other men were also there. Colonel Cotton rode up, and asked if any of us would accompany him for a ride round the station, to see what damage the enemy had done. I offered to go with him, and six other men, who wanted to see how their houses had fared, rode away in another direction. The Colonel and I came across house after house burnt to the ground. We saw a lot of men assembled near the church. They fired at us, and unfortunately killed the Colonel's horse. To enable us to obtain assistance from the fort I tried to persuade him to get up behind me. He scouted the idea, drew his sword, and said "Come on." The fear of losing my cob made me hesitate, but it would never have done to leave the Colonel. Just then we saw the six men who had ridden away coming in our direction. We all assembled in a mangoe copse, and the Colonel then sent one of the men for assistance to the fort. It was a two mile ride, and somewhat unsafe. The Brigadier would not send assistance, saying it was too late. The Colonel was very wroth, but we were

obliged to ride home. Next morning the Colonel obtained a gun and some men from the Brigadier. We blew the principal part of the buildings, where the horse had been killed, about the ears of the people. In looking into one of the houses we saw much furniture and parts of tents stacked in it. We saw an old hag, with an infant in her arms, crouching in a corner. The Colonel asked her for some fire, and as she did not understand him, he snatched the infant from her arms and handed the child to me. I spoke to the old woman. She hobbled away and returned with a light, with which we set fire to a great many of the houses. I was thankful to return the infant, who was squalling, to the old woman, and soon after we all returned to the fort satisfied with the work we had done.

After the battle of Shahgunge (Sacheta) the behaviour of the town people was somewhat reassuring. No steps had been taken for the suppression of lawlessness in the district. The policy of Mr. Drummond, the magistrate and collector of Agra, met with disapproval, and things became worse, when a lot of men were seen, armed with lathies (long clubs), painted to represent muskets, patrolling the streets. They were the laughing stock of the place. Mr. Drummond was removed from his appointment, and was made Sessions Judge of Banda, a district in the south, pertaining to the North West Provinces. Whenever there was any semblance of authority the people rose against it. The Mawaties, a Mahomedan sect, at Fatehpur Sikri, one of the palaces of the late Mogul emperors, a short distance from Agra, had to be driven

out by a small force, which was commanded by Captain Patton. Here unfortunately I lost my cob; he was wounded severely in the chest, and died soon after. I had him buried in the grounds of the palace.

CHAPTER III

A DANGEROUS COMMISSION

IT was about this time (the end of June) that it occurred to the Lieutenant-Governor to depute an officer to Etah, distant seventy miles from Agra, for the purpose of re-establishing British authority. There were upwards of twenty members of the Indian Civil Service, including Messrs. Phillips and Hall, the magistrate and joint magistrate of Etah itself, besides some numbers of the uncovenanted Civil Service, who were refugees in the fort of Agra. These men had their lucrative appointments to return to when peace was established; they therefore saw no reason why they should risk their lives upon, as they said, so foolhardy an expedition; nevertheless it was imperative that the wishes of the Lieutenant-Governor should be obeyed. It was during a consultation amongst them, that it was decided to ask me to go out. The Governor was informed that with my knowledge of the language, and of the district, and also of the neighbouring districts, I was best fitted to carry out his commission. The Lieutenant-Governor sent Mr. H. B. Harrington, C.S., afterwards Sir H. B. Harrington, to me with a message that he wished to

see me. In company with Mr. Harrington I waited upon the Governor. After some preliminary conversation he asked me if I would go out to Etah to re-establish British authority there. I naturally inquired what assistance in money and men I should have. He answered that they could not spare a man from the fort, but that he would give me an order for Rs. 5,000 (£500) on the Agra treasury, then located in the fort, to enable me to raise a body of horse and foot. He gave me the order, and also authority in writing, arming me with powers of life and death, and granting me permission to raise a force of irregular troops. Being young and strong I agreed to his honour's proposal on condition that my parents were looked after. He said that my parents should lack for nothing, and that he would make my interest his own.

I must here mention that Miss H., a beautiful girl, was engaged to be married to Mr. P., the magistrate and collector of Etah, and one of the refugees in the fort. She was waiting in my mother's room anxiously expecting my return, for she believed that if I refused to go to Etah, nothing would dissuade the Governor from insisting that Mr. P. should return there. The poor girl wept for joy when I told her that I had accepted the Governor's commission, whilst my good mother wept for my folly, and prayed me not to go. In spite of my mother's tears I could not withdraw from the promise I had made to the Governor. My father was very dejected over the whole thing, but he was the last person to persuade me to break my word, for a more true and upright, and honest man

never breathed, although I, his son, say so. Miss H. begged me to see her before I started. In a little time I had enlisted 40 horse and 100 footmen. I also wrote to two well-to-do landlords in the Etah district whom I knew, sending the letter by my groom, telling them that I had been appointed to Etah with powers of a commissioner, and asking them to send twenty-five horsemen to escort me. They lost no time in doing so. On arrival at the banks of the river, under the fort, they were mistaken for rebels. They held out a white cloth, and sent word that they wished to see me. It caused much amusement in the fort, as people said that the rebels wanted me in particular. I had a pleasant interview with the men, gave them money, and told them to make themselves comfortable in a neighbouring village, and that I should be with them at noon next day. These men were Googurs by caste. The head man amongst them was called Bahadoor Sing. These people are great marauders. They keep camels, and when a dacoity (robbery attended by hurt or murder) was determined upon, at a distance of 30 or 40 miles from their villages, they always rode out, leaving their camels in charge of some of their own people on arrival, and committed the dacoity during the night. Early next day they were back in their homes with their booty. They are of fine physique, and regular dare-devils, but I had a dare-devil undertaking in hand, so they were just the men for me.

Next morning I had a most painful parting with my mother. Of her five sons I seemed to be the only one who had been spared to her, and nothing would pacify

her. I was obliged to tear myself away from her. My father, a most austere man, took my hand when I went up to him and said, "Go, my boy, and may God bless you." The parting with my parents was all the more painful as I was acting against my mother's wishes. What shall I say of the parting with Miss H.! that also was very distressing. I knelt on one knee before her (we were chivalrous in those days), and took her hand. She wept, and put her other hand on my head, and blessed me, calling upon God most fervently to protect me. I can never forget her giving me a small box of chocolates, which she put into my coat pocket, saying she had prayed over them, and made me promise most faithfully to put one of them into my mouth on the approach of danger, which I took care to do, and considering the many miraculous escapes I had in carrying out the Governor's commission, who can doubt but that her prayers were heard? At last I left her, feeling happy that I had been able to do the dear girl a good turn. I never saw her again. She married Mr. P., who was a fine specimen of a man, and a good officer.

My first march was to Omerghur, where my parents had lived. The Rajah, of whose conduct the reader has already been informed, had had his turn, it was for me now to have mine. On arrival at his place, I ordered his men to produce him, which they reluctantly did. On his appearing I made my men seize him, and told him to disgorge the Rs. 5,000 he had taken from my father. The man had the impudence to laugh in my face. I made my men strip him

and tie him to a tree by his hands and feet, and whip him with their corahs (horsewhips) until he paid up the money. After a few strokes of the whip he shouted for mercy, and then the money was produced, and was weighed out to my Jamadar of Horse. The man was then released. It was a sight never to be forgotten to see that huge, black, almost shapeless mass of flesh, dress and waddle away to his door. Before my arrival he had looted the country all round, but the summary treatment he had received made the men he had robbed come to my camp from all directions, making complaints of robbery against him. I took all these people to his place and told him that he would be tied to the tree again, and horsewhipped, unless he returned the property he had taken from them. It was astonishing to see the bales upon bales of cloth, and the large number of brass and iron utensils, and the coin and jewellery which was produced. All this was made over to the men who claimed them, and then I went on my way, hoping that I had seen the last of the scoundrel. Some time afterwards I heard that the man had turned over a new leaf, that he had been protecting native officials, and had sent daily reports of the state of the district to the magistrate of Agra. When peace was established he made his obeisance most humbly to all in authority who approached his place. At last he was put down for a downright good subject of the Company Bahadoor, and to make the farce complete he was rewarded.

On leaving the Rajah after my first visit, I assembled my men in a copse of trees, had a white chudder

(sheet) spread, and all the money poured on it. I then had the whole of it divided between the men I had enlisted, and the twenty-five horsemen from Etah. They received, I believe, Rs. 35 each. This liberal douceur was such an unexpected windfall, that there was nothing the men would not do for me after it. The Agra men were the scum of the city. It required a very strong hand to keep them straight. I felt sure that if I did not divide the money between them, some of them would go off with the whole of it. I put up in my father's house. The place had a most forsaken appearance. The property the Rajah had taken out of it was all put back that night. I was glad of the shelter the house afforded, and the servants made me comfortable They told me that a body of rebel cavalry had been to the house soon after we had left, and that they had tried to burn it down, but had not succeeded in doing so, as they were in a hurry to depart.

The next morning I marched to Awah, half way to Etah. The Rajah was profuse in his offers of hospitality, and made me welcome. He informed me of the state of affairs at Etah, saying that the Rajah, Dumber Sing, had quite gone over to the King of Delhi, and had planted a green flag on the Grand Trunk Road, to denote that he had done so. Awah also told me that Dumber Sing would most certainly oppose me. To prepare for this turn of affairs I got him to lend me a gun, with ammunition, and bullocks harnessed to it. As I approached Etah, I made the man in charge of the gun ("Golandag") fire the gun occasionally, to make

my approach known, and to give éclat to my arrival.

