THE GANGES AND THE SEINE.

I.

THE BOULOGNE OF THE EAST.

In Calcutta there are persons who do not pay their debts. In other places besides Calcutta there are also persons who do not pay their debts; but I think Calcutta has a pre-eminence in this particular. Taking those who are born to indebtedness, those who achieve indebtedness, and those who have indebtedness thrust upon them; those who would pay if they could, and those who could pay if they would; those who don't care how much they owe, and those who do care, but still manage to owe as much as those who don't;—taking every variety of debtors, I fancy that the non-paying class of the community will be found in greater proportion in Calcutta than in most other cities of the civilized world. That a great number of these do not pay, is simply the fault of their creditors; and the latter seem to thrive so well through being kept out of their money, that it is difficult to pretend to much pity for them. As for cash payments, so mechanical an arrangement appears to be generally spurned. Tradesmen do not desire it, and the public, to do them justice,
accept the contrary arrangement in the same spirit in which it is tendered, and not only meet the tradesmen's wishes half way, but, in a pleasant spirit of exuberance, go even beyond them. To carry money about with one in this liberal city is considered decidedly mauvais ton, and it is wonderful how few are found to infringe the laws of good breeding in this respect. The consequence is, that not many purchases are paid for on the spot, unless it be by some person of abject prudence or unknown position, who won't take or can't get credit, as the case may be. In the majority of instances, a book is produced in which the purchaser scrawls his name to some mysterious entry, and the transaction is concluded until the end of the month. It may be a glass of "flash" at an hotel; it may be a set of electro-plated dishes for the dinner table; it may be some such item as a horse. Whatever it be, down goes the name, and home comes the article. The beginning of each month is the period assigned by general consent for sending in the bills, if the tradesman so pleases. Very often he does so please, but very often he does not. If he does, the customer perhaps pleases to pay, and perhaps does not. In the latter case, whether or not the bill be delivered, a nice little per centage, amounting to from ten to twelve per cent. per annum, is added to the original amount; so that tradesmen who are either careless or confident, generally prefer to say nothing about the "little account" until it becomes a large one. This is all very well—or very bad, perhaps, I should say—so long as the purchaser remains in the country. Should he ever show any symptoms of taking his departure, his bills find him out, like his sins, and the apparently simple process of getting on board ship becomes one of the utmost elaboration, and it may be even difficulty. A
man once told me that he never owed but one bill in India. It was upon his first arrival in Calcutta, when he walked into the shop of one of the local Trueftts to have his hair trimmed. The operation performed, he bought a walking stick, and then a cravat or two for his neck. Scrawl went his name in the book, and he walked out, thinking no more of the transaction. The bill was never sent to his hotel, and it never entered his head until seventeen years afterwards, when he was again at the City of Palaces on his way home. Two days before his departure the bill was sent to him in a matter of course way, as if the purchase had been of yesterday. Under a certain statute he might have refused payment, but this he did not deign to do; so he paid some preposterous amount for an accommodation which he had not sought and certainly did not require. It would be well for trusting tradesmen if all purchasers were equally punctual. That many of them are not may be easily supposed. What happens in such a case may be easily supposed also. The machinery of the law is put in force, and the defaulter is, if possible, arrested. In that event, if he cannot pay, he proceeds to a place which is usually known as "No. 1 Chowringhee," that being the address of the jail in which debtors as well as delinquents are confined. It may be that he acts upon the philosophic principle that he who owes and runs away may live to pay another day. If, with a laudable feeling for his creditors, he arrives at this conclusion, the question arises, whither shall he run? To get away to the sea is a difficult performance; and there are many reasons, moreover, why a man may not choose to make a disappearance altogether on account of a possibly temporary embarrassment. To proceed "up the country" is more easy, especially in these days of
railways; but the expedient is very apt to be ineffectual for the end in view, if he remain within Her Majesty's dominions. Fortunately there is a place not far off where—to use the pathetic language of Fielding—“profane hands are forbidden to contaminate the shoulders of the unfortunate;” that is to say, if the profane hands be armed with authority only by the British law. This place is a French settlement—one of the few in which the clumsy colonists of Gaul have managed to retain standing room in the East—and it is called Chandernagore. The name is not uncelebrated in the early history of the English in India; but of late years the place has not attracted much attention, except upon two or three occasions, when the question of its cession in exchange for other territory has been brought upon the political tupis—with no result as yet, and with no prospect of one, according to the general opinion.

Chandernagore is within an easy distance of Calcutta, supposing the traveller to be able to pay the railway fare. Counting even the journey to the station, across the Hoogley, it is under twenty miles. It lies on the banks of that river, above the City of Palaces, has a river “frontage” of about a mile and a half, and as its depth is not very great in proportion, you may suppose that its area is by no means extensive.

One way of seeing Chandernagore is, as I have said, to get into debt. But it may be seen, perhaps, from a more satisfactory point of view by paying your bills and visiting the place _in amateur_. He who runs may read, perhaps, but he who runs away has very little time to observe. Taking to one’s heels is a process that requires undivided attention, and leaves but little employment for the head. The owner of the heels, under the circumstances, has his heart at his journey’s end,
and his only business with the road is to get over it. That traveller alone can be "fancy free" who is free in every other respect. Let such a traveller take a trip to Chandernagore, and if he be a tolerably intelligent person, he will most likely make the following observations—whether he takes the trouble to put them upon paper is another matter.

In the first place he will remark that it is extremely unpleasant, or a great bore, or a disgusting nuisance, or a confounded shame—according to his temper at the time and general mode of expressing himself—that there is no bridge over to Howrah where the railway station is situated. That there is not is undoubtedly a great public inconvenience; but I am not quite sure that it is so "disgraceful to the authorities" as I have heard some enthusiasts remark. The idea has been entertained "time out of mind," and by persons not quite in the same condition. But there are natural difficulties in the way, which engineers have not hitherto been prepared to grapple with, when brought to the point: whether these are ever likely to be overcome still remains a question. However, there is a convenient- enough substitute in the shape of the steam ferry, which is a great boat as big as a small town, with the advantage over the latter, that the inhabitants are not kept long enough together to quarrel, talk scandal, or want a mayor and corporation. The river is very broad at this part, but the boat is very long, so that the principal portion of the voyage is occupied in turning round. There is interior as well as exterior accommodation on board, so that nobody need be broiled in the sun unless he pleases; and on the whole the steam ferry is an immense improvement upon the native dinghee, which used to be the popular mode of conveyance.
The railway station at Howrah had a small hotel when I knew it, but now I believe has a large one. In all essential features it is as like an English station as need be. The engines and engineers are British to a fault; the carriages are perhaps an improvement: they seem larger and more lofty, but are built strictly upon the home model. One difference the traveller will not fail to note when he arrives with his traps: instead of the porters who wheel off his luggage upon their trucks and get them labelled out of hand, he will find nobody available for the purpose but a crowd of native coolies, clad, or rather unclad, in their usual light and airy manner—a few inches of cloth round the middle being considered a liberal arrangement. Two or three would be amply sufficient for the work required; but the service is a competition one, and there are generally about twenty of them, pushing, squeezing, and howling at once for the appointment. If you do not take care and have traps enough, the whole twenty will each seize an article and run with it in a different direction. I know less embarrassing positions in which to be placed than this, especially if time is short, the train likely to be punctual, and you have yet to get your ticket. But a judicious traveller will anticipate the onslaught, and defend his baggage tooth and nail until two or three of the “competition wallahs” have selected themselves from the rest and taken possession of the post of looking after it. You have then nothing to do but to get out of the dispute, which you are sure to have with these on the subject of their *baksheesh*, as well as you can, and to see your baggage safely labelled and stowed away. This is supposing that you take any baggage at all, which of course you will not do if you are only on an excursion for the day.
THE BOULOGNE OF THE EAST.

If you travel first class, you are not likely to meet with any but European fellow passengers. Natives are not prohibited from travelling by that class; but there appears to be a tacit understanding that they should prefer to go by the others. This, be it observed, is not on account of any exclusive spirit on the part of our countrymen, but is rather the fault of the natives themselves. The English are very often blamed for not mingling more freely with them, but more often than not it is the natives who make the mingling impossible by their unwillingness to conform to European ideas. It may be said, why do European ideas not conform to those of the native? I believe they do in most matters which admit of the concession; but in some cases the concession is simply impossible. Take that of railway travelling for instance: the difficulty was experienced immediately on the opening of the line from Calcutta to Raneegunj. It happened that an English traveller, a merchant, entered a first-class carriage in company with two ladies. To them came a fat baboo, who took his seat opposite one of the latter. The day was warm, nevertheless, I need scarcely remark that the merchant and his friends were decently clothed. The baboo, however, though born in the country, could not endure the discomfort of such restrictions; and he had no sooner taken his seat than he proceeded to remove the only covering—which was light enough, being of thin muslin—that he wore above his waist; and, exposed in this manner, he tranquilly betook himself to his hookah to enjoy himself for the journey. Now I think the most liberal-minded reader must admit that a fat baboo, in a semi state of nudity, is not a very pleasant person with whom to be shut up in a railway carriage on a hot day in Bengal, more especially when
the baboo smokes a hookah, and addicts himself at intervals to ṭān, the eating of which is attended with rather more unpleasantness to the eye than the mastication of tobacco. In the presence of ladies, moreover, the whole proceeding amounted to a wanton insult; and even supposing that it was meant as a mark of respect, surely no man could expect a lady so to accept it. Accordingly, our chivalrous merchant requested the baboo to put on his vest, and I rather think to put out his pipe, but am not quite sure as to the latter. But the baboo only grinned, and when the Englishman reinforced his request by observing that he was dressed more like a coolie (native labourer) than a gentleman; the baboo responded by saying, "Tum coolie hai," (you are a coolie) the form of expression (through the use of the second instead of the third person) being as offensive as its meaning. Upon this the Englishman seized the astonished baboo and turned him forcibly out of the carriage. The baboo charged him before a magistrate for the assault, and the offence was visited with a tolerably heavy fine. So strong was public opinion upon the subject, however, that the fine was at once paid by subscription, and a large additional sum collected for the expenses of the next prosecution. This significant determination seems to have had its effect; for I have not heard of another rencontre of the kind occurring; and the natives, as a general rule, avoid the first class, except in the case of a great man, who takes a carriage to himself when he does not happen to want the entire train.

"The Great Shoe Question," which arose at the same time, involved a less important consideration; but it illustrates the difficulty which exists in assimilating European with Asiatic manners, except to the degrada-
tion of the former: Orientals remove their slippers before entering a room, as we remove our hats. The courtesy in either case has precisely the same value and signification. Certain natives who were received at the levées of the Governor-General, appeared in their slippers, for the reason, as they alleged, that the British appeared in their boots. It was intimated to them that if they desired to conform to European usages they could retain their slippers, but they must doff their turbans. As the latter proceeding would involve disgrace, they declined to comply, and the pros and cons of "the Great Shoec Question" were hotly discussed all over the country. Ultimately it was settled, by a sufficiently liberal concession on the part of the local authorities, that any native gentleman choosing to wear his slippers at the levées must doff them at the door, according to Oriental custom; but that any who might choose to wear European boots might retain them if he so pleased. That he would so please may be easily imagined, as the British boot usually requires certain ingenious machinery to enable the wearer to get it on or take it off; and he would not be very likely to find bootive hooks and bootjacks in the verandah to assist him in a struggle with that article of costume upon arrival and departure. The order appears to have satisfied all parties, and we heard nothing more of the Great Shoec Question, until it was revived the other day in Bombay, to be settled again, it is to be hoped, as amicably as before. A great many of the natives in Calcutta—principally belonging to the class of "Young Bengal," who eat beef, drink champagne, and read Shakspeare and Milton—now wear the British boot, and are as proud of the privilege of stamping about in it at Government House as
the Spanish grandees of wearing their hats in the presence of the sovereign, or the solitary nobleman may be who enjoys the same privilege in England.

It would be well if a great many of the obstacles to intercourse between natives and Europeans in India could be as easily overcome; but in the majority of cases it is the native who opposes the impassable bar. No man can become very intimate with another whose domestic relations are on so different a footing, who will not eat with him, and who in many cases considers that his dinner would be defiled by the shadow of a Christian passing over it.

But I am detaining the reader all this time at the station.

One of the most characteristic sights which the traveller is likely to meet with while waiting for his train, is the arrival of another traveller from the North-West, with all his bags and baggage. Having been journeying downwards by dâk, for a long distance it may be, he is very unlikely to be as clean and neat in his appearance as if just starting from Calcutta. If I said that he is very likely to be quite unfit to be seen, I should not perhaps be exaggerating. Some persons do the dâk journey in decorous costume enough, but there are many who reduce themselves to a toilette de nuit, and as they lie at full length in the carriage, and bring sheets and blankets and pillows with them, the whole proceeding is as much like “going to bed” as can well be. I do not mean to say that they appear at the railway station precisely in the costume indicated above, but their toilette is of a very hurried character, and is decidedly more picturesque than polite. However, it is scarcely wonderful that people should not care much about their appearance when there is nobody to see them. What
is more worthy of remark is the amount of baggage that they carry, and the extraordinary variety of articles of which it consists. Half of these are not packed up, having been disposed loosely in the dâk gharry, an arrangement which, as the traveller has the gharry all to himself, is as convenient as any other. I have seen a gharry unpacked at the railway station, from which the contents have been extracted in the course of three quarters of an hour, in something like the following manner:—

First, five coolies come toiling in with a little portmanteau that one could carry with ease. They are followed by two coolies staggering under the weight of a large trunk which would be a fair load for double their number. Then come half a dozen coolies bringing two or three pitturahs, (native boxes made of tin, secured in a wooden framework,) which they carry as they can between them. They are followed by a single coolie, dragging after him an immense portmanteau which he cannot manage to lift at all. These, it may be, include all the heavy baggage which has been piled on the top of the carriage; and the miscellaneous articles have next to be dealt with. One man brings a hamper which has held soda water, &c., and may hold it still. Another follows with a box of cheroots. A third comes laden with the responsibility of a corkscrew. A fourth succeeds him, bending, not under the weight but under the bulk, of a huge rezai, a warm covering stuffed with cotton, not quite so thick as a featherbed. A fifth comes bearing an English railway rug, blankets perhaps, and pillows, forming the rest of the bed. A sixth brings a stray pair of boots which have been left loose for contingencies. A seventh succeeds with three or four stray coats, also kept loose in case of being wanted. An
eighth accommodates himself to the burthen of a box of Reading biscuits, or one or two ditto of potted meats. A ninth solemnly inducts a volume of Railway Library appearance, with a blue and yellow picture outside. A tenth carries the oak case of a Colt’s revolver, the weapon being probably at the traveller’s waist. In the same manner half a hundred other more or less considered trifles are brought into the station, and piled up in a heap on the ground; after which the traveller himself follows, bearing, perhaps, a sword in its leather case, and most certainly some fifty or sixty walking sticks, of every possible variety, bound together with a strap. These articles being contributed to the heap, he has nothing to do but to have his “row” with the coolies on a subject to which I need not more particularly allude, which diversion is sure to occupy him until the arrival of his train. If a lady be the occupant of the carriage, of course the confusion of traps is doubled at least. Workbaskets and such matters increase the miscellaneous character of the collection; bandboxes are inevitable; two or three birde cages are more than possible; with very likely a parrot on a perch, and may be a monkey. Among the inanimate portion of a lady’s luggage which there had apparently been no time to pack up, I once saw a mysterious thing shaped like a figure of eight, which I was informed was a crinoline in a state of collapse. Travellers truly see strange sights!

