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P 62

THE
CALCUTTA REVIEW.

VOLUME CXXXI.

October 1910.

No man who hath tested learning but will confess the many ways of profiting by those who, not contained with stale receipts, are able to manage and set forth new positions to the world; and were they but as the dust and cinders of our feet, so long as in that notion they may yet serve to polish and brighten the armoury of truth, even for that respect they were not utterly to be cast away.—MILTON.

Calcutta:

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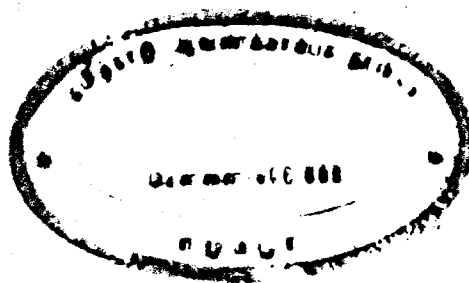
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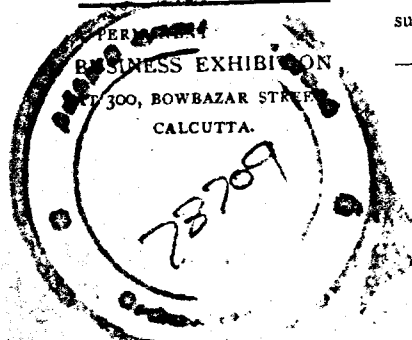
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THE

CALCUTTA REVIEW.

No. CCLXII.

CONTENTS.

	Page.
ART. I.—THE QUARTER	445
„ II.—A PLEA FOR AN AQUARIUM IN CAL- CUTTA	453
„ III.—RAMAPROSAD ROY	460
„ IV.—HOW TO ESTABLISH A HAPPY RELA- TION BETWEEN THE RULERS AND THE RULED IN INDIA	478
„ V.—IRRIGATION: ITS WAYS AND MEANS	492
„ VI.—POSITION OF INDIANS IN BRITISH INDIAN ADMINISTRATION	505
ACKNOWLEDGMENTS	571

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THE CALCUTTA REVIEW.

No. 262.—OCTOBER 1910.

Art. I.—THE QUARTER.

POLITICALLY there has been nothing of absorbing interest to chronicle during the quarter under review. A spirit of calmness has pervaded everything, and in Bengal we have been free more or less of those ebullitions of Bengali effervescence which broke out intermittently during previous quarters. Savarkar, whose teachings are supposed to have been one of the contributory causes of the foul assassination of Mr. Jackson at Nasik last year and whose daring attempt at escape in Marseilles, while on his way from London to Bombay under arrest created a sensation, is now undergoing his trial in connection with that murder, while the trial of the Dacca conspirators whose fond dream was to drive the English out of India and instal Tilak as King instead is proceeding. A feature of the latter case has been the masterly handling of the vast and complicated evidence by the prosecuting counsel, Mr. Roy, who, in the course of his severe examination, exposed one of the most impudent and dangerous campaigns ever launched to overthrow British influence in this country.

The quarter may be described as a period of marking time. His Excellency Lord Minto. Minto has spent the entire quarter at Simla, while preparations have been going on for the fitting reception of his great successor. It is yet too early to form a true conception of the reforms which Lord Minto has introduced at a critical period in Indian history. These reforms have met with varied criticism, but whatever may be their ultimate effect there is at any rate for the present much evidence to show that they have had a pacifying effect on the Indian mind, and the ready response which has been made by Indians to the appeal to build a commemoration pillar in remembrance of Lord Minto's reign, is eloquent testimony to their gratitude for all that the out-going Viceroy has done to satisfy Indian aspirations, and we have no doubt that his final departure from Calcutta will be made the occasion of a great popular demonstration of Bengal gratitude for all the favours received at his hands.

We have already commented on the unanimous approval which hailed the appointment of Lord Hardinge of Penshurst as Lord Minto's successor as Viceroy of India; and during the quarter we had further evidence of the wisdom of the selection. We have no doubt that under his administration we shall have tact combined with firmness—qualities so necessary for the Ruler of India.

A good deal of nonsense has been appearing in some of the newspapers regarding the resignation of the Hon'ble Mr. Sinha of his portfolio as Law Member, but the facts are very simple, for we know that the only cause which has led the hon'ble gentleman to divest himself of his great

responsibilities as a part and parcel of the Government of India is his desire to return to his lucrative practice at the Calcutta Bar. It is a very ordinary reason, especially in the case of a gentleman who is wedded to his profession and who in that profession is looked up to as one of the shining lights thereof.

Another Departmental move which agitated some minds during the quarter was the appointment of Mr. Clark, the Private Secretary to the Chancellor of the Exchequer as the Member for Commerce and Industry. There was a howl of discontent heard from some quarters over the appointment, but we have had sufficient evidence to anticipate that it will prove to be one of considerable benefit to this country. Mr. Clark will bring with him a great reputation, and the appointment synchronising with that of the advent of a new Viceroy is a most fortunate event for this country.

Good progress has been made with the preparations at the great Exhibition which is to take place at Allahabad during December, January and February next. The "Cream City" as it has been euphoniously termed has arisen almost Aladdin-like in the Capital of the United Provinces and looks most attractive with its triumphal arches, and neatly set out Courts running at right angles from the banks of the Sacred Jumna. Almost every firm in India has been busy sending exhibits during the quarter to these Courts which are now more or less full of manufactures representative of the different Provinces of the Indian Empire. The arrangements have been made with much forethought and there is every reason to anticipate a most successful Exhibition, while it is expected people from every part of India, will attend.

A number of interesting investigations were carried out during the quarter in the laboratory of the Indian Museum, under the direction of Mr. D. Hooper. In one case a complaint received from a firm of wax contractors in London, led to an investigation into the subject of wax adulteration in India, with the result that it was found that various samples of bees'-wax prepared in Bombay for export were heavily adulterated with paraffin wax. It appears that this adulteration is a Bombay peculiarity. The Calcutta brand of wax is much superior. The interest that has lately been taken in soy beans and oil prompted the Department to examine the beans grown in India. Sample were called for from the chief districts where the beans are grown and it was found that, so far as the yield of oil was concerned, Indian soy beans afforded almost as much oil as the Manchurian and Japanese varieties. An investigation was also carried out in regard to cotton seed oil. The Indian variety is said to have a disagreeable flavour, either owing to the excess of fibre in the seed or to the condition of the seed when it arrives at the factory. In consequence most of the edible cotton seed oil made in England is prepared from Egyptian seed. From the experiments carried out it was found that with careful screening of the seed before crushing, and by washing the oil thoroughly in the process of refining, a perfectly edible oil could be produced from the Indian seed for local use.

The returns of the foreign sea-borne trade of India for July show that owing to the lull in wheat shipments there was a decrease of exports amounting to Rs. 44¼ lakhs. On the other hand, the imports rose

by nearly Rs. 57 lakhs, notwithstanding the continued heavy decline in the receipts of railway plant and machinery and millwork. The increase in the imports of cotton piecegoods reached nearly Rs. 90 lakhs, while other cotton manufactures rose by Rs. 4½ lakhs. The value of the cotton goods imported by Bengal alone amounted to Rs. 175 lakhs. There was a decline of nearly Rs. 14½ lakhs in the sugar imports and of Rs. 3¾ lakhs in tobacco, while the receipts of mineral oil fell by Rs. 19 lakhs. In most classes of manufactures, substantial increases in imports were shown, notably in woollen goods, apparel, silk manufactures and hardware and cutlery. In exports wheat declined by Rs. 171½ lakhs. Tea, on the other hand, increased to the extent of Rs. 52 lakhs, opium by Rs. 35½ lakhs, and raw cotton by Rs. 41¾ lakhs. There was a decline of Rs. 11½ lakhs in jute manufactures and of Rs. 3¾ lakhs in raw jute, but shipments of coal increased by Rs. 84 lakhs and of manganese ore by Rs. 5½ lakhs. The large increases in imports show that the heavy exports of Indian produce in recent months are beginning to tell in the shape of purchases of foreign goods.

Intimation was received during the quarter of the forthcoming visit to India during December of His Serene Highness the Crown Prince of Germany. No definite arrangements have as yet been made, but it is expected that when they are completed they will be of an elaborate nature, including a visit to the Exhibition at Allahabad. Naturally the visit of the Crown Prince of Germany coinciding with or rather following shortly after the arrival of the new Viceroy, will invest the approaching season in Calcutta with more than ordinary interest.

A Distinguished Visitor.

Sea-borne Trade of India.

The health of the quarter has been on the whole exceptionally good, and there has been no epidemic of any kind. Rain has fallen plentifully, and the fears which were at one time entertained of a failure of the Monsoon were, we are glad to chronicle, belied. One of the chief events during the quarter from a sanitary point of view has been the opening of the Tolly's Nullah syphon by which the drainage sewage of the important suburbs of Calcutta has been connected with the city. The insanitary drainage of Alipore and Kidderpore has, in the past, been the source of much sickness in these parts. The launching of the syphon above mentioned ensures a much healthier condition to these parts.

One of the most important announcements made for many years was delivered during the quarter, *viz.*, the decision, after many years of wearisome waiting, to establish an Improvement Trust in Calcutta. Among the improvements enumerated are fifteen miles of new roads which are to open up the filthy and congested plague spots which abound in our midst and which, from their condition, are a menace to the fairer parts of the city. Special facilities are to be provided to relieve the congestion by extending the suburbs, building cheap houses therein, and providing easy and cheap transport between Calcutta and its suburbs. The money to meet the huge Bill for these improvements and others to be mentioned in the fulness of time is to be met by a small tax on people leaving and coming into Calcutta, by a small general tax, by loan, and Government assistance.

Of course it will be years before the new Calcutta is an accomplished fact, but when it does come it will ensure a Calcutta which will be a veritable City of Palaces and rightly deserve the title "Queen of the East."

The tea industry in North-Eastern India suffered a great loss by the sad death of Mr. Geoffrey Pickford, of Messrs. Begg, Dunlop and Co., who was long connected with the Indian Tea Association, of which he rose to be Chairman, and gave of his best ungrudgingly to the development and protection of the trade. The late Mr. Pickford was also a valuable member of the Tea Cess Committee. He was the son of the late Charles Hampden Pickford, and came to India in 1884 to Begg, Dunlop and Co., of which his uncle, the late Sir Donald Macfarlane, was then the senior partner. A malignant growth in the neck necessitated his leaving for England last February to undergo an operation, which unfortunately did him no good. He died in London after much suffering. He was one of the most popular members of Calcutta society and a fine sportsman, in his younger days a mainstay of Rugby football. He was only 45 years old at the time of his death. The event occurring so soon after the decease of his friend, Mr. Lockhart Smith, is singularly pathetic.

We have to record another instance of British pluck and courage in the face of almost insurmountable difficulties during the quarter under report, and those concerned deserve the congratulations of all who plough the deep seas all the world over for purposes of

commerce and trade. The rescue of the *Trieste* from the fearful fate impending her will form an interesting chapter in the naval history of England, which will be remembered for all time with pride, and admiration for those brave sailors who have been the means of adding another laurel to the crown of the glorious achievements of England. The reception given to the gallant crew of the *Lowther Range*, who battled so heroically with the sea while salving the *Trieste*, on her entry into the Hooghly river in the earlier part of the quarter was both fitting and appreciative. The *Lowther Range* dropped anchor at Kidderpore salt golas. In appreciation of the plucky manner in which the officers and crew stood by the disabled *Trieste*, all crews of the vessels she passed up to her anchorage, cheered her loudly. The spectacle presented when she entered Kidderpore dock gate will not easily be forgotten. While the vessel was steaming between two lines of ships, she was loudly cheered by the crews and shouts of "Well done *Lowther Range*" were heard again and again. In several cases the ships were manned in honour of the *Lowther Range*, a profusion of bunting being also displayed. The fund for Mrs. Ramshaw, the widow of the second Engineer of the *Lowther Range*, who lost his life in his heroic attempt to save others, will total £1,000.

The interest manifested by the public of Calcutta and the solicitude shown for Mr. Ramshaw's widow was a well deserved tribute to the memory of the gallant Engineer who sacrificed himself at the post of duty.

Art. II.—A PLEA FOR AN AQUARIUM IN CALCUTTA.

IT is a thousand pities that Calcutta, which boasts of being the third, if not the second, largest city in the British Empire, does not possess an aquarium. She already possesses three great institutions which have placed her in the forefront as the principal centre of scientific study in India. These are the Indian Museum with its magnificent zoological, geological, archæological and ethnographical collections; the Zoological Garden at Alipur—one of the finest in the world; and the Royal Botanical Garden at Sibpur with its unrivalled collection of exotic plants from all parts of the world. The want of an aquarium is therefore all the more to be regretted, considering that its absence detracts from her high position, firstly, as the Metropolis of the Indian Empire and, secondly, as the principal place of scientific research in this country. By providing herself with an aquarium, equipped with all the up-to-date apparatus and appliances, Madras, which had hitherto been regarded as the "Benighted City," has now taken the shine out of the Indian Metropolis.

The Madras Aquarium owes its inception to the former Governor, Lord Ampthill, who, during his incumbency some four years ago, drew up in collaboration with Mr. Edgar Thurston, Superintendent of the Madras Museum, the first rough plan of this institution. After a good deal of delay caused by unforeseen difficulties, the Marine Aquarium was thrown open to the public of Madras on the 21st October 1909, since when it has become a very popular place of resort, as will appear from the following extracts from the Report on the working of the Government Museum, the Marine

Aquarium and the Connemara Public Library during the year 1909-10 :—

“In the last annual report it was stated . ‘The Marine Aquarium building was taken over from the Public Works Department on 3rd November, and since then the work has been mainly experimental. Unforeseen difficulties, mainly concerned with the aeration of the water, have been experienced ; but at the close of the year under review the tanks were stocked with fish and they appear to be thriving The Committee have decided to continue the experimental stage during the hot weather of 1909, and later in the year it is proposed to throw the Aquarium open to the public.’ The Aquarium was eventually opened on 21st October, and the novelty of the display has continued to attract large numbers of visitors. A draughtsman has been employed to make coloured sketches of the fish, and these duly labelled with the scientific and Tamil names of the various species will be exhibited over the tanks. A small guide-book will also be issued.

“Except on Fridays, when the Aquarium is closed to the public, the hours of admission under G.O., No. 556, Educational, dated 22nd August 1906, were from 7 A.M. to 6 P.M. on Wednesdays and from 10 A.M. to 6 P.M. on all other days except Sunday, when visitors were not admitted after 5 P.M. The last Monday of each month, from 12 noon to 6 P.M., was set apart for *gosha* ladies, In order to prevent overcrowding in such a small space, the Government considered that a charge should be levied from visitors, and fixed the following rates :—four annas on Wednesdays and six pies on all other days.

“The number of visitors from 21st October 1909 to 31st March 1910 was 100,463, and the amount realized in admission fees was Rs. 3,330-4-6. The

largest number of visitors on a single day was 3,436 on 16th January (Kannu Pongal). The total numbers of visitors on Wednesdays and the days set apart for *gosha* ladies, were 832 and 2,182 respectively.

“The Aquarium was visited by His Excellency the Governor and by Her Excellency Lady Minto.”

The Madras Aquarium has already attracted the attention of scientists in England, not only by reason of the fact that it is the first institution of its kind in India but also by the richness and variety of the collections of fishes and other marine organisms exhibited therein. *Nature*, the leading scientific periodical of Great Britain and Ireland, published the following interesting account of this unique institution in its issue of the 3rd February 1910 :—

“The Marine Aquarium at Madras, which has recently been thrown open to the public, deserves notice as it is the first institution of its kind in India, if, indeed, it is not the first in the tropics. It owes its inception to Lord Ampthill, who, while Governor of Madras some four years' ago, drew up in conjunction with Mr. Edgar Thurston, Superintendent of the Madras Museum, the first rough plan of a public aquarium. The building, a low, unpretentious brick edifice, is situated on the seaward side of the famed Madras Marina, less than a hundred yards from the sea. The main entrance leads into a large paved area with a central fresh-water pond and fountain, and on either side five tanks with plate-glass fronts, lit from above, each measuring $7 \times 3 \times 3\frac{1}{2}$ feet. The entire seaward side of the central area is occupied by a large open tank at present stocked with turtles (*Chelone mydas*). On either side of the entrance passage are two rooms designed for committee meetings, storage of materials,

etc., and one of them is occupied at present by the aeration plant.

"With the exception of two tanks for fresh-water fish (at present containing species of *Megalops*, *Ophiocephalus*, *Notopterus*, etc.,) which are oxygenated by living *Vallisneria*, the remaining eight contain salt water, which circulates from tank to tank, and in addition are supplied with air from two compression cylinders, forced into each tank through a filter candle. At present the cylinders are filled by hand pumps, but the use of an oil engine is contemplated. Sea water is conveyed to a covered well in the rear of the aquarium along a pipe filled by hand at the seaward end. From the well it is pumped into filter-beds, and from these passes to large elevated cisterns, whence it is distributed to the tanks. The shore water on the Madras coast is so disturbed by the surf that this filtration is unavoidable, though the removal thereby of small organisms is undoubtedly a drawback. The water which has circulated through the aquarium tanks can, if desired, be brought back to the filter-beds and used a second time.

"The Director of the Aquarium is the Superintendent of the Madras Museum, and he is assisted by a local committee. A small admission fee is charged, and already there are signs of the place becoming very popular, more than 1,100 visitors having been admitted on a single day. The magnificent colours of many of the fish, in particular, form a most attractive display. The exhibits include sea-snakes (*Enhydrina* and species of *Distira*) and among the fish species of the following:—*Ginglymostoma*, *Stegostoma*, *Chiloscyllium*, *Muraena*, *Arius*, *Therapon*, *Serranus*, *Lutjanus*, *Myripristis*, *Trachynotus*, *Pterois*, *Caranx*, *Antennarius*, *Heniochus*, *Julis*, *Teuthis*, *Balistes*, *Tetrodon*. The invertebrates

comprise cuttlefish, holothurians, hermitcrabs (*Clibanarius*), swimming crabs (*Scylla* and *Neptunus*), lobsters (*Panulirus*), prawns (*Penæus*), etc. All the specimens have been taken on the Madras coast within a few miles of the Aquarium."

Considering that the Madras Aquarium has become so popular within so short a time, it may reasonably be expected that, if a fresh-water and a marine aquarium are established in connection with the Calcutta Zoological Garden, they would add to the existing attractions thereof. The author of these pages published in the *National Magazine* for August 1890 an article making a suggestion to the aforesaid effect and setting forth the advantages to be derived therefrom. But the Committee of Management of the said institution appear to be indifferent about this matter, for nothing has been done since then for supplying this long-felt want. In a city like Calcutta, which is situated at but a little distance from the sea, the establishment of a marine aquarium will be attended with but very little difficulty and will not entail much expenditure. The Marine Survey under Dr. Alcock, which is doing much for the exploration of the marine fauna of the Indian waters, may be of much use in the procuring of specimens of marine fishes and other organisms. The establishment of a fresh-water aquarium for the exhibition of fresh-water fishes, crustaceans, batrachians, molluscs, etc., will not be expensive at all. The serpentine and the lakes in the Garden abound with a variety of fresh-water fishes, frogs, water-beetles, crabs, turtles, and other beautiful and interesting specimens; so there will not be any difficulty in the way of procuring specimens of fresh-water fauna. The only expenditure that the Committee will have to incur at the very outset is in the

outlay for the construction of a building with properly arranged glass-tanks therein, on the large plot of land on the east side of the Belvedere Road leading from the Zeerut Bridge. The cost of construction and maintenance may be met, as in the case of the Marine Aquarium at Madras, by levying an additional admission fee upon the visitors. So far as fresh-water organisms are concerned, the procurement of specimens thereof will not entail any expenditure on the Committee, as our rivers and lakes, nay, our very tanks abound with a variety of beautiful forms of animal life which might be utilized.

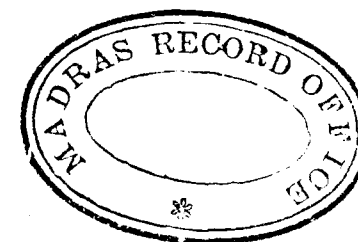
As for marine organisms, the collection of specimens thereof will not present any difficulty now that the Marine Aquarium has been opened at Madras. It will appear from the foregoing description of the latter institution that all the examples of marine fishes, cuttle-fish, holothurians, hermit and swimming crabs, lobsters, prawns and the like, which are now exhibited therein, have been very easily obtained on the Madras coast within a few miles of that aquarium. Under the circumstances, the Committee may very easily procure for the proposed aquarium at Calcutta specimens of the marine fishes and invertebrates peculiar to the fauna of the Indian Ocean, either by purchase or as presents from the Madras institution.

Then again, at a meeting of the Asiatic Society of Bengal, held in June 1908, a suggestion was made for the establishment of an aquarium at Puri in Orissa. I endorse this suggestion and affirm that an aquarium together with a marine biological laboratory should be established by all manner of means at some convenient place on the Orissa Coast. If the said suggestion be carried out, the proposed aquarium on the Orissa Coast

will be supplementary to the one in Calcutta, which will draw upon the former for the supply of specimens of marine organisms.

The Government of India is now devoting much attention to the fostering of the Indian fisheries and the encouragement of pisciculture. The establishment of an aquarium in connection with the Calcutta Zoological Garden will greatly promote the objects which the Government of India has in view and will facilitate the investigation of problems connected with pisciculture in particular and marine biology in general.

