

WILFRID BLUNT

INDIA UNDER RIPON: A
PRIVATE DIARY

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CHAPTER I INTRODUCTORY

I ought perhaps to have named this volume "The Awakening of India," because it describes the condition of Indian things at the time of Lord Ripon's viceroyalty, which was in truth the awakening hour of the new movement towards liberty in India, the dawn of that day of unrest which is the necessary prelude to full self-assertion in every subject land.

The journey it records was made under circumstances of exceptional interest at an exceptional moment, and should be instructive in view of what has happened since. It contains a foreshadowing of events which are under our eyes to-day, and suggests a solution of problems which, after long waiting and with a timid courage, is gradually being accepted as official.

The political situation in Lord Ripon's time was as follows: Mr. Gladstone, when he came into office in 1880, found himself at the head of an immense majority in the House of

Commons, pledged to ideas of liberty in the East of which he had himself been the foremost preacher. With regard to India he had formulated the Liberal creed in a single sentence: "Our title to be in India," he had said, "depends on a first condition, that our being there is profitable to the Indian nations; and on a second condition, that we can make them see and understand it to be profitable." His predecessor's policy had proved a failure. It had been one of imperial expansion, of reckless finance, and of administrative coercion. It had resulted in a disastrous frontier war, in an immense financial deficit, and in the exasperation of the educated native community. There had been a terrible famine, the severest perhaps of the century. Many millions of the agricultural peasantry had died or were reduced to a condition of semi-starvation. Famine, to use the words of a popular Anglo-Indian writer of the time, had become "the horizon of the Indian villager; insufficient food the foreground." The forest laws, the salt tax, the ever increasing pressure of the revenue officers had driven some districts to the verge of revolt. The vernacular press, which would have denounced the Government as the cause of these evils, had been gagged in the towns; and disaffection, stifled in its expression but none the less real, was rife almost everywhere. The unrest was becoming, it was thought, dangerous. It was to remedy these evils, and to put the government of India on a footing of sounder economy, less war, and a closer confidence between rulers and ruled, that Lord Ripon was sent to India in the summer of 1880.

The choice of Lord Ripon as Queen Victoria's representative and Viceroy was, I believe, to a large degree Her Majesty's own. Little as she was in sympathy with Mr. Gladstone, she had this in common with the new programme, that the disaffection of her Indian subjects distressed her, and hardly less the arrogance with which they were treated by their fellow subjects of British origin. In the proclamation issued to the people of India after the Mutiny, her royal name had been appended to a promise of entire equality as between these and the others; and it touched her dignity that her promise should have remained so long unredeemed. She had, besides, a personal regard for Lord Ripon on account of his great integrity, and he seemed to her the man most reliable she could send to deliver a new message in her name to the people.

Lord Ripon landed in India in the late summer of the year of Mr. Gladstone's victory. He bore with him words of peace and hope which raised native imagination to a point of high expectancy. Mr. Gladstone's name, to those who understood English politics, seemed a guarantee of all reforms; his opinion about India had been proclaimed from the house-tops; and the Queen's personal interest in the matter of her proclamation was known, and gave additional assurance to the popular desire. Nor was Lord Ripon's individual attitude a disappointment to those who came in contact with him. Though possessed of no great personal gifts or graces, he was a transparently honest man, and it was felt that, as far as it lay with the Viceroy to affect the

situation, he could be relied on as a friend to native India. He was seen from the first to be a serious man, but without the chill reserve which is so great a barrier between Englishmen and Orientals, and his manner had something paternal in it which inspired a full measure of native confidence. It was an advantage to him, I think, that he was not a member of the English Church, but a Roman Catholic of more than ordinary piety. Such was the impression made by Lord Ripon at the opening of his Indian career. It was noticed of him as a wonderful thing that, on landing at Bombay, his first visit was to the Roman Catholic Cathedral, and a little later that in the streets of Calcutta he would return the salutes of his native acquaintance, contrary to all viceregal custom, and to the point that it became the subject of private expostulation with him on the part of his official *entourage*. His first public acts were in character with the programme given him to carry out. The policy of enlarging British India at the expense of her Asiatic neighbours and of the native states was reversed; economy became the order of the day in finance; and, as a first measure of conciliation with educated native opinion, the gag of the press law was removed. It was made clear that under the new *régime* no native of India was to be persecuted for the expression of his political views.

Nevertheless it was not long before it began to be perceived that, however loyal Lord Ripon might be to his reforming principles, a change had come over the spirit of those at home, in whose hands the driving power of Indian reform really rested.