But away to Chandernagore. The train does not take one very quickly; at least the pace is not so fast as in England, though a tearing one for the languid East. The second and third classes are filled with natives, who take to this mode of conveyance with an avidity never expected from them; for it was supposed that
THE BOULOGNE OF THE EAST. 13

they would stand upon their antiquas vids even though condemned to traverse them by the bullock train. As the event has proved, however, the natives are the main support of the line, and even the poorest among them are so anxious to avail themselves of its advantages that not long ago they were clamouring for the establishment of a fourth class.

There are but few places of interest en route to Chandernagore, with the exception of Chinsurah, famous for its cheroots, which nobody smokes who can procure Manillas instead. The railway does not (or did not a short time ago) take us quite into the French territory, but drops us at Serampore a short distance off, the seat of a celebrated mission and a successful newspaper, both of which are still flourishing. A theeka gharce, or hired vehicle, will soon take you to the hotel at Chandernagore, which is the usual destination of the traveller.

Here we expect to find everything French, but on the contrary find nothing that is not English. The landlord is English, so is the landlady; the latter I may mention in passing, having a decided advantage over her lord in the articles of youth and ringlets. The house is as much like an English—that is to say Anglo-Indian—residence as can well be, and the entertainment is of a similar character. There is a table d'hôte to be sure, and a billiard room, but both of these have become British institutions. The company includes, most probably, a few Frenchmen, but they seem to consider themselves in the way, and to lead a life of perpetual apology for being where they are. They affect British manners too, and may be seen drinking beer, for which proceeding there is not the smallest necessity, as French wine at Chandernagore does not, I believe, pay even
the duty exacted for it at the Indian ports. I must confess that I expected to find French cafés and places of amusement, such as “our lively neighbours” almost invariably manage to get round them wherever they go. But nothing of the kind meets the eye, and, I believe, very little of the kind would be found upon the minutest investigation. You might live in the hotel for a month and not be aware that you were out of British territory, but for the tri-colour flag which waves from every available point, and a few Sepoy sentries, in particularly French uniforms, who mount guard at Government House and the principal or only public buildings.

The Government House is a moderately sized mansion, where dwells of course the Governor. This functionary is a French gentleman, who consents to represent the Emperor Napoleon in the locality for the modest sum of four hundred rupees (£40) per mensem. I am not sure whether he has to pay house-rent out of it, but it is not impossible that he has. His salary is, however, like a great many things in this world, “not so bad as it seems,” for, as is usual where Frenchmen most do congregate, everything is wonderfully cheap in Chander-nagore, which is the reason, I suppose, why so few of the French frequent the hotel, where British prices prevail. In token of the latter fact, I may add that the landlord alluded to has made his fortune since my visit, and was last heard of in London. The Governor, besides being Governor, is also Commander-in-Chief, the pay of the two offices being consolidated in the four hundred rupees. But I should fancy that the duties of the military post were not very fatiguing, for the army numbers only thirty men—just sufficient for the guards. It is a small army to be sure, but its dimensions have one compensa-
ting advantage—it may mutiny as much as it likes and do no particular harm. The other machinery of government at Chandernagore is on the same small and simple scale. The only high official besides the governor is the juge de paix, and the general establishment of the settlement, is that of an ordinary prefecture. I believe it works well, and pays itself out of the revenue collected in the district; and Gallic vanity is doubtless greatly gratified at the possession of the place in the midst of British territory.

Those travellers who do not expect to be entertained at Government House, Chandernagore, on the same scale as at Government House, Calcutta, are very fortunate persons, for they will not be disappointed. The Governor is very courteous to English visitors, and when they take the trouble to call upon him he asks them “to tea.” But few put him to this hospitable test, as the majority of our countrymen who sojourn at Chandernagore do so under circumstances which make them too diffident for conspicuous society. They incline rather to the romantic retirement of a third-rate boarding house, and such modest consolations as can be derived from billiards and Bengal cheroots. Like Boulogne sur mer, in fact, Chandernagore is the “home of the stranger who’s done something wrong”—that is to say so long as the “wrong” does not mean something exactly criminal, in which case the stranger is given up to the British authorities, as were also political offenders during the rebellion.

It is to the student of men and manners that Chandernagore presents its most interesting features. The society proper of the place differs but little from the best European society in other parts of India. The French residents who are of pure blood, and who have
come out from France, have very little to distinguish them from the same class among our own countrymen. The one, like the other, accommodate themselves easily to the circumstances of the climate. They rise early in the morning, live as temperately as may be, dress themselves according to tropical exigencies, learn as much of the native language as is necessary for their social comfort and convenience, and treat the natives, if not upon an equality, at any rate with some kind of consideration and good feeling. They will become Parisians again when they go back to Paris, without doubt. In the meantime they are content to be colonialized, as all sensible people will in a similar position. Not so, however, their half-caste countrymen. These are generally quite ignorant of the mother country as far as personal experience is concerned; but they boast of their blood as if they had been born on the Boulevards. Not having any chance of gaining dignity from the native element in their origin, they ignore it altogether, and affect not only French, but profoundly Parisian ideas and airs. They will tell you, if you encourage them to confidence, that they do not live, but only vegetate, in the triste country in which they find themselves, and that the desire of their hearts is to "return" to la belle France. Pending the arrival of the, in most cases, impossible period, they take care to carry about with them as much of France as they conveniently can. They wear shiny French hats, ditto boots, and the most preposterously cut coats and trousers, which seem to have been made from the designs one sees in caricatures. As for the ladies, you may suppose that they are not a whit behind their lords and masters in these little failings. They have heard that ladies in France are given to coquettling. They must coquette also, and to do them justice, it is
not their fault if they do not succeed. They have learned that ladies in France are gay and spiritual. Ah, how gay, how spiritual will they be also! In millinery they are of course a great deal more French than the French are themselves. English fashions are barbarous, are horrible, are not to be thought of, in fact, without the putting on of a certain little shuddering manner, understood to be not less French than fascinating. It is rather a pity that they take all this trouble; for considered as oriental beauties, some of the Chander-nagoriennes would be decidedly effective; but many a face that would look beautiful in a veil becomes utterly vulgarized in that curious concoction known as a bonnet—even the ladies of Spain can seldom stand the test, though they are beginning to court it with great enthusiasm.

I am afraid too that the French language, as spoken at Chandernagore, would scarcely pass muster much nearer France than Folkestone. It has become mixed like the blood, and would require a long sojourn in Paris before it recovered itself. I was once really deceived for a time by a young lady whom I met in the railway carriage, who did not appear to have any of the local colouring, whose toilette was admirable, and whom I took to be purely French. She passed wonderfully well until she began to talk. It was then apparent that—in something like the language of Chaucer—

"She spoke the French of Chander at Nagore,
The French of Paris she did all ignore."

Like all persons of mixed blood, the Franco-Chander-nagoreans have a profound contempt for the darker portion of it—not in their own persons, but in those who possess it solely. Upon the natives they look
down as upon members of a lower class of creation; and they are far more exacting in the attention they require from their servants than are the pure whites, who, having been better bred, know better how to treat their inferiors. I need scarcely add that the natives, who are particularly discriminating between the real and the spurious human article, return the contempt with interest, and not the less intensely because it is a little disguised.

But perhaps the least respectable of the Chandernagoreans are the English residents—the majority of them at any rate, who are driven into the place by stress of pecuniary weather. There are some few of the English who have a voluntary residence there, being in commercial or other employment in Calcutta, and whom the railway tempts to live under the French flag for the sake of economy. There are also occasional travellers who go up the river for change of air, and who give the hotel a turn for two or three weeks at a time. But the greater number are of the refugee kind, and they form a jovial little society, the characteristics of which are a combination of those of Boulogne and the Queen’s Bench. In this “land of the free” the cashiered officer mingles affably with the impeccunious kerannce, or clerk, and both lead a kind of life tending to the detriment of their morals and the improvement of their billiards. To them comes also the occasional bankrupt trader, who has made a failure of “failing,” instead of rendering that operation a success, as is more frequently the case in the City of Palaces. Altogether they make up a very pleasant community, having a common and collective soul above conventional restraints, and an individual and general tendency to “plant themselves upon their instincts”—an agricultural process which, in their case, seems
highly favourable to the growth of ill weeds. It is a curious fact that, like the British exile at Boulogne, they are always, according to their own account, going to leave the place next week; but somehow a great many seem to stay for years, and never dare face the jurisdiction of the Calcutta courts. I don't know that they are much worse off than the same class of loose fish in Europe, at any place where loose fish are not quite out of water. At Chandernagore there always seems sufficient of the disreputable element to keep them from drying up; and I can fancy that they might be worse off than in a place where cheroots may be had for next to nothing, where billiards appear to be indigenous, and where there is no compulsion to mix in respectable society. For the class in question, indeed, it is a real blessing—the existence of such a refuge as "The Boulogne of the East."
II.

TROUBLOUS TIMES.

Although resident in India during the mutinies and the rebellion by which they were followed, I do not pretend to have met with many very exciting adventures in those troublous times, although of danger and anxiety I had my share in common with others. I was in Calcutta when the news of the outbreak at Meerut was first flashed along the telegraphic wires, and I remained there until after the capture of Lucknow, when the roads were once more open to travellers up-country.

The situation of Calcutta for some months after the outbreak was one of imminent danger. Until the arrival of reinforcements from England, and the final acceptance of the services of the Volunteers, there was not a night when a massacre might not have taken place, attended by all the horrors of those perpetrated in the provinces, upon a far larger scale. The native police were worse than useless; and although there was a European regiment in the fort, it could not have been got to act upon the town until too late, had there been an organized rising. That there was not an organized rising must be ascribed, not to any forbearance on the part of the agents of the rebels, who did their best to effect the object, nor to unwillingness on the part of
thousands in the city to take advantage of the difficulties of the government, but to a succession of fortunate accidents—if I may so call them—which prevented the plans of the conspirators from coming to a head. It is now known that plots were set on foot for the capture of Calcutta and the massacre of its European inhabitants upon several occasions; but some providential circumstances always occurred to prevent them from being carried out. The first attempt, it is now generally understood, was to have been made upon the occasion of a ball given by Scindiah, the Maharajah of Gwalior, to the Governor-General and the society of Calcutta in March, 1857. Not only the Governor-General and his lady, but all the principal officials, and nearly all the officers from the fort, as well as the principal non-official residents, were invited. The scene of the entertainment was the Botanical Gardens on the opposite side of the river; and it was during the absence of half Calcutta that the city was to have been taken. Communication being then cut off, the rest would have been easy. Fortunately, however, a great storm, greater than Calcutta had known for years, occurred on the day appointed. The ball was therefore postponed, and the plans of the conspirators defeated. A few days later, when the fête took place, the plans were all disorganized; and it was not until some time afterwards that the brilliant party which responded to the Maharajah's hospitality became aware how many chances there were against their acceptance of another invitation.

At this time the mutinies had not yet broken out, but the affair of the greased cartridges was exciting active discussion, and the sepoys were burning down bungalows in the North-West; while in Oude there were still more threatening signs of discontent, hushed up as far as
possible, but sufficiently known to add to the general feeling of uneasiness.

During the hot season which followed, and even after the taking of Delhi in September, the conspirators were not idle, as was proved by papers afterwards discovered by Government; and I gained a glimpse of what was going on from a private source. A native, with whom I had some acquaintance, belonging to the suite of one who may be here described merely as "an illustrious personage," called upon me one day, bringing with him a "nuzzur" of no ordinary value: it was a handkerchief filled with gold mohurs, amounting, I suppose, to some hundreds of pounds. I know it made a great pile upon the table, where he set it down with a pleasing chink. It was impossible under the circumstances to accept his present, and I soon sent him about his business. He pretended to demand no service in return; but I soon found, by a little pardonable intrigue, that he had an object in view. A paper, in fact, came into my possession which he wished to have conveyed to his master, then a state prisoner in the fort. The document was in Persian, but it puzzled some Persian scholars to whom I submitted it, to find its precise meaning. At length, through a very accomplished officer who was called in to the conference, we gained some inkling of its contents. It was written, it seems, in a kind of patois, or slang, and was intended to convey to the person to whom it was addressed the fact that some fabulous number of armed men were only waiting a word from him to rise; and in conclusion came the vague but suggestive words, "The world is rotten." Of course this note was communicated to the proper authorities, and I have good reason to believe that it threw light upon certain treasonable designs.
That there was special danger from time to time may be inferred from the fact, that so late as February, 1858, a report of a meditated rising was thought so well founded by the authorities that the Volunteer Guards were called out on a sudden at ten o'clock one night, and remained under arms until morning in different parts of the town. The present writer upon that occasion was one of a detachment that was very pleasantly quartered at the Bengal Club.

Considering the imminent peril to which Calcutta was exposed, as is now admitted on all sides, I think the supporters of the trusting and laissez faire policy of the local government were unjustly severe upon the general body of British residents for showing a disposition to take care of themselves. Without wishing to enter into the merits of the quarrel between the European community and the Government,—except to note my belief that the European community were in the right and the Government in the wrong,—I may venture to assert that when a man's neck is in danger the affair is his own, and he cannot justly be accused of interfering with other people's business if he evinces some anxiety with regard to it. After the massacres which had taken place up the country, men with wives and families could scarcely be expected to believe all the cheerful things which they heard from authority of there being nothing but "a partial disaffection of a portion of the native troops," and of the particularly friendly character of the native rabble which thronged the bazaars. These attempted assurances were almost daily falsified by events; and the authorities themselves could not have believed what they wished to impress upon others; for it soon became known that eminent personages, who professed to have the greatest faith in the
fidelity of the sepoys and the loyalty of the budmashes (blackguards) took the not unpardonable precaution of sleeping on board the ships in the port every night; and that although Government House was nominally guarded by natives, a company of a European regiment was added sub ross for the protection of the inmates. Doubtless it was most desirable that there should have been every appearance of confidence; but there are times when the appearance is worse than useless without the reality, and the British residents were naturally not encouraged by the doubt suggested of their loyalty by the "Arms Act," and the restrictions placed upon the press.