SARAT CHANDRA MITRA.



Art. III.—RAMAPROSAD ROY.

CHAPTER XII.

THE PALMY DAYS IN RAMAPROSAD'S LIFE.

THE years 1860 and 1861 were the most glorious period of Ramaprosad's life, and its interest becomes greatly heightened when we consider that it was soon to be enveloped in the darkness of death. He was not merely the Government pleader, but had also risen to the very top of the profession. Indeed he had no equal and was the recognized leader of the native bar. His practice was so very extensive that if he happened to be absent for even a single day, the judicial business of the Court was found to be considerably hampered. He was, as it were, the moving spring and his presence, therefore, was absolutely necessary for the smooth working of the machinery. His professional career having been quite unprecedented in its wonderful success, special favour was shown him in the matter of the bestowal of Government favours. Mr. M. L. Beaufort, then Superintendent and Remembrancer of Legal Affairs, having taken furlough for twenty months, Ramaprosad was appointed to officiate for him. This prize post was reserved for distinguished civilians and was, as a matter of fact, never before given to any Indian uncovenanted servant. But in the case of Ramaprosad's appointment, this rule was honoured rather in the breach than in the observance, and the fortunate recipient filled it with great credit. But though appointed Legal Remembrancer, Ramaprosad was not allowed to resign his Senior Government pleadership. In fact, he acted in both capacities, and as the duties of the two offices were akin to

each other, he did not find much difficulty in acting in a dual capacity at one and the same time. Over and above his official duties he had his private practice to attend to, which was very large indeed; and one might form an idea of the Herculean work he had to go through, from the fact that three junior members of the bar, three English clerks, two Persian moonshees, and half a dozen Bengali mo hirirs were in his employ only to help him in his Court and Office business. Thus, the Sadar Diwani Adalat was Ramaprosad's own; there he wielded immense power, and had considerable influence even over the Judges themselves, who held him in very high esteem. Indeed, no member of the legal profession has ever wielded such power as Ramaprosad did in the late Sadar Diwani Adalat.

CHAPTER XIII.

RAMAPROSAD AS A FRIEND AND BENEFACITOR OF THE PUBLIC.

But though his duties at Court and in Office were hard and heavy, Ramaprosad still made time to look to other matters which had reference to the welfare and amelioration of his country. The British Indian Association, the grand old parent of all political institutions in India, was founded on the 31st of October, 1851. Both Ramaprosad and his worthy junior in the Government pleadership, Shambhu Nath Pundit, were among the members forming the first Committee,* and they worked in it with commendable zeal and energy. Ramaprosad was also one of the first fellows of the Calcutta University. He was not a member in name

* See Raja Digambar Mitra's *Life* by Bhola Nath Chunder, pp. 86, 87, where, however, Ramaprosad's name is omitted, evidently by mistake.

only, but regularly attended its meetings and took part in all its deliberations as appears from the several interesting Minutes which he recorded in connection therewith. On finding that he was a very able and useful hand, he was admitted into the Faculty of Arts as well as of Law. Thus, the sphere of his action went on widening, and it was, therefore, no wonder that this unusual strain soon told upon his bodily frame, strong and robust though it was by nature. True to the instinct which he had inherited from his great father, Ramaprosad also directed his attention to social reforms. When quite young, he had written a brochure denouncing the pernicious system of *Kulinism* in no measured terms, but with all his noble efforts he could not make a breach in that old stronghold of custom which dates from the time of Raja Ballal Sen. But though baffled in the first attempt he did not give up the matter for lost, but renewed it again, in his maturer years. This time, too, he failed to gain his end. Sir John Peter Grant, a warm advocate of the Hindu Re-marriage Act, was then Lieutenant-Governor. When Ramaprosad, who was a friend and favourite of his, saw him on the subject of his proposed reform, His Honor exclaimed, "Don't mention it, Ramaprosad, if I were to take it up, they would hang me."* This disheartening reply damped

* A young Hindu writer, but certainly not a very obscure one, who has brought out a life of Pundit Iswar Chandra Vidyasagar in English, has noticed in it an incident in connection with our hero as a social reformer which shows that Ramaprosad was wanting in sufficient moral courage to act in opposition to the customs and usages of his nation, even where he thought that they were not quite in consonance with the dictates of reason and good sense. The author says that when Vidyasagar was hotly agitating for the introduction of widow-marriage in Hindu society, he one day called on Ramaprosad, then in the heyday of his practice, and asked him to lend his powerful support to the movement. Ramaprosad, while he expressed his approval of the scheme and also promised pecuniary help, showed considerable reluctance to attend the meeting which the great reformer was going to call in furtherance of his project. This weakness the latter could not but look upon with the contempt it deserved; so pointing to the life-like portrait of Raja Kammohan Roy which was hanging in the audience room he indignantly told Ramaprosad to throw it away, and then hurried out of the room in sheer disgust.

the spirit of Ramaprosad and he virtually gave up the attempt in deep despair.

One of the chief aims of Ramaprosad's life was to initiate the scions of the aristocratic families of his country in politics. With this object in view, he in concert with Sir Bartle Frere and some other men of light and leading belonging to both sections of the Calcutta Community, founded the Union Club, where the rulers and the ruled would meet together upon terms of fellowship and exchange each other's views without restraint or demur. To this national Guildhall, if one might say so, he invited the sons of the nobility of the land in order that they might have an opportunity to make acquaintance with official and non-official Europeans, and spend a few short hours in innocent amusement and useful conversation; and as his invitation was cordial and encouraging, it was gladly accepted in some quarters. Among the few young nobles who thus responded to his call, Baboo Kali Kissen Tagore was one. This promising youth was the son of Baboo Gopal Lal Tagore, a very big zemindar of Bengal. Ramaprosad entertained a very high opinion of this heir of a rich and renowned family and verily hoped that he would prove a real benefactor to his country, and it is very gratifying to observe that the high hopes which he had formed of him were not long after realized to a considerable extent. Baboo Kali Kissen signalized his entrance into the world by doing an immense deal of good to his fellowmen. He spent money with both hands in charity. His was not sectarian charity, it was of a catholic character and embraced the whole human race, irrespective of creed, colour or caste. It had also this admirable peculiarity that, unlike the so-called charity of the present day which

in the majority of cases has some ulterior object in view, it was done for the sake of the thing itself, the mere exercise of it, in his opinion, carrying with it its own exceeding great reward. There was nothing like pomposity in it, and, in fact, to use the sublimely simple language of the Scriptures, his left hand did not know what his right hand gave. Unostentatious and unselfish as the character of Kali Kissen's charity was, it was of a stupendous magnitude, and we make bold to say that very few, if any, have spent so much money, either in private or in public, for the benefit of mankind. But unfortunately for the country, continued failing health and heavy domestic calamities compelled him to refrain altogether from taking part in any public movement, and to knock about from place to place like a life-long valetudinarian, always seeking health but never finding it. Baboo Kali Kissen's education was of a very respectable character and he was well fitted to shine in any sphere of life, however high it might be. Thus, the Union Club bade fair to become a very healthy and useful institution. As long as Ramaprosad was in the land of the living, he kept it up with his fostering care; but when he was gone it soon faded away into the limbo of vanity.

Baboo Kali Kissen never forgot the heavy obligation under which he lay to Ramaprosad, who was the first to initiate him into a life of usefulness, and in the nobleness of his heart had attempted to perpetuate his memory. But Jealousy emboldened by indirect support from Apathy threw formidable obstacles in his way, and, thus, his noble attempt which well deserved success, proved a sad failure. But though he failed in his attempt to perpetuate his mentor's memory, he always

cherished it in his heart with the most affectionate regard, and, as long as he lived, continued to do so, thereby showing to the world what a sweet, sacred saintly virtue gratitude is.

During the last two years of his life, Ramaprosad lived and moved, as it were, in an atmosphere of hard arduous work. Not to speak of his Court and Office business which was unusually heavy and onerous, he had to look after many other affairs. He used to be now and then consulted by Mr. W. S. Atkinson, the Director of Public Instruction; and he was at the same time regular in his attendance at the Senate House. The summonses from Belvedere and Government House also became more frequent; and though from his official position he was bound to render every help in legal matters to the local Government, still not a single measure passed through the Governor-General's Council for making Laws, in which he was not consulted. Sir Henry Byng Harington, the Senior Member of the Supreme Council, and a painstaking and highly conscientious officer,* would not, as a rule, commit himself in any important matter without taking Ramaprosad's advice, and his example was followed by Mr. Forbes from Madras, and Mr. Erskine from Bombay; and the non-official Indian members, too, who had the good fortune of knowing him intimately, considered themselves fortunate, if they could find an opportunity of getting the benefit of his weighty and valuable opinion. It was, therefore, no wonder that in December 1861 he passed restless nights with low appetite. All this was the

* Mr. Harington had joined Her Majesty's army at Benares in 1825. He afterwards adopted the civil line and worked in it with great credit till 1865 when he retired, after declining the Lieutenant-Governorship of the North-Western Provinces and any extension of service in the Council, in order to make room for the younger generation. A really good and noble man Harington was.

result of over-work, which was slowly, though steadily, sapping his naturally robust constitution. He would now and then resort to his pleasant villa at Allambazar on the banks of the Hooghly or the rest-house at Raneegunge on the banks of the Damudar. But in his retirement, too, while his friends and companions were enjoying themselves, Ramaprosad was to be found in his quiet chamber, deeply engaged, amidst books and papers, in recording minutes or inditing observations. While thus engaged in multitudinous work, he could find time to translate a little book, entitled "How Are We Governed," and he brought it out in three parts with considerable additions and alterations, naming it *Englander Shashan Pronali* (The English Constitution). Though the book was printed and published at his sole expense, still all the profits were made over to the author of the original work.

During Christmas of the year 1861, Ramaprosad went to Burdwan for a few days at the earnest request of His Highness the Maharaja, who wanted to consult him in the matter of the authority which he was anxious to give to Maharani Narayana Kumari, and it was at Burdwan that he for the first time caught fever, which, though it confined him to his bed for about three days only, continued in low form ever after, and at last ended his life.

CHAPTER XIV.

RAMAPROSAD'S HABITS AND HOSPITALITY.

Ramaprosad, as we have already observed, was placed in such a difficult position that he could not avoid being over-worked. Strong as his bodily frame was by nature, it could ill bear the very heavy strain which his multifa-

rious duties had put upon it. He was fairly regular in his habits. When quite young, he used to ride out in the morning, but, after an accidental fall, he gave up that habit, and would content himself, like his illustrious father, with a long walk, the pleasure of which he would not forego on any account whatsoever; and when there was a likelihood of a heavy shower coming, an office *Jaun* was to be found following him. Mr. Bholanath Chunder, the well-known author of "The Travels of a Hindoo," says that for many years Baboo Ramaprosad Roy was Raja Digambar's great walking companion. Indeed, both of them were "possessed of an iron frame," and knew not what ailment was. Digambar's health, which he enjoyed for more than thirty years, was at last upset by the terrible shock given to it by his son's violent death, while that of Ramaprosad was broken down by sheer over-work. They were fast friends. Indeed, the most friendly comrade with whom Digambar filled his random glass was Ramaprosad, who, at the time of his death, gave proof of his great regard and confidence by leaving his large estates under Digambar's executorship during the minority of his sons.*

At about 7 o'clock in the morning, Ramaprosad, after sipping a cup of light tea, would take up work and be at it till 10 o'clock, when he would go to bathe and then take breakfast, with a confidential clerk following him, to whom he would dictate letters while engaged in bathing or breakfasting. While at his desk, writing or dictating, he was seen to receive visitors and talk to them. Like Julius Cæsar in ancient times and Napoleon Bonaparte in modern, he could do two or even three things at

* See Bholanath Chunder's *Life of Raja Digambar Mitra*, pp. 161, 162.

one and the same time ; and it is a well-known fact that while inditing comments on the Code of Civil Procedure (Act VIII of 1859), he oftentimes dictated ordinary business letters and exchanged courtesies with ordinary visitors. His breakfast was of the simplest kind possible, consisting of rice, fish and milk. He took no tiffin except a few seeds of pomegranate or half a dozen grapes during long summer days. At 8 o'clock in the evening there was a rich dinner party almost daily, at which his guests were most sumptuously treated, while he contented himself with a piece of meat and a few spoons of rice and curry. In the matter of drink, which in his time was taking a bad turn, he was almost a tee-totaller. He not only practised abstinence himself, but advised others whose interest he had at heart to observe temperance. It was only when he was troubled with disorders of the stomach, and advised by his medical attendant, Dr. Gupta, to that effect that he could be prevailed upon to take a glass of very old port. Though he mixed in English society, which, by the bye, he could not avoid doing, he did not adopt English style of living, and Dhiraj, the bard of Chandernagore, was not at all justified in ascribing, in the song which he composed on the death of Ramaprosad, the disease, of which he died, to his imputed drinking habit. Mr. Kissory Chand Mitter, who was a constant guest at the great man's table, wrote in *The Indian Field* of those days that, though "not convivial himself, Ramaprosad liked conviviality in others." But not only Kissory Chand, his brother Peary Chand, Ram Gopal Ghose, Rajendra Lala Mitra and some others, all men of high culture and well-merited repute, often partook of his splendid hospitality, and were treated to their hearts' content with rich luscious wines, imported direct from Champagne, Bordeaux,

Oporto and London. But Indians were not the sole partakers of his princely hospitality ; Europeans of rank and respectability also were every now and then entertained at his residence, and it was in allusion to this fact, which was known all over Calcutta, that Mr. E. J. Clarke remarked that "invitation at Ramaprosad's table was only next to that of the Government House." If on these occasions he was made to indulge a little too much, he was sure to have a severe attack of headache, which he could not get rid of except by taking physic. All this shows that though his house "flowed with wine and honey," he only partially joined in "the jubilee of feasts."

CHAPTER XV.

RAMAPROSAD'S INDEPENDENCE.

The constant dinners at Ramaprosad's led some evil-minded men to circulate a report that he owed his rapid rise and wide-spread popularity to that circumstance. But nothing was further from the truth. He was as independent as any mortal could be, one instance out of many will, we believe, suffice to exhibit this prominent feature in his character. In the year 1861 he along with Messrs. Trevor and Montriou were appointed to conduct the Higher Grade Pleaders' examination. The examiners so appointed received their instructions in due course ; but Mr. Montriou, on receiving his letter of appointment, wrote to Ramaprosad asking him to attend his chamber as he was his senior. Ramaprosad wrote back in reply that he could not attend to his call as his claim for seniority was vague. If it was for age, there was nothing to contend against ; but if it was for office, he would be the last person to admit his claim ; for, apart

from the fact of his having temporarily held the post of "Legal Remembrancer" for about a year and a half, his position as Senior Government pleader of the Sadar Diwani Adalat, coupled with his position in the Faculty of Law in the Local University far outweighed any importance which he (Mr. Montriou) could attach to his post as Law Professor of the Presidency College or to his position as Advocate of the Supreme Court, and that if the matter admitted of any doubt, it should be referred to the Local Court for decision. On the reference being duly made, the Sadar Judges decided in favour of their own pleader, and their decision was in the usual course communicated to the parties concerned. On receipt of this communication Ramaprosad at once repaired to the chamber of his opponent and told him that as the fight was upon a matter of principle, he could not in fairness find fault with him for what he had done. In fact, Ramaprosad was too high-minded to resort to base means for his rise and popularity. Shortly after his death, a commentator on the Shastras and a learned Moulvi declared that the deceased owed his pre-eminence to their help and support; whereupon the venerable Pundit Iswar Chandra Vidyasagar said that "such pretensions were absolute falsehoods. If Ramaprosad owed anything to any one, it was to Ram Gopal Ghose for his admission into the profession; for the rest he owed to his own sterling merit, as his knowledge of the subjects was on a par with the spurious pretensions of these claimants, if not higher."

CHAPTER XVI.

RAMAPROSAD'S FATAL ILLNESS.

Ramaprosad's health having considerably broken down, it was apprehended that his end was drawing

nigh, and the apprehension was unfortunately too true. In April, 1862, he was ailing almost every day. The slow fever which he had caught at Burdwan was doing its worst, silently but sedulously. On the night of the 12th or 13th April he had a slight attack. Dr. Webb was called in in the morning, who forbade substantial food and enjoined perfect rest. The patient whose sense of duty was very strong, only partially acted up to his doctor's words, for though he took sago, he as usual attended to his Council work as well as his business at the Sadar Court and the Revenue Board. In the evening he proceeded to Burdwan for a short respite. On his way up feeling very thirsty he took a tumblerful of cold water at Chandernagore. After dinner, as he was courting "tired Nature's sweet restorer, balmy Sleep," he felt a sudden pain in the stomach which was afterwards discovered to be that dismal and dreaded malady,—abscess of the liver. He at once returned to town where he was attended by his family physicians, Drs. Webb and Gupta. These wise veterans of the healing art, however, mistook the nature of the complaint, considering it a case of concussion of gall bladder with the intestines, and under that wrong impression went on with their treatment for about two weeks, but without any good effect. It was reserved for Dr. Surja Kumar Sarbadhicari, who paid a friendly visit to the patient, to diagnose the disease and find out what it really was. He readily communicated his opinion to Dr. Edward Goodeve, and, being confirmed therein by that eminent physician, gave out his views to such of the patient's attendants as were really interested in his welfare. But, alas! there were very few, if any at all, of that sort. His two sons were then very young. One of the attendants who was much attached to him and was

liked and trusted in return, continually asked his patron to call in some doctors other than Dr. Webb. Accordingly, Dr. Macrae was called in instead of Dr. Goodeve whom the patient had in view and he and Dr. Webb, at last, discovering the real disease recommended a short trip to the Bay of Bengal, which was at once undertaken on the first day of May following. This sea-trip, however, so far from doing any good, did on the contrary a great deal of harm. The patient was completely prostrated, and on his return to town had to be helped down from the steamer into the carriage, and thence carried up to the first floor of his house with considerable difficulty. At last, Dr. Goodeve was called in, and the treatment which he prescribed proved to be somewhat hopeful. On the 1st of June, however, it was decided by the majority (Dr. Macrae concurring with Dr. Webb) that the abscess in the liver was to be operated upon, overruling Dr. Goodeve who was of opinion that if the abscess burst through the intestines instead of bursting through the peritoneum, the operation might be attended with very serious consequences. Dr. Webb, confident of his great surgical skill, went through the operation and acquitted himself well of it. Healthy pus flowed for about a week, after which the outer wound swelled and burst, never to be healed up again.

The serious illness of Ramaprosad created quite a sensation in the town. Not to speak of natives of note, almost all the European Government officials paid him constant visits. Such men as the Hon'ble Henry Byng Harington, the Hon'ble Ashley Eden, Captain Lees, Mr. Lushington, Mr. Edward Grey, Mr. Trevor and Mr. Raikes were amongst the daily visitors. On the report of the operation being known to the public,

Mr. Samuel Wauchope, then Police Commissioner of Calcutta, lest the patient should be disturbed in the rest which he so urgently required in his very weak state, prohibited the passing and repassing of carriages through that part of Amherst Street and Sukea Street which surrounded his house and placed a couple of constables at the crossing. On the 19th the patient was removed to No. 14, Chowringhee Road as being a healthier quarter. The house belonged to Prince Golam Mahomed of the Mysore family, who, on hearing what had happened, at once placed it at the disposal of his legal adviser which Ramaprosad was from long before. It was here that the Judges of the Sadar and Supreme Courts were almost daily visitors, and some of them would call even twice in a day. Mr. Harington the Senior Member of the Supreme Council, used to come at 4 p.m., and would not leave his friend before seven or eight o'clock at night, when everybody had retired. Not satisfied with the certificate signed by Dr. Webb and countersigned by himself to the effect—"visitors not allowed"—he would during all this time sit by the bedside of the patient and receive distinguished visitors without permitting them to disturb him. On one of these occasions, Mr. Justice Bayley remarked to Mr. Justice Raikes that when Ramaprosad recovered and joined them on the Bench, they were sure to equal, if not surpass, the Barrister Judges. Indeed, Ramaprosad was a remarkable man,—a great genius,—and had he lived to grace the Bench to which he was nominated he would have left a name in the roll of Judges which posterity would not have willingly let die. It would also appear that if he had not been living when Queen Victoria's famous Proclamation was published, there would have been considerable delay in appointing a native to the

highest Tribunal in the land, and the talented author of "Company and Crown" was perfectly justified in observing "that the post was created for Ramaprosad, and the Government took time in finding a fit person which it at last found in Shumbhoo Nath." Ramaprosad had a strong abhorrence of everything intoxicating, and this is proved by the fact that while on his last bed his medical adviser prescribed some stimulant at stated intervals for support, he would, when sufficiently strong to speak out his mind, upbraid the young man, whose services he most valued, for following the medical advice so strictly. Indeed, as we have already remarked, Ramaprosad was fairly regular in his habits, and not only was he simple in his diet, he was also simple in his drink, which was generally Adam's ale, and this at a time when some of his most intimate friends were being greatly reprov'd and almost condemned as outcasts for taking to forbidden food and equally forbidden drink.