In the early summer of 1882, Mr. Gladstone, to the scandal of the Eastern world and in contradiction of every principle he had professed two years before when out of office, allowed himself to be persuaded to take violent action in Egypt against the National Party of Reform, and, after bombarding Alexandria, to send an army of 30,000 men to put down the constitutional *régime* beginning to be established there, and restore, under pretext of repressing a rebellion, the forfeited authority of the Khedive. It was an act of brutal and stupid aggression, a war and an intrigue, undertaken in the interests of cosmopolitan finance and in defiance of both law and principle. Also, to make the matter worse for India, a large share of the burden and cost of the war was thrown on the Indian army and the Indian Exchequer. Against the gross injustice of this part of the transaction, Lord Ripon protested in vain. He was powerless to oppose the insistence of the Home Government, and the financial iniquity was accomplished. From that moment it became evident to the Viceroy that his mission of reform in the entirety of its original scheme was doomed to failure. And so in truth it proved. The lapse from principle in Egypt entailed other lapses, and in India, and indeed throughout Asia, put back the clock of reform and self-government for at least a generation. The spirit of aggressive imperialism in the East, against which the Midlothian campaign had been a protest, was by Mr. Gladstone's own aggression revived and strengthened. His sermon of Indian economy, and his denunciation of unnecessary Indian wars were

alike rendered ridiculous, and the whole position of those who had followed him as the Apostle of Eastern freedom, was abandoned to its enemies. Lord Ripon in the spring of 1883, when, after two years of unwearied labour in the attempt to gain over the Anglo-Indian officials to some practical measure in accordance with the Queen's proclamation, he decided at last to give battle on what is known as the Ilbert Bill of that year, knew himself already to be a beaten man; he felt that he was championing a lost cause.

The Ilbert Bill was in itself but a very poor instalment of that promised equality between her English and her Indian subjects which he had been sent to give. Its object was to put a stop to the impunity with which non-official Englishmen, principally of the planter class, ill treated and even on occasion did to death their native servants. It was to give for the first time jurisdiction over Englishmen in criminal cases to native judges – instead of to judges and juries only of their own countrymen. Trifling remedy, however, though it was, it roused at once the anger of the class aimed at, and a press campaign was opened against Lord Ripon of unusual violence in the Anglo-Indian journals. The Ilbert Bill was described as a revolutionary measure, which would put every Englishman and every Englishwoman at the mercy of native intrigue and native fanaticism. The attacks against Lord Ripon were certainly encouraged by the Anglo-Indian officials; and presently they were repeated in the press at home, and to the extent that the Bill became a question in which the whole

battle of India's future was being fought over and embittered. The "Times" took up the attack; the Cabinet was alarmed for its popularity, and the Queen was shaken in her opinion of her Viceroy's judgement. Lord Ripon was left practically alone to his fate.

Those who have read my "Secret History of the English Occupation of Egypt" will understand in what way the cause Lord Ripon was still defending at Calcutta was likely to affect me. It will be remembered that, in the time of his predecessor, Lord Lytton, I had paid a flying visit to India where I had enjoyed the then Viceroy's hospitality during two months at Simla. It had been a visit solely of personal friendship, made at the close of a long journey in Arabia, Turkey, and Persia, and that, notwithstanding a Tory education and much prejudice in favour of my countrymen, and in spite, too, of the daily society of such high Anglo-Indian officials during my stay as Sir John Strachey, Sir Alfred Lyall, and Lord Lytton himself, who had been at special pains to instruct me in their ways and methods of administration, it had left me more than doubtful of the advantage to native India of our imperial rule. Strachey's policy of "forward finance" seemed to me one especially ruinous to India – a policy of ever-increasing expenditure, ever-increasing public debt, and ever-increasing taxation. Neither he nor Lytton had been able to convince me that the immense poverty of the agricultural peasantry was not connected with our extravagant English administration. This last Lytton, in his lighter moods,

was fond of describing as “a despotism of office boxes tempered by an occasional loss of keys.”

Still I knew nothing for certain about native India. At Simla I had had no opportunity of conversing with so much as a single representative of its thoughts in opposition to the official views, nor had I caught more than a glimpse of the skeleton figures of the starving ryots as I passed rapidly by railway through their plains. When I once more, four years later, turned my thoughts to Indian travel, the single advantage I had acquired was that in the interval my political education in regard to East and West had progressed, and I had graduated in the severe school of personal experience. The case of the Egyptian fellah is not very different from that of the Indian ryot, and the economical needs of both are closely parallel. I had witnessed the Egyptian revolution, which was a revolt of the peasantry against a burden of debt, with my own eyes and at close quarters, and I had found myself behind the scenes in its struggle with European intrigue, a struggle where I knew the right to be with the native reformers, the wrong with our obstinate officials. I was determined that this time it should not be under official chaperonage I would travel, but as far as was possible on a basis of free intercourse with whatever inhabitants of the land I could get access to. As a Home Ruler in the East, I wished to ascertain what the true feeling of the country was towards its English masters, and what the prospect of India's eventually gaining her freedom.