That the panics which seized upon Calcutta from time to time were undignified must certainly be admitted; but it would be unfair to blame any one class for a weakness which was shared by all. Men of the highest military rank and of the longest experience in the country were among those who most mistrusted the native troops; and while the civil authorities continued to repose confidence in them, those persons must have been sanguine indeed who could believe the city to be safe even for a day. Calmness is a very fine thing during a period of peril; but there is no reason why the public security should be hazarded for the cultivation of that virtue; and there are times and seasons when it may be far better that the responsible authority should lose his head and save his country.

The first approach to a panic took place upon the occasion of Her Majesty's birthday, a fortnight after the first outbreak of the mutiny at Meerut. It was whis- pered about for a week before—of course nobody knew upon what ground—that this happy anniversary was the day fixed for a general rising of the disaffected, and a massacre of the European inhabitants of Calcutta.
There were persons who made no scruple of telling you that they knew all the plans, which they had learned, as usual, from the highest authority. It is wonderful how often this highest authority was cited in those distracted days, and how curiously the information derived from it became magnified in the course of twenty-four hours, without any reference back to the original source. Everybody who heard anything felt bound to add some exclusive intelligence of his own; and there were gobemouches of both sexes who passed their entire days apparently in going from house to house, circulating, with the most fantastic additions, every scrap of a report or rumour that reached their ears. When two persons met, the general question was, “Have you heard anything?” Then followed a discussion of the items of news in the morning papers, and a general comparison of notes, both figuratively and literally; for everybody who had friends up-country were sure to hear from them so long as the post was not stopped. Some of the correspondence was sure to find its way into the papers on the following day; and in this manner public curiosity gained increased appetite from what it devoured.

It is usual to celebrate the Queen’s birthday by a ball at Government House; and this year, notwithstanding the reports which were in circulation, it was wisely determined that the festivity should take place in the ordinary course. Some persons, I believe, declared that it was wicked to indulge in any such vanity, and talked of Nero fiddling, &c. But these objections emanated principally from those who did not receive invitations: the remainder were strongly of opinion in favour of the “moral effect” of such a proceeding. The ball accordingly took place, and was very well attended.
That there was a great deal of uneasiness among the guests during the evening was apparent enough; there being a vague idea prevalent that the gathering would come to an end in the same manner as the ball of the Duchess of Richmond before Waterloo, according to popular belief—notwithstanding repeated contradictions—when the Duke is supposed to have been "surprised" while eating an ice by the fire of the enemy's cannon, and to have immediately taken to horse in his dancing shoes. But all passed off quietly, contrary to general expectation; and next morning everybody said how foolish it was for everybody else to have indulged in such absurd fancies.

The next day fixed upon for the outbreak was a celebrated one in the annals of India. It was the 23rd of June following, when the centenary of the battle of Plassey, which established the British power in that country, became complete. Upon that day, it was decided by common report, the natives were most surely to rise, and drive those of us whom they did not massacre to our ships, putting an end to the British Raj from that exact period. The number of persons who "happened to know" from native and exclusive sources, that such was the precise nature of the arrangement, was very great indeed; though they never explained how it came to pass that their loyalty had gained over to such an extent the confidence of the conspirators. I am inclined to think that whatever design may have existed for a rising on that day, the authority for the current report was founded only on the poetic justice of the idea, and the dramatic effect involved. Be that as it may, it is certain that large numbers of our countrymen in Calcutta fully made up their minds that the 23rd of June was the date of the great crisis, and that
they laid their plans accordingly. I am not sure that some did not go so far as to sell off their movable possessions, and put themselves in light marching order in expectation of the event. I know that many seriously prepared themselves for flight, and on the preceding night, as well as on the night itself, sought sleeping accommodation on board some of the ships in the port. The morning of the 23rd dawned at last, and there was a general expectation of something about to happen. But nothing happened during the first few hours, and it became plain that whatever was to happen was postponed until later in the day. So people took courage, went about their business, made calls upon one another, exchanged congratulations or misgivings as the case might be, but managed to keep up the general anxiety in anticipation of the night. The night came, but still no signs of the outbreak. People managed to dine as usual, and some I believe made up parties to be massacred in company; for towards the close of the day popular opinion had fixed the hour of attack for twelve o'clock. You may be sure that very few retired to rest before that period, and that those who did kept their weapons at hand, and themselves ready for immediate flight. But twelve o'clock came in due course and found things still unchanged. The night wore away; but although the long hours were counted from many a sleepless pillow, they brought no symptoms of fire and sword, of attack and massacre. The next morning dawned, and the daylight brought fresh life to the affrighted residents of the city. Gaily they rose, and gathered together in the ride or walk, and everybody as before laughed at everybody else for entertaining such foolish fears. Yet was anxiety far from being at an end. It was now the general belief, that the rising had
been postponed merely because the plans of the conspirators had got abroad, and that there was no chance of a surprise. That the attempt would be made on a future day was not to be doubted. When was the day to come?—that was the question.

I believe that nobody pretended to have any good grounds for fixing another day; but a happy suggestion gained currency that the one for which we had all waited so anxiously, was not the centenary of the great battle according to native computation, and that the terrible event might yet happen within the same week or so. Some persons who had been most positive in their prophecies were set up once more as authorities by this discovery, and it really appeared that they were anxious for the worst to happen in order to save their reputations. By dint of one suggestion or another they took effectual means to prevent their friends from falling into any foolish idea of security; and by a judicious system of rumouring, reporting, and "happening to know"—by some general agreement, it would be difficult to say how arrived at—another day was fixed upon by popular consent for the coming catastrophe.

Affairs by this time had arrived at a point when it became less easy than before to affect jocularity at the prevalent anxiety. Some particularly clever persons tried the experiment; but it was a ghastly attempt, exposed itself miserably, and failed ignominiously. There were few in Calcutta, I fancy, who, whatever they may have chosen to affect, did not feel uneasy as the appointed day arrived, when the massacre was really to take place. Those who had been hitherto among the most incredulous now took the precaution to supply themselves with arms, which indeed by this time were to be obtained from the Government upon application,
for the defence of all places where any large number of persons were congregated. The principal hotels in particular were supplied with these defences, as well as with guards composed of sailors belonging to the ships in the port, who were welcome visitors wherever the pleasure of their company could be obtained. Of course private individuals were not behind hand in getting themselves into fighting trim, and the difficulty indeed was to prevent them, by their not unnatural ardour, from meeting the anticipated insurrection half way, and creating the disaster which it was their desire to avert. In anticipation of the expected crisis, many persons living in adjacent houses arranged plans for mutual defence, barricaded the entrances, and devised means for escape over roofs, &c. I am not aware that the precaution was generally adopted, but I know that at the largest hotel in Calcutta provisions were laid in as if for a siege, and arrangements were made by which the inmates could have held out upon the roof for any length of time that the sun would permit. There was such a rush for revolvers on the part of private individuals about this time, that their price rose in the market to an alarming extent, and by the eve of the appointed day, the largest capitalist would have been puzzled to purchase one in the shops. The relative merits of Colt, of Deane and Adams, and of Tranter, were discussed as if the votaries of the weapons were going into immediate action, and each man was expected to "polish off" half a hundred of foes at least. You may depend upon it, that whatever may have been the fears of our countrymen at the crisis, not one of them feared fighting; what they did object to, as they frankly told you, was being killed off like so many sheep.

A curious idea appeared to prevail as the day ap-
proached, that everybody would be safer in everybody else's house rather than in their own. Accordingly people made up parties to see the worst together. Some went to the hotels to pass the eventful eve, as affording the best security, and others as before slept on board ship. Nobody knew exactly when the enemy was to come, or from whence; but as there was a general impression that his advent would be very early in the morning, there were few who ventured to "go to bed" in the full sense of the term. Many contented themselves with snatching hurried rest at intervals in their clothes; and there were hundreds I should think who sat up all night, in verandahs and on roofs, waiting and watching for the slightest sound or sign which could indicate the approach of danger. The distant noise of a tom-tom, or a moving light in the native quarter "sent light horror through their pulses"—though these were the commonest of sounds and sights. In this manner the night wore on, until the first streak of dawn brought relief: not that there was any reason why it should bring anything of the kind, but the light of day is always reassuring. I am bound to say, however, that there were persons who whatever the anxiety they felt, made no exhibition of it; and there were dinner parties and high festival held in several houses whose inmates professed to treat the prevalent alarm with contempt.

The next morning was Sunday, known as "Panic Sunday" still in Calcutta, and ever memorable under that name. The relief inspired by dawn was unfortunately not of long duration. There appeared to be an irresistible tendency on the part of the majority of the Europeans and Eurasians to rush out of their houses to hear what was "going on." Even actual danger appeared preferable to
suspense. Some went to church as usual; others refrained, under the impression that the churches would be the first points of attack. Many drove about in a state of distraction, without any apparent object, except to frighten their friends by exhorting them to "fly." But by this time others were getting reasonable, and began to ask themselves whither they were to fly and from whom, which consideration led them to the conclusion that the safest course was to stay at home and wait for the danger whatever it was, instead of rushing about to meet it half way.

I should have mentioned before that most of the Europeans who were able had provided themselves with accommodation in the Fort; of these some had taken up their quarters there beforehand, and others now sought that retreat, creating I am afraid unnecessary alarm in the minds of those who were denied the same privilege. I may here add that "we" were offered, through the kindness of a friend who volunteered to give up his quarters for us, some apartments in this place of safety, but declined to avail ourselves of them, as there really seemed to be no sufficient reason for abandoning our home.

As the day wore on the excitement appeared to revive, and nearly all Calcutta turned out to see what was to be seen. The number of vehicles in the streets was immense, and one might have fancied that some great fête was in progress. In the course of the afternoon a rumour flew about, as if by magic, that the Sepoy regiments from Barrackpore were marching upon the city, and the excitement reached its height when it was known beyond a doubt that native troops were at hand. The general anxiety, however, was relieved when it was found that they had not
mutinied, and were accompanied by their European officers. The fact now transpired that a portion of the Barrackpore garrison had been ordered down early in the morning, by the advice of General Hearsey, for the purpose of being disarmed. Of course they were unaware of the object for which they were sent to Calcutta, and so they obeyed without a murmur. They were marched at once into the court yard of Government House, where every preparation had been made for their reception—the principal preparation being a detachment of British infantry with loaded muskets and fixed bayonets. I had the pleasure of being a spectator of the scene which followed. The Governor-General came out upon the verandah with the principal members of the household, and a seat was placed for him at the top of the steps in regal state. The British troops were drawn up on one side. On the other the native troops were marched up in companies, and in obedience to orders even then unexpected, laid down their arms without the slightest attempt at resistance. The thing was very well done, and gave general satisfaction.

But the panic was not yet at an end. It was well that so many teeth had been drawn; but it was considered that the act might cause exasperation and even precipitate the crisis. The impression went abroad that the night then coming on was the time selected for the attack. Accordingly everybody retired to their homes, or to the retreats which they had chosen, and once more awaited the course of events.

That night passed like the last. There was nothing to disturb the serenity which reigned everywhere, except in the breasts of those who waited and watched. The next morning, however, brought real relief this time. The report of the rising had been allowed every chance
of substantiating itself. It was now completely blown upon. It was held to be a mere hoax and invention, and people were ashamed of having been its dupes. It is wonderful how cheerful and incredulous everybody now became. All things were seen with new eyes, and there was scarcely a man or a woman among us who did not appear to have entered upon a brighter phase of existence.

Thus passed "Panic Sunday," a day which will not be readily forgotten by those who passed it in Calcutta. I have heard very severe comments made upon the delusions of that and the preceding days; but I am of opinion that they were undeserved. As for charging our countrymen with cowardice, the idea is mere nonsense. There was not a man among them who was not willing and even eager to face any peril that might have presented itself. It was the invisible enemy that they were unable to cope with, and whose supposed presence deprived them to some extent of their judgment and discretion. Moreover it is by no means to be supposed that Calcutta was in a state of security either upon that or the former occasions. I believe that we were all in imminent danger whenever we were thrown off our guard; and that the panics may be considered to have done good by keeping the public mind in a healthy state of apprehension. It should be remembered, too, by those who are inclined to treat the Calcutta people with utter scorn in the matter of the panics, that the latter, however little disposed themselves to entertain forebodings, were incited thereto in a great measure by their native servants, who were continually assuring their masters and mistresses that the bazaars were full of conspirators, and that a general massacre of the Europeans was to take place at the first opportunity. Whether
their apprehensions were real or affected may be a matter of question; but they most certainly professed to be alarmed for their own safety, as their lives they declared would fall a sacrifice to the rebels, who would not spare even their own countrymen if in the service of the Feringhees. I am bound to add, too, that many servants gave practical proof of being in earnest by running away from their employment without even the fifteen days' notice required by law.

It was after "Panic Sunday" that the local government accepted the services of the Volunteers, which had been previously declined, as well as the separate offer of the French residents, who were even more disgusted than the English at their assistance being spurned. In the meantime, too, the China force had been intercepted, and the Madras Fusiliers had arrived. All available troops were of course despatched up-country; but the enrolment of the Volunteers alone would have been sufficient to restore confidence in a considerable degree; and after that event nothing more was heard of panics. The effect of the delay in the North-West was simply that neither Lawrence nor Wheeler were relieved, and that history has to record the siege of Lucknow and the massacre of Cawnpore. Both of these calamities would have been averted, had timely measures been adopted, even with the limited force at the disposal of the Government. In Calcutta there now came a time when nothing could be more rational than the anticipation of disturbance. I allude to the two Mahomedan festivals the Buqr Eed and the Mohurrum. The first occurs about the middle of July, and lasts for two days; the second about the beginning of August, and lasts for ten days. Upon these occasions the minds of the Mahomedans become so inflamed with fanaticism that riots are of
common occurrence, and the authorities never fail to keep on the alert. At the time in question greater danger than usual might naturally be anticipated; and many indeed who had been hitherto incredulous, were now persuaded that we should have some sharp work. Day after day the most disastrous news was received from up-country, which had of course an encouraging effect upon the disaffected in Calcutta; and that they would take one of these opportunities to try their strength appeared probable enough.