Things went on in this wise when the melancholy news of the death of India's saviour, Lord Canning, reached India about the middle of July. This event gave a terrible shock to the heart of the weak patient, from which he never recovered. When the intelligence was first broken to him, he received it rather calmly through tears flowing copiously from his eyes, and then like a thunderclap burst forth—"What little does it concern the world if pigmies like myself were to die, when stars of such magnitude disappear from the firmament." When Captain Lees and Mr. Harington began to argue that he over-worked himself and ought to keep silence, he again broke forth, "That's for the good of India." Then like his great father, Raja Rammohun Roy, he was heard to repeat "India," "India," now and again, till the sad end came on.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE LAST FEW DAYS BEFORE DEATH.

Not long after, a letter was sent to Ramaprosad's trusted attendant and confidential friend with direction to read the same to the patient in his charge, "when he is in his best mood." It was a demi-official letter from Mr. Edward Bayley, the Home Secretary to the Government of India, in reply to one written by Mr. Harington asking for permission to take up the Bill regarding the "Pleaders." That letter was to the effect that the said Bill should be taken up as soon as Baboo Ramaprosad would take his seat on the Bench, for which there was no delay as the Letters Patent and other things needful were received by the last mail. To this letter was added a long congratulation from Mr. Harington, who thus concluded the same: "May you be soon restored to your family, friends and country is the sincere prayer of yours very sincerely, H. B. Harington."

The same day or the following afternoon, Mr. Harington having helped to remove the patient to the verandah took his seat by him and thus delivered himself with moistened eyes: "Ramaprosad, I do not come here as simple Harington, Ramaprosad's friend, but the Hon'ble Henry Byng Harington, the Senior Member of His Excellency's Council. The Viceroy has deputed me to wait upon and congratulate you on your appointment as an Hon'ble Judge of the Calcutta High Court and to express His Excellency's regret for not seeing you as yet and hope to see you soon as a bright ornament of the bar and the native community." The reply elicited was an expression of thankfulness and ended with these sublimely simple words, "I am preparing for a higher

Tribunal." The Hon'ble Harington rose from his seat and turned his face to conceal his emotion.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE DEATH SCENE.

On the 28th July, Dr. Webb declared to the patient the hopeless nature of his case. The latter, instead of being depressed as common folks would be under similar circumstances, began to argue with the physician, saying that he had assured him of his perfect recovery if he held out full two months after the operation. On the next day, after nightfall, he became speechless and unconscious and was sometimes found devoted to prayers. On 1st August at 11-35 A.M., he recovered consciousness, and turning his eyes towards the ceiling, said, "ডাক, ডাক," "Call, Call." On being asked who he meant, he could not speak, but when his bearer told him, "Did he mean God," he nodded assent and then quietly breathed his last. His body was taken to Nimtollah Ghât where it was duly cremated. His European friends were greatly offended at not having received the melancholy news in time to have a last look. Rumour had it that Ramaprosad died an orthodox Hindu, and that Salgram Sila, Ganges water and Tulshi plant were brought to the side of his deathbed. Sir Henry Harington sent the gentleman, on whom he relied, to contradict his statement before Sir Barnes Peacock, who was satisfied.

We have the authority of the aforesaid Hon'ble Member of the Supreme Council to add that Ramaprosad's promotion was not intended to stop with the High Court Judgeship; higher honour was in store for him. While addressing the same gentleman who waited

upon him with the two sons of the deceased, Mr. Harington said, "Why should he not have been one amongst us in course of two years more." Those who were told somewhere in the sixties that there was in contemplation to admit some Indian like Sir Dinkar Rao or Mr. Justice Dwarkanath Mitter into the Executive Council, would not consider this improbable. Now in the course of only half a century what was once deemed a distant probability has become a stern reality. The much-coveted post which was adorned by such men as Macaulay, Maine, Fitzjames Stephen and Peacock has at last been given to a *bonâ fide* native of the land. Mr. S. P. Sinha has succeeded in winning a most brilliant trophy of peace which even a prince among men might well envy.

SHUMBHOO CHUNDER DEY

**Art. IV.—HOW TO ESTABLISH A HAPPY RELATION
BETWEEN THE RULERS AND THE
RULED IN INDIA.**

SUCH a happy relation is dependant upon the following conditions :—

1. Our sincere belief that the policy underlying the British Government of India is benevolent and beneficent.

2. Our realisation of the beneficial results from the pursuit of such policy.

3. Our hearty and active co-operation with the Government in its earnest efforts to promote the best interests of India.

4. The abandonment on the part of Anglo-Indians, both official and non-official, of a haughty and overbearing demeanour towards the Indians and their treatment of the educated Indians on terms of perfect equality.

5. Our realisation of the helpless and miserable condition we will be placed in if British protection is suddenly withdrawn from us.

6. Religious Influence.

1. We have the privilege of living under a benign, benevolent and Christian Government whose avowed policy is to govern India for India's welfare. The Queen's Proclamation, the Magna Charta of our rights and privileges, has, in unmistakable and unambiguous language, declared all subjects of the British Sovereign, without distinction of creed, caste or colour, entitled to share in the service of the State the duties of which they may be deemed qualified to discharge by reason of their

education and probity. Theoretically no ban of disqualification has been pronounced against the people of India for the administration of their own country. If in the practical application of the theory of good government, the claims of the children of the soil are often ignored or overlooked, it is a matter of pure accident depending upon the *personnel* of the Governing Agency in India for the time being. Lord Ripon, who was a liberal-minded and sympathetic Ruler, accorded to us the boon of Local Self-Government which has ripened into the enlargement of the Legislative Councils, both Provincial and Imperial, under the operation of the Reform Scheme. Other Governors may not be so magnanimous and so their administration may be directed towards curtailment and diminution of the privileges granted by their noble predecessors.

But this circumstance of the shifting policy of the Indian Government according to its personal character does not affect the fundamental principle of good government which the British Parliament with the consent of the Sovereign has declared for India. Such being the case, we have no reason to lose heart in our exertions for reform of the administration and for obtaining a large share in its participation which will be best brought about, not by mere vociferous and virulent agitation, but by improvement in our social, moral and economic conditions which is a *sine quâ non* of our political advancement. The Government is too powerful and too well-grounded in firm and righteous principles to be cowed down into granting concessions, dictated by the revolutionary agitator. Allegiance to the Crown and deservingness on the part of the Indian people are the only conditions on which the Government will always be prepared to satisfy their legitimate aspirations.

If we can thoroughly grasp this great secret underlying the Government of India there will be no friction but a happy and harmonious relation between the Rulers and the Ruled.

2 and 3. The same happy consummation will result from our bearing in mind the manifold blessings of English rule of India. The salient features of such blessings may be briefly enumerated as follows—

1. Vast tracts of land, formerly the abode of wild animals, have been cleared of jungle and made available for purposes of either cultivation or habitation. The means and facilities of communication by land or water have been much improved. By means of better roads, bridges, railway openings, steam navigation, telegraph, cheap postage, etc., distance has been annihilated, time economised, and great impetus imparted to trade and commerce. The suppression of Thagi has rendered travel safe.

2. The introduction of English education into the country has effected a marvellous improvement in the mental and moral capabilities of the higher ranks of Indian society rendering them fit for association with Government. The liberty of the press has secured that healthy tone of public opinion so necessary to good government and impartial dispensation of justice.

3. The courts and tribunals are generally free from corruption and presided over by Judges and Magistrates who are generally competent, inspiring confidence in their decisions, tending to the security of life and property.

4. The boon of Local Self-Government together with the introduction of the elective principle into the constitution of the Legislative Councils and the provision of a non-official majority in such Councils in the Provinces with power to ask supplementary questions

and to recast the Budget according to the national needs, has gone a great way towards the attainment of self-government in the Empire by educating and familiarising the people with the details of administration.

5. Some of the pernicious social practices of the country have been put down by law, thereby affording relief to suffering humanity and averting the evils of blind superstition.

6. The status of the zemindars has been greatly improved by making them proprietors of the land, thereby holding out to them a great inducement to improve the capabilities of the soil so as to turn a bleak rock into a garden. At the same time the Government having reserved to itself power to provide for the protection of under-tenants and raiyats, the rights of the latter have been safeguarded by generally well-considered laws.

7. The military prowess of the Government, maintaining a standing Army and Navy trained in the modern art of war, has effectually provided against foreign invasion and internal disorder.

Sir William Hunter draws the following contrast between India past and present : —“ I have often amused myself during my solitary peregrinations by imagining what a Hindu of the last century (18th) would think of the present state of his country, if he could revisit the earth. I have supposed that his first surprise at the outward physical changes had subsided—that he had got accustomed to the fact that thousands of square miles of jungle, which in his time were inhabited by wild beasts, have been turned into fertile crop lands ; that fever-smitten swamps have been covered with healthy well-drained cities ; that the mountain walls, which shut off the interior of India from the seaports, have been pierced by roads and scaled by railways ; that the great

rivers, which formed the barriers between provinces and desolated the country with floods, have now been controlled to the uses of man, spanned by bridges and tapped by canals. But what would strike him as more surprising than these outward changes is the security of the people. In provinces where every man from the prince to the peasant a hundred years ago went armed he would look round in vain for a matchlock or a sword. He would find the multitudinous Native States in India which he remembered in jealous isolation broken only by merciless wars, now trading quietly with each other, bound together by railways and roads, by the post and the telegraph. He would find moreover much that was new as well as much that was changed. He would see the country dotted with imposing edifices in a strange foreign architecture of which he could not guess the uses. He would ask what wealthy prince had reared for himself that conspicuous palace? He would be answered that the building was no pleasure-house for the rich but a hospital for the poor. He would enquire in honour of what new deity is this splendid shrine? He would be told that it was no new temple to the gods but a school for the people. Instead of bristling fortresses he would see courts of justice; in place of a Mohamedan general in charge of each district, he would find an English magistrate; instead of a swarming soldiery, he would discover a police."

With these outward signs of civilisation the march of intellect and thought is making steady progress. There is a growing unanimity of opinion throughout India based on the increased solidarity of Indian thought and the spread of English education. The people of India cannot but act and think as that section of

the community which monopolises the knowledge of politics and administration may instruct them. The educated classes are the voice and the brain of the country. The widespread and growing progress of English education in India, the consequent dissemination of enlightened views among all classes of society, the successful administration of the self-governing institutions, the highly intelligent and able part taken by the elected non-official members of the old Councils, the high literary merit of the educated Indians as authors and editors of newspapers and periodicals, the great reputation they have won as high Government functionaries and administrators in Native States and, above all, the great ability with which the grand old man of India acquitted himself in the British House of Commons, all these, while they clearly demonstrate the glorious achievements of England's noble mission in India, go to show that Lord Morley's reform scheme has not been perfected a day earlier. As we have very great reasons to be grateful to the Government for what it has already done for us, it would be the height of ingratitude to impute to it the intention of diminishing or depriving us of our rights and privileges in connection with the enlarged Councils. As the Regulations under the Indian Councils Act are tentative in their nature, the existence of any defects in them is no ground for our standing aloof from the proposed Council government; but we would prove our political wisdom by thankfully accepting the position of trust and responsibility offered to us, thereby not only removing the defects in the Regulations by throwing the light of experience obtained in the Councils, but establishing our claims to yet higher political heights and a cordial relation between the Rulers and the Ruled.

4. The greatest obstacle in the way of establishing a happy relation between the Rulers and the Ruled is the overbearing manner displayed by the Anglo-Indians, both official and non-official, towards the people of India. There have been numerous cases showing how perversely some District Officers were bent upon ruining the fortune and reputation of several rajahs and noblemen whose only fault was to incur their displeasure by the refusal of a loan, say, of an elephant or a carriage. Europeans, official and non-official, with honorable exceptions, seem to treat lightly Indian life and reputation. The Dum-Dum case, the Guntacul case, the Fuller case, the Chupra case, the Barrackpore case and several other cases disclose disastrous miscarriage of justice detrimental to British prestige being the outcome of that contempt for the natives of India which is unhappily still characteristic of many ignorant and prejudiced Europeans and of race-hatred which is the Government's first consideration to stamp out. Humane and sympathetic deportment, cool temper and discreet conduct which were the marked characteristics of the servants of the Company, are often not to be met with in the officers of the Crown. The latter seem to prefer pleasure and luxury, wasteful extravagance, pomp and grandeur to simplicity of manners and becoming economy which distinguished the former. Magnanimity and courtesy, parental affection and sympathy manifested in their dealings with the Indians were the fine traits of the one, pusillanimity and hauteur, anti-native feeling and jealousy are the faults of the other class of officials. A European Magistrate would not now consider it as discourteous to dismiss even a Maharajah desirous to have an interview with him with the stereotyped words

fursut nahi hai or not at home. It may be supposed that the official likes to keep himself aloof from Indian society with a view to avoid the suspicion of unduly favouring, out of intimacy, any particular individual. Such, however, does not appear to be his motive. He does not scruple to attend entertainments given in his district by wealthy Indians. The Indian heart is naturally kind, but the kindness becomes warmer when the object of it is a member of the dominant class. It is not always, because we expect any return from him, but it is a peculiar feeling with us to be anxious to stand well with a race to whom we owe so many obligations as a fallen and subject people. If those obligations had been unmixed with quite as great wrongs, it is our fear that Englishmen might have become objects of our idolatry, so enthusiastic is our regard for all who really mean to confer or have conferred upon us any great benefits. But we regret to observe that our good feelings towards Englishmen in India are not, as a rule, reciprocated. Unlike Anglo-Indians of past times their present generation appears to be people of a different nationality. Without putting forward our own views, according to the opinion of a certain section of the public in England, their countrymen in India change their skin with their climate and lose their national sobriety when they put their foot in India, and some of them patted by tuft-hunters regard themselves as demi-gods whose treatment of those whom they are gracious enough to call "niggers" is to be marked with the overbearing haughtiness of the superior person. Even in trifling matters Anglo-Indians, mostly officials, want the tact to prevent irritation and insult to the Indians. The shoe question, the salaaming question, the native dress question all tend to show to

what absurd lengths Anglo-Indian officials can go in the exercise of their arbitrary powers unchecked by powerful and respected public opinion and the presence of an independent element in the constitution of the Government. It is not too much to say that many Anglo-Indians do as much as in them lies to make the Government unpopular. The Government might do much to effect an improvement. Too often, even in the worst cases, it is content with an empty censure. More than that is required. If every public servant were made to feel that his prospects of professional advancement would be seriously retarded or even jeopardised by a too free indulgence in the luxury of an offensive and overbearing manner, a great improvement would rapidly take place. No people can like subjection to a foreign power and it is true policy and wisdom for the British Government to make the yoke as light and easy as possible. Too many of the European public servants in India seem unable to understand that they may be firm and strong without being insolent and rude. A great part of the difficulties of the Government would be removed if every Indian gentleman were treated in India as he is always treated in England.

On this subject the remarks of the representative of the *Daily News* are worthy of notice :—

“This is the real difficulty in India,” he says, “the real obstacle to reconciliation, the real empire destroyer. If India is ever lost to Great Britain, our fathers used to say, it will be lost on the floor of the House of Commons. Nonsense. If (or when) India is lost it will be lost by Anglo-India—in the Council Chamber and the Secretariats; in the District Courts and the Municipalities; in the colleges, the offices, the bazaars, the bungalows; in the mines and the jute mills;

on the railways and on the gardens. Not because the Briton in India is less just or less humane than he once was, but because he does not know and cannot understand the people among whom he lives and for whose welfare he has made himself responsible. In point of fact he insults his clerk and kicks his bearer more seldom than he formerly did. He is learning as mine manager or tea planter that fair conditions of labour are not less profitable than philanthropic, and is even grown accustomed to the native trade union. But whereas he had no difficulty in understanding the former relation of master and serf, he does not understand, he cannot envisage, the new relation of employer and employee, of Englishman and Indian as partners in business and colleagues in the public service. His failure to realise what is happening is the element of tragedy in the Imperial drama.”

Anglo-Indians being equally if not more interested with the Indians in the preservation of British rule in India would act wisely by adapting themselves to the new environments and altered conditions in India and by making common cause with their loyal and law-abiding fellow Indian subjects in putting down anarchism and sedition. Instead of estranging and embittering their feeling by an attitude of aloofness and contempt, they should grapple them with hooks of steel by amity and friendliness, thereby bringing about a happy relation between the rulers and the ruled.

5. The attitude of Indian gentlemen towards British rule may be described as one of acquiescence rather than admiration. Every intelligent Hindu or Mussalman recognises the fact that if the British power were suddenly withdrawn, the various races in India are in no condition to take up the reins of Government, and that the

only alternative to anarchy and internecine and destructive war would be the arrival of some other European power to keep the peace. At the same time the whole aim of British policy in India should be to prepare and fit the people of India for self-government, to lift India to the position of a series of self-governing colonies like the colonies of Australia and Canada. If England should persevere in that policy and achieve it, she will have rendered a service to humanity unparalleled in the annals of mankind. In this task Englishmen shall have the hearty co-operation of the best part of India, and as English education spreads in India and India is better understood in England, there is no reason why if Englishmen avoid the error of precipitate change on the one hand and of bureaucratic obstinacy on the other, they should not in the fulness of time succeed. Fortunately the formation of enlarged Legislative Councils and the large share allowed to the Indians in the reformed administration are expected to be a sure stepping-stone to self-government in the Empire, which is their ultimate aim. The reform scheme is intended to be the best remedy for removing the evils of unrest and discontent in India. The Indians would be acting foolishly and unpatriotically if they neglect to profit by the valuable concessions by reason of certain defects in the regulations of which the Government make no secret and which it is sure to remove on suggestions in the light of experience in the Councils. The Indians would be behaving like petulant and peevish children if they refuse to join the Councils because they do not find them to their entire liking. Hearty and loyal co-operation with the Government and not standing aloof from it in sullen discontent, is the best means of cementing a happy union between the rulers and the ruled and promoting

our gradual but sure political advancement. Work and not adverse criticism is the duty of those who are designed to take part in the enlarged Councils. If we wait to be associated with them until by our protests and criticisms the election rules are made as flawless as we would have them, we would be acting like one who desirous of drinking rain-water refuses to drink any other except such as descends from the clouds. So the policy of self-denying ordinance advocated in some quarters should be abandoned for one of active participation in the existing machinery of administration, rude and imperfect though it be, if we are to preserve the vitality and vigour of our political life.

6. The most potent factor for producing a happy relation between the Rulers and the Ruled is religious influence. Apart from minor differences in the observance of rituals and modes of worship, all true religions recognise the cardinal principle of the Fatherhood of God and brotherhood of man. The high ethical precepts of Christ find their counterpart in Buddhism. Buddha taught to overcome anger by love, evil by good, the greedy by liberality, the liar by truth. It is not necessary therefore that in order to win the favour and affection of a Christian Government its non-Christian subjects should be converts to Christianity. As remarked by Swami Vivikananda in his address at the Parliament of Religions at Chicago, the Christian is not to become a Hindu or a Buddhist nor a Hindu or Buddhist to become a Christian. But each must assimilate the others and preserve his individuality and grow according to the law of his growth. If the Parliament of Religions has shown anything to the world, it is this. It has proved to the world that holiness, purity and charity are not the exclusive possessions of any Church in the world and

that every system has produced men and women of the most exalted character. "In the face of this evidence," the Swami emphatically asserted, "if anybody dreams of the exclusive survival of his faith and the destruction of that of others, I pity him from the bottom of my heart and point to him that upon the banner of every religion, would soon be written in spite of his resistance, 'Help and not Fight,' 'Assimilation and not Destruction,' 'Harmony and Peace and not Dissensions.'"

Mr. J. Page Hopps some time ago addressing the members of the Brahma Somaj and others at the Essex Hall, London, spoke on the subject of Indian nationality. He does not disguise his chagrin at the oft-repeated saying of the Jingo school which found expression from Lord Salisbury many years ago that Great Britain won India by the sword and that by the sword it must be kept. Mr. Hopps calls it an absolutely un-English utterance and one falsifying everyone of the cherished English traditions. He at the same time cannot agree with those Christian Missionaries who while expressing all sympathy with Indian aspirations, offer to Indian people the Christian religion as their only hope of political advancement. Either Christianity or else no effective Nationality—that is the doctrine of most Christian Missionaries. Mr. Hopps, however, is more clear-visioned and he recognises with Tennyson that God is able to fulfil Himself in many ways. He therefore asks, "If England has its Christ, has not India its Buddha, his kinsman and counterpart whose life and teachings are the replica of his?" The lecturer argues that what India needs is the following up of its sense of the universality of the divine inspiration and guidance, or, in other words, a religion which recognises

the Universal Brotherhood. We think there cannot be any difference of opinion on this point. According to Mrs. Anne Besant religion is the only force which can effectually bind the races of India together. Nationality connotes unity and unity can only come through a common religious sentiment. Religious differences notwithstanding, several communities may be welded into a nation provided they base their spirit of nationalism upon the principle of brotherhood which is the essence of all religions. Hinduism, Buddhism, Islam, Zoroastrianism, Christianity all teach that we should love each other as children of one God. True work should rest on love of man and fear of God and not on jealousy, strife and hatred. If we can act in this spirit there will be easily established a happy relation between us and the Government.

K. C. KANJILAL, B.L.

Art. V.—IRRIGATION : ITS WAYS AND MEANS.

IRRIGATION may be briefly defined as the distribution of rain water which has been stored on to land to nourish crops when or where the rain is deficient. Storage is an essential part of almost every irrigation project. But there is one exception to this rule to which I will allude later on.

The object of the irrigation engineer is to store some of the rain water which rushes off in floods and to use it for irrigation in order to supplement the rainfall at times when it is insufficient for the crops.