We reached Etah about 4 p.m., after a very hot march. I did not like the prospect of living in a tent in such weather, and therefore sent a horseman with a polite letter to the Rajah, telling him of my arrival, and intimating to him that I had been posted to Etah, with powers of a Commissioner, by the Government, and that as it would be impossible for me to carry on my work in a tent, all the houses in the station having been burnt, I should be obliged if he would give me shelter in his fort. This was done to see if there was truth in what Awah had told me. The Rajah sent word by my messenger that he had heard that the ramparts of the fort at Agra had been destroyed by the rebels from Namuch, and the garrison killed, and that having escaped, I had come to Etah, and was trying to deceive him by making out I was a Commissioner, also that I had better betake myself elsewhere, as otherwise he would soon make it too hot for me. I was not prepared for so much bluff. To make matters worse one of my men ran up and said that some rebels had arrived, and were preparing to encamp in the parade ground. I felt that I was in an awkward position. On questioning my man he said that the rebels were Sikhs, and that they were about twenty in number. It struck me that I might be able to utilize their services, for the Sikhs are fine soldiers, and had done great things for us, and besides, with their assistance I would be better able to take a little of the Rajah's bluff out of him.

The Jamadar (head of my horse) was at once summoned. I told him to make all inquiries, and to try and persuade the principal man amongst the Sikhs to come to me. In half an hour's time the Jamadar returned with one of the men, a fine soldierly looking fellow. I explained to him my situation, and offered him and his men Rs. 100 (£10) each, for a night's work, if they would help me to take the fort, and make the Rajah a prisoner. He returned to his comrades. Soon after they all marched up, and grounded arms at my tent door.

I was greatly elated at the success of my manœuvre. I took them all aside, and explained what I wished them to do. They were willing to help me in any way in their power. They received a sumptuous supply of food. At midnight they set to work, in a most businesslike manner, by cutting branches off the Mangoe trees under which we were encamped. With horse's heel ropes they made three ladders. At 3 o'clock the ladders were carried, and put up against the walls of the fort. The Sikhs led the attack. My men and I followed. for a spy was with me, who knew all the interior of the fort. With him to guide me, and one of the Sikhs, we ran to the Rajah's apartments. The entrance into them was by a glass door, which we found closed. The room was lighted up. We could see the Rajah, a fat man, seated on a platform, propped up with pillows, and on either side of him sat two powerful-looking fellows. Owing to the lights in the room they could not see us in the dark. My men had been told to spike the guns on the ramparts first, as noiselessly

as they could, and after that to secure the fort. As firing had begun I told the Sikh to burst open the door, which he promptly did, with the butt end of his musket. We rushed in, and I told the Rajah if he attempted to rise that I would shoot him. The two men sprang to their feet as soon as the door was burst open. They drew their swords. I ordered them to go, as otherwise myself and the Sikh would shoot them. One of these men was Nihal Sing, and the other Rung-bahadoor, both related to the Rajah. I shall have occasion to refer to the former of these men later on. They left us, saying that they would return better armed. I took the Rajah with us to see what was going on in the fort. There was incessant firing from the ramparts, and the spy, who had accompanied us, ran up to say that our men were shooting at the entrance into the fort, where there was a large wooden gateway, with the usual wicket for one person to go in and out at a time. The wicket alone was open. As soon as the Rajah's retainers found that it was useless to oppose us, they rushed for the wicket, but as they could only get out one at a time, there was sad havoc amongst them. After the fort had been cleared, between thirty and thirty-five dead and wounded were found at the wicket. They were put out of the fort, and their friends were told to take them away, which they did. The wicket was then closed. By this time the sun had risen, and a great crowd had assembled, outside the fort. I made the Rajah accompany me to the top of his gate, and tell the people to disperse, as otherwise the sahib (meaning me) would bring the

guns on the ramparts to bear upon the town, and destroy it. After a time the men disappeared. I allowed the Rajah to return to his quarters.

The next day a great many people appeared, with petitions in their hands; they begged that the Rajah be made to return their property which he had taken from them. The fort contained great quantities of merchandise of all kinds. I let the petitioners into the fort, and allowed them to cart away all that belonged to them. This went on for another day. At last the fort was cleared, and made to look ship-shape. Before many days the Rajah took poison, and killed himself, as he felt sure that he would be hanged, for a great deal of evidence was daily coming in against him, as many of the owners, whose property had been plundered, had been killed by his people. The women of his household were left undisturbed for a few days; their relations were then allowed to take them away to their own homes. A sharp lookout was kept for Nihal Sing and Rung bahadoor. It was said that they had gone away to distant relations. The former of the two men returned after a short absence to avenge the death of his uncle Dumber Sing.

I had returned, much fatigued after a skirmish with a small body of rebels, and was asleep at night under some trees, with my guard around me, when I heard one of the guard challenge a man. The stranger rushed in and aimed a blow at my head, which was then on the pillow, with a hatchet. He missed me, but cut a nasty gash on the side of the bed. He then

ran, thinking evidently that he had killed me, but was followed by some of my men. One of my horses was always ready saddled near my bed, and I invariably slept with my pistols strapped to my waist. I jumped on the horse just as I was, and gave chase to the man. Fortunately it was not a very dark night. In some unaccountable way the man disappeared. On returning we passed a small temple under a tree. One of my men had the curiosity to peep into it, and saw a cloth lying inside. Then another man shouted saying that he saw a man crouching behind a branch of the tree which overshadowed the temple. I called to him to come down. After a little hesitation he commenced to do so, but when about ten feet from the ground he threw an open sheet on the three men who were standing below, ready to receive him, and jumped down and ran. I chased him, and fortunately, with a pistol shot, broke his sword arm. The weapon dropped from his hand, and I rode him down. My men secured him : he was considerably hurt. He was placed on a " charpoy " (native bed), and carried to camp, where to my great relief he was recognized. He was found to be my great enemy, Nihal Sing, who had sworn to kill me. He was very insolent, and asked my men to shoot him, or to kill him with a sword, saying that all his people had lost their lives in that way. I said that death, in the way he desired to die, was awarded to brave men, that he had tried to kill me in a defenceless position, and was a coward, and would certainly be hanged. Rather than that he should be longer in suspense he was hanged on a tree on the

side of the Grand Trunk Road. I fancy that all this was a little too much for his brother Rungbahadoor, for no more was seen or heard of him. He was a most lawless freebooter.

The narrative of events has carried us down to about the month of August. I can remember very little of my daily life, as it was one of continued "alarms and excursions," and desultory fightings. I established police stations in different parts of the district, but on more than one occasion the staff were put to flight. I received daily reports from the stations I set up, and issued such orders as were practicable through the officers in charge. The ordinary judicial and administrative procedure of a district was quite in abeyance, and we were practically under martial law. As the district quieted down, the native revenue sub-collectors came back, and were reinstated in their old offices. Dawur Ali and Najaf Khun, were the first to return. Agricultural operations began to be taken vigorously in hand, as the monsoon was a good one.

When Delhi was retaken I was much worried by rebels making their way into Oudh, and on to Lucknow. The prisoners I took used to tell me that the mutineers were all of one opinion as to what would become of them when peace was established, that is, that they would all be blown away from guns. I was tired of making prisoners. They gave me most thrilling accounts of the siege of Delhi, and of the discord that reigned amongst them. The King's wishes they said were never consulted, and only small sums of

money were doled out to them, as the King's treasures were all buried deep underground, by people who were kept prisoners in the palace, and who were killed immediately the work was finished, in case they should divulge where the treasure was hidden. From what they said no one person was in supreme command in the city. They complained of the utter demoralization which prevailed, and of the want of food, which alone would have driven them to capitulate. I questioned many of them about Begam Shumroo's palace, situated in the Chandni Chowk, which was occupied before the mutiny by the Delhi bank, of which my brother Harry was deputy manager. They all assured me that it had not been destroyed. All the inmates of it had of course been killed, and amongst them was my brother. A pillar in the grounds indicates the names of those who were massacred in the palace. The Hindoo portion of my prisoners bewailed the mistake they had made, and put the mutiny down to the machinations of the Mahomedan portion of the army. They used to entreat me to find some means for their reinstatement, but of course that was impossible. The jail was full of them, and could receive no more. With the exception of the Mahomedans it ended in my letting them all go to their homes, which I have no doubt they did, for they seemed to have had enough of fighting. The Mahomedans were released later on. The mutineers were occasionally seized in the fort, which they entered as labourers. They could always be detected by their walk. When walking ahead of me I used suddenly to call out "tention"

(attention), down would go their arms to their sides, and that betrayed them.

I was much relieved when Captain Murray joined me with some Jat Horse he was raising, though he had then with him only about 150 men. We encamped near the Kutchla Ghat, in my district, with a hundred of my own men. A considerable body of rebels were encamped across the Ganges; we used to ride to the banks of the river, and fire into the enemy, and they into us. This went on continuously for a few days. One morning we saw a body of about 1,000 infantry and 300 cavalry cross the river at a ford, and come towards us. They were too strong for us to tackle, so we beat a retreat. Paddy Hennessy, a young man of great promise, the son of General Hennessy, had been attached to the Jat Horse, and McKellar was their doctor. We retreated into a defile, and called a halt. Paddy, with two men, watched the enemy from the top of the ridge. All at once a partially blind old Jamadar of Murray's horse, mistaking Paddy and the two men with him on the ridge for the enemy, threw his turban on the ground, drew his sword, and started at full gallop, shouting to the men to come on if they were not women. Away went the Jats by twos and threes after him, and when we joined in the *mêlée* they discovered their mistake. Paddy, thinking that Murray had given the order to charge, started at the head of the two men. We decided to go after them. Paddy was not far from me. I saw him swerve off to the right, and foolishly go at one of the enemy close by, who had been

unhorsed. He cut at him, but missed him, not so the man, for he gave Paddy a nasty cut on the elbow of his sword arm. I noticed that Paddy checked his mare Ruby with difficulty. He then went at the man a second time, he missed him again, and again the man cut him near the first wound. Ruby was then galloping towards me, with the man after her. He evidently expected to see Paddy fall. After finishing him, if he only had the time for it, he would have jumped on Ruby, and ridden off. Paddy was falling from faintness. The man cut at his head, but his helmet had steel bars, and that saved him, and before he could use his sword again we killed the assailant. We put Paddy on Ruby, and sent him to the rear. We could do little with so large a body of the enemy, but show them a bold front. They burnt two villages, and then re-crossed the river. My men were somewhat accustomed to this sort of thing, and came off scathless, but we lost about thirty of the Jats, including the old Jamadar, who was more courageous than intelligent—his loss was not regretted. The Jats had seen nothing of the kind before. Their horses simply ran away with them. After the enemy had gone we sent men with stretchers to bring in our killed and wounded.