The Volunteer Guards were by this time in a state of organization. When first enrolled, they numbered two hundred and fifty Cavalry and about five hundred Infantry; and there was afterwards some Artillery added. There were available persons in Calcutta sufficient to have formed a far larger force; but the first refusal of their services had, as I have hinted, rather wounded the public sensibilities; the call, therefore, when made, was not nearly so generally responded to as it would have been at an earlier period. But despite this disadvantage, a very fine body of men were got together. The Cavalry in particular formed an imposing force, being for the most part magnificently mounted. Both arms, it must be said to their credit, were in a state of discipline in a very short time; and they acquitted themselves with such marked credit, even when brigaded with some of the finest regiments in the service, as to call forth the highest commendations from a person not much given to flattery—the late Sir Colin Campbell and present Lord Clyde.

During the Buqr Eed and the Mohurrum the Volunteers formed the main defence of the city. The Cavalry patrolled the streets all night, and the Infantry were picketed in different parts for forty-eight hours together.
Owing to these wise precautions the dangerous period passed over without an outbreak, confidence everywhere prevailed, and beyond the arrest of suspicious characters here and there the Volunteers had nothing to do. That they were disappointed at having had no better opportunity of distinguishing themselves may be easily supposed; for they had not been made the pets of the public like their comrades in England in the present day. When once their services were accepted they were treated with courteous consideration by the Government; but they were a small body after all, and were utterly swamped by the regulars in society, where the military element naturally prevailed; and the native papers moreover poked all kinds of wicked fun at them, which they need not have minded at all, but which they could not help minding just a little. That their value and importance, was appreciated by Government, however, is attested by the fact that a magnificent pair of colours was presented to both cavalry and infantry by the lady of the Governor-General, and these were duly borne by those corps until the first broke up through want of numbers, and the second, upon the restoration of tranquillity, was rather unceremoniously disbanded.

It was a great day for Calcutta when the first reinforcements arrived from England. The first British soldier who stepped on shore—a Highlander—indicated in a very summary manner the prevalent belief among his comrades that they were sent to India in order to fight the entire population of the country—a belief which was subsequently found not a little embarrassing. No sooner had he set his foot on the strand than he seized a harmless Bengalee who stood gaping by, and began to pummel him with all his might. The unfor-
tunate wretch was promptly rescued from his clutches, and the comrades of "our gallant defender," who were making evident preparations to follow his example upon other stray natives, were informed that such demonstra-
tions were decidedly premature. But as fresh troops continued to arrive—burning with indignation at the accounts which had gone home of the atrocities enacted by the rebels—the task of restraining their ardour was not the least of the difficulties that the authorities had to encounter. The criticism of the non-official Europeans was embarrassing enough. But the case of men with whom it was absolutely necessary to keep on good terms, was infinitely more perplexing. The British soldier is a very delightful person when he is fighting our battles, and the Calcutta authorities were glad to get as many representatives of his class as possible for that purpose. These were sent up-country as fast as means for their conveyance could be found; but while waiting in Calcutta they were a decided nuisance. All honour to the brave! But the brave are apt to be difficult to keep in order when they think they deserve the fair, and set to work to give themselves their deserts in defiance of all laws of propriety, and to the damage of our amicable relations with the people of the country. All honour to the brave! But the brave are rather dangerous friends when they dash into the bazaar and drink raw arrack until they go stark mad, or until they lose all consciousness, and it may be never wake up from the sleep into which they are thrown. Some of these difficulties—it must be said with all respect for the British soldier—we had to endure in Calcutta at this time; and I am afraid that many of the scenes enacted might be classed by unprejudiced persons as disgraceful. To blame the military authorities for not exercising
proper control would be unfair. The circumstances were peculiar; and these may be sufficiently indicated by the fact that the British soldier knew his value at the time, and was by no means disposed to place his privileges upon the same footing as would have contented him in country quarters in England. There were rebel emissaries about, too, who were not indisposed to take advantage of his weakness; and money was sometimes found in the possession of men, to an amount which precluded the supposition that it had come from the regimental paymaster. One night an officer on the garrison staff, (who himself told me the story,) having his quarters in the fort, was aroused from sleep by hearing an unseemly noise in the drawing room. Descending to that apartment he found a drunken artilleryman seated upon the sofa, who in reply to a natural remonstrance upon the subject of his intrusion, informed the "master of the house" that he was as good a man as any officer in the service and could show as much money—displaying at the same time a handful of gold. Nobody wanted to make severe examples at such a time, and the drunken artilleryman was let down as gently as possible; but the gold was decidedly suspicious, and the supposition was that it had been supplied with a view of obtaining the release of a certain state prisoner to whom allusion has been already made. It is not to be supposed that any of our men were likely to have assisted in such a design; but the drink is an almost irresistible temptation to nine soldiers out of ten, and money is therefore a doubly dangerous article when placed in their way in a hot climate.

In noticing the eccentricities of the military service, that of the naval service should not be forgotten. If the soldiers knew their value, the sailors knew theirs
also, and made the most of it. There was no harm in either, only their manners were not quite adapted to the prejudices of a peaceful city, aspiring to be fashionable also. On the "course" for instance, where the gay world never failed to drive out, even during the panics, the spectacle of a tumble-down vehicle a hundred times more wretched in appearance than the worst "grinder" in London, filled with a party of sailors, each with a pipe in his mouth, and each contributing his share to a sea song roared in chorus, while bottles of more than suspicious character passed gaily from hand to hand, was not a cheering spectacle, yet it was not an unfrequent one; and the sailors and the soldiers were allowed to have their own way in such matters, for all the world as if they were on "Fiddler's Green"—to which service-paradise, indeed, many of them, upon such occasions, expressed a wish to be taken, after a judicious wrapping up in a tarpauling jacket. With such tenderness, indeed, were these delinquents treated by the Calcutta people, that a drunken "gallant defender," lying incapable in the streets, generally found a friend to take care of him. I remember for instance a high legal official* finding a soldier in an absolutely unconscious condition, bringing him home in his buggy and reviving him with hot tea, making the man very grateful and very much ashamed of himself, and inclined, it is to be hoped, towards reformation. This piece of good Samaritanism in all probability saved the man's life; for had he passed the night on the maidan where he was found, the jackals would have made short work with him before morning, or a chance native would have knocked him upon the head. Jackals consider every recumbent body legitimate prey,

* The lamented Mr. Ritchie, whose death is announced while these pages are passing through the press.
and even peaceful and loyal Bengalees were apt at that time to be spiteful if they caught a British soldier insensible and in the dark. There were several instances of men being found dead through both these agencies.

As the English in Calcutta grew more assured of their own safety, they became more apprehensive on account of others. There was scarcely a family among them that had not relatives and friends up country; and these were the objects of the greatest anxiety. After a time many of those who survived the massacres made their way to the Presidency, sometimes hazardsing the journey two or three together; at others coming in large parties escorted by troops, either by the road or on board the river steamers. These of course consisted mainly of women and children; and as they generally arrived almost without clothes, and entirely without money, it was absolutely necessary that some provision should be made for them. Accordingly a subscription was set on foot in Calcutta, nobly responded to in England as soon as the want became known; and the "Relief Fund" soon became sufficient for all emergencies. As it was found impossible to receive all the fugitives in private establishments, a number of houses were taken in different quarters for their accommodation; and the arrangements were placed under the superintendence of committees of both sexes. Clothes were provided from the general fund, and liberal allowances in money made to the sufferers, according to their position in life. Some distinction of this kind was of course necessary; as it would have been slightly ridiculous to have provided exactly the same kind of accommodation for, say, the family of a small clerk, and that, say, of a colonel in the army. But the distinction involved no little difficulty, and the attempts of many
persons to gain brevet rank through their misfortunes was not a little amusing. Even in the most serious affairs there is usually a comic element, and the vagaries of some of the refugees afforded, I am afraid, a legitimate food for satire. Complaints of the meals furnished at the different Refuges, were made with all the exacting independence of members of a club, or passengers on board the Peninsular and Oriental Company’s steamers. "Country born" ladies utterly innocent of Europe, declared that they would not live without European luxuries, and were bitter upon the fact, that such things were supplied to the families of rich civilians. Sergeants’ wives did not see why they should not be entertained in precisely the same manner as the wives of commissioned officers. In most cases the complainants had never been so well off in their lives before, as far as material comforts were concerned; but they were now objects of public interest, and were determined to make the most of their position. That some persons were unnecessarily slighted is probable enough; but for the most part, I fancy the committees performed their task, a delicate and difficult one most assuredly, with fairness and impartiality. It was clearly impossible to give everybody everything that they asked, and the drawing of the line was necessarily an unpopular duty. When some of these unprotected females, for instance, complained of being subjected to indignity in having to wear gingham dresses, and petitioned for silk, it seemed harsh to refuse them, but what was to be done? And when others requested to have places taken for them at the opera, and suitable toilettes provided for their appearance there, it must have required no little stoicism on the part of the committee to throw cold water on so natural a desire! The responsibility must indeed have
been an unpleasant one; and I am not at all surprised that one of the lady managers was heard to declare that she would rather command a regiment of mutinous sepoys, than have the direction of a house full of female refugees. It must not be supposed, however, that the humbler classes alone were the occasion of trouble. The upper ranks, in a different way, were now and then found as difficult to manage. I heard of the wife of an officer, for instance, who, at a time when all females were prohibited from trusting themselves on the road, took it into her head to join her husband somewhere up country; and for this purpose she applied to one of the committee-men for the sum of a thousand rupees. The request was naturally refused, not on the ground of expense, for passages home were freely provided in all cases were they were urgently required, but on the ground that the contemplated journey could not be made. Upon this the fair applicant drew a revolver, and offered the unfortunate gentleman the well-known alternative which travellers used to hear from highwaymen. Whether she frightened him out of the money or not, I cannot now say with certainty, but I am under the impression that she carried her point. It should not be supposed, however, that such little eccentricities as I have noticed were generally indulged in. The majority of the refugees, of all classes, conducted themselves like decent people who had not forgotten to be thankful for their escape from past peril, and their enjoyment of present comforts.

All this time the siege of Delhi was in progress, and the fall of the place was reported as frequently as that of Sebastopol before it actually came to pass. It was not until September that the Imperial City was at last captured; but to the delight and honour of the troops
engaged, the work was accomplished before the arrival of the reinforcements from England, which, however, had enough to do in completing the re-conquest of the North-West Provinces.

The relief of the garrison of Lucknow followed at the beginning of the succeeding year, although the city was not finally taken until March. The heroic band of both sexes which had held out for so long and against such odds, were brought down to Calcutta by steam from Allahabad. They were received with a burst of joy, and every provision at once made for their accommodation and comfort. In one respect the Calcutta people were not a little surprised at the new comers. Instead of the drooping, spiritless, beings to which it was expected the long confinement would have reduced them, they were found to be cheerful and hearty in no ordinary degree. The ladies in particular were for the most part in excellent health and spirits, and laughed and talked during the landing as if returning from a fête. Moreover they were generally arrayed in a manner far from consistent with the reports which had reached us of the reduced state of their toilettes during the siege. How they had managed to supply themselves in so short a time I do not pretend to know; but ladies have a wonderful aptitude for making the best appearance under difficulties, and even when relieved, it is said, they were so desirous to appear to advantage as sadly to tax the patience of Sir Colin, who then learned for the first time that the sex does not approve of being rescued en déshabille even from the greatest danger. Much of the gaiety which so astonished the bystanders upon the occasion was doubtless assumed, or was the effect of the sudden change, and that reaction followed in many cases may be easily supposed; but the members of the “illustrious garrison”
bore up wonderfully well while in Calcutta at any rate, and from their appearance would have led one to suppose that a state of siege is by no means incompatible with a state of health, and that to be threatened daily with death for the greater part of a twelvemonth is a fine thing for the constitution.

It was immediately after the final capture of Lucknow—at the beginning of April—that I proceeded on a visit to the North-West Provinces. The road was not safe; but we had all become so accustomed to the idea of danger that its reality had ceased to make much impression, and I suppose there were few among us who would not have been prepared to make a journey in any direction dictated either by affairs or curiosity, with that reliance upon Providence which is usually called “taking our chance.” Fortunately, however, the rebels who were driven out of Lucknow mostly fled into Rohilkund, and left the Grand Trunk Road more free than might have been expected, though still far from secure.

At the period in question I believed that I should be the only traveller starting from Raneegunj, where the railway then ended, one hundred and twenty miles from Calcutta. But when the train stopped at Scerampore a gentleman with whom I had some acquaintance in Calcutta, came to the carriage door and asked me if I had any objection to escort a lady who was going on by the same train on her way to Benares. I expressed my willingness to be of any service in my power, but remarked that ladies were not yet allowed to journey upwards, and that my friend’s friend stood a chance of being stopped and sent back. That did not matter, I was informed: the lady was determined to proceed at any hazard to Benares, where she was to meet her husband, who was to take care of her
the rest of the way to the place where he was stationed. Under these circumstances I did not think it necessary to urge the government regulation, but placed myself at the lady's disposal. At Raneegunj, where I arrived at sunset I found two dak gharries in waiting. One was intended for me, another for Mrs. ——, whom I soon saw superintending the packing of the vehicle, and to whom I was now introduced by her father, who had accompanied her thus far on her journey—that gentleman having, as a necessary preliminary, first introduced himself to me.

Dinner having been hastily despatched we prepared to start. My travelling companion was much elated at the prospect of the journey, and declared that she had no fear of interruption on the road. She was pleased however to accept my offer of a revolver (I was fortunately provided with two) and of a kind of dirk, of a pattern then much sold in Calcutta, and intended to wear on the same belt with the pistol. Into the mechanism of the revolver she was soon initiated, and showed such discretion in disposing of it in the gharree that I had no fear of her shooting herself with it during the night. She declared that if attacked she would sell her life very dearly, and also protect her child, a little boy of some three years old who accompanied her, to the best of her ability. I am bound to add that I think she would have kept her word.

Fortunately there was no call for any display of heroism, on the part of either Mrs. —— or myself. I took the lead in the first instance as the most appropriate person of the two to bear the brunt of any possible danger; but as one's own inclination in dak travelling mainly depends upon the horses, some of which will go and some of which won't, and as the respective horses
were not always of the same mind at the same time, the vehicles naturally got separated occasionally for a stage or so. My companion, however, was not at all timid, and I believe would have proceeded alone quite contentedly, had it been necessary to do so. The country between Raneegunj and Benares is the most picturesque on the Grand Trunk Road, but the journey through it is the most dangerous and the most fatiguing. The Parisnauth Hills are beautiful considered as scenery; but they are wild, and not unknown to bears and tigers, and are cruelly trying to the horses, who seldom fail in this locality to overturn the gharry if they can possible bring about the arrangement. Fortunately we did not meet with any difficulties, either through tame or wild beasts, or worse enemies in the shape of men. I was always relieved, upon meeting the companion gharry at a fresh stage or a dâk bungalow, to find that my original confidence had been justified, and that the revolver had not gone off; and altogether the journey was as pleasant and prosperous as could well be. It was on the morning of the fourth day after leaving Raneegunj that we reached Benares; and here I took my leave of Mrs. —— who was the first lady who had penetrated to the North-West since the outbreak. It was not desirable, however, to proclaim this fact from the housetops, on account of the government order before mentioned, her husband, moreover, being a government servant; and as I had taken the precaution to write anybody's name in the bungalow books rather than her own, I am afraid that history will not award to my fair fellow traveller the distinction to which she is entitled.