About one-third of the drainage from the Himalayas is carried on to the Arabian Sea at Karachi by the Indus and the five rivers of the Punjab. The other two-thirds are carried by the Ganges and its affluents and the Brahmaputra into the Bay of Bengal. Some of the drainages of Bundelkhand, Central India and Central Provinces flow northwards into the Ganges, but the drainage of nearly the whole of the Peninsula goes out to the East into the Bay of Bengal. Two large rivers, the Nerbudda and the Tapti, flow into the Arabian Sea. Except the Himalayas we have no mountains covered with snow and ice, and this is the reason why all the so-called rivers in Rajputana, Central India, Central Provinces, Bombay and Madras run dry or nearly dry in the cold weather. They have little natural storage; they are really drainages, not rivers.

In the Provinces just mentioned huge floods of water in the monsoon carry off all the rain except what soaks into the ground. When the rain ceases the

drainages again become dry except for a small trickle which flows into them as springs from that portion of the rain which has soaked into the ground.

Then again in rushing down the drainages the floods tear away the most fertile soil and carry it off to Bengal or the Run of Cutch, leaving behind sand, gravel, stones and rock. In this way they have gradually scoured out the channels of the drainages many feet below the level of the country. Hence for miles on either side of the drainages the country is torn into ravines and is thus rendered practically useless for cultivation. In this way also an enormous area of good soft culturable land of Central India bordering the Chambal and Kaveri drainages is cut away and rendered useless. The second great evil is that owing to the bed of the drainage being so low, the water level in the wells is being gradually lowered and the wells themselves have to be sunk deeper and deeper. If there were means of storage all over the country so that only a small proportion of the rain water went off into the drainages, a small channel would be big enough to carry off the surplus water, and spring water level in the ground would be immediately above it. And the wells need only be as deep as the spring water level. But as there is little or no storage, the drainage has scoured itself out deeply and the water level under ground is consequently very deep. It is not only wells near the drainages that are affected: as the channels get deeper and deeper so the area of evil influence extends.

The evils spoken of above can be remedied only by storage.

If it were possible for every field in the country to be surrounded with a bund 3 to 4 feet high a very large amount of rain water would remain there and

would gradually soak into the ground, improving the under-ground reservoir or store of water. This would also mean that no more of good soil is washed down to Bengal or the Run of Cutch.

Every ryot has some leisure time during which he can work at embanking his field to store water for irrigation. It will not practically cost him a rupee; it will be merely utilising time at present wasted. It may be urged that it would be impossible for one man to embank a field, that it requires a gang of men. This is true, but why should not the men in a village combine and work together in one field till it is done, and then go to another, and so on, until all are done. It is not really difficult if some leading and influential men would only show to the villagers what a lot could be done with all their plough bullocks.

We may arrive at an approximate cost of embanking a field in the following way. Assume a field that is 500 feet square or about 11 bighas in area. The bund round it would be 2,000 feet long, and if made 4 feet high and 4 feet wide at top, it would contain about 64,000 cubic feet of earth. This might cost from Rs. 200 to Rs. 250 to throw up and consolidate, so that the water would not leak through; this would give a rate of from Rs. 18 to Rs. 23 per bigha.

But it is not possible to get every field in the country embanked, for there are large tracts which are not divided into fields. As a matter of fact there must be waste of some rain water, but a considerable portion of it can be stored in two ways. Either above ground in reservoirs which are called in India, tanks, or in the ground itself. Of the large tanks I do not wish to say much as these are imposing and expensive works which require the best scientific advice and can only be designed

and carried out by engineers of experience. But tanks of moderate size can be made by ordinary engineers.

Irrigation tanks are of two kinds. (a) those which irrigate inside the tank, (b) those which irrigate outside the tank. The former are called submerging tanks and the latter storage or irrigating tanks. The object of a submerging tank is to flood as large an area as possible with a shallow depth of water during the rains and the site is chosen accordingly. This water is drawn off in October to expose the tank bed in order to get it sufficiently dry. It is then ploughed and sown with a *rabi* crop—wheat, barley or gram. The moisture in the ground owing to the soaking it has had, is sufficient to mature the crop even if there be no cold weather rains. A site for a submerging tank is unsuitable for a storage tank.

A storage or irrigating tank is designed to hold as much of the available rain water as possible. Its water is drawn off either for *kharif* crops if required to supplement the rains, or for preliminary watering for the *rabi*, or for irrigating the *rabi* crop. This "drawing off" exposes a part of the tank bed which, when dry, can be ploughed and sown with the *rabi* crop like beds of submerging tank.

The following are the essential parts of every tank whether submerging or irrigating : (1) A bund to form the tank and retain the water, (2) an escape weir to pass the surplus water in years of heavy rain, (3) a sluice to draw off the water either to empty the submerging tank or to give irrigation from a storage one.

Hundreds of tanks have been constructed in Central India without any provision for passing off floods after the tank is full. The consequence is that the bund stands for a year or two of small rainfall and is breached in the first year of good or excessive rain.

An efficient escape for surplus water is, therefore, a necessity. The bund may be of masonry or earthwork, but must be strong, of suitable section and be raised so high above the escape level that the water will never overtop it. The exact height and section of the bund are matters for engineers to decide. A main channel or channels should be made to the utmost limit to which the volume stored can be carried, as part of the tank project, to enable the cultivators to take their field channels from them.

It is difficult to estimate the proportion of the rain-water which flows into a tank. It depends on the quantity and quality of the rain itself; on the nature of the soil, whether it is sand, rock or clay; on the slope of the country, whether it is steep or flat; on the humidity of the air and many other things. Experiments have, however, been made from which engineers arrive at an estimate of what the probable volume will be, and on these the capacity of the tank at any particular site is decided. Taking generally, my own rule is to make a tank big enough to fill in five years out of ten, that is, in a series of ten years the tank will fill and water will go to waste in five of them, while in the other five the tank will not fill and consequently no water will go to waste over the escape; neither a tank should be designed so small as to fill every year, nor should it be so big as to hold more water than is required. One of the problems of the engineer in designing tanks is to hit off the happy mean, that is, not to waste money in making the tank too big and yet to make it large enough to be of practical use.

Now as to the cost of a good tank. Some years ago the Government of India appointed a Commission to report on the question of the development of the

irrigation in India with a view to counteract the evil effects of famine. The Commission studied the question of storage and its cost. It obtained from the Bombay Government the actual cost of 20 storage tanks, the aggregate capacity of which above outlet level being 2,792 million cubic feet. These tanks varied in capacity from 15 to 5,500 million cubic feet each. Rs. 465 per million cubic feet of water stored was given as the rate of the cost of the works of the dam, sluice and escape of these tanks. It does not include the cost of establishment, tools used, or of any channels for distributing the water. Establishments and tools will certainly cost $12\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. or Rs. 58 per million cubic feet, while the cost of the distributaries will probably be not less than Rs. 50 to Rs. 100 per million cubic feet. This will make the total cost of a tank with distributaries about Rs. 600 per million cubic feet.

In the Gwalior States 12 estimates have recently been sanctioned for 12 tanks, varying in size from 10 to 254 million cubic feet capacity. The aggregate volume estimated to be stored is 623 million cubic feet at a total cost of Rs. 3,28,629. This gives a rate of Rs. 530 per million cubic feet, which agrees reasonably with the 465 rupees per million of the Bombay Presidency. These estimates do not include the cost of establishment, or of tools or of distributaries. This would certainly bring the cost up to Rs. 650 or Rs. 700 per million.

Considering the enormous indirect benefits gained by storage, it will certainly pay to construct any work which does not cost more than Rs. 750 per million cubic feet of water stored.

Care should always be taken for maintaining a well-designed and well-executed tank. To maintain it

well it is necessary to see that the top of its bank is kept at the level originally proposed. For this it is necessary to use a level. In large tanks masonry or brick pillars should be built at intervals up from the ground in the centre of the bank to the level of its top for showing its correct level when it becomes low. When the bank becomes low it should be raised by earth properly laid and rammed. It is always better to leave the maintenance of tanks in the hands of engineers.

Tanks should not be cleared or enlarged by digging or silt clearing. It is true that the capacity of every tank gradually diminishes by the accumulation of silt carried from higher lands by rain water. To counteract this evil two methods are usually adopted; one is to provide scouring sluices in the tank to scour out silt or earth which has been deposited. This is ineffectual as it wastes much water. The second method is to dig out the silt. But this is very costly and often costs more than that of digging a new tank. When a tank is silted up, it is better to increase its size by raising the levels of its weir and the bank.

A silted up tank should be abandoned, and its water drawn off every year, for its bed will be found the most fertile land. A silted up storage tank serves well the purpose of a submerging tank.

It is not judicious to hold over the water stored in a tank in anticipation of famine. If this is done much loss will occur by evaporation. The Irrigation Commission laid special stress on this in their report.

Regarding the area which can be irrigated by a given volume, technically called *the duty of the water*, it depends on the kind of soil and the amount and character of the rainfall in any year. Thus sugarcane requires water for about nine months in the year, while rice requires it for

three or four months only. Generally lighter *kharif* crops, such as *jowar*, Indian corn, etc., do not require artificial irrigation, while cotton and *rabi* crops are immediately benefited by it.

One of the great advantages of timely irrigation is the increase in the yield of the crops. In ordinary light soil, *Barani* wheat, that is, a wheat crop grown on rainfall alone, yields about 8 to 12 maunds of grain per acre. The same crop if carefully irrigated at suitable times will yield from 15 to 20 maunds per acre. If there is little rainfall rice may require 4-inch watering every ten days for three months or about 3 feet depth of water in all. For wheat, barley and other *rabi* crops six waterings of 3 inches each is ample or 18 inches in all. Generally it would be sufficient to give 2 inches of water to every acre; this means that every million cubic feet of water stored will irrigate 12 acres or 24 bighas. A tank containing 500 million cubic feet can irrigate 1,200 bighas in the year.

Water is lost after it has been stored in tanks by evaporation and absorption. The total annual loss by evaporation has been found to be 74 inches *i.e.*, in the six months from October to March, 28 inches; in the 3 hot months, April, May and June 27 inches; in the three wet months—July, August and September 19 inches. This is the depth over the whole surface of the water which is carried off by the heat into the air and this volume must be deducted in order to arrive at the net amount available for irrigation. The loss by absorption is about half this. We need not, however, grudge this loss, as it has only gone into the ground to improve the supply in the wells. In some places in Central India the tank water is not used for irrigation, but to feed the subsoil and to improve the supply in the wells.

At the outset I said that there is one exception to the statement that irrigation depends on storage. By this I refer to irrigation from flood-water which is largely resorted to in the Punjab, Sind and in the Deccan under the name of *bunda* irrigation

In large tracts of the Punjab and Sind the rainfall is, as a rule, extremely small, and without irrigation little could be grown in any years. Canals were, therefore, dug taking out direct from the rivers. The bottoms of the canals are above the level of the bed of the rivers, and there is no weir or dam across the river to force the water into the channels. They remain dry all the cold weather and begin to flow with a small supply when the melting of the ice and snow in the high Himalayas increases the water in the rivers. But they do not really get a good depth of water until the floods in the rivers due to the moonsoon rainfall. Then these canals have splendid supplies and remain flowing until September or October when the rains cease to give floods to the rivers. The water level in the rivers then falls below the level of the bottom of the canals, they run dry and remain so until next hot weather and rains, when flow in them again commences. Thus these canals do not depend on storage, but on the floods in the rivers. Hence they are called inundation or flood canals. Their water is used for irrigation of *kharif* crops such as sugarcane, rice, tobacco, chillies, *jowari*, Indian corn, hemp and others, and for giving a soaking to fallow land to allow of it being ploughed and sown with *rabi* crop. The good soaking the land receives, like a submerging tank, is usually sufficient to mature the *rabi* crops like wheat, barley,

gram, etc., if they are aided by a little rain in the cold weather.

Obviously the supply to the canals is precarious, as it depends on the level to which the water rises in the rivers and to the direction of the stream. Some years the floods may be small, and the canals work badly; in others it is good, and the canals have splendid supplies. The Punjab rivers are enormously wide, from 2 to 9 miles while in flood, and the main stream wanders about in these beds; sometimes the stream will set well on to the head of an individual canal; at other times it will be half a mile away, so that the canal gets no water at all. The supply being precarious the assessment of water rates is light. On the whole, these inundation or flood canals do immense good to the districts traversed by them.

The Lower Chenab Canal in the Punjab comprises the following channels:

	Miles.
Main Canal	40
Branches	387
Distributaries	3,308
Total	2,735

Both the canal and the channels are constructed and maintained by Government. I am unable to say what the total length of the village water-courses is, as these are made and maintained by the villagers themselves.

The above canal extends over 5,250 square miles or nearly 3,359,539 acres of land, and in the year

1906-07 irrigated 1,570,853 acres of the following crops :—

	Acres.
Wheat and barley ...	547,898
Rice ...	42,673
Indian corn ...	119,772
Millets ...	121,558
Gram ...	38,972
Moth ...	25,973
Cotton ...	90,438
Rapeseed ...	237,914
Fodder ...	214,470
Sugarcane ...	24,575
Miscellaneous crops ...	106,610
Total ...	1,570,853

The value of these crops is estimated at Rs 38,565,915 and they are mainly grown in a tract of country that was entirely waste prior to the construction of this canal.

The cost of the canal was Rs. 27,40,875. The value of the crops raised in 1906-07 was nearly $1\frac{1}{2}$ times the total cost of the canal, thus giving the Government the handsome return of 24 per cent. on the capital spent.

A great deal might be said on the subject of wells. A well is merely the road by which the water which is collected in the underground reservoir is drawn out. The best wells are those in the United Provinces, and this is due to the presence some distance underground of a bed of clay called the *mota*. The good water-bearing strata lie under this bed of clay. A cylinder of brickwork—what is known to all as a well—is sunk through the upper strata until it rests on the *mota*.

A hole is then pierced through this bed of clay, and the water from the strata underneath rises up into the well and gives a continuous good supply at no very great depth below the surface.

In the Punjab there is no *mota*. As a rule underlying the surface earth is fine blue sand in which the water collects at varying depths. The well-cylinder is sunk through this until a depth of water is obtained, say 10 to 15 feet. The supply in these wells is not as good as in those of the United Provinces. Generally they are much deeper than those of the United Provinces, particularly in the south-west of the Punjab. I have measured a well 300 feet deep on the northern border of Bikanir where it meets the Punjab. Obviously no irrigation is possible from wells of this depth ; they are only used for drinking and watering cattle.

In Central India the surface earth mostly consists of black cotton soil overlying black trap rock or mooram soil. It is impossible to sink the well-cylinder through this soil ; it has to be built up from the top of the rock surface. When this is done a well is blasted with gunpowder or dynamite in the rock to form a reservoir. Usually the water flows feebly into the reservoir through the cracks of the rock, and its supply is very small. Most of these wells run dry in April, May and June. If the monsoon rain is heavy the water percolates largely into the reservoir. It is for this reason that wells near a tank have a much better supply than those not so placed. As wells cannot store rainwater as tanks do, it is preferable to spend money on the latter on suitable sites.

In concluding this paper I should say what the British Government has done and is doing to encourage

and develop irrigation in India. To the end of 1906-07 Government spent Rs. 48,87,84,154 on works to irrigate 22,224,949 acres throughout India. In that year these works brought to the State a gross revenue of Rs. 7,35,56,194 and a net revenue of Rs. 4,74,40,754 which is 9.75 per cent. on the capital spent. To mitigate the evils of famine the Government also spent to the end of 1906-07 Rs. 2,01,34,885 on works to irrigate 212,274 acres and got in that year a net revenue of Rs. 3,31,876 equivalent to 1.65 per cent. on the capital spent.

AN AMATEUR AGRICULTURIST.



Art. VI.—POSITION OF INDIANS IN BRITISH INDIAN ADMINISTRATION.

“INDIA of the present day,” says a great Indian thinker, “has neither the soil nor the elasticity enjoyed by young and vigorous communities, but presents the arid rocks and deserts of an effete civilisation hardly stirred to a semblance of life by a foreign occupation dozing over its easily gained advantages.” When this sentiment was expressed in post-prandial oratory by the great Indian thinker, he was cheered to the echo, but the audience most probably forgot that their applause was indirectly a severe indictment of one hundred and fifty years’ British Rule in India.

Quite recently, one of Lord Morley’s colleagues of the India Council has declared that British Rule in India has crushed Indian talent and emasculated the native character. At the present moment, when the question of Indian unrest is engaging so much attention both of the Government of India and of the public, I think, it is high time that the above statement should be critically examined to see how far it is correct, and, if so, what is its bearing on the present political condition of the Indian Empire and how far it contributes to the volume of the present Indian unrest.

It is surely an undeniable fact that in the service of the Indian State, there are scores of Indians of talent, character and ambition who help the administration of India to a very great extent by their political aptitude, intelligence and experience. But what opening is there for them to aspire to the administrative and political situations of command? This question is of paramount moment not only to the publicists, but also to our rulers

who are trying to tackle the question of Indian unrest with Teutonic spirit. And as it is a question one seldom hears *reasonably* dealt with either from the Indian or British point of view, an accurate and dispassionate statement of the Indian case should, I think, be distinctly valuable at the present time. In the following pages, I have attempted at this statement to the best of my power.

In England there is but one Civil Service. There the administrative agency is not split into something like hostile camps of conquerors and conquered. No invidious distinctions are tolerated where there is no inherent difference. In that land of freemen and a homogeneous population no gulf separates White and Black—Covenanted and Uncovenanted. Like the ethnology of the people, the service of the State is uniform. There is, of course, a necessary variance between the political part of the service and the ordinary, subordinate agency—between the Parliamentary executive and the permanent administrative machinery. That is an inalienable distinction. It arises out of the nature of things. There surely must be a difference between the persons for the time constituting the Government responsible to the country and removeable under pressure of Parliament, and the fixed staff of under-strappers in the various departments who assist and give effect to their Chiefs' decisions, views and policy. There is no inherent identity between the functions, and, of course, none between the status, of the two classes of public servants. Both are necessary—equally necessary. The need of ministers is patent. But the value of the ministerial agency cannot be ignored. The edifice of administration is not complete without it: no structure can stand without a

substantial base. The lesser servants of the public, in their humble sphere, not only form an essential factor, but perform an important part, in working the engine of State. By their fixity of tenure they maintain the continuity of administration. Without such a *nucleus* and sure foundation, independent of political turmoils and secure against the revolutions of Party, Parliamentary institutions would be an intolerable nuisance. Indeed, Government would be impossible: order would dissolve into chaos.

In our country, too, with a divergent history and under another constitution, there is, as there ought to be, a variation. Here, the whole administration, from top to bottom, cannot be one, any more than in Great Britain. But the distinction is of another kind, and the limits of the difference should be circumscribed. Here, there are employments in the State, even *bureaus*, perhaps whole departments, which at least for years to come, must be independent of any general rules of qualification. They could not be consigned to the chances of general competition filled in reliance on the Rights of Man or in accordance with the theory of the equality of all races and nations. They must, to begin with, be held by Englishmen. And well for India and Asia that they were so held, for generations! But the range of the monopoly need not be extensive. And in the cause of administrative efficiency as well as to meet the just claims of an advancing loyal people, it must be a steadily receding range. The monopoly maintained under the name of the Covenanted Civil Service is preposterously wide. It retains a large proportion of the Judicial and Revenue patronage—it has annexed the chief superintendence of the jails and the police. In

fine, it embraces within its ample arms employments in all departments and various grades, from the political and governing situations which ought to be a reserve for the Leading Agents of British Power and Authority—down to the more important offices in the Inland Collectorate, Customs and Excise. In its giant proportions and greedy grasp at trifles below its dignity, it is at once an administrative mistake and a political blunder. It is, of course, an injustice not only to the Natives but also to the British public at large—to the hundreds of Englishmen, Scotchmen and Irishmen, as well as East Indians and Eurasian Christians, who are thus unfeelingly debarred from a useful and honourable career.

Formerly this favoured service was an appanage of the members of the Governing Body of the East India Company. Of the celebrated Court of Directors, nepotism was one of the most cherished franchises,* and the Indian Civil Service was set apart as a preserve for their *protégés*. That was a natural, not to say necessary state of things, arising out of history, and with some inherent weakness of principle and more corruption in practice, it was not without its good points. That arrangement was broken through in 1853, and in 1858 the Company itself was swept away by the Mutinies. But through all these great constitutional changes, the monopoly remained, though its conditions and *personnel* were changed. The separate existence of the service, to be recruited only in England, by an arbitrary and capricious standard of examination—an examination planned, not so much by men of specific experience as by amateurs, *Pandits* and theorists—and the reservation of its members alone of all the fat posts and snug sinecures in this empire, constitute it a monopoly and, of

* See Lockwood's *Reminiscences*, p. 147.

course, a grievance to the public. Far be it from us to harbour schemes for vulgarising the administration and opening the door of office to inferior men, any more than lowering the prestige or weakening the securities of British Rule. But, surely, the empire may be preserved not only in its integrity but in all its pride and glory, without inflicting a wrong on the whole profession of Government officials. Surely, the dignity as well as efficiency of administration may be maintained without dividing the *employés* into *Brahmans* and *Sudras*.