The Jats, although a brave set of men, were very inexpert horsemen, as they had only lately been enlisted. They are good agriculturists and cartmen, but, without training, are not horsemen. Karak Sing, a fine old Jat, was Murray's "Risaldar." He carried a bullet in his stomach for long afterwards, which he got in that scrimmage. Paddy was

sent off to Mussoorie, a hill station, to recover from his wounds. When we assembled for our midday meal Murray asked us what we thought of the behaviour of the Jats. We were unanimous in saying that they had done splendidly. Murray reported the matter, and by return post he was instructed to raise the Jats a thousand strong, and they are now the 17th Bengal Lancers.

It was in the month of December that news was brought to me that a sahib (gentleman), in disguise, was in a village near the Grand Trunk Road. I rode to the village, and to my surprise found that the information was true. It was difficult to understand what could have brought an European, all alone, so far away from protection. I was told that he had betaken himself to the roof of one of the houses. On going to the house I called to the man, saying that I was there to protect him, and that he was to come down. It was a great pleasure to hear the cry of delight which came from him. He lost no time in making his appearance, and then, to my surprise, I found that he was Mr. A. M. Layard, Her Majesty's Minister at Madrid, commonly known as Nineveh Layard. He said that he believed that the road from Allyhur was tolerably safe, and that he would get through disguised as a native. He was dressed partly as a native, and had made his complexion somewhat dark. I took him home, and he shared my last bottle of beer with me.

CHAPTER IV

AFTER THE STORM

HEARING that a British force was approaching Fatehgarh from Cawnpore, I began to get anxious for news of my brothers, whom I had left at Fatehgarh. A column commanded by Colonel Seaton entered the Etah district, to join the Commander-in-Chief's (Sir William Mansfield) force, on its way to Fatehgarh. I made all necessary arrangements for an absence of a few days, and joined it, with Mr. Layard. Before we could get much further we had three engagements with rebels who had arrived from Shumshahad, that is at Sahawur, Puttialie, and Gungeerie, where we took ten guns. Captain Hodson, with his horse, was with the column. After their defeat at Gungeerie the rebels took shelter in tall elephant grass (" puttail "), where great numbers were speared. We saw the rebel commander escaping on an elephant. Hodson, myself, and some of our men, overtook the animal; we rode ahead of him, turned about, and received him at the point of the spear, but he gave a loud snort, swung his trunk about, and so frightened away our horses. As the elephant driver would not stop the animal, he was shot, and so was also the rebel comman-

der, on his silver howdah. The elephant was then quieted, and taken to Hodson's tent, where he was made to sit down. No money was found on the fat commander, which was a great disappointment to the men. They treated him with contumely, and carried him away to some ditch. The silver howdah was taken into Hodson's tent, and the elephant was sent to the commissariat officer, who paid Rs. 800 (£80) for the animal.

On reaching Fatehgarh I left Mr. Layard with Sir William Mansfield, who had routed a large body of rebels, with the Nawab of Furrukabad at their head, at Khodajunge, a little way out of Fatehgarh. The town is called Furrukahad, the station occupied by Europeans, distant three miles from it, is called Fatehgarh. On getting to my brother's house I found it in ruins, with the exception of two rooms. Soon after my arrival two servants appeared; they told me that my brother Thomas had been killed in one of the boats, in which the survivors from the fort at Fatehgarh had started, with the intention, if possible, of making their way to Cawnpore. The gallant defence of that fort, by a handful of men, for three weeks and more, against large numbers of mutineers, and the Nawab of Furrukabad's men, is too well known to need repetition here. The fort was vacated when it was impossible to hold it any longer. I was informed that my brother David was alive, and that he was in hiding in Oudh. Also that he had been protected by a native landlord named Luljoo Sing, in a village called "Karhar." I started for that village soon after my arrival, and

found my brother, but at first I did not recognize him. He was sitting on the ground with his back to a wall, and a black blanket was round him; his hair, beard, and moustache were also much grown, and he was quite sunburnt. He had been twice sun-struck, and did not know me, but when I spoke to him his face, after a little, became animated, and he looked up in wonder and amazement, and then we knew each other. I had him carried to our late brother's house, and made him as comfortable as I could in the two rooms. It was difficult to get him to speak of all that he had witnessed and gone through; he had a scared and unhappy look, and was perfectly listless. Before I returned to my work he told me of the tremendous odds they had against them in defending the fort. His story was somewhat as follows:—As it was impossible to hold out any longer they started down the river in boats. When the massacre in the boats took place his friends, Major and Mrs. Robertson, the latter with her infant in her arms, and other men and women, threw themselves overboard. My brother dived after his friends (he was an expert swimmer) and came across Major Robertson, who clung to him. He was a stout man, and unable to swim. With much difficulty he got Robertson to release him, by giving him the oars of those killed which were floating by. He pulled him away a distance of about a hundred yards, when a bullet struck Robertson high up on the hip, and quite disabled him. He continued to pull him down stream, and did so for a distance of about three miles, when he got him under a high sand bank, where he left him,

after pulling him out of the water. He then scrambled up the bank, and laid down in heavy rain, quite exhausted; with his small towel round him he fell fast asleep, and awoke to find the sun shining brightly. He looked down the bank, and threw sand at Major Robertson, who then spoke. Thankful that he had not been dragged away by an alligator during the night, he told him that he would endeavour to get assistance. Help was eventually procured, through a native who saw him, he communicated with Luljoo Sing, the landlord of "Karhar" (where I found him), who arrived with some men and had them both carried to the village, and placed in a sugar cane crop (for fear of rebels), where they were fed upon unleavened bread.

Here I must introduce a few details about the landlord, Luljoo Sing. He and his brother "Hurdeobux" were at great enmity with each other. The latter had taken Mr. and Mrs. Probyn and family under his protection (Mr. Probyn was the magistrate and collector of Fatehgarh), and it was told Luljoo Sing that if, when peace was established, it was found that he had done nothing to protect the Europeans, his brother "Hurdeobux" would denounce him as a rebel, and the chief instigator of the massacre of the people escaping on the boats. That was the real reason why Luljoo Sing sheltered my brother and Major Robertson. My brother could not be persuaded to leave his helpless friend, when offers of escape were made to him. He attended to all his wants, and watched over

him for about three months, and then Robertson died. My brother buried his friend and comrade, and then existed as best he could for a further period of four months, when I brought him away. He was quite a wreck of his former self, and was always glad to be left alone. I have made the above notes from a narrative of my brother's, which I took down from his own lips a short time after his rescue.

Having carried my life in my hands for so many months I was advised to come to England. Soon after my arrival I wrote to the late Major Robertson's people in Scotland, and told them all about the Major's death. They were very grateful for what my brother had done for him. They came to London, and asked for an audience of Her Majesty the Queen, to whom they gave an account of Major Robertson's death, and also told her of my brother's conduct. Her Majesty graciously listened to them, and at once telegraphed to the Governor-General to reward my brother handsomely, in open Durbar, which his Excellency was pleased to do, and the following is a copy of a letter my brother received from the India Office :—

INDIA OFFICE, LONDON,

June 11, 1859.

SIR,—

The excellent services performed by you during the Mutiny and disturbances in India in 1857–58 have been brought to the notice of the Queen, and I have been commanded to convey to you the gracious approbation

of Her Majesty of your noble conduct during that critical period.

I am, sir,

Your obedient servant,

(Signed) C. WOOD.

D. CHURCHER, Esq.

I persuaded my brother to send the original of the above letter to our sister, Mrs. Campbell, widow of the late General George Campbell, C.B., of Inverniel, for safe keeping, after I had taken a copy of it. On February 18 of the present year (1908) my brother died at Fatehgarh, and was buried with full military honours. At his express wish his Bible was placed in the coffin, and buried with him. His little towel, which he wore on the day of the massacre, he also wished to be buried with him, but it could not be found.

I may not have occasion to refer again to Fatehgarh, and will close my narrative of the occurrences there, by relating the following sad story. A lady, the widow of Major De F., whose full name I need not disclose, lived at that station, with her daughter, then in her 'teens. The Nawab of Furrukabad, a most licentious individual, insinuated himself into their good graces. He drove them out daily in his carriage and pair, and sent them "dollies" (baskets of fruit, flowers, and sweetmeats). The authorities remonstrated with the man and the ladies in vain. At last their conduct became so scandalous that the authorities sent the young lady to an establishment for girls in Calcutta, called Kidderpore. The people in charge of that es-

tablishment were in the habit of giving balls, to which young military men, just arrived in India, and other people, were invited. This was done with a view to getting the girls settled in life. In that way Miss De F. became engaged to a young military man. . . . In a few days they were married, and most unfortunately for them the young officer was posted to the 9th Native Infantry, stationed at Fatehgarh. Soon after their arrival the widow, who had kept up her acquaintance with the Nawab, informed him of the fact, and he drove down to see the young lady. Her husband, on return from parade, finding them in close and earnest conversation, and having been warned by his brother officers about the Nawab, ordered him out of the house, but as he demurred, he kicked him out of it. The Nawab, who could talk a little English, swore that he would be avenged. Two months after the mutiny broke out; the first thing the Nawab did was to send some armed men to take off the young officer's head, and to take it to him, stuck on a pole. This was speedily done, and then the young wife and her mother were driven to the Nawab's palace, where they were found when the Commander-in-Chief arrived. Mr. John Power was appointed magistrate and collector of Fatehgarh, soon after Sir William Mansfield had cleared the district of rebels. He telegraphed to the Governor-General for permission to hang Mrs. De F. and her daughter, but in reply he was told that there had been enough bloodshed of the kind, and that the Governor-General could not sanction his proposal. After an engagement with

the Commander-in-Chief's force at Nawabgunge, the Nawab escaped to the "Turraie" jungles (foot of the hills), and was never again heard of.