On the road thus far I noticed but little sign of the disturbed state of the country. The people I thought looked sullen, and even scowling when they met the
eye of the Feringhee; but this might be fancy. The degree of safety attained on the trunk road was by means of a detachment of troops which scoured it at intervals; but it is only fair to remark, that the insurgents consisted principally of budmashes, who would have been ready for plunder in the most peaceful times. At Benares everything was quiet, and Charles's hotel still stood as of old. This was not at the time of which I write a very brilliant hostelry; but it was fair enough for the North-West, and the landlord, although a European, was not too proud to attend to his guests. Here I found the latest North-West papers, and learned from personal inquiry the state and prospects of affairs on the road above. A party of rebels were said to be committing devastations a few miles a head; but as a detachment of the Queen's Bays had proceeded up the night before, in waggons, it seemed to me that they must have borne the brunt of the battle, in case of such an event, and that the road was likely to be more clear than usual. There were only one or two travellers at the hotel, and the only one with whom I had any acquaintance was M. Beato, the distinguished photographer, who showed me the views which he had taken in Lucknow and elsewhere, since well known to the public. I pushed on the same night, and on the following evening arrived at Allahabad.

Allahabad at this time was a camp in the midst of ruins. On all sides were seen the remains of bungalows which had been burnt by the rebels. Scarcely a single one had escaped uninjured. The Governor-general was there in tents; and the station outside of the fort was generally represented in a similar manner. The best accommodation for travellers in the place was in a large tent flanked by straw huts, which I found was the
hotel. It had been just started by an enterprising Briton, who, I should think from the prices which he charged, must have been making a rapid fortune. The tent, which was a large double poled affair, served for the coffee room, and general rendezvous of the visitors. The straw huts were the sleeping apartments. The latter were less inconvenient than they would have been, on account of the heat of the weather, which was increasing every day; but the partitions were so slight as to preclude all idea of privacy, and the most confidential communications made in any one of them were the common property of the whole range. The effect of this publicity, after everybody had retired to rest, was not a little distressing. As some went to bed unusually late, and some got up unusually early, and others would not or could not sleep in the middle of the night, there was a perpetual stir and movement, and conversation seemed to be carried on round one's bed, so near indeed did the sound appear, that it was impossible not to be thrown off one's guard occasionally, and to ask who was there, an inquiry usually treated with silent contempt. For the rest there was little to apprehend except robbery, and this perhaps was sufficiently guarded against by light slumbers, a loaded revolver, and a servant sleeping across the doorway. I believe I was one of the latest to seek this hospitable accommodation; for there was a sufficient assembly in the tente à manger to prevent the time from hanging heavy. First there were the officers in charge of the detachment of the Bays which had preceded me on the road, one of whom (a lieutenant) had broken his arm on the way, through falling out of one of the wagons. Fortunately he was of a very easy temperament, with spirits of the gossamer order, and as he seemed to consider his acci-
dent a capital joke, there was no reason why it should not be accepted in that light by the rest of us. He certainly on that occasion did not wear his heart in a sling as well as his arm. There also arrived in the course of the evening a distinguished general, whose flying column had driven all before it for the last few months. This officer I only knew by fame; but his Aide-de-Camp was an old friend, whom I was delighted to meet once more. There is great pleasure in these chance meetings in a place like India. Where time is short and memory long there is much to say, and you must be quick about saying it. Conventional affectation is therefore set aside; you both say what you mean without fear of saying too much, and all is confidence and cordiality. I have heard it declared, that our countrymen in India, and military men elsewhere, are so accustomed to rapid intercourse with the world, strangers as well as friends, that their apparent good feeling is a mere matter of form. I am not of this opinion, and will back the warmth of the traveller, for sincerity, against all the civic politeness in the world.

I do not profess, here, to give any idea of political events, but merely to note the passing impressions of a traveller through districts only just cooling down from one of the hottest insurrections ever known. On all sides were signs of the strife that had been; on all sides were men who had been in its midst. Wherever there was a gathering, as upon the occasion in question, old battles were sure to be fought over again, and their actors lauded or censured in liberal terms. There is many an exploit which looks very well in despatches, but will not bear the test of discussion by men who "happen to know all about it." During my journey, and long afterwards indeed, I was considerably enlightened by
hearing of great deeds that had never seen the light, and little deeds made great by men who had influence with the powers that be, or opportunities for magnifying their merits or shielding their mistakes, in the public journals. Of course the Governor-General did not escape; and even the Commander-in-Chief, though always spoken of with respect, was considered by many officers of high rank (on the list of Lieutenants) to have been wanting in many of the requirements of a faultless man, and an impossibly perfect General.

The next morning at breakfast there appeared several new faces among the company, some of them belonging to old acquaintances. One of these was a great man at Agra during the crisis, who was staying at the hotel with his amiable better half; so of course there was a great discussion among three or four of us after the meal, as to who had lost their heads during that eventful time, and who would have been equal to the occasion had not their authority been overruled, &c., &c. It was very interesting considered as gossip, but I am afraid led to no practical result; for it was impossible that the command could have been given to any of the ladies, however well qualified to exercise it, and from what I heard upon this occasion, it appeared that there were some of the gentle sex who, either upon their own responsibility, or through the influence which they exercised over their husbands, would have been quite competent to have taken the direction of affairs, and to have saved the station.

The night before I had met with a friend, or rather a friend of friends of mine, whose acquaintance I was glad to make, who was then on his way to Cawnpore, whither I also was bound, and who made me promise to put up at his bungalow in that station,
where I was assured that I should meet with several old allies. I promised with much pleasure, and we agreed to set off in the morning together. But travellers propose and the authorities dispose. My friend was the bearer of despatches from the Commander-in-Chief, then at Cawnpore, to the Governor-General, then at Allahabad, and he had to await the pleasure of the latter; and as the latter gave him a command to dine with the Vice-Regal party, he was taken from us for a few hours, with the understanding that the despatches which he was to take back to the Commander-in-Chief should be ready early in the morning. But when early in the morning came it was found that the despatches were not ready; so he had to wait, and I had to move on; and so we had to part company, but not until he had procured me a pass "on service" by the railway, which was not then open to the public. The rail took us as far as Futtehpore only; and thence I got on as well as I could to Cawnpore, where I put up at the house of my friend the bearer of the despatches, in the expectation that he would follow. There, although my proper host was not present, I met with a most hospitable reception, and had a pleasant rest for three or four days. It was a military party entirely, and you may be sure that the old battles were fought again to our hearts' content. They were all Oudeans this time, and had been through the siege of Lucknow, the details of which were then fresh to me and possessed an absorbing interest. We must have appeared a very strange assembly to any person suddenly transported among us, fresh from the western world. The bungalow was a ruin, hastily roofed and made habitable, but with very few of the elegancies of civilization. There was no carpet or matting upon the floor—nothing but the bare chunam, or
hardened plaster, which forms the *planché* of houses in the mofussil. The doors, which constituted the windows, had been restored with glass, and with the assistance of the new thatched roof, kept out the heat in a very satisfactory manner. Thus far our main comfort was secured. For the rest there was but little sacrificed to the graces in the arrangements of the place. Camp tables, and charpoys and chairs hastily procured from the bazaars, constituted the sum total of the upholstery. Every man was supposed to bring the little bedding that he required, and also the “camp fashion” requirements of the table. But a merrier party than sat down to the latter could scarcely be found in the Upper Provinces. The inhabitants of the house being fresh from the campaign, there was little ceremony observed. Nobody was troubled about such matters as costume. So far from dressing for dinner, the banquet was usually the signal for an abridgement of the toilette; and that stage of it usually described as the “shirt-sleeves” was most popular at that period of the day. Even then, it must not be understood that linen was at all the rule, that luxury having been long since superseded by flannel in the case of most of the company. To add to the grotesque appearance of the party, the “Lucknow crop” or Jack Sheppard *coiffure*, was the popular arrangement as to hair. It had been found to save trouble under circumstances in which scissors were more plentiful than brushes, and was indulged in now as a tribute to old associations. Thus everybody was thoroughly at his ease, and enjoyed a state of existence comparable to few things in this world, unless it be a continual cricket match where one has not the trouble to play.

Cawnpore at that time presented a melancholy aspect. The only cheerful part of it was the fort, which had just
been strengthened upon approved principles, and was now in an almost perfect state of defence. For the rest the place was worse than Allahabad, and full of even more gloomy associations. A visit to Wheeler’s entrenchment was part of the work of a very sad morning. But I must confess that, almost above sympathy rose the thought—how could any man, military or civilian, have chosen such a spot for holding out against the enemy—a spot where there was not even water, that first requirement of a garrison in a hot climate, to be had, except from a well which could be reached only under fire? How many of those who could least be spared fell while heroically devoting themselves to the task of obtaining this necessary is now well known! Still more mournful were the feelings induced by a visit to that other well—then covered only by a rough mound—in which were the remains of the ladies and children who were the victims of the massacre. I believe that we know now all that we ever shall know of that horrible event. We know or at least have every reason to believe, that the moral degradation supposed to have been incurred by the unfortunate victims, was escaped; but the mental and physical agony which they underwent realized the worst fears. Can any death be imagined more horrible than that of being hacked to pieces by butchers, and cast still warm, and in some cases still living, into a well! I have heard of men who, contemplating these horrors, have moralized upon the crimes of our countrymen in India, with the suggestion that the Cawnpore massacre may have been a retribution ordained by Providence. But whatever reproaches may attach to our rule it is not by the well of Cawnpore that they should be breathed. No amount of misgovernment and oppression could justify the deed
that there stands recorded, and to admit the possibility of justification is treason against humanity, if not worse.

I am no apologist for the unfortunate excesses, which beyond denial or doubt, were committed by the British troops when they first cut their way into the North-West. But it was at best bloody work that they had to do, and soldiers never have been and never will be taught to discriminate at such times. And I do not think that the ruthless course of the "avenging columns," either then or subsequently, produced so ill an effect upon the people as some of us supposed. The natives of India have never been accustomed to see war waged upon peace principles, except perhaps by the English. They do not understand forbearance, which they ascribe to fear. They laugh at a giant's strength if they find it used like a dwarf. They expected our troops to be furious after the injuries that we had received, and the fury had certainly a salutary effect at the time. Far better would it have been that we showed more mercy, even though the virtue were ascribed to fear, and brought down upon us contempt. We could well have afforded to pay that penalty. But the excesses of the troops were not productive of half the amount of bad feeling that was produced by the executions ordered by law. The people excused the one, taking them almost as a matter of course, but they did not excuse the other, and it will be long ere the effect of those terrible lessons are effaced. The mistake that was made, was in trying the policy of clemency and conciliation in the first instance, and so allowing the rebellion to spread until the most severe measures became necessary to repress it. A comparatively small amount of severity, exercised at the proper time, would have been a policy of real humanity; it would have saved the greater part of the
subsequent slaughter, scandal, and reproach. A great
deal has been said about “a cry for indiscriminate ven-
geance,” &c., raised in Calcutta; but there was never
anything of the kind. It was a fictitious interpretation
placed upon the remonstrances of those who gave un-
pleasant warnings and told unwelcome truths. Time
has justified those warnings and established those
truths. Moreover, the opinions then expressed in oppo-
sition to the Calcutta government, were not only those
of a few writers and panic-stricken merchants. They
were the sentiments of some of the highest military and
civil authorities in the country. But enough of a not
very savory subject.

I have known Cawnpore in its “palmy days,” when
it was a large brigade station famous for its gaiety, and
coveted for quarters as much as even Meerut. Indians
who are not too old to have lost their taste for such
enjoyments, still talk with a sigh of the past glories of
the place, when festivity was carried to a pitch of
elegant frenzy, and the Nana Sahib was a member of its
fashionable society! But to my mind Cawnpore was
always, in itself, a gloomy spot, where gaiety appeared
under a cloud, and dissipation was almost smothered in
dust. It is not because I attach any importance to the
story, but somehow it occurs to me here—the story of
the Cawnpore ghost. A certain house, since destroyed,
but used at one time as a dak bungalow, is said to have
been haunted by the figure of a tall man in a Lancer’s
uniform, and holding his lance in his hand, who one
night, a few years before the outbreak, stood by the
beds of several members of a family who were sleeping
at the place, regarding them with a stern though sor-
rowful expression, and addressing to one of the family,
at least, certain words which are not revealed. The
remarkable feature in this story is, that several persons should declare, without any previous communication, that the same appearance was manifest to them on the same night. I do not pretend to associate this circumstance with subsequent events which occurred in the station; but mention it here because it seems in place. It was declared by the native servants at the time, that an officer who formerly inhabited the bungalow had there died a violent death.

On the opposite shore of the Ganges, crossed from Cawnpore by a bridge of boats, is the province—only a few years since the kingdom—of Oude. With the exception of Lucknow the country was at the time of which I write still in the hands of the rebels, who were not dislodged until the subsequent cold weather campaign. I did not revisit Lucknow upon this occasion, but my memory pictured to me vividly the place as it was before the annexation, and during the brief period of tranquillity which was enjoyed afterwards. Oude has been well called the Garden of India, and Lucknow was the most beautiful city that I had ever beheld. It was while partaking of the hospitalities of the residency, in 1855, that Sir James Outram—"the gallant and the good," whose name has since been so indissolubly associated with the glorious deeds which restored the place to our sway, and who then held the diplomatic post of Resident at the court—showed me the view of the city from the roof. That celebrated picture of palaces and gilded domes and spires, has been so often described since, that I need not dwell upon its beauties—merely declaring that from this point of view they presented a spectacle such as could be matched by no city in the world. I am glad to hear, too, that notwithstanding the havoc made by the siege the old characteristics are not entirely destroyed, while
the city in all important respects is immensely improved. At the house of Captain Fletcher Hayes, who was first Assistant Resident, and afterwards military secretary under our administration, I passed at different times many pleasant weeks. Hayes was a genial host and a charming companion, besides being one of the most accomplished men in India. An admirable oriental scholar, he was profoundly acquainted with the native character, and upon all matters relating to Indian politics his authority was undisputed. In European literature, too, he was well read; and it is no slight testimony to the ardent industry of his character—the fact that he spent his furlough in study at Oxford, where he took his M.A. before returning to India. The exploit was unexampled in the case of an affair of the army, and he gave point to the distinction which it conferred upon him by going up to receive the degree in full uniform. Poor Hayes was killed soon after the outbreak, in the early days of the administration of Sir Henry Lawrence. With the active military enthusiasm which characterized him equally with his civil talents and attainments, he volunteered to accompany an expedition sent out to explore the road toward Mynpoorie. When near that station he was cruelly murdered by his own sowars. Of two officers who accompanied him, one shared his fate: the other upon whom the attack was not so sudden, saved himself by hard riding. Fletcher Hayes was of the best stamp of "Indian officers," which has now very few representatives. Had he lived he would probably have risen to the highest rank among Indian statesmen. For his personal qualities he is sincerely lamented by all who knew his worth as a true friend.