No doubt, the tendency to caste is unconquerable. It is the law of Nature. It is, at any rate, the natural disposition of human numbers. Every society—every considerable body of men—is apt to crystallize into castes. But that is no reason for encouraging the thing. It is not policy to promote dissimilarities so as to lead to precipitation into angular and conflicting units. It is certainly not at all expedient to make hard and fast distinctions between servants of the State who have so much in common. The distinction between Covenanted and Uncovenanted is of a harsh and adamant character unknown even to ancient Hindu polity. The authors of the Hindu caste system at least left possible for members of the inferior classes to aspire to promotion to the superior ranks. Under the British Indian scheme of administrative castes, there was no such provision. According to the unalterable decree of the official *Manu*, once a *Sudra* always a *Sudra*. There is no getting out of the rut of the depressed and despised Uncovenanted.

For once there seemed a prospect of release. The genius of Lord Lytton and his Government devised a plan of rare statesmanship which, as far as human ingenuity

might achieve the impossible, combined the satisfaction of native claims with the maintenance of British supremacy. His Lordship's Statutory Civil Service, as it is called, with its other important practical advantages, cheered the heart of the lowly servants of the State and opened the door of promotion to the Pariahs of the administration. But there is no escape for the unlucky, and he is himself his worst enemy. In our own wisdom we spurned the boon. The Public Service Commission submitting to the consensus of voices from all Provinces, voted against it. The Statutory Civil Service—thanks to our own selves—is doomed.

How different the case in England. There is no distinction except from the dignity of the office and the worth of the official. The homogeneity of the Service leaves ample room and verge enough for individual talents and ambitions, and allows of many possibilities. Although below the Parliamentary Service, and in consequence more analogous to our Uncovenanted, it enjoys advantages which the Indian Junior Service sighs for in vain. Accordingly, the British Civil Service is a far better career. It is an incentive to exertion and a path of ambition to merit. Its annals have been illustrated by many bright names and not a few remarkable successes.

The English Civil Service is obviously inferior to the English Covenanted Service in India, in power and prestige as well as profit. It is, as we have said, akin to the Covenanted branch of the Indian Public Service. It may be called the *Kerani* Service. There is no necessary opprobrium in that well-known Indian word—which we owe to our first visitors from Europe round the Cape—any more than in the much-abused title *Baboo*. *Kerani* means simply a *clerk* or “writer.” The

members of the White Covenanted Civil Service bore the official designation, dropped of late years, of “the Company's writers,” rendered into Hindustani *Compani ka Kerani*—briefly simply writers—and their posts were denominated *writerships*. Hence the long pile facing Dalhousie Square on the north, now the Bengal Secretariat, in which they were housed, was called Writers' Buildings and known among the people as the *Keranis' Barracks*. With the spread of British Empire in India, and the consequent increment of pretensions, and, finally, with the rise of Paramountcy, the more clerical functions devolved more and more upon an inferior agency usually picked up on the spot, while an enlarged field of offices of great dignity and high emoluments was opened to an ever-increasing number of the favoured sons of the Company. Thus gradually, the word “writer” or “Kerani” became an anachronism and a misnomer. The true *Keranis* now are the non-professional section of the Uncovenanted Service. And these constitute the true analogue and counterpart of the English Civil Service. But what a gulf parts the *Keranis* of England and the *Keranis* of India in respect of position and prospects and social repute! Much of the degradation of Indian keranidom, no doubt, lies in the men, but the system is very much to blame too. It leaves the Service the resource generally of inferior men. Better men are scared away from its blighting precincts. The superior men, who, for want of better openings enter it, dwindle away for want of encouragement or communion with their betters. In the absence of opportunities for improving or for distinction, these poor fellows decline on a lower plane, until, in the course of a few years, they rust and decay, or absolutely go to the bad.

In England, the Civil Service has long been the best resource of the men of mind. Literary men in embryo in scores have been nourished in its ranks towards their easy and unforced birth in the republic of letters, until such time as they were able well to stand on their legs without extraneous support. Mature men of letters who had already made their mark, have always esteemed it a safe haven from the strain and uncertainties of professional literature. Altogether, the names are legion of those who have in the *Kerani* Service found a sufficient career for content and comfort and dignity, or a stepping-stone to distinction. The great Edmund Burke himself commenced life as a clerk to a clerk as it were—going to Ireland, on speculation, as a sort of *Omedwar Mosaheb* or companion secretary to Single-speech Hamilton, Secretary to the Lord Lieutenant, Lord Halifax. Returning to England, he became Private Secretary to the Marquis of Rockingham, then Premier, who, appreciating his worth, introduced him through a pocket borough into the House of Commons, in which he soon became historical. Burkes, even in Great Britain, are not as numerous as blackberries. But the Great Edmund is not the only man of genius who rose from modest clerical beginnings. Junius, from a clerk in the War Office, became Councillor at Calcutta and next Member of Parliament—and by no means undistinguished as either. The illustrious head of the brilliant family of the Stephens—the British counterpart of the French printing sept, which has given to the world such a succession of contributors to learning and science—was slowly and imperceptibly beguiled into passing from a lawyer to Government official. His long and brilliant services as Under-Secretary in the Colonial Office, which the Colonies must ever remember

with gratitude, were at last rewarded, inadequately enough, with a simple knighthood and the nominal dignity of a Privy Councillor. From the Stephens to the Hammonds is a long step; nevertheless, the latter, father and son, with far inferior parts and accomplishments, by dint of application, achieved almost equal success, and certainly won a far superior overt recognition. Mr. George Hammond, under the designation of Under-Secretary, was known to the initiated as the secret moving-spring of the Foreign Department for a lengthened period. His opinion of the Civil Service as a career ought to be final, and that opinion is plainly manifest in his act. He would certainly not have sent his own young hopeful to vegetate or drudge for life without a chance in the wrong place. Nor was that son a spoiled dunderhead or a scapegrace or an ignoramus, but a true *hopeful*, entitled to the best trial in the world that his friends could procure him. Educated at Eton and Harrow, he was sent to Oxford where he graduated and obtained fellowship. Without the means of a political career, he became a clerk in the office of the Privy Council. Seeing little prospect there, he, after a year, got himself transferred to his father's department in 1825. Here, after a patient service of a quarter of a century, he became Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. In twelve years more a Right Honourable. Until, after half a century's service, he retired on pension in 1873 and the next year got promoted to the peerage.

A far more eminent literary house is that of the brilliant Dilkes of the same prenomens as well as surname. Born in the last month of 1789, Charles Wentworth Dilke, grandfather of the living statesman of that ilk, early entered as a junior clerk in the Navy Pay Office. He rose step by step, in the usual way,

until on a consolidation of offices in the department, he retired. He had from the first been one of the most scholarly writers on the press and had edited the *Daily News*, and he now devoted his powers and resources to literature, for both pleasure and profit. The since well-known weekly journal of criticism, the *Athenæum*, being in the market, having proved a failure, Mr. Dilke purchased it, confident of his power of making a good thing of it. It was not a vain confidence. The investment was a complete success—thanks to his business experience acquired in the Civil Service no less than to his taste, critical acumen, and scholarship. He was at once his own manager and editor—all in all. He soon revived the sinking concern, and before his retirement from active management, financial or literary, in 1849, Mr. Dilke had brought the paper to the highest efficiency and credit, and the *Athenæum* has ever since been a fine estate in the family. He now had more leisure for important literary inquiries, with the results of which he, from time to time, enriched his own journal and enhanced its prestige throughout the learned and political world. He was the highest authority in English literary history from the Revolution down to the end of the eighteenth century. The most important of his contributions were those on Pope and his contemporaries, on Junius, and on John Wilkes. He threw fresh light on all these old topics. With respect to the personality of the Great Unknown, he gave quite a new aspect to a well-worn out controversy. And he effectually rehabilitated the great demagogue. A selection of his writings appeared in two volumes under the title of *Papers of a Critic*—a capital book. After fifteen years of dignified learned retirement, he died in the middle of 1864.

His son succeeded him in the ownership of the *Athenæum*. During his father's lifetime, he distinguished himself by his energetic exertions in the promotion and working of the Great Exhibition of 1851, and won great honour by declining a knighthood and all pecuniary reward for his great services. Before his death in 1869, however, he had stepped into a baronetcy. His son, the most distinguished of the family, heir to a fortune and a title, was above seeking the Civil Service for a profession. With his parts and prospects, he aspired to a literary and political career. Taking his degree at Cambridge and being called to the bar in the same year, 1866, he went out on his travels. His Grand Tour was up to the grandeur of the civilisation of the latter half of the nineteenth century. Its plan showed full appreciation of the imperial position of England. He may be said to have started the fashion of globe-trotting in our day. He made the round of the whole world, visiting in especial every English-speaking and every British-governed country, and taking note of their history, ethnography, condition and prospects. His personal narrative, enriched with his inquiries and reflections, published in 1868, at once made him famous. The very name of the book—*Greater Britain*—stamped him as a thinker of comprehensive calibre and keen discernment. It immediately passed into several editions, and was republished in America and translated into various languages on the Continent of Europe. It enabled him with confidence to stand as a candidate in the Radical interest for the newly created metropolitan borough of Chelsea and brought him to the head of the poll. His career as a Liberal statesman since is well known.

The Civil Service in England has long been the too common refuge of the literary class from the

uncertainties and degradations of professional literature—to the equal advantage of letters and administration. Not the least important benefit to the nation and the world at large is the chastening and ennobling influence of the occupation on the literary character. Gibbon confessed that his short connection with business and affairs, first as an officer of the Militia and subsequently as a Member of Parliament, albeit a silent and undistinguished one, was of yeoman's service to him in the production of his great history. The even more eminent David Hume, great in history and *belles lettres*, and still greater in philosophy, deemed himself, at least at an early period of his life, unfit, by reason of worldly inexperience and bashful diffidence in consequence, for the easy office of a travelling governor or tutor. This statement occurs in his curious self-analytical letter to a physician which his biographer has unearthed.* It was after six more years' acquaintance with life, that he made bold to apply to Mr. George Carre of Nisbet for the situation of companion tutor to that gentleman's cousins, and even then he preferred to rest his fitness on the score of relationship with the family.† Under the circumstances, the advantage to authors and journalists, of occupation, however humble, in the mill of administration, may be easily understood. The experience of Government departments insensibly but inevitably broadens the vision, practicalises the understanding and elevates the character. Indeed, since the departments have seen the desirableness of inviting more and more men of education, the breed of literary men has been distinctly improved, morally no less than intellectually. The genuine Bohemia—the republic on the European

* *Life and Correspondence of David Hume*. By John Hill Burton. In Two Volumes. Edinburgh, 1846. Vol. I., pp. 37-38.

† *Burton's Life and Correspondence of David Hume*. Vol. I. pp. 115-116.

Continent whose history has been graphically written by the ill-fated Mürger—never existed either in its provoking aggravations or its poetical picturesqueness, in Great Britain. The prosy virtuous island would not permit such a sore spot on its person—unless far down in the olden days of the Restoration or the still more ancient times of the Tudors. Such as it was, the insular approximation to the Continental phenomena scarcely survived the eighteenth century. Even with the Turners and Maginns, it was an imitation Brummagem article. Certainly, no living experience is extant of the geography of the country of which Titmarsh has left such a lively description:—

“A pleasant land, not fenced with drab stucco like Belgravia or Tyburnia: not guarded by a large standing army of footmen: not echoing with noble chariots, not replete with polite chintz drawing-rooms and neat tea-tables; a land over which hangs an endless fog, occasioned by much tobacco: a land of chambers, billiard-rooms, and oyster-suppers: a land of song: a land where soda-water flows freely in the morning: a land of tin dish covers from taverns and foaming porter: a land of lotus-eating (with lots of cayenne pepper), of pulls on the river, of delicious reading of novels, magazines and saunterings in many studies: a land where all men call each other by their Christian names; where most are poor, where almost all are young, and where, if a few oldsters enter, it is because they have preserved more tenderly and carefully than others their youthful spirits and the delightful capacity to be idle.”*

At any rate, notwithstanding Thackeray's ungenerous persecution of Mr. Edmund Yates under the name

* Thackeray's *Adventures of Philip*.

of "Young Grub Street,"* the literary men engaged in the service of the State are a very different species from the garreteers of old Grub Street. They certainly have little in common with the Savages, Churchills and Goldsmiths of the eighteenth century. The regulation drill of the great Circumlocution Office effectually purges those who come under it of all taint of Bohemianism. An exception might and must be found occasionally in so wide a sphere. We certainly remember at least two or three men recalling in some feeble degree the associations of past era. If Leigh Hunt habitually attended late at the War Office and then jested away his and others' hours there, and finally resigned in dread of dismissal,† he was a thoroughly respectable man though of poetic temperament. So was Charles Lamb, who strove so manfully and patiently against personal infirmities and external difficulties, and succeeded in proving himself a good assistant. So was the brilliant Irish beggar, Moore, who commenced life in his native Ireland in a petty situation and afterwards long held a clerkship in the "remote Bermudas" by proxy—so accommodating were the ways of the world in the good old days. The English Anacreon—Catullus Little—who early insinuated himself into the world and who was welcomed into the society of fashion and rank on the dubious fame of his warm, not to say indecent, love ditties,—who challenged and fought his first critic,—who was a diner-out of the first water,—who, according to one of his best friends whose chosen biographer he was,

* Thackeray's *Virginians*. The forced attack on Mr. Yates appeared in one of the early numbers of Thackeray's novel then issuing in parts. Appearing as it did at a time when the two literary men had fallen out and their case was pending before the Garrick Club, it was peculiarly unmagnanimous and unfair. But, alas! they who delight to hit their neighbours most are, most of them, least able to bear being hit themselves.

† Leigh Hunt's *Autobiography*, Vol. II., p. 13.

"dearly loved a lord," who, for all that, repeatedly quarrelled with his patrons, and revenged on them with biting epigrams or elaborate satires,—who, in consequence, was finally driven to literature as his sole dependence, contributing unconsidered trifles to ephemeral journalism—seems, at the first blush, the very type of the denizen of British Bohemia. But a closer and candid scrutiny into his life dispels the hasty view. For, this scholar, wit, *raconteur*, musician, singer and admirable writer in prose and verse, who with less genius might have died a successful lawyer or judge—he had been called to the bar—was a true patriot and an honourable man of the utmost delicacy of feeling and the highest legitimate pride, who loved his wife to fondness and led a chaste life. The profound English *Rishi*, Coleridge, too, for a time, accompanied Sir William Ball, Governor of Malta, in the capacity of Secretary. These are not only exceptions, but they are scarcely legitimate instances in point. These geniuses merely made a foray into Government offices—they did not properly belong to the service. They were too wayward, volatile, free, to drag from day to day the yoke of routine. Those who deliberately chose the profession of Government clerk and stick, have, as a consequence of the discipline, all their *brusquerie*, their angularities, their impatience, their indiscretions filed down. On the contrary, the recruits from the republic of letters are among the most exemplary of all the Clerkocracy. They are not only sober, staid and well-conducted, but even a trifle humdrum in their inoffensiveness. At the same time, the wisest, purest, serenest-minded of our times have found a welcome haven in the state departments. One such man we have mentioned in Sir James Stephen. Another was another official

belonging to the same department and occupying the same position with him—equally rewarded with a knighthood too—Sir Henry Taylor. His services were scarcely less valuable. Though no lawyer by profession, he was one by very stress of office, compelled to study the principles of General Jurisprudence, while there is evidence enough even to the outside public that his mind was wont to meditate with earnestness on some of the deepest problems of Penology, in order that he might do all the good that was practicable.* As for their respective literary claims, the author of the *Statesman* and Philip Van Artevelde has no reason to hide his head before even the author of the most charming essays in the *Edinburgh Review*.

Another kindred spirit, also a knighted clerk, was Mr. Arthur Helps, so well content with his snug and respectable post of Clerk to the Queen in Council, a position perfectly suited to a man of quiet observation. It were difficult to name another three men who might be accepted as nobler representatives of the most advanced culture and thought and life of our age. Another literary veteran, the accomplished Editor of the *Edinburgh Review*, Mr. Henry Reeve, C.B., has, from 1837, been Registrar of the Privy Council. There were doubtless scores of others, good men and true, scattered in the various departments, at home and abroad. The late Mr. Herman Merivale, though for honorific distinction he was only allowed to write C. B. after his name, rose to an Under-Secretaryship. What a destiny was that of the accomplished and learned humourist who has been strangely underrated under his

* Taylor's *Crime*. Considered in a letter to the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone. First published in 1869. *The Works of Sir Henry Taylor*, Vol. V. Critical Essays, etc.

familiarly abbreviated name of Tom Taylor! who toiling, with rare distinction and profit in almost every field of literature, from the highest to the lowest, wrote more books than he lived years. He was so impressed with the importance of a Government connection, if only in the lowly ranks of clerkdom, that, after having taken his degree and gained a Fellowship at Cambridge and been appointed Professor of Literature at London (University College) after having then been called to the Bar and attended on the Northern Circuit for the space of five years, he was, in the beginning of 1850, glad to obtain the office of Assistant Secretary to the Board of Health. His career as a Government official is a favourable illustration of the prospects and rewards open to industry and merit in the English Civil Service. In the course of four years he was promoted to the post of Secretary carrying a pay of £1,000 a year. Under the Sanitary Reform of 1866, the Board of Health ceased to have a separate existence, its duties being relegated to the Home Office. Mr. Taylor became Secretary to the Local Government branch of that office. Again in 1872, the Local Government Office was merged in the Poor Law Board, which came to be called the Local Government Board. At last Mr. Taylor's Secretaryship was abolished. All these various changes, however, did not affect his position for the worse, and now after twenty-one years' service he retired on pension, free more than ever to serve literature and even to accept the editorship of the Fleet Street organ of weekly satire and infinite jest at measures and men. An Uncovenanted Civil Servant in India would long since have been sacrificed amid the numerous changes through which Mr. Taylor was steadily advanced. Apart from the construction and reconstruction of

his department, his connection with such a provoking journal as *Punch* would itself have proved fatal to his career as a public servant. Mr. Taylor was well known to be on the *Punch* staff before he joined Government service, and his connection with the weekly humourist all through his term of office as a Government official was a matter of public notoriety. Here, the late Soshee Chunder Dutt, one of the cleverest men that ever entered the Uncovenanted Service, author of elegant and able works in prose and verse in twelve volumes, after having been driven by a culminating insult to betake himself to pension, was threatened with the loss of that too for a series of magazine articles* afterwards published which promised not to reveal any secrets of office, but simply purposed to present the "humours" of Departments and sketch their heads. But for the editor's stubborn refusal to return the MS., Dutt would have suppressed the whole series, after the few preliminary pages were already out. His alarm was shared by the then able and experienced editor of the *Hindoo Patriot*, Baboo Kristo Das Pal, and author and journalist both presented on the occasion a sorry spectacle.†

Perhaps the ablest Civil Servants have belonged to the Treasury. And some of them have distinguished themselves in England and India alike. Mr. James Wilson was a failed hatter who burst upon the world in 1839 as a vigorous political economist, with a volume on the "Influences of the Corn Laws." The value of this treatise has never been adequately

* "Reminiscences of a Kerani's Life" in Mookerjee's *Magazine* (New Series), since reprinted separately and included in Soshee Chunder Dutt's *Works*.

† "The Reminiscences of a Kerani's Life" appeared in the *Magazine* anonymously. The *Hindoo Patriot* in noticing the periodical identified Mr. Dutt as the author, thus exciting the fears and rage of the officials. These sought to prevent their exposure by private threats, which at once drew from our friends an unhand-some retraction and explanation.

acknowledged by the world.* If ever a book on a dry subject dryly treated, pled and helped to win a great reform, that book was Wilson's. It lent unexpected strength to the cause of Free Trade by disarming the opposition of the Agricultural Interest and enabled the League to carry its agitation to a successful issue. While still continuing his business, now with better success, Wilson maintained and enhanced his literary reputation by treatises on the Fluctuations of Currency, Commerce and Manufactures, on the Revenue, and on Capital, Currency and Banking. Seeing his opportunity in the state of the public mind as aroused by the Free Trade agitation, he, in 1843, partly with his own and partly with borrowed funds, founded the *Economist*—the earliest newspaper of the class, himself managing and editing it. This achieved such a success that, in 1847, he was emboldened to enter Parliament. His maiden speech was no hesitating chirping of the unfledged political sparrow, but the song of feathered confidence: it was a mature economist's deliverance. After this first favourable impression, he brought himself to particular notice by his regular attendance and his attention to, and grasp of, the *business* of the House. Accordingly, in about half a year, he was invited to join the Board of Control as one of the Secretaries. A man of the highest principle, he respectfully declined the offer on the ground of his utter ignorance of India and Indian questions. Lord John (since Earl) Russell, however, argued him out of his scruples and, early next year, in 1848, Mr. Wilson enrolled himself a servant of the

* In *The Life of Richard Cobden*, by John Morley, in two volumes, London, 1881, Mr. Wilson, the leading political economist of Free Trade, is but once casually named, and that in connection with his project of the *Economist* newspaper.—Vol. I., p. 294. After that, we could not well complain of the authors of small sketches, like Mr. Gowing, Secretary to the Cobden Club.