The day of my arrival at Fatehgarh, as I was preparing to start to seek for my brother, I received a message from Sir William Mansfield that he wished to see me. I went at once to him. He said that Colonel Seaton had informed him that I knew the Nawab of Furrukabad by sight, that he had news that the Nawab was in hiding in the city, and that as I knew the city, and the man, would I accompany a small force, then in readiness to march, as civil officer, and help to seize him. I was of course only too pleased to do so. I had two companies of Europeans and a squadron of horse. We surrounded the Nawab's palace, and placed pickets in other parts. After a most careful search we found that the Nawab had escaped to the "Turraie," on the day of his defeat. In searching some underground closets I suddenly came upon Nawab Gazaffar Hosian Khan, a brother of the missing Nawab, a most bloodthirsty individual, and an arch rebel. I knew him well; had it not been for him I believe the Nawab himself would not have treated the English prisoners with cruelty. We communicated with the Commander-in-Chief, and were ordered to hang the man I had seized, which we did. In blowing up a portion of the fort in the city, the débris rolled into the Nawab's garden, where a large tiger was caged. The débris destroyed the cage, and the tiger escaped. He ran into the earthwork which had been blown down, and was shot in it. I gave the animal to the officer

who commanded our little force; he also asked for a gold amulet which encircled the arm of the Nawab who had been hanged. I had it taken off, and gave it to him: a strip of thin paper, about an inch in breadth, and a foot and a half in length, was found in it, on which were extracts from the Koran, in red ink.

It was now time for me to return to Etah. The district was quiet, and there was little or no fighting to be done. In a letter I received from the officer in charge of the treasury in the fort of Agra he informed me that the treasury was being emptied fast of money, that the refugees in the fort had for a long time been living on subsistence allowances, and that he would be glad if I would collect and send in some revenue. I made great efforts to get in money, and succeeded in doing so. A large sum, under a strong guard, was sent on elephants to the fort. The difficulty was to convince the landlords that it was imperative on them to pay up the revenue instalments then due, for seeing nothing more of the British Raj than what I represented, and being persuaded in their minds that the rebels might return any day, and require money from them, they were very reluctant to pay up. A few strong measures however convinced them that the matter could not be shirked, and then the revenue began to come in. Dawur Ali, the "Tehsildar" (revenue collector), and Najaf Khan, "Munsiff" (civil judge), were indefatigable in this work.

The country had never been disarmed, and numbers of armed men were constantly met with. I considered

it necessary to disarm the more turbulent portion of the population. It was a most difficult task. The subterfuges adopted to avoid surrender, and the manner in which the weapons were secreted, caused much amusement. The natives cling most tenaciously to their weapons. The scenes which took place were often more painful than amusing to witness, especially amongst the old people, for they kissed their weapons, and hugged them, and wept over them, as they would over a pet child. Later on I had to disarm the whole of the district. I obtained guns of many peculiar makes, swords, some with pistols attached to the handles, and pistols innumerable, and some cannon. They were all laid in heaps, and broken up by blacksmiths. Had it not been for natives spying upon each other, the difficulty would have been much greater. I can never forget a native informing me that a large brass cannon, with the muzzle shaped like the mouth of an alligator, had been buried in a well a few miles from my camp. I rode to the spot with some of my men, and had the well dug about, but there were no signs of a cannon. Two days after the man accosted me again, saying that the cannon had indeed been in the well, but had since been removed to another place : he offered to show me the spot. He was so very earnest about it (evidently because of enmity between him and the Mahomedan landlord, who was said to be the owner of the cannon), that I went with him. He took me to a large copse of trees, in which were some Mahomedan graves. He poked about the ground with an iron ramrod, and finding the earth soft over one of the graves,

he assured me that the cannon was there. I had the grave opened, and to my astonishment, on the top of some human bones, the cannon was found. I had it taken to camp and destroyed : great was the joy of the spy that he had succeeded in exposing his enemy's cunning. I took no further notice of the matter, and was content that the search had not been fruitless. We used to amuse ourselves in trying to burst a small cannon I had found. It was filled half-way with powder, some paper wadding was then rammed in, and over that damp mud, up to the muzzle ; it was then buried, muzzle downwards, a depth of six feet, and fired. It shot up a great height, but was always found to be quite sound when it came again to earth.

In the month of March General Penny's force took up a position at Puttialie, in the Etah district. After a short halt it crossed the River Ganges. On the march from the river inland, owing to want of necessary precautions, the General and others lost their lives. I was near at hand. No scouts had been thrown out. The force entered a road with large trees on either side, when loud reports of cannon were heard, and before anything could be done the General and others were killed. The column immediately left the road, and flanked it on either side. The enemy were soon driven off, and we took their cannon. I remained behind, and had a rough coffin made, got together the General's remains, and had them buried in a spot I marked. Some time after, at the request of his widow, the General's body was exhumed, and sent in a dak garrie (a horse conveyance) to Meerut, where it was interred.

As peace had been established, and all the districts in the North-West Provinces had had their usual complement of executive and judicial officers sent to them, and as I was broken down in health (having carried my life in my hands for so many months), and also wounded, I asked to be allowed to go to England, and was permitted to do so. About three months after my arrival I married a cousin of my father's, and in the month of July following we left England on the old P. & O. paddle steamer, the *Ripon*, and now, in another two months (D.V.) we shall have been married fifty years. At that time travellers were conveyed through the desert of Egypt in mule vans. There was no road, as the wheel tracks in the sand were soon obliterated by the wind. It was a risky journey. Arab robbers occasionally robbed the passengers, and relieved them of their valuables. Four people travelled in each van, and sat face to face. About a dozen vans started together. In case of an accident to one of them, all the others had to wait until the damaged one was ready to start again. The good the change to England had done my health was almost all lost by the terrible heat we had to endure, especially in the Red Sea, and it almost cost my wife her life. We passed close to the P. & O. steamer *Alma*, which was wrecked at the mouth of the Gulf of Suez. Our captain approached her to within a quarter of a mile. The vessel lay on a low ridge of rocks, and could be clearly seen from our port holes.

We reached Calcutta late in the evening, and went to my old friend Major Thorpe. Two days after we left by rail, and travelled to Ranigunge, distant one hundred

miles, as the railway went no further. There we engaged a "Dak Garrie" a conveyance drawn by two ponies. These beasts were invariably troublesome, but when once they were got to start they generally trotted and galloped to the next stage, distant six or eight miles. As we approached Benares, a sacred city on the banks of the Ganges, we distinctly heard firing. The rebels there had been attacked. On arrival at the "Dak Bungalow" (a Government wayside inn) the servants begged us to move on, as the rebels had ransacked the place, and might take it on their retreat. They assured us that there was not a plate, or utensil of any kind left, but we were famished, and insisted upon having something to eat. At last they grilled a fowl, and boiled some rice in a broken earthenware pan, and we satisfied our hunger. These bungalows were built for the convenience of travellers, at certain distances all along the Grand Trunk Road; they contained every requisite. After hurriedly partaking of our meal we proceeded on our journey, and at last reached Omerghur, already alluded to, where my parents, on leaving the fort at Agra, had again established themselves. After a rest I went to Etah, and found that we should have to live in the Sessions Bungalow until a house was built for us. I resumed my work, but as all excitement was over, I had no heart for it. Soon after I memorialized the Government for a reward for my services. The reader will understand my astonishment at the reply I received, which was that "His Honour the Lieutenant-Governor was not disposed to move in the matter," nor can it be wondered

at that soon after I asked to be relieved of my work.

On returning to India I was informed that a spy, whom I had employed at Etah, during the rebellion, and to whom I had given a certificate, before proceeding to England, testifying to his loyalty, had been made Rajah of Etah, in place of Dumber Sing, whom I had seized in open rebellion. The spy's name was Dilsookray; by profession he was a village writer, keeping the accounts between a landlord and his tenants; from the former he received a monthly pay of Rs. 7 (fourteen shillings). Not content with making him a Rajah, the Government also gave him, as a gift, landed property, belonging to the late Rajah, worth £30,000. The reader will want to know how this perversion of justice was perpetrated. There was much noise made about the above and other similar rewards, and the matter reached the ears of the Governor-General. A reaction against giving rewards then set in, and hence the reply I received to my memorial, and up to almost the present time, do what I would in memorializing Governors, Viceroys, and Secretaries of State, I have been unable to obtain any redress, not even empty thanks. But now, at the eleventh hour, there has come a turn of the tide in my favour. On June 5, 1907, I placed a memorial, addressed to His Majesty the King, in the hands of Lord Knollys. At the King's command it was sent to the Secretary of State for India for attention, and on February 12, 1908, I was informed that " on the recommendation of the Viceroy of India, the Secretary of State was pleased to grant me a pension of

£100 a year, for the services I had rendered in the Mutiny." A struggle of fifty years' standing has at last, through the gracious intercession of His Majesty the King, been brought to a close, so far as it relates to my Mutiny services.