Among those who used to assemble at the residency in 1855, or in the following year, the greater proportion
have since passed away. Of those who have survived, what perils and privations have they since gone through, what changes have they lived to witness! Mr. Coverley Jackson, who officiated as Chief Commissioner during Sir James Outram’s absence in England, until he too had to seek a change of climate and Sir Henry Lawrence supplied his place, fell a victim to his anxious determination to recover his nieces, who were in captivity, and of whom the elder was beyond all aid. He was lying dangerously ill with a shattered leg in a house near that in which I stayed at Cawnpore, and his death was announced not many days after. Sir Mountstuart Jackson, his nephew, was murdered with his sister. Captain Stuart Beatson, a gallant officer and man of brilliant talents and accomplishments, fell a victim while serving under Havelock as Adjutant-General, in the first advance upon Cawnpore. He had just come round from Persia, where he had held a command under Outram, during the short campaign in that country in the beginning of 1857. He had obtained sick leave to England, which no man ever needed more, but hearing at Bombay of the outbreak in the North-West, he came round to Calcutta at once, and placed his services at the disposal of Government. Beatson, like Hayes, of whom he was a devoted friend, was a man of great literary taste and talent. His polished, and pointed pen was well known in India, and might have been in England, but that his contributions to home literature were made anonymously.

Even so far back as the middle of 1856—during one of my last visits to Lucknow—it was perceptible that there was a bad spirit amongst the natives, who by no means appreciated “the blessings” of British rule at the value set upon them by our national self-esteem. I remember now noticing similar signs at Delhi,
where towards the close of the same year I happened to be sojourning with a friend. Once indeed we were treated with positive insult, in being rudely prohibited from passing along a public thoroughfare, because it was within the precincts of the palace where the King then held his puppet court. We were told that the road was free for natives, but that no European was allowed to pass that way. Our first impulse was of course to contest the point; but my companion, a military man, thought it more prudent not to risk the responsibility, which might have got him into trouble, so there was nothing for it but to pocket the affront. I remember, too, at Agra, in February, 1857, having a long conversation with the late Sir Henry Lawrence, who was then on his way to Lucknow. Sir Henry was at that time very uneasy about the feeling of the country, although as yet there had been no distinct signs of the coming storm; and his remarks made a great impression upon me. I was told afterwards, by a high authority in the station, that Sir Henry, talking to him upon the same subject, went so far as to say that they—the Agra people—would soon be shut up in the fort. This was looked upon as a piece of pleasantry at the time, but it proved terribly true. About the same time many persons observed indications of an independent feeling among natives of the better classes, which by the light of subsequent events is quite comprehensible. The villagers, however, I am sure were not aware of the storm that was brewing, notwithstanding the affair of the chupatties, which has been supposed to have been the machinery adopted for the announcement of an intended rising. The “chupattie movement” I now believe to have been intended only as a warning to avert some disease which was supposed to be threatening the population.
"The Well at Cawnpore" is now marked by a monument, which records the fate of the victims buried beneath. When I was on the spot it was distinguishable only by a mound of earth. Close by, the grave of the soldiers of the 32nd who had fallen in the struggle, was marked by a stone cross, erected by their surviving comrades in the regiment. I have preserved as a sad relic, a model of this simple monument, executed in a portion of the woodwork of the demolished "slaughter house," given me by the worthy chaplain of the station, the Rev. Mr. Moore, at the time of my last visit; also a model of a barrack made from a portion of that in which Wheeler and the devoted garrison held out so bravely. Both were made in Mr. Moore's compound, under his superintendence, and there can be no doubt of the material being taken from those places.

At Cawnpore at this time I met several men who had come up from Calcutta in order to purchase loot at Lucknow. One or two of them, I afterwards heard, made some advantageous purchases, but others were sadly "sold." I was quite prepared to hear of the latter state of things; for a friend of mine who was in the city immediately after the siege, showed me several shawls, sold to him for real Cashmere, which turned out to be nothing but the English imitation of that manufacture, and also some rows of pearls of immense size, which proved to be worth about threepence a row in the Burlington Arcade. Considering his purchases as genuine he had paid little enough for them; considering them as spurious he had given a preposterous price. It was an ingenious native who practised thus upon his credulity.

After a few days stay in Cawnpore, which impressed me more than ever as the most melancholy station I
know in India, I proceeded by dâk to Agra. Here there was a picture of desolation almost as great, but having the advantage of being connected with less melancholy associations. There had been much loss of property in Agra, and some loss of life, but there had been no murders or peculiar atrocities. The inhabitants of the station had sought timely shelter in the fort; and their bungalows, being abandoned, had all been punctually burnt down—at any rate as far as the roofs and the other combustible portions of them were concerned. These had now been in some cases restored and made habitable; but the majority were still but burnt shells, and large numbers of the residents had not left their quarters in the fort. Here you may be sure there was great fighting of old battles whenever people gathered together at chota hazree, or the more ceremonious evening banquet. It was interesting at first, but rapidly developed into a nuisance—the oft-told tale how one man in authority lost his head, how another man in authority never had any head to lose; how a third whose duties lay at his desk could not be kept from fighting, and how a fourth whose profession was the sword placed his principal reliance on the pen; how the cart was put before the horse and the horse put behind the cart; and the vehicle of the state somehow got stuck in the mud, and was only set moving by resolute men who had no right to the reins but who put their shoulders to the wheel. Well, well, it was a sad story, but cheerful after all in its result, and I must declare my belief that every man did the best that in him lie. There was some weakness, some incapacity even, but every man is not born to breast extraordinary difficulties, and the Agra people had to endure such as would have puzzled the wisest heads. Among all the stories that I heard there were
none that impugned the honour or courage of any man; and I am certain that all desired to do their duty whatever differences of opinion may have arisen as to how it should be done. When once in the fort, to which it was only an act of common prudence to retire, everybody took a manly share in the work that was for the general good, and nothing could have been better and more complete than the organization which endured for months after the first few days of confusion. The garrison, too, besides being constant behind walls, showed determined courage in the open, upon the only occasion when it was found necessary to send out a force; and the battle of Sussia, though not attended with the most perfect success, brought out some of the best qualities of our countrymen who were engaged in it—the Volunteers being in no wise behind the Regulars in the race for the honours of the day.

Agra in 1858 was certainly not the pleasantest place that could be selected for a residence. I was fortunate enough to have a house with a roof to it, a new roof which had been added to the stubborn walls which would not burn; but the comforts inside were rude and scarce. The original furniture had been last seen in the middle of the road, in company with the windows and doors, it which society it had been smashed beyond all redemption. Its place had been supplied with a few articles purchased in the bazaar, of a camp character both as to quality and quantity. The few tumble down articles which could be procured, however, cost as much as elegant furniture in ordinary times; and not a few officers and others who were obliged to support domestic establishments, contented themselves with upholstery ingeniously constructed of straw, which gave a rustic appearance to their dwellings strongly suggestive of Robinson Crusoe.
TROUBLOUS TIMES.

The greater portion of the furniture belonging to the station had been destroyed, as I have said; but the smashing even of an enemy's property involves some degree of trouble, and the budmashes appear to have got tired of their work after a time. Thus it was that a considerable number of articles were afterwards found lying about the roads, and were reclaimed by their right or their wrong owners, that is to say, by those to whom they did belong, and those to whom they did not, as the case might be. The latter assertion may seem scandalous, but there is no doubt about the fact, that among the first hardy spirits who ventured out of the fort, were a few persons who, though poor, were not particularly honest, and who made excursions with a view of picking up such unconsidered trifles as the budmashes might have neglected to destroy. These enterprising bands were composed, I was told, principally of Eurasians, but a few Britishers who cultivated "cuteness" avant tout, did not disdain to be included in the number. Facts of this kind are sad no doubt; but, even members of "illustrious garrisons," have been known to prey upon one another while under the enemy's fire. At Lucknow, for instance, I was told by one of the ladies who escaped, that some rascals, with white faces and red jackets, extorted from her and her friends, from time to time, a large proportion of their jewellery, not it must be said, for the sake of the ornaments themselves, but because they represented rum. The British soldier was at that time at so high a premium in the defence market, that ladies did not dare to refuse him little attentions of the kind. I am glad to be able to add, however, that the black sheep who so disgraced themselves were few in number, and by no means represented the general conduct of their comrades.
At Agra, at the time of which I write, English supplies were at preposterous prices, and every article of consumption among Europeans had risen to an immense extent in the market. Ordinary household expenses were doubled and trebled; while such things as wine, beer, &c., fetched whatever the dealers liked to ask for them, when they could be had at all. At the hotel at Allahabad, a bottle of bad sherry cost twelve shillings, and a bottle of by no means the best beer half that amount. In Agra the prices, by the dozen, were something less, but not very much, and these endured until by degrees supplies were received from Calcutta or Bombay. The majority of persons, who could get at them, usually addicted themselves to the commissariat stores of rum and beer; but both of these articles require a considerable training on the part of the general drinker before they are found palatable. The beer in particular can seldom be faced except in the disguised form of "cup."

On revisiting the fort, I was much surprised to find the complete state of defence in which it had been placed, a state most satisfactory for any probable requirements, though the place would still have no chance against a regular siege. As may be supposed, the regulations were very stringent as regards ingress or egress after nightfall, and like a great many others, I found myself in a dilemma now and then through having forgotten, or neglected to inquire the parole. One night I owed my arrival home, after dining with some friends in the garrison, entirely to the ready wit of a private soldier, who by the way was not an Irishman, as ready witted soldiers are usually supposed to be. On walking leisurely towards the gate I was stopped by the sentry, with the customary question, "Who goes there?" "A
friend," was of course the answer. "Advance friend, and give the parole." This was just what I was unable to do; and after a long parley, which did not seem likely to effect the object, a soldier who was lying on a charpoy close at hand came to my relief. "It's a very bad word to-night, sir," he said. "I am very sorry to hear it, my man," I answered, "but I should still like to know how bad it is." "It's wosser nor bad, sir, this time," he rejoined with great gravity. I was aware that the "run" of the pass-words for the last ten days had been upon the names of Indian stations, so I had no difficulty in arriving at a conclusion. "Wusseerabad," I answered promptly, and passed on, to the great relief of the sentry as well as myself.

The "run" upon pass-words, by the way, is sometimes carried on to an amusing extent. In the same year of disorganization, 1858, there was a brigadier at one of the north-west stations, who was supposed to have been blighted in his affections, and who invariably fixed upon female names for the parole. After going the whole round of proper names denoting the female kind, even to the Clementinas and Wilhelminas, and such tortuous varieties, he would begin over again at compounds, as "Mary-Anne," "Amelia-Jane," "Anna-Maria," and so forth. In this manner he always kept himself and the garrison under the softening influence of feminine associations.

I heard a story apropos of pass-words, about the same time, which I think has not found its way into print. A certain noble lord and distinguished cavalry officer, was proceeding on the "grand round" one night, having the pass-words for the different posts all ready written on a slip of paper in his pocket. On being required by a sentry to give the parole, he referred to his memo-
random, and gave the wrong one. "Exeter" would not do; he was equally unsuccessful with "Plymouth;" at last, after reading another name or two, he growled with characteristic impatience: "Devenport, and be —— to you." "Pass Devenport, and be —— to you," replied the sentry, happy in the glory of having sworn at the great man without the possibility of reproof.

One hot morning, shortly after my arrival at Agra, we were all startled by the sudden irruption of the Maharajah Scindia of Gwalior, with his prime minister Dunkur Rao, and a small escort. The Maharajah had been attacked by the rebels and forced to fly. I believe he was very sulky as it was his wont to be, and not disposed to be content under the sacrifice which he had made for his adherence to British rule; but Dunkur Rao, a sagacious and loyal man, exerted himself to calm his master's mind, and give a right direction to his ideas. Of course it was the business of the authorities to set the Rajah up again as soon as possible; so all the available troops were despatched at once from Agra, and the object was accomplished in a very short time. Gwalior is not much more than seventy miles from Agra, so that we had continual accounts of the progress of operations, and were not a little relieved on hearing of the retaking of the place.

It was shortly before the outbreak at Gwalior that I paid a visit to Bhurtpore, some five and thirty miles from Agra. Captain (now Major) Nixon, of the Bombay Army, was then officiating as Political Agent there. It was a difficult position; but, after having been once routed out of the place by the rebellious spirit of the troops, he returned with great gallantry to his post, where he re-established himself by the exercise of rare sagacity and firmness, and at the time to which I refer was the
practical ruler of the country, the Maharajah, who was only eight or ten years of age, being of course unfit to take the direction of affairs. The young Maharajah, however, was a very intelligent boy, and was being very judiciously educated under the advice of the Political Agent, and promises to make a very enlightened governor. He held a durbar for my reception, an honour which I, being a private individual, must consider as to my host, rather than to myself. It was followed by a similar reception, which "we," as in duty bound, returned to His Highness. Captain Nixon at this time lived in one of the palaces, where I also took up my quarters. It was a right regal residence, furnished in that mixture of Oriental and French taste such as may be seen all over the East—beginning at the Pacha's palace at Alexandria. Captain Nixon appeared to be wonderfully popular, so much so that it was found difficult, when we drove out in the evenings, to get away from the populace, who insisted on surrounding the carriage and following it far out of the city with loud cries of "Salaam, Sahib!" and various expressions of homage and devotion.