Crown. At the Board, then under the presidency of Sir John Cam Hobhouse, he more than fulfilled every expectation. It was an important period of Indian administration. Lord Dalhousie was Governor-General and the Board was flooded with schemes of great reforms for the East which demanded careful consideration. The new Secretary was just the man for dealing with them. To mention one of his services, Mr. Wilson was author of that form of state guarantee which, being adopted, attracted so much private capital towards the promotion of railway enterprise in India. He was next called to the Treasury to assume the Financial Secretariat. When, in consequence of the disorganised state of the administration of this country, especially in the fiscal department, after the Mutinies, the Government on the spot cried for a financial expert, Mr. Wilson was sent out. He came in 1859 and, by the introduction of the Income Tax and other measures, went a good way towards establishing an equilibrium, though at the cost of much discontent. But the stiff English habits of a mature man suddenly transferred to exhausting work in the tropics soon "finished" him. He sickened and died.*

Another Secretary to the Treasury was sent to succeed him. Mr. Samuel Laing doubtless worked as hard, but he avoided dysentery and death by passing the hot season in England, whence he sallied forth again to the East in the cold weather and again returned home. This was *his* "exodus." It was the condition on which he had ventured out to serve in this murderous climate. Nor was there substantial ground for complaint, according to the precedents of Indian administration. The

* *Literary Studies.* By the late Walter Bagehot. Edited by Richard Holt Hutton. In three volumes, 1879. Vol. I. Appendix.

Finance Minister of the Empire moved backwards and forwards between India and England, as others did and do between Calcutta and Simla on the border of Chinese Tartary.

In a comprehensive sense the English Civil Service embraces all civil employments under the Crown from that of Prime Minister downwards. In the restricted sense, in which the phrase is usually used and in which, with a single exception, we are using it throughout, Mr. Laing may, with better reason, be claimed a member than his predecessor in the Finance Ministry of India. Indeed, the examples of these two successive Finance Ministers of India will serve to bring out the characteristic distinction between the two different classes of civil *employés* of the Crown—the Civil Service strictly so-called and the Parliamentary advisers and Political servants constituting the Government for the time being. Mr. Wilson not only did not begin at the foot of the ladder, but he served no sort of noviciate. The career of this very able and chivalrously upright man is, indeed, an example of rise from the prosecution rather than the profession of literature of a certain kind. From a business man—a tradesman if you¹ will—he developed into a publicist on matters of business—trade, currency and finance; and from a publicist he made his way to the House of Commons. Thence, as a "tip" to parliamentary ability and influence he was taken into the ministry, in which he served in more than one responsible capacity, and obtained the dignity of a Privy Councillor, before he was sent on his fatal mission to the East. Mr. Laing too was no vulgar Civil Servant wearing his days out in drudgery for a living. Still he had had experience of subordinate employments. A scion of a respectable Scotch family

of Rapdale in Orkney and belonging to the Laings of Literature, he was sent to Cambridge where he graduated in 1832, at the age of 22, as second wrangler and second Smith's prizeman. Elected a fellow of his own college, St. John's, he employed himself there as a mathematical tutor, while he studied law. He was called to the bar in 1840, but, instead of seriously joining one of the circuits, he soon entered the public service in the capacity of Private Secretary to Mr. Labouchere, President of the Board of Trade. This was but the stepping-stone to that career in connection with which he will ever be remembered in England. At this time, in consequence of the progress of the new mode of transport, a separate department for Railways was created, with Mr. Laing in the onerous office of Secretary. It was obviously a rather hazardous experiment to place a young man without experience or official training in charge of a new department of vital interest to the nation. But the arrangement turned out lucky beyond the most sanguine expectation. Mr. Laing applied himself with so much zeal to his duties and brought so much ability to their performance and such an inquiring spirit into the entire subject that in the course of three years he was enabled, in 1844, to submit a valuable Report on the Railway system not only of the British Islands but throughout the world. This was the foundation of all knowledge on the subject, and the author has ever since been one of the chief authorities on it, British or foreign. He followed up with important evidence given before the Parliamentary Committee on Railways. He ought to be gratefully remembered by the poor for the boon of travelling at the cost of a penny a mile. So quickly did he make his mark that, in the next year, 1845, he was appointed on Lord

Dalhousie's Railway Commission. He soon impressed our brilliant future Governor-General, and was asked to draw up the more important of the numerous projects for establishing railways with which the public was flooded and which Parliament was importuned to sanction. For, now the mania was at its height which the unbounded success of George Hudson had caused, and the like of which had not been known since the Mississippi madness of Law in France or the previous South Sea Bubble in England. Unfortunately, Parliament itself was profoundly affected. Members had not only themselves plunged into the speculation, but many had been purchased in the interest of particular schemes. The same malady which had promoted the projects was powerful enough to cause the rejection of the prudent counsels of the Reports and the dissolution of the reporting Commission. Stung by such reception of their labours, Mr. Laing, the principal labourer, resigned his office at the Board of Trade and the Service altogether, to contemplate from a distance the crash which was bound to come on and which he had tried in vain to avert. In a few months the bubble burst. Devastation and ruin came on the heels of bloated prosperity and fabulous wealth won in a trice without skill or application. There were ringing of hands and tearing of hair and the cry of anguish and the reproaches and the recriminations of dupes and swindlers and shrieks of madmen throughout the land. And late, too late, the nation discovered how it had brought about the crisis by flouting the Commission and ignoring their suggestions which alone could have prevented it. As Defoe, in his remarkable satire, long since sang

Who shall this bubbled nation disabuse,
While they their own felicities refuse?

Leaving the Board, Mr. Laing resumed the practice of the law. But the profession was never congenial to him and it is difficult to succeed in it unless begun at the beginning and continued with zeal. Besides, it is against the grain of one who has once tasted the sweets—the dignity as well as the surety—of office to lie in wait for small jobs from chance clients. It was, therefore, a great relief to him when, in 1848, he was called to the Chairman-and-Managing-Directorship of the Brighton Railway Company. This was an auspicious connection as beneficial to the Company as to his reputation. The traffic on the line increased apace, till in five years the passengers doubled. His success now invited him, in 1852, to the Chair of the Crystal Palace Company. Meanwhile, he had been paying his addresses to a parliamentary constituency and in July of the same year he was returned by a Liberal majority for the Wick district. His Chairmanship of the Companies he resigned in 1855. He lost his seat in the dissolution of 1857, and was not re-elected till the General Election of 1859; when he entered the House with the additional distinction of Financial Secretary to the Treasury. He resigned his seat in October 1860, at the same time that he exchanged his English Financial Secretaryship for the Indian Financial Membership of Council, vacant by the death of Mr. James Wilson.

After the resignation of his Indian appointment, he again became Chairman of the Brighton Railway Company in 1867. Before that he longed once more for the congenial excitement of a parliamentary life. The opportunity was not long in coming, and in July 1865 he was elected representative for his old district. In the election of November 1868, however, he lost the seat. For a little over three years he was left out

of the House, till, in the month of January 1873, he obtained admittance into it, but this time for another Scotch constituency, Orkney and Shetland.

The dignity of the English Civil Service is illustrated by, if possible, still weightier examples. Sir Charles Trevelyan was originally a distinguished member of the Covenanted Civil Service at a period when it was a far more exclusive profession reserved for the families of the East India Directory. Belonging to an old Somersetshire family, a grandson of Sir John Trevelyan, Bart., of Nettlecombe, in that county, he was born in 1807 and passed through the Charterhouse to Haileybury. Appointed a writer on the East India Company's establishment in Bengal, he left for the East. The vessel touching at Bombay and Madras, he had an opportunity of inspecting those Presidencies before he reached Calcutta in October 1826. Within the next quarter he was sent as First Assistant to the Delhi Residency. His worth became soon manifest. After three years of good service, he brought himself to the front by the ability, courage, determination and honesty with which he denounced and exposed the corruption of his Chief, the great Resident himself, an officer of long experience and high standing in the same service in which he was a subaltern. He had also, during his short period, originated that movement and those inquiries to which India owed the boon of the abolition of those inland transit duties which were such an incubus on her local and interprovincial commerce. His reputation was now made, and he was brought to Calcutta. Here he held many important Secretariat appointments and was the pet of Government, until he took furlough to Europe in 1838. Having married Macaulay's sister at Calcutta in 1834, and being happy

with his family at home, he did not care to return to his Indian appointment. A career of usefulness was easily found for him in England. In January 1840, on the retirement of Sir Alexander Spearman, Lord Melbourne introduced Trevelyan to the Treasury as Assistant Secretary—the highest permanent official in the Department. Here, too, he quickly attracted the notice of his superiors. His capacity for work and, above all, his power of organisation came out in bold relief in the management of the Great Irish Famine of 1845, 1846 and 1847. He was the Head Centre of that administration during successive ministries, and scarcely any other man could have mastered the difficulty so effectually. For this national service he was created a K.C.B. In 1853 he was associated with Sir Stafford Northcote in devising a plan for the re-organisation of the Civil Service, and their Joint Report, after not a little opposition, led to the subsequent reforms. During a continual absorption of nineteen long years in the Home Service, his yearning for India remained, and in 1859 he came out to Madras as Governor and President of the Council. No sooner had he landed than he put new life into the jogtrot Presidency. Reform upon reform followed in quick succession and in a few months the Benighted became the “go-ahead.” He even managed, though only a Provincial Chief, to endear himself to the whole people of India by his stout protest against the Income Tax of his brother Financial, James Wilson, then in high favour at Government House. This was embarrassing enough to the Government of India, struggling with popular opposition in its attempts to make both ends meet. But he aggravated his official offence by the impropriety of allowing his remonstrance to go out to

the public. The Government of India seized the opportunity, and at their instance the Reformer-Governor of Madras was recalled, in little more than a year after his appointment. He had his revenge—of a sort—when after a few short years' interval, he again came out officially to India, now to fill the same situation that his opponent in Indian Finance, Mr. James Wilson, had held—that of Financial Minister to the Government of India, just vacated by Mr. Laing. He had now an opportunity of correcting the mistakes of the Wilson Administration which he was not slow to utilise.

The latest rise was that of Mr. Rivers Wilson who from the Public Debt Office was promoted to the Finance Ministry in Egypt. His services in that country earned him the Companionship of the Bath.

The success and fame of Rowland Hill in the Civil Service are known to every one. He brought the benefits of the Post Office within the means of the poorest and at the door of every man in the United Kingdom. His reform has revolutionised the postal agency throughout the globe. His was no plain sailing in smooth waters to the harbour of easy achievement, however. Born in 1795, the third son of a school-master near Birmingham and without any particular advantages of education, he succeeded in making a good start by marrying, in his 33rd year, the eldest daughter of a squire near Wolverhampton. Eight years afterwards he obtained the post of Secretary to the Commissioners for the Colonisation of South Australia. In this year, 1835, was completed the reconstitution according to the plans of Mr. Robert Wallace, M.P. for Greenock, and Dr. Richard Pilkin, a Richmond physician, of the postal arrangements of the kingdom. The efforts of the former in Parliament

for a succession of years in favour of postal reform had fastened Hill's interest, and during the years 1835-36 he gave much thought to it, the result being that in 1837 he came out with a pamphlet setting forth and advocating a scheme of his own. This publication* at once seized the public mind and attracted so much attention in Parliament that the usual method was resorted to of a Commons' Committee of enquiry. The evidence taken triumphantly established the pamphleteer's complaints, exposing the absurdities of the system in vogue, and showing how it handicapped traffic and demoralised the people. The Committee finished with recommending Hill's scheme. It was a time of political awakening, and soon the country was fairly roused to a keen sense of its new grievance. During the following year petitions came pouring in upon the legislature. The end of it all was that on the 10th January 1840 the penny postage was adopted and Hill was appointed to assist in introducing it. In less than two years, however, he was summarily turned out of the public service, on the pretext that the new system being in operation no more assistance was needed. The truth is, reformers and disciplinarians—and Hill was of both—are a disagreeable lot who disturb the serenity of public departments and are the scourge of good easy-going men who are content to draw their pay without giving trouble to themselves or others. The service feeling regarded Hill as an interloper who had no business in the Treasury, and the successors of the ministry that had invited him thought their predecessors had made too much of him. His fame was now independent of

* *Post Office Reform; its Importance and Practicability*. The 1st edition was privately circulated, January, 1837, the 2nd edition was regularly published two months later.

Government, however, and in 1842 the London and Brighton Railway employed him and in 1845 made him their Chairman. Meanwhile, his postal reform had proved a brilliant success, and to the honour of the nation a substantial public testimonial was presented to him worth £13,360. Government, too, awoke to a sense of his usefulness as a public servant, and the same year he was installed a Secretary to the General Post Office, now a department of first-rate importance—thanks to his own reform. He proved a vast accession of strength to it, which he served with devotion as well as genius. On the retirement of Colonel Maberly in 1854 he was elevated to the post of Chief Secretary. Six years thence, in 1860 he was created a K.C.B. At length, undermined by his great exertions, his health began to fail and in 1864 he retired. But not before he had conquered Government and officialdom—his superiors and his subordinates alike—so that he was dismissed with honour, with a letter acknowledging the perfect success of all his plans and, what was more to the purpose, with a special pension for life of the amount of his full salary, £3,000 per annum. And Parliament crowned all with a handsome gift of £20,000.

He had already provided his son with an appointment in the Post Office.

Sir Rowland was a stern reserved man of business, devoted to work, impatient of contradiction and with a formidable turn for dry sarcasm. His subordinates rather stood in awe of him. And though they could not help respecting him, they liked to think they hated him. Such certainly was the case with Anthony Trollope. There could be no sympathy between such a man as Hill and the freakish scamp of the Civil Service who pined away under the disappointment that his

services were not appreciated. Nevertheless, Trollope fully recognised the value of Hill's reform, and on Hill's retirement, volunteered to him his testimony to that effect.*

The celebrated East India Company were, consciously and unconsciously, the patrons of literature. Their office in Leadenhall Street was in especial, a nursery of learning and genius. *There* was nourished the genius of the gentle Elia. Charles Lamb, to be sure, fretted at the dry drudgery of the desk's dead wood. But in truth he had no other chance, nor was fit for very much better, his literature itself, rich as it is, being of a *recherché*, rather than popular, description. At any rate, he was not made for an accountant, and his natural delicacy and his father's infirmity and beloved sister's mental derangement upset him altogether for the struggle of life. Yet he fully recognised the value of his connection with the famous Company of Merchants trading and ruling in the East. His letters breathe that sentiment. Nor did he seriously complain of either harshness or niggardliness of his masters. On the contrary, stung to the quick by the slur cast on him and the injury done to his literary prospects, in the article on the "Progress of Infidelity," in the *Quarterly Review*, by his friend Dr. Southey, he says, writing to Bernard Barton:—

"I hate his review, and his being a reviewer. The hint he has dropped will knock the sale of the book on the head, which was almost at a stop before. Let it stop—there is corn in Egypt, while there is cash at Leadenhall. You and I are something besides being writers, thank God!"†

* William Lewin's *Her Majesty's Mails: a History of the Post Office*. 2nd Edition, 1865. Trollope's *Autobiography*. Yates' *Reminiscences*.

† *The Letters of Charles Lamb with a Sketch of his Life*. By Sir Thomas Noon Talfourd, D.C.L., one of the executors. In Moxon's complete Edition of the works of Lamb in one volume. A New Edition, 1852, p. 122.

Nor was he the only man of learning in the Company's ministerial service at Home. Their office, indeed, was distinguished for its galaxy of talent, power and even genius. We refer not only to the holders, from the eighteenth century, of professedly learned appointments—to their elegant Historiographer, Robert Orme, or to their Librarians, from the versatile pioneer of Oriental studies, Charles Wilkins, down to the philosophical and philological Fitz-Edward Hall, and the learned Reinhold Rost. The old House in Leadenhall Street boasted the grandest clerkocracy in the world.

Peter Auber, long Secretary in that Office, wrote a rapid but lucid *View of the Rise and Progress of the East India Company* and other works of merit. A finer soul, more akin to Lamb, was Thomas Peacock author of many brilliant novels admired of men of letters.

The Mills were hereditary quill-drivers in the India Office. From the obscure, humble position they ruled the thought and action of the world, long before John Stuart entered Parliament, under circumstances infinitely creditable to him. Regarded in the light of the ways of the world, the connection with that Office of the two uncompromising philosophers and Radical politicians was a supreme surprise. Before the father settled down in his situation of an assistant examiner of Indian Correspondence, no one, whether friend or foe, could have believed in the possibility of so queer a *rapprochement*. Many doubtless were astonished at the brazen assurance of the applicant to seek favour of the enemy just infuriated. For, he was the author of an elaborate philosophical History of British India which does not spare the follies and crimes of the East India Company and their agents and servants. The book being classical, all the greater

was the injury to the reputation and interests of the great Corporation. And the wound was fresh and rankling. A voluminous work on a recondite, out of the way subject, dealing with such matters as the Laws of Manu—no gastronomic business—the campaign of the Carnatic, the finances of Jagat Sett, the revolutions at Poona, the statesmanship of Purnia, and so forth, never bursts into glorious popularity immediately on publication, but insinuates itself slowly. It had just made itself felt about the time that the offending author boldly appeared a candidate for a vacant clerkship in the office of those whom he had lashed and consigned to lasting reproach. Perhaps, he did not seriously expect a favourable response, if he did not actually seek a fresh illustration of their evil administrative methods and a direct proof of their incompetence, for the purpose of vindicating his past condemnation and arming him for conflict in the future. But the patron was worthy of the petitioner. The Company showed that, traders as they were, they were emperors as well, and not unworthy or unsuccessful emperors. Their revenge was kingly kind: they overwhelmed him with unexpected favour. Had they turned their back on him, they would have committed a mistake as great as if they had missed the opportunity of giving a retainer to an eminent counsel long in the confidence of the opposite side. Yet, human nature being what it is and the Directors being but the managers of a great ruling corporation whose affairs did not affect them personally, their magnanimity in the matter must, in simple justice, be acknowledged. They permitted the enemy to serve them. Mill was taken in as a clerk, and he was not only promoted according to the rules of the establishment, but treated with special consideration, and was early enabled to introduce his

son into the same service. Thus subdued by kindness, the stern philosopher and denouncing historian became the ablest apologist of the Company. Nor was this their only gain. With such splendid literary retainers in their pay, the Company's despatches were habitually better reasoned, and altogether better written and more weighty than those in any of the Government Departments in England, and they not only moulded the thought and style of the several administrations in the East, but also formed the high character of the entire literature of Indian government. On one memorable occasion at least, this abundance of literary power and philosophical acumen came to signal service in their own cause. The younger Mill was the author of the immortal Petition of the Company to Parliament showing cause why the sentence of death should not be pronounced on the historic institution, or at least pleading earnestly for a reprieve.

The forgiving liberality of the India House has always been exemplary. Who could have imagined that William Kaye would die in harness at the India Office as its trusted assistant in the Political and Secret Department? An officer in the Indian Artillery, he early commenced to spill printer's ink, wrote for the papers and even perpetrated poetry. After a brief dalliance with arms as a profession, he found his vocation in letters. He edited the defunct Calcutta daily, the *Bengal Harkaru*, with tolerable credit, but without distinguished success. The secret is, that his genius was ill-suited to miniature portraiture; it was simply tortured in adapting itself to the Procrustean bed of newspaper essays. The limits of the leading article did not afford ample room and verge enough for the play of his is cursive and historic Muse. So in 1844 he founded

the quarterly *Calcutta Review* and outlined in its pages the first sketches for his *magnum opus*. Although far from a Radical and depending for his organ's success on the pen as well as special information of the ablest civil and military servants of Government, he did not launch in the undertaking with a weak reservation to spare the Company, while the very first number contained a terrible exposure, by the hand of the gifted editor, of the Annexation of Sind. Meanwhile, he was working steadily towards his great appearance, and by the close of 1851 he had written himself up to a classic. Before the new year was old by many days, the world was spellbound in the presence of the most charming story since the publication of Gibbon's *Decline and Fall* and ere the rise of the great luminaries—the Prescotts and the Motleys—of another hemisphere. The *History of the War in Afghanistan* was no less authentic than artistic. A mournful record of folly and turpitude, it was a scathing onslaught on the men in power—the bunglers in India and the bunglers in England—who had led the forces of the Crown to massacre in the narrow passes and unwelcome plains of a difficult country peopled by a brave bad race. The sensation caused by the book was European. Since the *Edinburgh Review* gibbeted Warren Hastings; there had not been such an exposure. Nor was Kaye a heedless rhetorician like Macaulay to sacrifice truth to pictorial or moral effect. He not only verifies himself, but also enables the reader to verify every statement offered. The book is one mass of evidence—a monument of direct testimony. Great, of course, was the indignation of the officers and officials, the statesmen and governments against the outspoken historian. Both Downing Street and Leadenhall Street frowned on

him. The India House in especial was in a rage. With the whole weight and influence of the great Company ranged against him, the Directors and their connections regarding him as their common, but far from a common, enemy, the Anglo-Indian author must have thought his literary success dearly purchased at the price of this obloquy. To an amiable man like Kaye, the position must have been particularly irksome if not absolutely intolerable. He was ready to make his peace at the first opportunity. And he had not to wait for it. The hour was at hand when the Company's Charter, by which they held the Government of India for twenty years, was to expire in 1853, and already had powerful enemies combined to humble the historic corporation in the dust and withhold any more extension of the lease of empire. At the previous renewal, in 1833, the Company was shorn of all its commerce and restricted to its territorial rights and privileges. And now it was to be kicked out of its delegated sovereignty—killed outright. For some years it had been impeached before the public of crass incapacity and gross selfishness leading to misgovernment and oppression. When, under such a preparation, Parliament came to legislate on the subject, the end might easily be predicted. The situation was serious—the danger imminent. At this juncture the foe came to the rescue. The brilliant author of the voluminous philippic against the diplomacy and war of invasion and conquest in Central Asia, far from the limits of British territory, stood forth the advocate of the great governing corporation. Thus appeared the masterly vindication, under the name of *History of Indian administration*.*

* *History of the Administration of the East India Company*. By J. W. Kaye. London, 1852.