I will now give a few details of the following case, as it is very similar to my own, but with quite a different result. It relates to the gallant conduct of four private gentleman, who assisted the Government during the Mutiny, at a time when every such man was worth his weight in gold. The four men I allude to were Messrs. Legge, Venables, Dunn, and Dodsworth, all planters, and all strangers to me. These men held Azimgurh, a district situated in the North West Provinces, when all the authorities left. The difference in our cases was that they acted on their own initiative, whereas I had a commission especially entrusted to me by the Government to execute. Besides this they were four in number, whilst I was alone. In his letter to me dated July 6, 1893, Mr. Legge writes :—

" When the Mutiny broke out at Azimgurh all the authorities bolted. I and others remained behind. Messrs. Venables and Dunn came over from Ghazipur. They and Dodsworth and self remained behind, and held the district nearly two months (I held Etah alone for eight months), when the authorities returned to duty. Mr. Horn, the magistrate and collector, then asked Venables and myself to join Government Service, as deputy magistrates and deputy collectors. We consented, and remained in Service till poor Venables was

shot, and I continued on to the end of the Mutiny. When all fighting was over, I did not care to remain, although the inducement of a deputy commissioner-ship in Oudh was offered me by Lord Canning, if I would stay in the Service, but I said I was not a young man, and would prefer a grant of land, if his lordship would kindly grant it to me. He consented to my wish, and I got a grant of confiscated villages, giving me Rs. 1,000 (£100) a month. Mr. Dunn got a grant in the Azimgurh district, giving him Rs. 600 (£60) a month, and Mr. Dodsworth a grant giving him Rs. 400, or £40 a month. Venables was killed near Azimgurh while accompanying General Douglas' field force after Koer Sing's rebels, who had for three weeks besieged us at Azimgurh. Venables' brother came out from home after *a year*, and sent in a memorial to Government for a reward on *account of his brother's services*, and he was granted an estate in the Azimgurh district of Rs. 1,000 a month. I remember your great services in the Agra division during the Mutiny, where you had two brothers killed, and for which you received no reward, not even empty thanks, I believe. If there is any justice to be had in these days you ought to get a handsome reward for all you did for Government in those dark days, and I do not see that any lapse of time can wash out your just claims. Your case is indeed a very exceptional one. To have been asked to take charge of a district in rebellion, and which was described by Mr. Colvin, the Lieutenant-Governor of Agra, as being in a state of 'ravage and revolt,' in the month of June, and then to leave you out in the cold,

is most shameful. You should place your case before Parliament. There is not a member in it who will not help you."

The gentlemen above referred to went in person to Lord Canning: there was no red tape or circumlocution in their case. Their petitions were granted at once.

I had often been told that owing to the long lapse of time there was no hope of my services being recognized, but I could not quite lose heart, for 40 years after the Mutiny Mr. Brendish, of the telegraph department, was rewarded, *for his services in the Mutiny*, with a pension of Rs. 200 a month, and many other people fared equally well. Besides my Mutiny services I had put in 48 years of hard magisterial work ,as a first-class magistrate, and a J.P., at the request of Government, without any remuneration, and am still living in hopes that these services will not go unrecognized. It was with much pleasure that I noticed the following paragraph, referring to my work in the Mutiny, in Field-Marshal Sir Evelyn Wood's book, *The Revolt in Hindostan*, just published :—

"In July Mr. J. Colvin, Lieutenant-Governor, invited Mr. E. J. Churcher to proceed from Agra fort to Etah, 70 miles to the north-east, where the Rajah, hoisting a green flag, had proclaimed himself the King of Delhi's representative. Mr. Churcher was appointed a special magistrate, and was authorized to raise a small irregular force; he was well acquainted with the district, and acting with determined courage he made the Rajah a prisoner, and, unassisted by

any European, he restored and maintained order, collected the revenue, and handed over the district in working order after the fall of Delhi."

This meed of praise from so distinguished an officer is all the more appreciated as I am a perfect stranger to him.

CHAPTER V

CONCLUSION

I WILL now give the reader a little insight into the working of the Courts of Law, and other such matters. By practising at the Bar, and working, at the request of Government, as a first class magistrate, for a period of forty-eight years, and as a Justice of the Peace, much of the corruption which went on in the Courts was daily brought to my notice. India has ever been known amongst its own inhabitants as a place of considerable trickery. To impose upon the young gentlemen who are sent out to India from our colleges, required no matured cunning ; it used to be a common sight to see men stand before the " Hazoor " (gentleman in authority) with hands folded (" dust basta"), and in a most glib manner entertain him with " stories." The " Hazoor " would never suspect that anything could emanate from so worthy and, to all appearance, respectable a native gentleman, but what was quite to be depended upon. We understand these men much better now. In the olden days, to the ordinary villager, the natives in authority were those whom they had most reason to dread, and they looked upon the English as their puppets. There was no corruption which was

not practised by them. I remember the case of a very astute " Sharistadar " (magistrates' court reader), who entered the magistrate's presence with a man, whom he held by the ear, and who carried a heavy bag of money. With a face showing the greatest disgust he brought to the notice of the magistrate that the man had presumed to offer him a bribe of Rs. 1,000 (£100) to get a case then pending settled in his master's favour. This was a ruse of the " Sharistadar's "—the money was confiscated, and the man punished. To a man in the position of the Sharistadar bribes were frequently offered ; he merely brought up this case to enable him to go on more freely and more fearlessly with such rascality. The magistrates' confidence in that reader was unbounded for the future, for to give up a bribe of £100, when he could so easily have kept the money, showed how very abhorrent the thing was to his mind ! It ended in the Sharistadar looting the district, and he retired from his position a wealthy individual, as soon as the magistrate was transferred to another station, for he had everything to fear from a new man. Later on he was pensioned by the Government, on the recommendation of his late superior officer.

In the days of which I write the only object a native had in having his sons educated was to get them into Government service. The language then in use in the Courts, and elsewhere, was the Persian, far more difficult than that now in use (the Urdu or Hindostani), and very few indeed of the English officers could either read, or write, or understand it. The change has ever been a matter of deep regret to all native office hands. Once

a lad was in the Government service, the field, where his favourite deeds of cunning could be practised, was greatly enlarged. The pay he received was of little consequence, the daily opportunities he had of obtaining money by corrupt means were what he looked forward to; he was made much of by his friends and neighbours, and was able to provide for his brothers and relations. A very easy method then in use was the following: printed forms of warrants and summonses were always ready at hand. The brother out of office would find out the name of some decrepit individual, and his place of abode, always, of course, some distance from Court. The brother in office being informed of his name, and place of abode, would fill in a summons or it may be a warrant, forge the magistrate's initials (the full signature was never used), impress the Court stamp, always in his possession, on it, and give it to his brother to execute, who would, before doing so, assume the ordinary dress of a burkundaz [(irregular policeman). He would take it to the old man, make out that he was urgently wanted in Court, having been called by a man as a witness, and insist upon his starting without delay. A bed was spread for the man, and he was offered food, of which he of course partook heartily. This was done to gain time. After food the old man's people would impress upon the man with the false summons how impossible it was for him to undertake so long a journey in his weak condition. With the offer of money the matter was soon settled, and the man with the summons would make them all happy, by telling them that he would report that the

old man was dead. He would then return with the summons, and give it to his brother in Court, who would destroy it, and there the matter ended. In this way the brother or relation with the false summons, would be provided with the means to keep him going comfortably for two or three months, and the old man would be thankful that he had got over his trouble so easily. Summonses and warrants were not then executed through the regular police as is now the case. A common practice in most jails in India was to allow a prisoner to go home for short periods, on his friends finding a substitute, and giving a good tip to the "darogah" (jailor) and his principal subordinates.

A very lucrative time for the "omla" (clerks) is when the settlement of a district comes round. The Government arrange with landlords for a certain fixed sum to be paid by them in four yearly instalments, for a period of thirty years. After the expiry of that period, a fresh settlement, with an increase to the demand, is made for a like period, and so on. Survey operations are at once undertaken. The first settlement I witnessed of a district was done in a very summary manner; now it is a much more elaborate proceeding. There are tenants at will, and tenants to whom the law gives rights of occupancy. The landlord's object is to prove, through the papers of the village "putwarie" (a man who keeps the accounts between the landlord and his tenants), that the tenants are tenants at will. The papers have been manipulated for some time, the tenants on their side endeavouring of course to prove that they have rights of occupancy. Now comes

the surveyor's opportunity: according to the sum of money he is paid (he never hesitates to take from both sides) so are the papers prepared. The following case is one out of many. The surveyors arranged with a landlord, the proprietor of several villages, that they were to have Rs. 500 if they would put his tenants down as tenants at will. When the work was completed they asked for their money, but the landlord changed his mind, and refused to pay, believing that as the papers had been completed he had nothing to fear. The surveyors soon turned the tables upon him. They got together all the papers, and cast them into a well, and then reported to the police that the landlord and his servants had stolen the survey papers of the estate, and had cast them into a well, because they had not favoured his interests. The police searched the well, and the papers, all smudged and useless, were found. The police were with difficulty quieted. They were eventually paid to their entire satisfaction to keep the thing dark, whilst the surveyors were eventually paid double the amount it had originally been agreed to give them.