A slight difficulty arose upon the occasion of my first visit, as to the possibility of getting back again. The rebels from Jhansee were scouring about, and it was difficult to say which way they would go. They were as likely to make a dash upon Bhurtpore as not, and as I was only a looker on there, it was not considered desirable that I should wait to receive them. Bhurtpore being a native state there was of course no dâk laid for travellers by our companies. All the arrangements for my proceeding thither had been made by my hospitable friend the Political Agent, who sent an open carriage and four, with an escort of sowars into Agra, for my accommodation. It
was by the same conveyance that I now returned, the escort being doubled to guard against contingencies. I thus made the journey in royal state, but could not refrain, every time we stopped to change horses, counting the chances for and against my escort cutting my throat. That they did not do so I consider a high tribute to the character of the Political Agent, and the potency of the British power. The rebels, it was afterwards found, went to Calpee, and treated Bhurtpore and myself with silent contempt.

Later in the season, when things were quieter, I went once more to Bhurtpore, with a friend; and this time we had some shikaring in true native style—beating up the deer, and hunting them with cheeturs, a sport which is well worth seeing, if only for once. We also went to Deeg, and passed a couple of days in the palace there, taking leave at last of our hospitable friend Captain Nixon, whose diplomatic abilities, I am glad to see, have since procured for him a higher post.

In this hurried sketch I have no time to give an account of the many objects of interest in this portion of Rajpootana; but before taking leave of the youthful Maharajah, I may notice the fact that he was married in the following year (1859) to the daughter of the Maharajah of Puttiala, one of the most devoted of our allies. I received an invitation to be present at the festivities, which were held at Puttiala—a wonderful document, written in Persian, the paper being sprinkled with gold stars. It was contained in a paper wrapper, over which was a white muslin bag, and the whole was enclosed in a bag of red and yellow kimkhab, or brocade, to which was appended, by the string which tied up the end, the Maharajah's seal, the impression of which upon the wax, was somewhat smaller than an Abernethy biscuit. This
illustrious looking document was forwarded by Major Bouverie, who had just succeeded Captain Nixon as Political Agent. It was a great matter of regret to me that I was unable to avail myself of this opportunity to behold a scene seldom witnessed by Europeans. The bride was two or three years younger than the youthful Maharajah; the marriage was therefore merely nominal, and will remain so for some years longer; but this circumstance did not prevent the festivities from being conducted upon a very magnificent scale.

A trip to the Mussoorie, in the Himalayas, was my next change from dear dull Agra. It was a very welcome one, for Agra in August is apt to be hot, hot, hot. The declining sun one evening saw a dâk gharree getting out of the station as fast as the horse could take it, and with all the air of defiance that could be conveyed by the coachman’s horn, which that functionary blew with an energy worthy of a better cause. The occupants of the vehicle were myself and military friend who was just ill enough to get sick leave, and just well enough to be able to enjoy it. We were both in high spirits, and determined to make the most of the glorious prospect before us—of getting nearer and nearer to cold weather at every stage.

We made our progress to the hills without any adventure; but I noticed in travelling by dâk, above as well as below Agra, that a sowar or two always rode near the carriage by way of escort. These men are mounted police, detachments of whom are kept at the thannahs to keep the road clear, and for the protection of travellers. After the road became impracticable for wheels and we had to take to dhoolies, this precaution was dispensed with, just when it was more necessary than ever, as it appeared to me.
The season at Mussoorie was a most auspicious one as regards society. It was made doubly pleasant to me by the cordial hospitality of Mr. Keene, the superintendent and magistrate of Dehra Doon, a distinguished ornament of the Civil Service, and well known for his literary tastes and abilities. Life in the hills is now tolerably familiar to the English readers, so I will not attempt a detail of the proceedings of the few weeks that I enjoyed at Mussoorie among scenery scarcely surpassed in beauty by any in the world, and in a climate which is as healthy as that of England, for Englishmen, and ten times more agreeable. All things must have an end, and in October I again took a downward course, resting at several stations on my way, with friends with whom I had made engagements to spend a few days.

Soon after my arrival at Agra a great event occurred—the proclamation of Her Majesty's accession to the direct government of the empire, vice the East India Company. The change had been anticipated for some time past, and was looked forward to with feelings of doubt and dread, hope and exultation, according to prejudice or opinion. That it was generally received with satisfaction by the natives there can be no doubt, they believed then as they believe now, that it was a measure intended for their welfare—a kind of Magna Charta to which they can always appeal against local injustice. That the change was a natural consequence of the mutiny is now generally admitted; and that the reforms which have followed are natural consequences of the change, is equally certain. The reading of the proclamation at Agra was not a very imposing sight—that is to say, in comparison with any field day when the troops were all out. Mr. Reade, the senior civil
officer of the station, read the document from his saddle in a feeling and impressive manner; but very few, naturally, could hear; and a native official read the same in Hindustanee for the benefit of the native troops. There was great cheering of course, and the firing of a salute added to the general excitement; after which there was something like an illumination in the evening. In this manner Her Majesty took possession of her own in Agra.

It was in the following month that I left the station once more, and proceeded downwards on my way to Allahabad. The journey this time was not destined to be accomplished without an adventure, which I will briefly narrate.

I had left Agra in the evening, as most travellers do, and had passed through Mynpoorie early in the morning. I had made a very short stay at a bungalow for breakfast, and intended to go straight through until I arrived at Cawnpore. I have always thought that in the cold weather, with tolerably good horses, and nothing particular on one's mind, there is a great deal of enjoyment to be derived from a dâk journey. I do not pretend to have any experience of the "old coaching days" in England, and the pleasure of riding behind "four spanning tits," but I can fancy, that whether outside or inside, the constrained position must have been very irksome, and that it could be accompanied by rest only in the latter case; when close confinement, with five other passengers, could not have been very pleasant. As for railway travelling, one is at one's ease certainly and has plenty of room; but the discipline is very hard to endure; you are not a free agent: you must make yourself part and parcel of the conveyance at the risk of inconvenience almost incalculable. Now dâk travelling is open to neither of
these objections. You have the carriage all to yourself, or may share it with a friend if you like. You may stop when you please and go on when you please, and when you are in progress you are stretched at your ease, without any necessary regard to conventionalities of costume, and with all your little world of conveniences about you—your books to read, your cheroots to smoke; any refreshments, liquid or solid, that you like to bring with you; your arms for your defence if need be, or for sport if it so please you, and an opportunity presents itself; the driver devoted to you, everybody at the staying places your most obedient servants; no general convenience to consider, nothing to consider, in fact, except your own pleasure and comfort. A dâk journey has all these recommendations; and if there be not a great demand for horses on the road, so that they have proper rest, and your gharree be not too heavily loaded, very little annoyance need be apprehended to counterbalance them.

Upon the occasion in question I was journeying under all these favourable circumstances, and the month being December, the weather was as cool as need be. I had just partaken of a pleasing lunch, and was enjoying a book and a cheroot, while proceeding at a rapid rate towards Cawnpore, when on a sudden the gharree was pulled up with a jerk, and looking out from the doorway I saw a couple of natives holding the horse's head. I leapt out immediately, as you may suppose, having taken care that my revolver was safe at my waist, though not too ostentatiously displayed, and rushed into a torrent of remonstrances at being detained, giving orders to the coachman to proceed immediately. A very short explanation, however, was sufficient to convince me of the propriety of the summary stoppage
of my carriage. The men who had taken upon themselves to detain me I saw at once belonged to the police, and from them I learned that “the rebels” were only a mile or so ahead of me, in large force, at a ghat called Goorsaigunj. They were commanded by Feroze Shah, a Delhi chief of considerable renown, who had crossed the Ganges from Oude, at an unguarded place, on the previous night. They were advancing upwards, and unless I changed my course I should be in the midst of them before many minutes had elapsed. There were a party of travellers farther on, I learned, at a place called Meerun ka Scrai, who had been shut up since early morning, not daring to show until the danger was past. There was no time to think twice; so I bade the coachman once more mount the box, and prepared for ignominious flight. It so happened that the horse that was in the shafts was the only one that had given any trouble during the day’s journey; he had evinced a strong tendency to go no farther than he was made to go; but when once his head was turned he went like the wind. I have often heard the remark made, by the way, by fugitives, that their horses have generally felt the excitement of flight, and have been ready to go twice the distance at twice the speed that they could have been induced to achieve upon ordinary occasions. Whether riding or driving there is something in the earnestness of the rider or driver which is sure to communicate itself to the inferior animal.

It is certain that we made our way back again towards Mynpoorie a great deal quicker than we came, and it must have been a “flying column” indeed that could have overtaken us. One horse after another seemed to take the infection, and we had accomplished thirty miles—the larger half of the distance—in what
seemed to me an incredibly short space of time. Occa-
sionally I looked out to the rear to see if there were
any signs of a possible enemy, but all was clear in that
direction. I had just settled myself down again to my
book after one of these *reconnaissances*, when once more
the gharree was pulled up with a jerk, and the coachman,
in a voice of terror, called out that the enemy's Cavalry
were coming upon us from the front.

You may be sure that I looked to the front with some
anxiety, when on the road, sure enough, was plainly to
be seen a native *ressalch*, advancing at the trot. It
really seemed this time as if my hour was come. Resis-
tance to a force of the kind would be rather absurd;
but we are none of us disposed to part with our lives
upon easier terms than we can help; so I mechanically
looked to my revolver, regretting I had but one (having
been induced to part with my other at Agra, where
those weapons were scarce) forgetting that *one* was all I
could possibly have a chance of using. The six barrels
were all loaded, the caps in their places, and the instru-
ment of course cocked. I had besides the "kind of a
dirk" which I had lent to Mrs. ——, the intrepid lady
whom I had escorted to Benares; and also a long native
tulwar which had been taken from some of the *suspects*
at Agra, and which was not likely to be of the slightest
use to me if I had to come to close quarters in the
gharree. A few minutes of breathless expectation
passed, during which the regular trot of the troops
ahead became painfully monotonous. At last they came
quite close to the gharree, which was all the time drawn
up at the side of the road. I did not hear the order,
but they were on a sudden brought to a halt, and then
looking out to face the worst, I had the indescribable
satisfaction of seeing that the officers were *white!* The
force proved to be a detachment of Alexander’s Horse, and the commanding officer (Captain Alexander himself) now informed me that they had left Mynpoorie early in the morning to look after the rebels, and would like to know where they were. I told him, and he was very glad to hear that they were so near. Our conference was brief, as there was no time to spare, and with hasty adieu we parted. I would willingly have retraced my route, and seen what followed: but my gharree would have been decidedly in the way, and my traps moreover were on the top of it, and these I had no desire to lose. Accordingly I made no apology for leaving those whose business it was to look after the enemy, and devoting my main care to looking after myself.

It was about sunset when I arrived at Mynpoorie. Here I was immediately surrounded by an anxious crowd of persons, civil and military, eager to hear the news, and to afford me every possible accommodation as a forlorn fugitive. I soon found myself in the hospitable quarters of Captain Dickson, second in command of the Levy, where several of us dined and passed the evening in that state of cheerful anxiety which is a common condition of military life on active service. I slept that night in his bungalow; but next day, finding an old Agra friend, Dr. Watson, who was civil surgeon of the station, I inflected myself upon his hospitality for the rest of my stay. This was extended to ten days, during which time it was impossible to proceed with any rational idea of safety. Indeed the chances appeared to be that we should be shut up in the place, and transformed into an “illustrious garrison and a band of heroes,” whether we liked it or not. The rebels abandoned the trunk road, it seems, upon the approach of Alexander’s Horse, and Colonel Percy Herbert made a
successful onslaught upon them from Cawnpore. That they would pay us a visit seemed a matter of certainty; and the little fort was, with timely forethought, provisioned to stand a siege. But the rebels went to Etawah instead, a place about thirty miles off, where we heard to our great joy, that they had been beaten by Mr. Allan Hume, the magistrate of the place, and a band of Volunteers. It was an admirably conducted repulse, and one of the several acts of good service for which Hume gained his well deserved C. B.-ship. After this we had nothing to do but to send medical assistance to the wounded at Etawah, and an enthusiastic Irishman was accordingly despatched, very late one night, but as soon as possible after the demand had been made, to do his professional all on their behalf. I have no doubt of the doctor being a very skilful man; but I must confess that I had some doubts of his being able to render much assistance to the wounded when I saw him go off on his journey. It was the dead of night. He was just out from England, and could not speak a word of the native language. He refused to take any change of dress with him, but went off on the top of a camel, with his case of instruments under his arm, declaring that “he was an Irishman, and would die for his country.” As the great object of his country, represented just then by Etawah, was to get him to live for it, the offer, handsome though it was, could scarcely be said to meet the requirements of the case. However, he did arrive safely, as I was afterwards rejoiced to hear, and according to all accounts the wounded were very glad to see him.

It was a strange time, the ten days that we passed waiting to know what were the “intentions” of Feroze Shah. A portion of Her Majesty’s 64th regiment were quartered at the place, and these were all the European
troops upon whom we had, and all the troops probably upon whom we could rely. The native Levy was considered decidedly doubtful. The officers of the 64th messed with the civilians and station staff; and there being a tolerably large party, you may be sure that no gloomy anticipations interfered with the general enjoyment. Dinner was usually the occasion of a general gathering; and after dinner there were sometimes cards, and even such pastimes as comic songs were not unknown. There is one cheerful composition of this kind called "The Nobby Head of Hair," which was particularly popular during that anxious period. It has long since passed away from the fashions of vocal facetiousness in London; so I may mention for the benefit of some of my readers, that it turns upon the miseries which may befall a gentleman through being endowed with hirsute adornments of too attractive a kind. It is a simple song, with a chorus, and is principally intended to excite the risible emotions; but were I to live a hundred years I should never cease to associate that song with the idea of a rebel force being on the march against Mynpoorie, and the not improbable contingency of our throats all being cut before morning.

At last the roads were declared safe, and I declared for departure; so taking a warm farewell of my friend the doctor, and the rest of the "good men and true" by by whom my stay had been enlivened in no ordinary degree, I once more had the horse put to (the same horse, who had enjoyed a holiday all the time) and made the best of my way to Cawnpore, proceeding thence to my destination at Allahabad.