It was no extraordinary service. The book not only stemmed the tide of depreciation, but even to some extent turned it back. There were not many men who could answer it, and perhaps none who could answer it without considerable inquiry. It became the recognised manual for the apologists of Indian government. It was freely quoted in Parliament. Such a book, at once solid and attractive, could not fail of effect. Thus the Company was saved and Kaye forgiven.

Thus, too, was his path to the India Office paved. Within two years of the renewal of the Company's charter, the formidable publicist and successful author, seized with a natural longing for a permanent steady income, applied for the vacant stool of an assistant clerk on its establishment. It might well have been a desperate suit. The suitor had burned the stamp of infamy on the concern and its management and agents. In writings which cannot be forgotten so long as the world has any curiosity respecting the singular story of the phenomenon of British empire in Asia, he had embalmed as it were in corrosive chemicals for all time the greedy merchant-princes who had, with cause and without, seized no end of thrones and kingdoms in the East. Yet, when the *Pandit* came to their door, they cared to remember only that he had last blessed them. The Court of Directors of the Company were deterred by no foolish vindictiveness or unbusinesslike scruples to welcome to their arcana the wielder of the stinging pen. Nay, they hugged him to their bosom. He, on his side, was not slow to reciprocate the feeling, and gave them right yeomanly service. The brilliant literary man proved not simply a well-informed and able official. He imported into his work the energy and zeal of devotion, identifying

himself with his employers and constituting himself an organic limb of their office. That such service and such worth were thoroughly appreciated, goes without saying. The junior clerk was treated with extraordinary deference. The assistant exercised more influence than many a Director. It was not, however, till the extinction of the Company that a suitable opportunity presented itself for rewarding Kaye. When the Double Government was abolished, India passed directly into the hands of the Crown. John Stuart Mill, in vexation at the failure of all his great efforts to prevent the change and in total want of sympathy with the new order at the India House, voluntarily retired from his post of Chief Examiner. Kaye was the only man in the office, or probably the realm either, who could, with sufficient propriety and yet to any purpose, have stepped into the shoes of the illustrious philosopher and publicist. Under the reorganisation of the establishment, consequent on the India House becoming a Crown department, the bulk of the Indian correspondence which had been presided over by Mill was entrusted to an officer styled Secretary in the Political and Secret Department. Kaye was appointed this first Secretary. It was a great dignity but a heavy responsibility. It was a trial likewise. It would have been a trial to the greatest man in Europe to succeed John Stuart Mill in office—that is succeed with success. John William Kaye was equal to the ordeal and passed through it unscathed. The lustre of the desk at which, one after the other, two of the most famous Britons presided, was, so far from dimmed, not diminished. If the Mills were the greater thinkers, Kaye was the greater writer. And if the writings emanating from the office were now less weighted with philosophy, they were, at any rate, enriched with

ampler knowledge of the subject and first-hand familiarity and personal sympathy with the Indians and Indian life.

That there should be some disappointment felt in the long run, among the wilder of his admirers, was not to be helped. It is one thing to be out of office and another thing to be in office. And greater men by far have illustrated the difference. Making allowance for changed position, it is satisfactory to know that the presence of a man of Indian experience and Indian sympathies at the India Office and in charge of the Political Secretariat was of no small advantage to this country. Sir John Kaye was not only kind to such Indians as called on him, but his influence was exerted on the side of fairness and consideration in such cases as came officially before him. If, with advancing age, the *Æschylean Historian** showed symptoms of being smoothed down to the courtly Optimist,† that was in the natural course of evolution. The process might perhaps be discerned at work earlier, in some of his latter biographiettes. But this is looking out for spots in the sun. His normal consciousness was above reproach. Never in all his life either cynic or pessimist, he has, perhaps, given some colour to, if not cause for, the remark that in his histories he was prone to overpraise, extenuation and apology, and that in his biographies he was not free from the *Lues Boswelliana*. But look at his chief works. Behold his story of the Mutinies. Was there ever a book by an official so free from official taint? The *History of the Sepoy War* is a considerable book which does credit to the author's head and heart.

* *The History of the War in Afghanistan* has been characterised in the *Quarterly Review* by the late accomplished and learned Viscount Strangford as "a work as awful, as simply artistic and as clear and lofty in its moral as an *Æschylean* trilogy."

Essays of an Optimist. By John William Kaye, F.R.S. 1870.

There was, to begin with, the initial difficulty of creating a genuine interest in the British public in a long and necessarily detailed account of Indian politics and Indian warfare. And then to seize and bring into focus the incidents of a rather protracted struggle, scattered about in different districts of a vast empire. But the literary success is enhanced by the moral triumph. There is throughout an evident desire to get at the truth and do justice. Such an example of contemporary righteousness is rare in literature. Considering that the author was an Indian official with numerous Indian connections, the phenomenon is all the more striking. In some cases stern justice had to be done, and it was executed without flinch. More difficult still was to do justice to the enemy—the natives of India caught red-handed in waging war against the Queen and the British sovereignty and massacring Christian men, women and children. Even that was not shirked. Altogether, it is a brave book of which the British race may confidently be proud—which, indeed, is an honour to humanity.

The learned Societies in general strangely neglected the great historian. Not strangely perhaps. In life as in literature he was too much of a classic. Satisfied with his work and engrossed in his professional duties, he sought not vulgar renown. He never made any public appearance *in propria persona* though his writings evidence qualities which might have distinguished him in society and even on the platform—at least as public lecturer. It is not known even among well-informed Old Indians that he was a bit of a poet. The memoir in Higginbotham's *Indian Biographical Dictionary**—

* *Men whom India has known: Biographies of Eminent Indian Characters.* By J. J. Higginbotham, F.R.A.S. Second Edition. With emendations and considerable additions. Madras: Higginbotham and Co. 1874. With supplement to the Second Edition from 1874 to 1878, Madras. Higginbotham and Co. 1878.

which, by the way, only reproduces without acknowledgment the *Times'* notice of Kaye on his retirement from the India Office—ignores the fact. Had he not been a great historian or an eminent biographer, he would have been known as a graceful and charming essayist and a stylist of a high order. But his remarkable minor writings appeared as anonymous contributions to magazines in which many of his fine things, we believe, still lie buried. Had they been known at the time to be his, he would have been more sought after. But he did not care to be lionized, and preferred his own "pot-luck" to the champagne parties of others; so he kept his own counsel. Whether in contempt for the vanity of literary fame, or in tranquil faith in the justice of posterity, he maintained the even tenor of his way, stooping neither to intrigue for favour of courts nor from cabals of the learned. The result was as might be expected. Even at home, the universities passed over this famous British man of letters. The Royal Society, however, made amends, and created him, in the most handsome manner, without ballot, a Fellow.

As a fact bearing on official life, it should be mentioned that from the India Office he conducted a newspaper. When *The Overland Mail* was started in 1855, Kaye was appointed editor. Soon after he was allowed to join the service of the East India Company without giving up his press engagement. He retained the connection under the Crown continuing to edit both the *Overland Mail* and its sister the *Homeward Mail*, all through, from 1855 to 1868, to the advantage of all concerned and with the approbation of his official superiors.

The Mills were not the hereditary servants, at home, although unquestionably by far the most famous,

of the East India Company or its successors. Another family of clerks—father and son, both of the same name, prenominal and surnominal—rose to high place in the India House, of whom the junior, knighted for his services as Sir James Cosmo Melville, is still remembered with kindly respect by Old Indians. An able official and accomplished writer, imbued with hereditary affection for the Company and for the great administrative system and those traditions to which his own family had for a long series of years contributed, Sir James in 1857, sprang at the call of danger and took a large share in the advice and arrangements for saving the threatened Corporation and in the advocacy of its claims. It was at the time given out that he was one of the authors of the greatest Petition of our times in the English tongue. Within the last few years we have learnt that the voluminous representation* of the Company to Parliament in arrest of judgment as it were, was the sole handiwork of Mill the younger.† Still it is fair to suppose that the philosophical publicist did not disdain the benefit of the larger and more exclusively Indian information and suggestions of Melville. Apart from the petition itself, it was necessary to bolster up the reputation of the Company with the public. Towards this many champions were required, as the assailants were a swarm, issuing from all the imaginable points of the compass. Such champions had, in many cases, to be furnished with briefs. Altogether, there was work enough to do, and none performed it more loyally or with more intelligence and efficiency than Melville.

The late Sir Louis Mallet, C.B., who died in 1893,

* Parliamentary Bluebooks on India.

† John Stuart Mill's *Autobiography*.

is, perhaps, the latest rise from the rank and file of the India Office. He was a Prince of Clerks. After an obscure noviciate in some one or more departments, he emerged to the surface at the Board of Trade as Private Secretary to the President. In this capacity it devolved on him to draw up a tariff under Mr. Cobden's Commercial Treaty with France. His success in this work was the making of him. He was rewarded with a knighthood and the honourable sinecure of a seat on the India Council. He afterwards became the unparliamentary head of the India Office as Permanent Under-Secretary. In 1881 he, in conjunction with Lord Reay, since Governor of Bombay, ably represented the Government of India at the International Monetary Conference of Paris. After an honourable service of many years he retired in 1883.

Sir Louis Mallet belonged to the small but potent clerkocracy of which, in former times, Laurie and Peter Auber and, latterly, James Cosmo Melville and the Mills were the most distinguished members. More humble than the others, he recognised the gravity of dogmatising on the complexities of administration of distant peoples in a vast historic empire. The elder Mill indeed claimed his never having been in India for an advantage as an authority on the subject. Mallet, while in the Indian Secretariat in London, thought fit to journey to India to see how it was like.

He was an able man, strong in currency and statistics. He often corresponded on these and on Indian affairs in general with the late Mr. Robert Knight, the Prince of Indian publicists, whose mastery of Economics was recognised.

Other superior minds—authors of mark like Mr.

Herman Merivale,* Mr. Thornton † and Mr Clements Markham, F.R.S. ‡ (C. B's. all three) and "crack" officials like Mr. Juland Danvers and Mr. Secombe—have, even in our day, found in that establishment a respectable accommodation, their source of material comfort no more suspected by the world at large than that the rich and abundant fancy and dainty expression of Elia were nursed at an accountant's desk in the ancient House in Leadenhall Street which sent out conquerors and rulers to the East

The number of famous clerks in the other Departments are more difficult to determine. But it is not intended, even if we had the materials, to exhaust the subject, our object being to take a few illustrative examples almost at random. By famous clerks we mean famous men who have been clerks—men who have been enabled to become famous in other lines by their secure provision in some Government Office, chiefly such as have made a mark in literature or science. The diplomatic and consular service has long been the refuge of wits in stress of weather. In its bosom, Henry Southern, of the old *Westminster Review*, after a vain endeavour to live by literature, floundered into long-sought for security. The late Charles Lever, and Laurance Oliphant,—two of the last British representatives of Bohemia—at length found in it a haven of repose. The two smartest and most brilliant of living Journalists,

* Author of *Historic Studies* and joint author with the late Sir Herbert Edwards of the *Life of Sir Henry Lawrence*.

† Political Economist and Poet, author of *Overpopulation and its Remedy*; *A Plea for Peasant Proprietors*; *On Labour*; *Old Fashioned Ethics and Common Sense Metaphysics*; *Zohrab and other Poems*; and *Modern Manichæism and other Poems*.

‡ An indefatigable *savant*, navigator, traveller, botanist, linguist, historian, biographer, statistician, antiquarian, historical and geographical, connected with many learned societies, Editor of the *Geographical Magazine*, author of *Travels in Peru and India*—a narrative of inquiries and efforts towards introducing the Cinchona plant into India—and of no end of books, booklets and brochures.

Mr. Grenville Murray* and Mr. Henry Labouchere, M.P., were members of it; they were, we believe, too volatile to be confined. In the Civil Service at Home, the number of cultivators of learning or letters is, of course, much larger. If that is considered a special sphere, the more strictly British departments are no less crowded. The Post Office, for one, boasted at one and the same time such servants as the Hills, Edmund Yates, Anthony Trollope, and, last not least, Scudamore. Nor were the literary men and scholars the inefficient "hands" that vulgar prejudice might take them for. The elder Hill was the creator and successful founder of the modern postal system, and the younger, brought up under him with affectionate solicitude, has proved a valuable public servant as well as a good writer. Mr. Yates steadily rose in the department, giving such satisfaction and winning such successes that he was timely saved from victimisation under retrenchment by being invited to assist in a new enterprise. Mr. Trollope, though a combative cantankerous *employé*, who chiefly contributed the lively element in the inter-official life of St. Martin's-le-Grand, was by no means the "bad bargain" he delights to make himself out in his autobiography. True, the ruffled authorities meanly withheld from him his just reward of the Assistant Secretaryship for which he pined. Nevertheless, their appreciation of his patriotism and his loyalty to the Post Office, no less than their confidence in his general ability, his address and skill, is fully testified to by their recommending him for the mission to Washington, so

* The "Roving Englishman in Turkey," who was one of Dickens' most notable discoveries as conductor of *Household Words*. The travelling sketches published under that name, and since collected in book-form, are perhaps the smartest things of their kind in the language, challenging comparison with Edmund About's book itself. Mr. Murray's subsequent writings are numerous and well known.

successfully carried out by him, to negotiate a Postal Treaty. Mr. Scudamore, besides being a scholar of varied accomplishments and a brilliant humourist, was an administrator of genius, who combined a large inventive faculty with rare executive capacity. He was the author of the scheme for the purchase of telegraphs by Government. Those who have experience of the temper of officials and statesmen in regard to large innovations, will understand what it was to persuade them to accept the scheme. Mr. Scudamore first vexed them into a hearing and spoke them down to his "dream," as it was called, and when at last he got the chance, realised it, to the good of the land and the advancement of civilisation.

Such is the English Civil Service. Such a bird's-eye glance of the great names and lives in it. That surely cannot be a despised, degraded, demoralizing profession which nurtures so much talent and genius, which, over and above carrying the dignity of a Government connection, offers such respectable prospects of advancement, that it is preferred by all men of quiet sympathies and punctilious honor. The highest clerkships are in fact the highest non-political appointments in the respective departments. They are in all respects Under-Secretaryships—those doors to the Cabinet—except in their permanence. In that exception, of course,—in their exemption from those changes at each change of ministry to which the political offices are subject—lies their superiority as a profession. For those to whom employment means bread, such permanent situations are just the thing. As for political ambition, that is an expensive indulgence presupposing fortune, hereditary or acquired. Such as it is, the Civil Service, for one, is not shut out from it. Although for a good reason, and one of historic importance at one period, the British are jealous of dependants

of the Crown pretending to sit in Parliament, the members of the Civil Service labour under no practical civil disability. Once a servant, *not* always a servant. Parliamentary aspirations are questions of pence, usually, but not necessarily. In the olden days, before 1832, poor men of parts and promise got into the popular Chamber through the patronage of owners of pocket boroughs. Such were Pitt and Burke, Canning and Macaulay. After the first Reform Act, popular politicians of mark got in by the patronage of the people. Such were Roebuck, the glorious man of iron and steel—Sheffield's own—and J. W. Fox, the preacher and publicist of mellifluous fluency and ornate diction. Later on, the orator Thompson, who, but for his poverty, might have achieved a great position and lasting renown, was recalled from his mission of political education of India, to try the temper of constituencies in the interest of Free Trade, and Peace and Reform, and was subsequently returned for the metropolitan borough of Tower Hamlets. Of late years, the ranks of poverty have been considerably strengthened in the House. So soon as any one having placed himself above the necessity of working for a living in an absorbing occupation, has acquired the means for the luxury of serving his country for nothing, he may court the "free and independent" of any borough, may get into Parliament, and if he has the requisite metal, distinguish himself. The rest is plain sailing: he may in time force himself into the arcana of Administration, and even scale the heights of the Cabinet. Such a career is possible to even a retired clerk in Great Britain, and was specifically demonstrated when the late Mr. Mill was, without expense to himself, elected for the great constituency of Westminster. *Here*, it is absolutely beyond, far beyond, the reach of the

greatest Native—the greatest by birth, fortune, genius or patriotism, or for that matter, by all these attributes combined, with all other qualities whatsoever thrown into the scale. Parliamentary or party offices are either the reward of parliamentary success, or the dues of commanding influence over constituencies, or at least the compliments paid to party connections, and they are divided between the ambitious young of the governing families and the distinguished veterans among the untitled politicians. In India, the equivalent appointments are the monopoly of—we cannot say the Covenanted Civil Service, for a few Natives have of late been admitted into it to vegetate in the lower spheres, but—Race. All, said the proud scorned Hebrew who made himself virtual ruler of the greatest and most widely scattered Empire of Christendom, "All is Race."* All is Race, in India at any rate, but—a particular Race.

What the clerks who constitute the Civil Service are in England, the Government *Keranis* are in this country. "The same, but oh! how changed!" The English Civil Service is an honorable and honored body of gentlemen. The Indian *Keranis*, though for the most part not only gentlemen but even belonging to the true aristocracy of Hindu society, are a despised and oppressed set. It is well known that the ranks of the *Keranis* are joined by very many superior men, men of education, bright intelligence, high capacity;—it is notorious that the higher *Keranis* give the most signal help to the Covenanted heads of departments. They are the permanent clerks of India who, like their brethren in England, do all the superior drudgery and much of the difficult part of the business of their respective offices. Thus far the analogy holds, but no further.

* Lord Beaconsfield in *Lord George Bentinck: A Political Biography*.

The Baboos never get their due. They play an important part in the Government of the Empire. They are not only the hands of Authority but a good proportion of the brains too. All to little purpose and less profit for themselves and their own. They are neglected in the absence of interest—kept down for showing signs of self-respect. There are scores of things in which the people of India are obviously deficient, and in which they must submit to take lessons from Englishmen for a long series of years yet. At the same time, there are things in which the Indians show an admitted aptitude and in which their success is greater. But there is no recognition. In accounts, for instance, their superiority is unquestioned. Paris and Cambridge might produce profounder mathematicians, but in the prompt application of arithmetic to the ordinary questions of everyday life, the Hindoos, man for man, will beat any nation of Europe. Accordingly, the English-speaking Indians make splendid office hands. The supply Baboo—whether of Bengal, Northern India, Bombay, or Madras—is Nature's Treasury Clerk. His success has been marvellous, so far as it lay with him. No Government ever received such honest sterling work as Baboo Nobo Kissen Ghose* or the late Baboo Shama Churn Dey gave. For all that, they remained the hewers of wood and drawers of water—head-porters and superintending navvies, to be sure, but porters and navvies all the same. Even the late Baboo Govin C. Dutt,† a man of the highest accomplishments, as well as a public servant of tried merit and rectitude, who was privileged to sign the

* The "Ram.Sharmia" of the Indian Press, *facile princeps* in prose and in verse, and author of *The Last Day*, a *non-descript* poem of great force in the stoutest blank verse.

† An accomplished poet and prosist, and the worthy father of the gifted Aru and Toru Dutt, French scholars and English poets.

Promissory Notes of the State Loans, notwithstanding the adoption by himself and his family of many brothers and nephews and all—men, women and children, with but a single exception—of the religion of the rulers, could not escape the terrible curse on his people, *Vae victis!* Even he found himself repeatedly superseded by his juniors and was glad to retire on pension. It cannot be pretended that native work is not meritorious. The merit is confessed by the bestowal of praise, and by the still more substantial recognition of promotions. If dark men are not praised nor promoted, white men and brown are. It is an ill wind that blows nobody good. If the meritorious Baboos do not reap the benefit, their betters—the British heads of Departments—do. There is no waste, at any rate—if that is any consolation. Well might the poor Indians address their Covenanted and their Commissioned superiors in the language of the Poet—

Sic vos non vobis nificatis aves.

Sic vos non vobis vellera fertis oves.

Sic vos non vobis mellificatis apes.

Sic vos non vobis fertis aratra boves.

This deprivation of due is an ever-recurring incident in the story of administration in India. It is the curse of subjection for the one race—the privilege of political caste of the other. The Indians dare not complain. Their position is too precarious. "A breath can mar them as a breath has made." There is practically no protection for them. For, in their case, the judge and defendant are to all intents and purposes identical. On far other footing stands the Service in England. The English Treasury clerks are independent of caprice. They are first citizens and next State servants—citizens in their own country, citizens by right, not by mere favour. Of course, they have, for superiors, men of their

own nationality, religion and manners. These they can always look in the face. Thus they are able to maintain their social position. All this constitutes the service an honourable profession. Not so the poor Indians Aliens in their own country, they serve its lord rather than their country. Their official superiors are virtually their masters. From their political predominance these are doubly masters. What wonder that the citizen is crushed out of the native officer, and slave remains. The *Keranis* in especial—Baboos, Prabhos, Dubashes, or whatever else they may in different parts be called—hold their offices during good pleasure. Though avowedly not removable at pleasure, they are very much dependent in practice upon the personal liking of the European heads of departments. A sense of insecurity of tenure oppresses the secret soul of the poor servant of the State. And this, operating on the constitutional timidity and inherited deference of the Indian, has caused a lamentable dearth of spirit, whether public or private, among the class. Although, in their own society, they rank according to caste and other advantages, some of them,—in consequence, very high indeed—yet, belonging to a different race from the rulers of the country, they are the victims of a conspiracy of contempt, which neither permits them to rise to the top of even the ministerial* agency—the higher non-political offices—nor concedes to them anything like social equality with Europeans. There is a constant struggle between

* This is an unfortunate and distracting word for vague comprehensiveness. It has, like *clerky* or *clerical*, been a thorn in the path of the writer. There is no avoiding it, and yet there is no using it with precision. To begin with, the noun *minister* conveys two very different ideas, one in the sphere of religion and another in that of the State. But the adjective is even more various in signification and even opposite. Besides relating to the position or functions of a clergyman or of a statesman, it means official in a subordinate way, or pertaining to the inferior agency in a Government department or in a court of justice. In this last sense, in which it is used here, it is much employed in India. Hence the necessity of the parenthetical clause between the dashes in the text.

theory and facts in their case. If law is in their favour, administration is against them, and the latter is the more powerful agency. Administration is irresistible—the law is at its mercy. The status of the native in the Government offices is one of permanent falsehood. The position of the best and most favoured of them is one of obvious dubiety and excessive delicacy. The relations between the European and the native element are habitually on tension. No such thing in Europe. Differences and inequalities exist in every latitude and every longitude and inferiority is inferiority in the Temperate Zone as in the Tropics. But there is no failure of justice—no hindrance to sympathy—from ethnic prejudices or prepossessions. The Indians' mouths would water to hear of the life of quiet respectability led by the same agency in England—of the dignified courtesy of the heads and the respectful submission of the limbs and the mutual deference subsisting between the different grades and individuals. There are bullies and cowards in every land, but though there may be tyrants in England, there are no slaves.