The Government would no doubt like to see a longer period elapse before the people were disturbed over these settlements, but such a great deal of roguery goes on, in the landlords hiding the actual income from their estates, that it would be unwise to extend the period. I speak from an experience of many years, as proprietor, as well as manager, of a large estate. In spite of precautions taken by collectors of districts and settlement officers, the Government is yearly done out of a *large portion* of the income which it is entitled

to receive from the land. The landlords benefit by it, not the tenants, which is the unfortunate part of it, for every extra rupee that the landlord has to pay, he immediately puts as much again upon the tenants, until frequently the burden becomes greater than they can bear. With his superior command of money the landlord sooner or later manages to crush any of his tenants who are not amenable to his wishes. If the tenants are found poor and wretched, the landlord assures them that he is helpless, and that it is the fault of the Government, who are so rapacious ; and so the Government comes in for all the obloquy, when it should be just the other way. By collecting the " Putwarie's " cess, and paying the " Putwaries " themselves, the Government quite hoped to have them in their power, and so get them to file reliable papers, but this has been no remedy for the evil, for out of his monthly pay the " Putwarie " has to tip the " Canongoe " (superintendent of village accountants), and the people in the " Tahsildari " (sub-revenue office), and by the time he has finished with these harpies he has very little of his pay left for himself. Besides all this he has to keep an assistant to help him in his work, for his frequent calls to Court, and to the " Tahsildari," leave him very little time to write up the voluminous records he has to prepare. When he was paid by his landlord he escaped much of this extortion. The perquisites he receives from the landlord and tenants are valuable, and hence he is as much their servant now as he ever was. The tenants look to him that the lands they hold are correctly entered in his registers, but as

there are very few of them who can read or write, so they depend upon the man's word, and that is never to be relied upon, for his landlord is a man of more importance to him than all the tenants put together. Any increase made by the Government to the landlord's yearly assessment, is immediately put, as has been said before, upon the tenants, and in that way the landlord's income never decreases. At the same time he does nothing to improve his estate.

The villages always have the appearance of wretchedness and filth, and the water supply is never sufficient. In passing through a village you often find an old well in it, all crumbling away at the top. The villagers have not the means to make a well. When hard up for water they dig a "chowra" (a hole leading to water). They line the hole at the water's edge with wisps of straw and twigs, twisted and tied together, to prevent the sand from falling in. The hole, thus protected, enables them to water about two acres of land, and it does not last beyond the season. It would be a great blessing to the tenants if it was made a rule, at the next settlement of a district, for the landlords to be compelled to build, at their own expense, one well every year, until their estates were provided with a sufficient number of them. They need not be masonry wells, but be made of burnt bricks set in mud. A well thus made would not cost more than Rs. 30, and the landlord should be made to keep it in order, or be fined if he neglected to do so. The wells so provided would soon be sufficiently numerous. They would help to ward off famine to a great extent, and the

Government would be saved much of the heavy expenditure in feeding a starving population, in times of famine. The majority of the landlords make not the slightest attempt to improve their estates, and poverty and neglect stare one in the face on every side. They are, as a rule, perfectly indifferent to the welfare of their tenants. When a marriage takes place in the landlord's family, every man on the estate is obliged to contribute towards the expense—the woodcutters supply the wood, the earthenware makers all the necessary earthenware, and that is no small matter, for after each meal all the different vessels used are thrown away. The cowherd and goatherd supply the milk and curds, and so on, and to all this is added the "Nazaranna" (present of one or two rupees), which each tenant has to contribute.

It is a remark frequently heard that the people in India delight in cutting down trees. The mangoe tree is an exception, and of course the "Pipal" (*Ficus religiosa*), and "Barghad" (*Ficus Indica*), which are sacred. The "mowah" tree, which has almost been exterminated, was most valuable, being slow growing the timber was strong enough for all ordinary purposes. The flowers, as they drop from the tree, are gathered every morning, and are sun-dried, for food, when they look like raisins. They have an unpleasant smell, but the poor eat them with avidity. Much of the liquor sold in the country is made out of them. The bark is used by dyers. The fruit produces a valuable oil for cooking and other purposes. The trees shed all their leaves in summer. The dry leaves

are used for manure, and for parching grain. One can scarcely believe that trees so valuable have been wantonly cut down and sold for three or four shillings; they were originally found all over the country. Every effort should be made to re-establish them. They grow in poor land, and require no care. They have a tap root, and therefore soon derive moisture from the soil. They grow to a great height, and when full grown attain to a width of four and five feet in diameter, and the colour of the wood is like boxwood, although of not quite so fine a grain. The landlords should be encouraged, or even compelled, to sow mowah seeds in all barren lands on their estates, and much attention should be given to this matter by officers who go into camp during the winter months. There is no work exacted from the landlords for the improvement of their estates, and left to themselves they will do nothing. The want of sanitation is deplorable. No attempt to remedy it is made by the landlord, in fact he is the first to see that a small copse of brushwood is allowed to spring up adjoining the back of his premises, where all the unsanitary proceedings, for which his house is responsible, are allowed to go on, and where undesirable female infants are disposed of.

We pride ourselves upon what we have done for India. We have indeed given them railways and canals, but all minor matters, which conduce to the welfare of the people, we have left untouched. If we have been unable to see to these things ourselves, it has always been in our power to make those who are responsible (the landlords) attend to them. Cholera

and plague have taken a hold on the country which it will be impossible to remove so long as things are allowed to slide as they are doing. A very little inquiry shows what a great deal remains to be done, before ever we can look upon the natives in India as a happy and contented people. To continue the indictment a little further, in the heart of most villages a large hole, or tank, will be found, from which earth is taken for building purposes. These tanks are regular disease-traps, and are covered with green slime. They are, of course, miasmal, and in consequence the people are very prone to malarial affections. All this could be easily remedied if only the landlords were made to see to it. There is no reason why the people should not have a hole, or tank, from which to obtain earth for building purposes, but it should be situated at some distance, to the south of the village. In the next settlement of a district these, and all such evils, should be remedied. Having lived amongst the people for so many years, one is naturally disposed to plead for the amelioration of their condition, when the opportunity offers itself.

A disquisition of this kind would not be complete without some reference to the police administration of the country. The people, as a matter of course, execrate the police, because they constantly interfere in trifling matters, with which they have no concern. All work in the village is stopped when these people appear on the scene, and in their nefarious proceedings the principal instrument is the " Chowkidar " (village watchman). This functionary, whose pay is Rs. 3

(six shillings) a month, used always to be a Chamar (one of the pariah caste). Now these men are being supplanted by "Brahmins," and other high caste people. They make the life of the villagers a burden to them by their exactions. The "Brahmin" is bad enough at all times, but when he is allowed to exercise authority woe betide the people that he has to do with. One of these high caste men made himself so very obnoxious, that his removal was earnestly sought at the hands of a deputy inspector general of police. In his reply the deputy said, "My dear fellow, I will do anything you like, but to transfer or dismiss a 'Chowkidar' is quite beyond me." The "Chowkidars" know this, and are all the worse in their behaviour. The low caste man was a necessary evil, but the men who are taking their places it is difficult to tolerate. The more you do for a "Chowkidar," the more you raise him in his own estimation, and make him a greater rascal. The man in the village who opposes him, in not giving him his "huck" (perquisites), is at once sat upon. If he is well to do his cattle are driven to the Pound, whether they have committed a trespass or not, which means that the owner has to pay the Pound fees, and always something to the man in charge. If he presumes to rescue his cattle, they are left with the owner, and a report is made at the police station that the cattle have been forcibly rescued, which makes it all the worse for him. Then a lotah (brass bowl) is said to have been found in a well-to-do man's possession, which the "Chowkidar's" friend is told to say belongs to him. The matter is reported to the police. The

report of such trifling cases is prohibited, but it is done all the same, for the people know nothing of the prohibition. The inspector of police, having been told of the man's position, mounts his horse and, accompanied by one or two constables on foot, arrives at the man's house. A bed is brought out (they have no stools or chairs), and the investigation is begun by the constables, while the inspector has a nap. The man is told that his house must be searched for stolen property. The reader can imagine to what straits he is reduced. The matter is brought to a close (the man having been completely cowed) by the regular payment by him of the " Chowkidar's " " huck," to say nothing of the douceur he has then to give to the inspector. For his bare pay no high caste man would serve as a " Chowkidar "—it is the prospect of illicit gain which alone induces him to do so. A very nasty way of extorting money is when the inspector arrives at the house of a comparatively wealthy man, and tells him that he has been informed that one of the women in his household is in trouble, and that she must be sent to the hospital for examination, and that an inquiry, to prevent infanticide, must be made. Of course there is no truth in the matter, but it brings the whole house to his feet, and there is much wailing and distress, and no money is spared to prevent its being talked about.

It will naturally be asked if there is no remedy for these evils. In the first place there are too many natives employed. These evil practices cannot be

stopped by giving them higher wages. One may just as well think that sedition will be stopped by giving a few prominent Indians seats in the Legislative Council. Higher education does not make better men of them. The native delights to live in a whirl of chicanery, he is ever ready to enter an arena which leads to money or position. In the next place full telephonic communication should be established between every police station and the houses of the superintendent of police, and magistrate of the district, every message being registered. The hottest time of the year is utilized for the commission of crime, because the superintendent of police is then not likely to go out, unless especially ordered by the Magistrate of the district to do so. The " sorak lifafa " (red envelope) sent by the police, denoting that a murder, or a " dacoity " (highway robbery) has been committed, is all very well in its way, but it takes a long time to get to its destination, as no " sowars " (horsemen) are employed, and in the meantime the case is made shipshape in the usual way, and in a great many cases very little hope remains of ever bringing the culprits to justice. To make the police " nakshas " (registers) tell in their favour some poor fellow is seized, and advised to plead guilty, as the surest way of obtaining mercy, and then the whole thing is hustled through in the Magistrate's Court, and before he knows where he is, the man is tried, and committed to the Sessions. It is then, whilst awaiting trial before the Judge, that he begins to reflect seriously over his position, and he of course denies all his statements

made to the magistrate. The police, having sent up the case, use every effort to get the man punished, whether guilty or not, for if punished it speaks volumes in their favour. Occasionally, in murder cases, if the criminal is a tolerably wealthy man, to save him from serious consequences, his friends start for the hospital, very often under the management of natives, to which the corpse is sent for post-mortem examination. There it is not difficult to get it proved that the man died from a rupture of the spleen, caused by a fall. After the examination the body is made over to the man's friends for cremation if a Hindoo, or burial if a Mahomedan, and there the matter ends, after the assistant surgeon's evidence has been recorded.