Before concluding these rough notes of my impressions of the Upper Provinces immediately after the breaking of what was familiarly called "the neck of the
revolt," it may not be out of place to refer briefly to the causes by which that revolt was brought about. I believe the man to whom, of all others, we owe the disasters of 1857-58, was the Nana Sahib. Whether he be alive or dead is still a doubtful question; but in either case that man may be considered the immediate agent in the mutinies, and the perpetrator of the greatest of all the atrocities that marked the reign of terror of 1857. It is as the murderer of Cawnpore that he is best known to the public at home. Yet the part that he took in the outbreak is no less clearly ascertained. Most of our metropolitan readers remember a certain "Indian Prince" who was the lion of the London season of 1856. In conspicuous public places, in exclusive private society, the magnificence of his appearance and the "peculiar charm of his manner" attracted all eyes, and it is whispered not a few hearts. This man was one Azimoolah Khan, the agent of the Nana, despatched to London to prosecute a claim made by his master upon the British government, as the adopted heir of the Peishwa of the Maharattas, which claim had been refused by the Indian authorities. He was not a prince at all, only a menial servant originally; but London society is not always discriminating where "distinguished foreigners" are concerned, and Azimoolah carried everything his own way. Not quite, however, for he did not carry back with him the admission, by the home authorities, of the Nana's claim. The Nana, upon receiving a refusal, became a bitter enemy of the power which he had formerly flattered, of the people whose representatives he had been for years proud to entertain, in intimate social relations, at his palace in Bithoor. Opportunity was not long wanting for vengeance. Oude was then in a
state of disaffection, caused by annexation, in which there was some want of good faith, and a succeeding state of things in which there was a great want of popular government. Our administration of the province, though conducted by able men, actuated by the best motives, had made itself disliked. The lower class, though better off than before, did not appreciate what we are accustomed to call the blessings of British rule; everybody else was sadly interfered with, and missed the glorious laxity and congenial corruption of an Oriental court. We had so few European troops in the province that it seems now something like insanity to have attempted the annexation at the time. Throughout India there had been a drain of the same defence, caused by the Crimean war. That war had so weakened us at home, Azimoolah told his master, that we could not spare another man whatever might happen. Could there ever be a better opportunity, the Nana said to his friends, for overthrowing the British power? The native princes of India were thoroughly scared by the successive annexations of Lord Dalhousie, and the crowning appropriation of Oude was more than the common safety could endure. Then came the affair of the greased cartridges. The objection to this ammunition, introduced for the Enfield rifle, was doubtless unprompted in the first place. Still it would have blown over but for the intrigues of the Nana and his friends, who worked upon the susceptibilities of the Hindoo sepoys, and inspired them with the idea of a conspiracy to destroy their caste. The mock court of Delhi was of course ready with every aid; the followers of the deposed King of Oude did not scruple to lend secret support. An understanding was established between the disaffected everywhere, and, mainly by Mahomedan in-
trigues, corruption was sown among the Hindoo soldiery in nearly all the regiments of the native army. As for the Mahomedan soldiery, the political object, already not unfamiliar to them, and the prospect of plunder, were quite sufficient inducements to join in the revolt. So well planned were all the arrangements that our overthrow must have been the result but for the affair of the 3rd Cavalry, which occasioned the premature outbreak at Meerut on that terrible Sunday night in May. The colonel of the 3rd has been blamed for the strong measure which he resorted to by placing some eighty mutineers of that regiment in irons, and so provoking the rising of the rest; but a milder policy would probably have been productive of worse consequences, and the act was certainly justifiable by military law. But for the rising of the 3rd, in fact, the plans of the conspirators would have had time to ripen, and it is highly improbable that we should at the present moment be forming new Councils and new Courts, selling land in fee simple, and preparing for the extension of Perpetual Settlements in our Indian empire.

For what did happen as well as for what might have happened, we have equally to thank the Nana, whose guilt is so certain that his trial, should he ever be captured, will be little more than a formality. His agent, Azimoolah, has already perished; and some of his admirers in London may be interested in the alleged fact that he has left behind him some records of his success in the fashionable world in the shape of a packet of correspondence, which was captured as spoil by a private soldier, in whose possession it remained not very long ago, when he refused to give it up.
III.

AN INTELLIGENT FOREIGNER AT THE ANDAMANS.

There is a current conventionalism which always describes a foreigner as intelligent. He may be a fool at home, and probably is, but directly he finds himself or loses himself in another country, the character assigned to him is that of a shrewd observer, from whom people have to learn home-truths.

An intelligent foreigner has been to the Andaman Islands, and has told us more about that country than we ever knew before. His name is Doodnath Tewarry, of whom it may be said, in the accepted biographical style, that he commenced his career in the military service of the Hon. the East India Company, and after the struggle for independence in 1857, was sent at the expense of government to Port Blair. Shortly after the date of his arrival at that settlement, we find the subject of this memoir running away; and it was when he came back again, of his own accord, after a year and twenty-four days' absence in the Andaman Jungle, that he communicated the interesting results of his experience, which have been arranged for publication by that most obliging of men, Dr. Walker, before he had enough of it in the proud position which he would not keep at vol. II.
any price—and have been published to the world by a paternal government.

Doodnath Tewarry’s statement is in a literary point of view, well worthy of a protegé of so accomplished an amateur of elegant English as Lord Canning. In other respects it is both useful and entertaining, and clearly stamps the author as being of the “intelligent class.” He tells us that he escaped, with twenty others, to the main land of the Andamans, in hopes of obtaining military service with the Raja of Burmah. Upon arriving they were joined by another party of congenial convicts, and their force thus became increased in number to one hundred and thirty. Instead of obtaining service they were nearly starved, and after fourteen days of wandering, were “surrounded,” a hundred and thirty of them, by a hundred of the aborigines, whom they tried to “conciliate” (a policy learned in Calcutta) but who did not spare them, (a policy learned probably in the North West.) Some of the convicts were killed, others fled, and others seemed to have been reduced to both extremities. Doodnath got arrows through his body, and all sorts of unpleasantness, and was ultimately dragged out of some bushes in which he had attempted to hide himself, by the leg. The aborigines after this “took a kindly interest” in him, and took him besides to an adjacent island—that of Turmooglee, about eight miles distant from the south-west coast of the great Andaman Island. Since that time he had been wandering about with his captors from island to island, and to the main land. He lived with the aborigines, and “comforted himself with them after their fashion.” The principal characteristics of this comforting were wearing no clothes, keeping his head shaved, subsisting upon his captors’ fare, &c., which last especially
must have somewhat scandalized his caste—that of a Brahmin. They did not, however, expect service of him, though they long regarded him with suspicion, and would not trust him with arms—not even with a bow and arrows, which he sometimes wished to assume upon sportive pretexts. Wives, however, were less dangerous, so they gave him two. One of them was aged twenty, and was named Leepa, and the other, about sixteen, rejoiced in the cognomen of Jigra. The former, he tells us gravely, was about to produce him a pledge of their mutual affection, when he deserted her and her tribe in order to give information of an intended attack upon the convict station of Aberdeen, which loyal impulse it was—mingled perhaps with a slight desire to get away from his wife—which occasioned his giving to the authorities the renewed pleasure of his society.

Our intelligent foreigner’s description of the country and the people is very minutely given, and with that patronizing air usually assumed by the literary traveller. He considers that there were plenty of inhabitants, as he could not have seen less than fifteen thousand of them, men, women, and children. The whole population, he says, is migratory, rarely residing many days in one locality. They are particularly partial to the sea coast for the sake of the fish, but occasionally migrate to the interior for pigs and fruit, the former of which they hunt. They are usually divided into groups, varying in strength from two to three hundred individuals. They all seem to belong to the same tribe. There appeared to be about the same proportion between the sexes as in Hindustan. He saw no signs of infanticide being practised; the deaths seemed to be less numerous than the births, and he is therefore of opinion that the population is increasing. He has no reason to suppose
that the aborigines emigrate to distant places. He considers the aborigines uncivilized, does our intelligent friend; but they are certainly not cannibals in any way, for they neither devour human bodies nor raw meat in any form. He considers them "wild," and savage generally to strangers (with one complimentary exception, it appears) and particularly kind to one another. "They do not seem to have any idea of a Supreme Being, go about naked, have little or no shame, and hardly know what fear is; they have very few wants, and these are generally obtained [the wants?] on the spot; they know nothing whatever of cultivation, subsisting by hunting and fishing, aided by wild fruits and roots, which are cooked in the simplest manner."

A man, we are further informed, has with rare exceptions, only one wife or mate—a fact which shows that giving him two was a delicate attention of no ordinary kind. But, he adds, he does not see why they should so restrict themselves, as neither married men nor unmarried women are at all particular in their amatory arrangements. The only persons subject to restrictions, in fact, are the widows, and they never re-marry, and are always models of propriety. The marriage ceremony is very simple. "The parties" are brought together without, it is believed, the lady being in any way consulted. There is only one other person, an "elder," present at the ceremony, not that others are forbidden, but nobody else seems to care about the proceeding. "Towards evening the bride, having painted her body in stripes, with her fingers, smeared with red earth moistened with turtle oil, sits on leaves spread over the ground, by way of carpet or bed; the bridegroom who is similarly painted, squats on his carpet of leaves at a distance of ten or twelve paces off. They thus sit in
silence for about an hour, after which the individual who has to join them comes from his hut, takes the bridegroom by the hand, and leads him to where the bride is, and having seated him, without saying a word, presents him with five or six headed arrows, and returns to his hut, leaving the married couple alone; and they sit alongside of each other in perfect silence for several hours, that is, until it be quite dark. Next day they converse with one another as usual.” In the case of our intelligent friend there was but little ceremony observed, he tells us. He was led up to the ladies and told to seat himself between them, the “elder” [i.e. the elderly gentleman] merely pronouncing the mystic, but apparently encouraging words, “jiree joy,” which completed the formalities.

The women, according to this account, take upon themselves much the same duties that belong to women in most parts of the world. They do not share in the pig-sticking and other boisterous propensities of their husbands, but incline themselves to cooking and household concerns, though they will catch shell-fish on the rocks, and make themselves otherwise agreeable. “The aborigines,” our friend further informs us, “do not allow a particle of hair to remain on their bodies, and it is the women who act as barbers, to the men, women, and children, and shave them quickly and cleanly with small chips of bottle glass of the size of a small bean, but not thicker than the blade of a penknife. To make suitable chips some art is required: the piece of glass is struck sharply on the very edge, with a hard stone found on the beach.” The women also transact surgical operations with the same pieces of glass—the great remedy for all hurts being applications
of red earth and turtle oil, with local bleeding. All the aborigines are tattooed, all over the body with the exception of the neck, the head also being spared. On the march the women carry the children, and build the huts, when they encamp, of boughs and leaves. The women are described as "strongly built, stout, and hardworking," and generally somewhat less in stature than the men, who seem to be short, for our intelligent friend says that he never met with anybody so tall as himself, and he is five feet nine and a half. With regard to beauty, he tells us that both men and women would be considered ugly in Hindustan, but perhaps he is difficult to please, and had his taste somewhat severely tried by his two wives.

Our traveller tells it, as a remarkable circumstance, that "Andamanee parents manifest the same fondness for their offspring as is manifested by parents in Hindustan, and children exhibit the usual affection and respect for their parents." This is a very gratifying fact, which seems to have made an impression upon the mutineer mind. Moreover, he tells us, "children play among themselves much in the same way that they do in Hindustan; the girls are very fond of playing with the sand on the beach, raising it in a circle or square around them, and calling the interior their house (bood,) and imitating the manners and customs of grown up people." This playing with sand is a very near approach to the mud pie of British childhood, the manufacture of which seems to be one of those touches of nature which make the whole world kin, though our traveller does not exactly say so.

Upon the whole our intelligent foreigner has acquitted himself most creditably. His statement, of
which I have presented the pith to the reader, would be pronounced by any impartial critic who was not sensitive about jog-trot phraseology, "a valuable contribution to geographical literature;" and if the author could only manage to get a ticket of leave, he might become the lion of next season in London, and Chapman and Hall would be certain to offer him handsome terms for a book.
IV.

MEN AND THEIR MONKEYS.

One of the Bombay papers not long ago complained of a piece of unequal justice which has been enacted on board a ship in the harbour. A Midshipman, while bathing, was nearly being carried away by a dangerous current, and must have been drowned had not two men jumped overboard and saved him. The recompense which they received for their gallantry was having their grog stopped for a week. A few days previously the Captain’s monkey fell overboard, and one of the men knowing him to be a favourite, jumped after him, and brought him safely on board. This sailor was not only not deprived of his rum for taking to the water, but was for this important service, promoted to the rank of signal quartermaster.

I mention this story not because it is likely to occasion the slightest surprise, or to prevent other Captains from making similar distinctions between Midshipmen and monkeys whenever they feel inclined; but because it points a moral which may be of practical use to many of my readers.

The two men who rescued the Midshipman should have remembered, before taking the leap which I fear
will be fatal to their prospects in the service, that Talleyrand advises all persons in public employment never to display zeal; or if they never read the sayings of that benevolent man, some philanthropist should have quoted it to them. Professionally a Midshipman cannot be of much importance, and if they merely acted on the ground of common humanity, they were acting upon a principle, which, if consistently carried out, would be incompatible with discipline and the interests of the service. Moreover they should have perceived that the Captain in drawing any distinction between a Midshipman and a monkey, paid the former a delicate compliment, not always accorded by society, which is too apt to confound the two, and even to call one by the name of the other. It would clearly therefore have been more prudent and considerate on their part, had they contented themselves with watching the struggles of the young officer, whose fate they might afterwards have lamented comfortably over their grog.

A far more wise policy was that of the seaman who saved the monkey. By so doing he rendered a personal service which was not likely to be without its reward. The loss of the monkey would probably have deprived the captain of his most congenial associate, whose place it would have been difficult to supply, whereas another Midshipman could be had for the asking, and his loss be felt by nobody except perhaps by a stray mother and sister, or a chance schoolfellow whom he might have once saved from a licking. The amount of gratitude in the two cases could not of course be the same, and the result is nothing more than might have been expected.

The signal quartermaster with his allowance of grog, has probably learnt a lesson for life; and if he properly appreciates it his professional fortune is made. He is,
we will lay any wager, in his own sphere, one of the most rising men of the day. But the lesson is one by which not only he may profit. It is applicable to all men who have anything to gain in the way of promotion from superior authority. Every great man has his monkey. It may not be a leaping, skipping, chattering creature, with a ring tail and engaging manners, but it is a monkey of some kind. One man's monkey is his monkey in the literal sense of that of the Captain. Another man's monkey may be his horses. A third man's monkey may be his wife. A fourth man's monkey may be his good looks. Musical abilities, and powers of conversation, are also favorite monkeys with many men, and some have professional vanity for a monkey—especially when they happen to have nothing to be vain about on that score. The great object of the aspirant for favour should therefore be to discover what is the particular monkey of his superior, and then to save it as often as it gets into danger. Whether it be a veritable baboon, or his patron's horses, wife, good looks, musical abilities, powers of conversation, professional abilities—that monkey must always be praised and paid every attention to, and promptly leapt after should it ever fall overboard in the estimation of society. It is of no use to mind a little wetting now and then, or even dry remarks which the subject will suggest. The aspirant must be above all such influences; he must stand by his man, and in the end he is certain to get his reward. I should like to have a hundredth part of the rewards that have been conferred upon this heroic principle.