Slaves do not breathe in England, as the most English of English poets proudly proclaimed. If any little man dressed in brief authority be inclined to ride roughshod over the feelings and interests of those under him, he is soon enough brought under discipline. Here, a Eurasian Registrar may with impunity set regulations at nought and deprive the native assistants of their gazetted holidays and compel their attendance even on the Sabbath. Here, an East Indian officiating Deputy Accountant-General may become the terror of a whole Government department. No such persecution in England. It cannot be practised. It would not be endured.

Of the many who from the list of Government clerk

have found themselves enrolled in the British Book of Fame, two have of late years published their experiences of the profession. The *Autobiography* of the late Anthony Trollope and the *Recollections* of Mr. Edmund Yates afford between them an authentic insight into subordinate official life in England. Both got a footing in the service through favour, by the door of secret nomination, not of open competition. They had scarcely a chance in any other way. No prestige of academic connections accompanied them. For neither had had the benefit of a liberal education. The first indeed had been a notorious dunce and the miserable victim of a veritable Squeers. If both in the end proved valuable officers, they did not enter as promising recruits. They brought no personal reputation to command consideration or smooth their path. For subsequent preferment, they depended entirely on the grace of their superiors, besides their own usefulness in their respective offices. The one was throughout unfortunate in the first advantage. Nevertheless, to the merit of the service and, we may add, the credit of British character, both got on well, nay, famously, more or less. These Memoirs exhibit on the whole a not uninviting picture of the Civil Service—of the fixity of its tenure—of the dignity of the life within it—of the opportunities for improvement as well as of the chances of advancement—of the emulation and rivalry excited between the several members—of the usual amenities and the occasional asperities and, rarely, the downright hostilities indulged in. Remarkable men, both, as the event proved, their natural force lay still dormant when they joined the service. They speedily developed under the training of the Departments, and by their own economical use of the leisure left them by their occupations, until they surprised their fellows by

their professional aptitude and success and astonished them by the splendour of their achievements in letters and their fame in the great outside world at large. Originally, Trollope had scarcely been better equipped for the employment of an ordinary office hack than Lamb or Leigh Hunt. Soon he was able to push his pretensions so far as to criticise the drafts of the best and most experienced "hands," and to condemn the entire official style in vogue. The very rapidity of his intellectual progress probably produced an embarrassing sense of bewilderment among his colleagues and superiors. *That*, we suspect, was the original source of that neglect in receiving his views which rankled in his heart and perpetuated his feud with the Post Office authorities. Of the security of the Service, too, and the independence of the *employés*, he was the best example. With a full sense of his own failings as well as his capabilities, he confesses, "I was always on the point of being dismissed." And yet he was *not*. So far from it, he remained long enough to show what stuff was in him for a Government servant and to retire on a good service pension. If he was disappointed in obtaining his full desert, his own wildness sufficiently accounts for it. Still he was able to serve his country. The distant and obscurer parts of rural Great Britain owe to him the boon of free and early delivery and the convenience of buying postage stamps at the village offices: while the world is in his debt for the invention of the ubiquitous postal pillar box, now recognised as a necessary concomitant of civilization throughout the globe. Last, not least, be it remembered to his credit, that he protected the *peons*, the poor sorters and carriers who constitute the base of the stupendous pyramid of the Post Office, and on whom, or any of whom, the smallest brickbat of

the highest strata enjoys sitting bravely upon. For himself, though hard his struggle, he was able to maintain the fight. So far from accommodating himself, he was as wilful and unpleasant as possible. Not content with trifling with the traditions and discipline of the department himself, he taught others to mutiny. So at least thought his superiors. The picture presented by the two ex-clerks of the relations of the individual clerk with the heads of offices is to Indians the most interesting and novel. It is pleasant to see the degree of freedom prevailing. The English principle of give and take thoroughly obtains in this sphere. If subordinates are sometimes snubbed, they give trouble enough. If the superiors nag their inferiors, the inferiors return the compliment by harrying their superiors. If the heads of offices may choose to be supercilious, the Government clerks may dare to be saucy. Not rarely impudent juniors led the bumptious seniors a sad life. It is not safe, specially for one not abounding in ability, energy and experience, to sit on the establishment. It is astonishing to see the liberty taken with impunity. Trollope's own official career was one of the utmost contumacy short of license. We will give one or two examples. He himself relates:—"On one occasion, in the performance of my duty, I had to put a private letter containing bank notes on the Secretary's table, which letter I had duly opened, as it was not marked private. The letter was seen by the Colonel (Maberly, Secretary of the General Post Office) but had not been moved by him when he left the room. On his return it was gone. In the meantime I had returned to the room again in the performance of some duty. When the letter was missed I was sent for, and there I found the Colonel much moved about his letter, and a certain

chief clerk, who, with a long face, was making suggestions as to the probable fate of the money. 'The letter has been taken,' said the Colonel, turning to me angrily, 'and, by G—! there has been nobody in the room but you and I.' As he spoke, he thundered his fist down upon the table. 'Then,' said I, 'by G—! you have taken it,' and I also thundered my fist down, but accidentally, not upon the table. There was there a standing movable desk, at which, I presume, it was the Colonel's habit to write, and on this movable desk was a large bottle of ink. My fist, unfortunately, came on the desk and the ink at once flew up, covering the Colonel's face and shirt front. Then it was a sight to see that senior clerk, as he seized a quire of blotting paper, and rushed to the aid of his superior officer, striving to mop up the ink; and a sight also to see the Colonel, in his agony, hit right out through the blotting paper at that senior clerk's unoffending stomach. At that moment there came in the Colonel's private secretary with the letter and the money, and I was desired to go back to my own room. This was an incident not in my favour, though I do not know that it did me special harm."

That is his own account, and the *contretemps* occurred almost at starting in the official race. We could not easily find the Native Head Assistant in India who could venture on such conduct, or who after such an adventure would not immediately be turned out of Government service for all time. Trollope not only remained but was not shaken, maintaining himself without mending his manners. He did not get on better with Colonel Maberly's successor, but got on in the department nevertheless. He never lost an opportunity of giving Hill an Oliver for his Rowland. He describes his relations with the great Post Office Reformer thus:

"With Hill I never had any sympathy, nor he with

me. In figures and facts he was most accurate ; but I never came across any one who so little understood the ways of men, unless it was his brother Frederick (the Under-Secretary). The servants of the Post Office—men numerous enough to have formed a large army in old days—were so many machines, who could be counted on for their exact work without deviation, as wheels may be counted on which are kept going always at the same pace and always by the same power. Rowland Hill was an industrious public servant, anxious for the good of his country ; but he was a hard task-master, and one who would, I think, have put the great Department with which he was concerned altogether out of gear by his hardness, had he not been at last controlled."

Again :—

"When matters came to be considered, I generally had an opinion of my own. I have no doubt that I often made myself disagreeable. I know that sometimes I tried to do so."

And again :—

"How I loved, when I was contradicted—as I was very often, and no doubt very properly—to do instantly as I was bid, and then to prove that what I was doing was fatuous, dishonest, expensive, and impractical. I have revelled in those official correspondences and look back to some of them as the greatest delights of my life. But I am not so sure they were so delightful to others."

All through the story of this life-long freakishness, it has been a continual wonder to us how Trollope was so long permitted to indulge in his career of revolt and outrage. It seems as if he had the *carte blanche* to do just as he pleased, even to pulling the nose of the Chief

of the Department, whoever might be the incumbent. We see the Postal Czar Hill himself not spared. Talk of the tyranny of the heads of offices ? Why, here was persecution against the very heads themselves ! The marvel is all the greater—and herein we discern unmistakably the strength of the status of the Civil Service—that there was no disposition to pardon, from over-kindness or weakness. Colonel Maberly was fully conscious of his importance and careful to exact his full dues. Sir Rowland was not the man to condone a breach of discipline in favour of any mortal, and he was severe and sarcastic to a degree into the bargain. They simply could not cope with their irrepressible subordinate. Yet if they failed, they failed from the embarrassing influence of their own honour, and because the enemy was protected by the institution of the happy land. Had they been vindictive or base in any way, Trollope must have been crushed in no time. But they never forgot that they were Englishmen. And Trollope enjoyed his triumph to the last.

Trollope not only disturbed the department but carried its dirty linen to wash in the public thoroughfare. This Government clerk published a novel called the *Three Clerks*, in which he revealed the secrets of the Service. There was a storm of course and then it passed over, without hurting the impudent author. He did not give up his game, however. When the ferment all forgotten, he asked permission to give a lecture in the General Post Office on "The Civil Service." He got the permission and abused it. In that lecture as he says,

"He advocated the doctrine that a Civil Servant is only a servant so far as his contract goes, and that he is, beyond that, entitled to be as free a man in politics, as

free in his general pursuits, and as free in opinion, as those who are in open professions and open trades."

No more dangerous heresy could be imagined. The heads of departments were simply confounded. The Secretary of the Post Office was in a rage. This was the direst possible offence and there could be no mercy for the dog any more. The sinner was handed up to the great Postmaster-General. That was virtual consignment to the executioner for carrying out the sentence rather than committal to the Sessions for regular trial. The Minister was, however, far more liberal than the martinets under him. Trollope too was by that time too big a figure in the world to be summarily guillotined within the walls of St. Martin's-le-Grand and secretly interred without the notice of the public. He was not only a clerk in Her Majesty's Civil Service, but a popular author, admired on both sides of the Atlantic and even in remote Australasia. He had the further advantage of being well known to his political Chief. Unfortunately his crime this time was capital and there was no escape for him. The insulted spirit of officedom was up. The majesty of Red Tape had to be vindicated. The outrage on discipline must be avenged. The prisoner was summoned to the bar of the chief of Chiefs of the Post Office. He was apprized of the charge against him and the recommendation of the Secretary for his dismissal. Trollope took it all with Castilian coolness. He evidently regarded the whole proceeding against him as a solemn farce. He certainly made it so. He cared not to defend himself. He took a preliminary objection. He demurred to the jurisdiction. He denied the right of the Postmaster-General or of the combined authorities of the whole Treasury, to try him. And he ended with defying the Minister to dismiss him for pleading for the

English clerk's English-manhood. The Postmaster-General dismissed him with a good humoured laugh.

Stranger revelations cannot well be conceived than these startling confessions of this Rosseau of this Public Service. We of the East at any rate, can only read and gape. We are utter strangers to such interclerkly politics. Nothing like the Trollopiean daredevilry obtains within this vast dependency of the British Crown. No such freedom of intercourse exists in any of the departments of State here—still less such audacity of self-assertion. It is certainly not for the Indians. Englishmen in Asia may be Englishmen enough. But Hindus, Mussulmans or Parsees are only Asiatics, and though the law grants them rights, they may not assert them without hazard. The stain of race is on them. History is dead against them. They cannot aspire to the intrepid ease of demeanour of the White man. A secret consciousness of inferiority weighs them down, interfering with their very efficiency as public servants, to say nothing of its effect on their prospects of advancement. They are debarred from independence of thought. In them self-respect is an offence against discipline—a breach of the well understood but never seen Articles of Civil Servitude. Courage is simply treason. Originality is forbidden—for eccentricity is out of the question. Genius is smothered.

Thus depressed, without a sense of security of their hard-earned situations, seeing every day the prizes of the department carried off by others,—their juniors and inferiors, perchance as rewards for services performed by themselves, not rarely by the veriest outsiders—strangers in every sense—they gradually cease to respect themselves, and ultimately render themselves unworthy of respect. They make no struggle against the debilitating, deadening influences, physical and moral, of Indian

society and Asiatic manners, till they become debilitated and dead, devoid of energy, enterprize, ambition, courage, philanthropy or patriotism (either national or local), loving only wife and children, though with rather a barbaric love, miserly, beggarly, without elevated tastes and unselfish desires, divorced from the studies which of old delighted them, at any rate never, since entry into the world, pursuing their education by means of books or travels or personal observation or enquiry of any kind. Indeed, *they* cannot properly be said to belong to the world whose horizon—the sphere of whose ken and activity—is comprised within the four corners of their office or place of business, whose empire is their department, whose universe is the Service. The ideas of such men are apt to be not only narrow to a degree, but simply grovelling. Philanthropy must be generally unknown among an untravelled class with the vaguest knowledge of the geography of the country. For patriotism there would usually be found enough of personal jealousies and of social feuds (*daladali*). Thus the soul of true manhood passes out, leaving a heart enfeebled and the native intelligence itself lamentably thinned. The capacity for sympathy and enjoyment is reduced to a shadow, until a Government situation of a few hundreds at the provincial capital, with a family of wife loaded with gold and jewels and boys successful at the University and no daughters at all, becomes the *summum bonum*. With a few honourable exceptions—say half a dozen in Bengal—the flower of the body are poor products, undistinguishable from the lowest garden vegetables—turnips and such like food for cattle. They feel no interest beyond their bread, and cultivate no tastes of any refinement. They patronise no clubs, support no libraries, visit no museums, haunt no

galleries. If intellectual pleasures ever allure them, they dip into their old college texts and prize-books. And these besides the emanations of English genius from the Elizabethan period down to the so-called Augustan era consist of such ponderous monstrosities as the *Rasselas* and the *Rambler*, and such rubbish as Russell's *Modern Europe*. For them all the rest of literature is very near a sealed volume. For them English fiction has made no advance, not even additions, since Sir Walter Scott—to them metaphysics is, to all serious intents and purposes, a new sound. They of course continue to echo the old English boast that Lord Bacon is the Father of true Philosophy. For the rest, with them Dugald Stewart is the greatest of later philosophers! They know Hume, but only as a historian or as a foe to the miraculous claims of Christianity. In the latter character only are they acquainted with Voltaire, having seen Englished scraps from the vast library of his contributions to letters. Kant and Fichte, Hegel and Cousin, they have not heard of. Spinoza is veritable Dutch to them. Hume, Robertson and Gibbon are their only three great masters of history, for neither Arnold, nor Palgrave, nor Freeman, nor Grote, nor Froude, has written for them, let alone the Schlossers and Sybels, the Mignets and Michelets, the Thierrys and Thierses of the Continental firmament, or the galaxy of the Bancrofts, Hildreths, Irvings, Prescotts and Motleys of the Western Hemisphere. Macaulay they profess to admire as stylish, but they are acquainted with only some of his *Edinburgh* reviews. Mahon is unknown. Deficient in modern English history and ignorant of general European, their mind is a blank about American. Their source of ancient history is still practically Pinnock's Goldsmith, and they still implicitly believe in Romulus and Remus

and the wolf and the rest, as if Niebuhr never lived nor Cornwall Lewis ever wrote. From Goldsmith too such of them as affect any natural history derive their little information. Physical Geography, Palæontology, Comparative Philology, Ethnology, Anthropology are mysterious words introduced since they left college and of which they never cared to learn the precise import. They still recite Byron as the last achievement in the world's poetry—as Byron was wont to be recited in India, or elsewhere, when the pathos of the poet's sadly glorious life and death was more fresh—with an enthusiasm of which well-educated country misses in England at the present day would be ashamed. Wordsworth and Coleridge, in their characteristic flights, they do not appreciate; Tennyson they scarcely recognise. The other singers of the age have not yet reached their ears. The more pretentious among them, notwithstanding, affect a love of Shakespeare, and may clinch the proof thereof by going to the length of investing a few shillings in a ticket and attend, book in hand, when one of the great dramatist's plays is put on the stage. But it is a mere formality—a faint survival of a tradition—the meaning of which has been lost—of the good old times of Anglo-India when the theatre flourished in Bengal, and when, between the brilliant Anglo-Indian critic, D. L. Richardson, as Professor and reader, the accomplished barrister James Hume and the fashionable preacher J. M. Bellew as reciters, and the poet H. M. Parker and the smart journalist Stocqueler as amateur actors, the Hindus were inoculated with a passion for the grand British Drama. But all that is long since past. The Age of Poetry is gone and the Age of Science is not yet come. As matters stand, the members of the class do not give

themselves superior opportunities of personal observation. Accordingly, their knowledge of the world of men is not much better than their familiarity with books. After they have been in harness for a few years, their old self is completely lost—the identity of the best of them is unrecognizable. It is no pleasure to us to contemplate this sad picture of unfulfilled promise—this gradual decay of a not insignificant element in indigenous society. We write in the pain of a national misfortune and humiliation and with no other object than to rouse our countrymen to shake off the reproach. Exceptions? Of course, there *are* exceptions.

The picture thus revealed of the position of Indians in the British Indian Administration is a telling commentary on the absolute truthfulness of the assertion made by Sir Theodore Morrison referred to at the beginning of this paper.

The position of Indians in the Indian Public Service is an anomaly of the highest magnitude, it not only sacrifices the principles of equity and natural justice, but also violates the very appearances of decency. As such, it is not simply a great reproach to England, but also the gravest danger to her power in the East. The very sight, daily and hourly, of the wide impassable hissing surging gulf between the native and the stranger—the constant observation of the canonisation of one colour and degradation of another—cannot but demoralise the favourite of Fortune and sink deep in the heart of the outcast. Even now, what better opening for talent is there for a native, out of one or two of the professions? Even in these more favourable days, after the deprivation of a century and the complaints and cries of more than half that time, what chance of living is there left for the poor myriads of the higher

classes in a society governed by caste, but in subordinate clerkship (*keranigiri*) and school-mastering?

Even under the best prospects in other professions or lines, it is a bad country which offers to the nation no career of wealth and distinction in the State—no opening for public virtue or high aspiration in the service of the country. And it is a bad omen for social and political harmony when such a nation happens to contain men of ability and ambition. It is a melancholy reflection for Indian patriots that such men are out of place in our country; that they have no business here so long, not as we owe allegiance to England, but as England does not reform the present form and conditions of her connection with us. Unless she is prepared to do so, the education she permits—at once with unparalleled generosity, on the theory of barbarous conquest, and almost with a niggard hand, as the trustee of the nation—is alike a risk to her and a curse to India. It stimulates to the utmost aspirations which the constitution and institutions of the State do not satisfy and can only breed discontent.

Under this anomaly, under any circumstances, the best hope of the stability of Britain's power as well as the sheet anchor of India's loyalty, must lie beyond the limits of both countries. It is a mercy, that the alternative from British protection is worse. For one thing is clear. There can be no comparison between the hopeful cheerful life of the lowly in an enlightened constitutional State and the glories of a kowtowing nobility and a knouted proletariat in an Imperial Autocracy. It will be more and more critical as the latter improves.

God forbid that we should ever enroll ourselves among the apostles of Mammon and moloch, bearing the gospel of pelf and power. But there are times when no

true man can hesitate to put himself forward. At such junctures, as Shakespeare teaches

Self-love is not so vile a sin
As self-neglecting.

For, then the selfish regard is sanctified and indeed lost in a broader affection—in devotion to a pressing duty. At the call of his country, the patriot has no alternative but to throw away all reserve. Then no more squeamishness for him—farewell all tenderness to himself—any solicitude about the opinion of the world? Then humility were humiliation indeed? In the first place the exceptional circumstances of this country—its anomalous position and transition stage—make its material interests and the prosperity of the units of its population far more important objects of popular quest than they would otherwise be. Government service, though it ought never to be the sole or the main aspiration of our countrymen, naturally forms one of the most worthy ends of Indian ambition. Let them not be scared away from a legitimate field by the taunts of those in possession. If it is no shame to foreigners, who might have an opening at home to come so far to take up situations in India, elbowing out those on the spot, surely it cannot be very pusillanimous for born Indians with no manner of chance in any other land, to serve in the administration of their own country? The subject has a still higher aspect. The question of Native employment is one of the greatest political questions of the Empire. The extended introduction and success of Native Agency in the administration is at once a State necessity and a national concern. That indeed is the only prospect of nationalising the Government, as therein lies the only possibility of genuine and permanent Indian loyalty. For those, therefore, who are in state

employ to seek in a proper way for just advancement is not only not discreditable but thoroughly honourable. Every office filled by a native is a sacred trust for his country, which he is bound to discharge with his best ability, zeal and fidelity, and the striving for personal rise, as tending to wrest privileges for the nation from the grasp of monopoly, is one of the highest obligations of every patriot in the service of the State.

AN UNCOVENANTED.

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