It may here be suggested that the heads of police should not be allowed to remain more than a year at a police station. The oftener they are moved about the better, as they have then no time to get to know their friends from their foes. The more intimate they are with the people, the worse it is for the administration. They do not require to know the people to enable them to detect crime. To keep them in one station for three and four years, as is now the case, is a great mistake. They get to work in a groove, and they and the people, knowing each other's ways, play into each other's hands. The superintendent of police should be seldom transferred. It is for him to know the people, his subordinates are there to carry out his orders. At present he has little or no proper responsibility. He should never be

without two or three European assistants, whose salaries could be made up by the removal of many of the superintendent's subordinates, who are not wanted.

How serious these Indian problems may eventually come to be it is difficult to say. It is the common remark of those, who, during the last few years, have left India, that an unlooked-for change in the temper of the people is apparent to the most casual observer. There are many Indians of great wealth and influence, who, although glib-tongued and smooth-faced when in the presence of Europeans, are the organizers of the present unrest. These men, with scarcely an exception, have done nothing to denounce the base conspiracies which have lately been brought to light. If only vigorous measures were adopted, there would be nothing to fear. It enables one to breathe more freely when one finds the executive send one man to penal servitude for life, and another to ten years' imprisonment, as was done the other day. It cannot be too often repeated that all sedition trials should be carried out in the most summary and prompt manner. For all injuries caused by bomb-throwing, the culprit should be transported for life. In case of death there is only one sentence (death) that would of course be passed. If this policy were adopted all over the country sedition would soon cease. The present trouble is not the work of a number of empty-headed students. A few prosecutions, lengthened out to weeks and months, will not kill the spirit of unrest, and if we cannot remember that it is necessary to

strike hard before it is too late, we cannot complain if we are classed in the category of those who are not deserving of the confidence their country has reposed in them. I am not the only person who has expressed the opinion that a good deal of the evil and mischief that has lately prevailed in India has emanated from the removal of Sir Bamfylde Fuller from the Government of Eastern Bengal. The people believed that it was done to appease their feelings, and soothe their irritation. That unwise step set the ball a-rolling, and the conviction in the native mind has gained ground, that they have only to persevere in their tactics to obtain all they want. It will never do to hold out the olive branch to people who deserve to be treated with severity. The authorities in India seem at last to be awake to the danger which confronts them, and it is to be hoped that they will punish the criminals as well as the instigators of crime. It is a commonly known fact that all towns and villages are divided into "Mohullas" (parishes), and there are acknowledged head-men in each of them. There would be no difficulty in making each parish responsible for those who live in it. If a member joins in a riot, or commits a heinous crime, such as bomb-throwing, or is found to have in his possession any such dangerous instrument, empower the magistrate (not a native) to sentence the whole parish to a heavy fine, for not denouncing, and giving timely notice to the police, and also to billet a punitive police force, for a certain period, on them, charging the parishioners with their keep.

People acquainted with India are not ignorant of the permanent settlements of a portion of Bengal, and from Bengal has arisen all this trouble. What have these wealthy landlords done in return for so great a concession, which they have been allowed to enjoy, for upwards of a century, without interruption. They live like Princes in Calcutta. We have a right to expect them to be on the side of law and order, or to forego the privileges they enjoy. The land is the property of the State, and for the Government to look on, and permit individuals of doubtful loyalty to fatten on it, with the loss of two-thirds of the revenue which might be derived from it, is a matter for serious consideration. Government has done great things for the people, and would do a great deal more if the people were found to appreciate the consideration shown to them. There are fools amongst them, as there are in all communities, who fancy that they can force the hands of Government. We have twice won India at the cannon's mouth, and with the sacrifice of thousands of lives, sharing our privileges with the natives as soon as they were ripe for such concessions, but to think that the Government will undo all the good it has done, at the blowing of a few penny tin trumpets, is an idea that could only emanate from a " hardy exotic," given to talk about things he cannot understand. A suggestion which would come as a painful surprise to all seditionmongers would be for the Benchers of our Inns of Court to restrict the calling of native students to the Bar until such time as the people show that they are worthy of the concession.

It is they who have been the first to spread sedition. The country has been flooded with barristers and pleaders, who, having very little legitimate work to do, spend their time in devising mischief of all kinds.

There are people who go out to India for the three winter months, and then return to England with the idea that they are in a position to enlighten their countrymen on all the vexed and complex questions of the day—questions that relate to the material welfare of *three hundred millions of people.* The very fact of their attempting to do so sets people against them, and the common remark is "What can he know?" There is no place in a National Assembly to which such people should be admitted, especially when their words prove that they are in sympathy with the enemies of their country, whose object has been to create unrest, leading to riot and murder. No man proud of his country will treat lightly what I have written. When next the hour of national trial and disaster comes may we be better prepared than we were in "'57." There we saw natives, the flower of the country, in daily intercourse with the élite of England's sons, to be no better than wolves in the prairies of Russia, from the way they hounded down, in many cases, helpless victims. Every conceivable benefit that English statesmen could see their way to grant, has been brought to the doors of the people, to be misunderstood by their leaders. What use can be made of programmes of generous reforms which are now talked about, when the people, as represented

by their leading men, will have none of them? They will have nothing but their own way, like spoilt children, and as children they should be treated. We all see clearly enough that the Viceroy should have a free hand, and not be trammelled in any way, and the sooner that is done the better. The time has come when people, with long experience of India and its peoples, should speak plainly. Unfortunately men in the Services, being open to censure and rebuke, dare not do so. The more is the pity.

Any one with the slightest knowledge of India can see that the Government there has to deal with an organization of an anarchist nature. Students and half-educated youths are incited to commit crimes. Native writers and speakers have not hesitated to stir up race hatred, with the hope of its leading to violence, and if the Government have been sitting with folded arms it is because they found it difficult to believe that the people, and their leaders, until lately so law-abiding, and for whom so much had been done, could so far forget themselves as to enter upon a course detrimental to all order and peace. A sedition leaflet, signed "Banda Mataram," has been circulated throughout India. It speaks of the war of independence initiated by "martyrs" in 1857, and tries to persuade the people to continue that fiery mission. The Jubilee of the Mutiny is pointed to as a time of vengeance, and an opportunity to crush the hated "Feringhi" (foreigner). Several Indian papers have lately published an account of meetings held at India House, *London*, in honour of the notorious arch-rebel "Nana Sahib."

The Englishman's forbearance is too wonderful for words.

How long the Government will refrain from completely crushing the circulation, and punishing the authors of all such inflammatory pamphlets, it is difficult to say—unfortunately their action must be subject to the scrutiny of Parliament. It is to be regretted that our National Assembly contains some members who are indifferent to the honour and dignity of the nation. No man, *proud of his country*, whether in or out of Parliament, would tolerate the disgraceful incentives to murder and riot of which we have heard. Repressive measures are urgently needed, of such severity as to prevent the recurrence of the outrages which have recently stained the good name of India. The administrative machine is of so complex a structure that the executive authorities may well shrink from the rigid performance of their duty. They should have all the encouragement and help the powers can give them, and be allowed to work unfettered, and then things would take a very different turn. There seems now an end to all the old patriarchal rule in India, for which the Indians are themselves largely to blame. There are men in the Civil Service who would in a very short time put a stop to all the foolish claptrap we read of in the Indian papers, if they were certain of the support of their superiors. No blame can attach to them, for they have been ever ready to do their duty, and as for their "not being so good as they used to be," and "not in touch with the people," the unanimous opinion of the experienced

staff would be that the more they kept them at arm's length, in the present state of affairs, the better for all parties. There will be time enough to treat the natives differently when they cease from making a bad use of their present independence. Their own motto, which they look upon as a proverb, is "Jiska Zimindare leo, usko *kabhie* mut dakhal deo," which may be translated "Do not give possession to the man whose property you have obtained." We would do well to take this to heart at the present juncture. They cannot object to our utilizing one of their own proverbs! At the same time let all undoubted wrongs to India, such as the countervailing excise duty on Indian cotton, be put right at once, so that the people may have no reasonable cause of complaint.

If there is still energy of purpose left in us the "India House" in London should be suppressed, and the people making disloyal speeches in it told to return to India, where they would find sympathizers. Surely the way in which they cheered and sympathized with that arch-rebel Nana Sahib in it, the other day, whose atrocious conduct, as witnessed in history, need not to be repeated here, would be sufficient reason for doing so. We have a great deal too many men of this description amongst us, with no legitimate occupation. As in other parts of the Empire efforts are being made to exclude the black element, and to keep such men out of the country, so should we do in England, for you will never get the devil out of the native. The best of them commence

life in the gutter, where they amuse themselves without restraint, and it is then that the seeds of rascality are sown, never to be eradicated. It is common knowledge that amongst the higher class of Hindoos, as soon as an heir is born, the father's authority ceases. It is not uncommon to hear the heir, from the time he is able to speak coherently, denounce his father as a scoundrel, and use all kinds of horrible abusive language towards him. I have been a witness to such conduct, and have remonstrated with the father, but all he would do would be to throw up his hands and say that legally he was helpless. The natives in the service of the father put the young rebel up to all kinds of mischief, with a view to feathering their own nests, and very often the consequence is that the father, having, with much toil and energy, got together a lucrative business, lives to see it dissipated by people beyond his control.

The cold-blooded cruelty of many of the people is proverbial. In the shops of some of the butchers you may see a man sitting in the winter, with a quilt covering round him, and his long pooka (hobble bobble) by his side; before him hangs, by its hind legs, a live kid, or goat. Whilst conversing with his friends, and smoking, you will hear the tortured animal's piteous cries, as the man begins to flay the poor creature alive, and this will go on until the skin is completely removed; the poor beast, whilst still alive, is thrown aside, and another animal hung up in its place. All this cruelty is practised simply to obtain a little higher price for the skin, say sixpence. The police have orders

to prevent these painful occurrences, but they are not always able to do so.

In my sporting tours I had sometimes to go into the Baraich district, in the United Provinces. There is a shrine there dedicated to a Mahomedan saint called Aga Mecah, whose marriage, as he is supposed to come to life at the time, takes place every year. Large numbers of people, with long standards carried before them, and with drums beating, converge to the shrine from all directions. The offerings at the shrine consist only of young pigs; a man appears and proposes to the owners of the numerous pigs to make an offering to the saint. A little pig, about a month or two old, is immediately caught by the owner, and for a four anna bit (not quite a sixpence) he cuts a small opening into the throat of the beast, and allows a drop or two of blood to fall on the saint's tomb, after which the pig is let go; soon another man appears, the same little pig is again caught, and for the usual little pittance of money a similar small cut is made in the old place, and again the creature is let go. This painful process is continued until the pig dies, when another little creature is caught, and takes its place. This cruelty goes on all day and night, as long as the fair lasts. People will naturally ask, how about the bride? To tell of her, poor thing, would be too shocking; I could not do it.

I am sorry that this brief review of my long Indian career has been so sketchy and incomplete. Unfortunately I took very few notes of occurrences as they happened, and my memory has often failed me;

nevertheless I hope my readers may derive some amusement and possibly some profit from the above experiences of—

THREE-QUARTERS OF A CENTURY IN INDIA.

APPENDIX

(Taken from "Pioneer" of July 24, 1876)

UNRECORDED INCIDENTS OF 1857.

IT was only to be expected that the third volume of the Sepoy War would give the world many of these individual deeds of heroism and self-sacrifice which, indicative as they are of the capacity of the British race, go far to account for its supremacy in this country.

In describing the distressing incidents of the retreat of the European community from Futtehghur in June, 1857, Sir John Kaye thus writes, page 302 :—"There was witnessed another of those acts of self-devotion of which the annals of the Sepoy War afford so many touching examples. Churcher might have made his escape (from the hiding-place on the river bank), but Robertson was in such dire agony, both of body and mind, that he could not arouse himself to the activity of flight. So Churcher determined not to leave him. For more than two months he watched over the stricken artilleryman, until death mercifully came to the relief of the sufferer. Then Churcher buried his friend, raised a mound of earth over his remains to mark the spot, and betook himself to the jungle."

We have transcribed this portion of the story, not only because it is well worth being brought to remembrance, but in order to give point to the observation we have to make, namely, that it is strange the historian should have so entirely missed or avoided all mention of the remarkable courage and capacity displayed, in connexion with the defence of Agra, by E. J. Churcher, a brother of this David Churcher, whose noble devotion to poor Major Robertson is, in the passage we have quoted, deservedly placed on record. There being, as we have said, so many scores of instances of individual heroism and personal devotion amongst the stories of that terrible time, Sir John Kaye must have found one of his most perplexing tasks in deciding which of those incidents to embody in his narrative, and which to leave aside, to take their chance of being preserved in biographies or recorded in local histories. We are not aware that the story of Mr. E. J. Churcher's remarkable services at Etah in connexion with the remoter operations of which the defence of Agra was the centre, have been so recorded. Therefore we may as well make up for the hiatus which many survivors of the Mutiny era in these provinces will become conscious of, as they read Chapters IV and V in Book VIII of the Sepoy War, though it is a remarkably full and carefully compressed narrative of "mutiny and rebellion in the North-West Provinces."

In these chapters there are only two passages where Etah is mentioned. The first of these is in the letter of Mr. Colvin, written to the Governor-General, near the end of May, describing the deluge of revolt which raged around. He says: "Aligarh and Etah, the two most important districts of the centre Upper Doab, are in a blaze of riot and ravage." The next mention of Etah is that which

comes in as an incident in the description of William Edwards' isolated and intrepid stand at Budaon; Kaye says :—"But on the third day, as he sat at his lonely dinner, he saw an Englishman ride up towards his house, escorted by a dozen horsemen, and presently he discerned the familiar features of his cousin, Alfred Phillips, the magistrate of Etah." This was on May 27. It was just two months later, the situation having meantime become every way more desperate, that Mr. Churcher was asked, by the then rapidly sinking Lieutenant-Governor, to proceed to Etah, on the perilous service which he undertook, and successfully carried through. Of that service we can here give only a brief account, but the two significant passages we have quoted from the history may serve to light up our slight sketch of what was attempted and accomplished by this non-official Englishman, who proved himself as discreet as he was courageous.

The significance of the references we have quoted will be seen when we remind our readers that Etah, the district of which comprises three hundred square miles, is on the high road between Delhi and Cawnpore, and at the time when Mr. Churcher's services were enlisted, it was on the chief lines of communication followed by the rebel Sepoys, as they crowded towards Delhi. The special occasion which induced Mr. Colvin to ask for a volunteer to proceed to Etah appears to have been that the Rajah had openly declared on the side of the rebels, and was becoming a great head centre of revolt, affording aid and succour to all the enemies of the Queen who passed that way. Mr. Churcher having, mainly on the suggestion of the late Sir H. B. Harington, agreed to proceed on the perilous service of attacking, and, if possible, of bringing in this influential leader, was invested by the Honourable Mr. Colvin with

full powers as magistrate and deputy collector. This formality was accomplished on the last day of July. Mr. Churcher at once set about gathering a levy of horse and foot, who formed a very irregular corps, and were all natives. But these nameless warriors must have credit along with their plucky leader, for after accomplishing the seventy miles' march from Agra, they took the fort of Etah, and the malcontent Rajah became Mr. Churcher's prisoner, and this was no barren triumph. Within the fort much plunder of sorts had been accumulated; there were cannon, with small arms and ammunition. This was a notable feat in itself, even if Mr. Churcher had felt compelled to fall back upon Agra with his important prisoner, but this was not the brief issue. He held the fort and controlled the district until the Agra division was cleared of the mutineers, and order was restored. The late Mr. Reade, into whose hands fell the charge of Agra after Mr. Colvin's death, testifies that Mr. Churcher not only "restored authority, but maintained it."

In the first few days after the capture of the fort the position must have been perilous in the extreme. The district abounded with fierce Mussulmans in arms, the robber tribe of Googurs, and the slightly more respectable but more formidable foes, the local Thakurs, followers of the captured Rajah. The situation of Etah at that time, in reference to chances of relief by any European force, was also one of extreme isolation. So Mr. Churcher depended on himself, and the scratch, but, as it proved, staunch troops that had followed him. He soon set about his civil duties. Within a month after seizing the stronghold he collected a lakh of revenue, which he was able to send into Agra, to the great relief of the much beset Lieutenant-Governor. In spite of the universal

disaffection of the landholders around Etah, Mr. Churcher appears to have speedily attained a marked influence over them, for he was soon able to enlist four hundred additional armed men of the district (very irregular, no doubt) on the security of the Zemindars. How this was accomplished we do not stop to inquire, personal influence and energy must serve to account for it, but the report of this comparatively numerous force, having possession of the fort, under command of a resolute Englishman, sufficed to keep at bay the numerous rebel chiefs around, and checked the career of rapine and murder into which most of them had plunged. Not a single European was left in the district when Mr. Churcher stormed and took the fort, therefore that event was eminently calculated to restore, as it did, the moral ascendency of the British name as far as Etah was known, besides, as already remarked, strengthening the hopes and resources of the beleaguered Agra garrison. It must be remembered, too, that this bold invasion of, and stand in one of the mutineers' fastnesses, was accomplished without the aid of a single regular soldier.

After the fall of Delhi the district was gradually cleared of all malcontents by the operation of a regular British force, and then Mr. Churcher made over charge to a civilian officer, Mr. Daniell. Under him he served for a few weeks as deputy in getting the wheels of the social and official system to revolve again, but by that time Mr. Churcher succumbed to the effects of a year's hard service, and took sick leave to England. But our readers will be surprised to learn that Mr. Churcher received no public recognition, no substantial acknowledgment, for the laborious and remarkably successful political service he performed under the orders of the lamented Mr. Colvin.

Had that excellent man survived the dire struggle in which he bore so notable a part, we may be sure that he would have insisted on his brave emissary being handsomely requited, and that too as a duty which Government owed to itself.

Subsequently to Mr. Colvin's decease Sir H. B. Harington and Mr. E. J. Reade, both of whom were well aware of the perilous nature of the service which Mr. Churcher undertook, have also departed, or we should not have to record that the recovery of Etah in August, 1857, remains unacknowledged by the State, but Sir G. T. Harvey, General Hennessy, and Mr. B. Saft are, we believe, all living, any one of whom could testify to the exact truth of the story we have given in outline of the Etah incident. We have done our part in rescuing it from the neglect with which the historian of the epoch, to which it belongs, has treated it, perhaps unavoidably or inadvertently; but as David Churcher has his place on the page of Kaye, so his brother Emery will have his here.

Just one word more on the subject of meting out rewards occurs to us. They have been given freely enough in some directions. The rebel Rajah of Etah, who was captured by Mr. Churcher, was somehow or other, we forget how, utterly abolished, but this small Raj, and valuable lands, were given to one Dilsuk Rai, formerly a village writer, on Rs. 10 per month. This man was faithful at the moment of outbreak, and assisted the magistrate of Etah to escape to Budaon, as described in our opening paragraph. This Dilsuk, the Putwarei, was ennobled, and made Rajah of Etah, while nothing has been done to honour the Englishman who made that transformation possible. We do not mention this with

any grudge of Rajah Dilsuk's great good fortune, but the contrast is sufficiently striking.

In giving the above narrative a place in these Reminiscences, the author of this book desires to make known that he has never been able to discover the name of the writer of it.

August 1, 1908.

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