In this design I was of course greatly aided, as far as

Mohammedan India went, by the common cause I had made with the Egyptians in their revolution, and the public advocacy of it I had undertaken. It had put me in communication with some of the liberal leaders of the Panislamic movement, and it is from them that I obtained, so to say, my passports to the confidence of their Indian co-religionists. To the Hindus I had no introduction. But here circumstances, at the outset adverse in appearance, aided me. My arch opponent in Egypt had been the Anglo-Indian Controller there of Finance, Sir Auckland Colvin, and he, having got wind of my intention, made an effort to frustrate it, by representing me to Lord Ripon as a person politically dangerous, whom it would be prudent to exclude from India, or place under official ban. Colvin's special service in Egypt had just come to a close and he was once more in active Indian employment, and his name carried weight. Nevertheless he found Lord Ripon irresponsive. Then, having failed at head-quarters, he had recourse to the Anglo-Indian press and, through an old standing connection with the "Pioneer" newspaper, denounced me in print, an ill-advised action which, more than any favourable introduction could have done, insured me a welcome with the Hindus. Thus it happened that wherever I went I was an object of pleased curiosity with the disaffected, as one who, having incurred the anger of the Anglo-Indians, was by that fact presumably their friend. If, in the sequel, my journey achieved its object, and indeed far more than its object, it was to the "Pioneer" and other organs of hostile official opinion that I

mainly owe it.

At the moment of my leaving London I received, in connection with this and another matter, a message from Downing Street asking me to call there, and the first entry in my diary refers to this. The other matter was in regard to Egypt, where it had been suggested that I should stop on my way to India and see Sir Evelyn Baring, then newly appointed to the post he was so long to hold, and concert with him a plan of restoring there the National Party. The idea had been Mr. Gladstone's, and I reserve a full account of it for another occasion when I shall return to my Egyptian history, only premising here that it came to nothing at the time and was made a pretext later for excluding me from Egypt, reference to which exclusion will be found in the diary. The first entry of all refers to this, and to my then political connection with Lord Randolph Churchill, in concert with whom, more or less, my journey was undertaken. The Hamilton mentioned in the diary was Sir Edward Hamilton, Mr. Gladstone's chief private secretary; the Primrose, Sir Henry Primrose, then holding the same position with Lord Ripon. I omit in transcription nearly all that relates to Egypt, reserving that part of my diary for another occasion. As to Lord Randolph, it may not be unnecessary to explain that, in the battle in which I had been engaged during the past year in Egypt, by far the most effective ally I had found in Parliament had been the young leader of the Fourth Party. Churchill, though an imperialist of the Disraeli school, was a young man full of engaging qualities,

with generous impulses and a large sympathy with the weak and oppressed. I had formed a close friendship with him, and had succeeded in interesting him in my Oriental ideas to the extent that besides taking up the cause of Egyptian nationalism, he later visited India, and on his return in 1885 professed himself converted to Lord Ripon's policy. About this, and about his short career as Secretary of State for India, I had intended to include a chapter in this volume. But it has been decided that this, with much else of a later date than 1884, shall be reserved for another occasion. Churchill entered on his office with the best of intentions and ideas, and I am still of opinion that had he remained for a few years at the India Office he would have pushed on reform there as none of his successors have had the courage since to attempt it.

With this preliminary word I leave my diary to tell its own story.

CHAPTER II

CEYLON

“12th Sept., 1883.

“Left home by the 10 o'clock train, and spent the day in London. A letter had come from Eddy Hamilton by the morning's post asking to see me before I went abroad, and I went to Downing Street at one o'clock. Mr. Gladstone is away yachting, and Eddy is acting Prime Minister, and a very great man. I had not been to Downing Street since last year – just upon a year ago – when I went to ask for Arabi's life. Eddy was extremely amiable this time, and asked me what I was going to do in the East. I told him my plans exactly – that I was going first to Egypt, and should call on Baring and, if I found him favourably disposed, should propose to him a restoration of the National Party, but if he would not listen I should go on to Ceylon and India; that I could not do anything in Egypt without Baring's countenance, for the people would not dare to come to speak to me; but, if Baring would help, I thought I could get the Nationalist leaders elected at the elections – all depended on the action of our officials. Also as to India – that I had no intention of exciting to rebellion; that I should go first to Lord Ripon, then to Lyall, and afterwards to the provinces; that the subjects I wished principally to study were the financial condition of the country, that is to say, to find

out whether our administration was really ruining India, and to ascertain the views of the natives with regard to Home Rule. Of both these plans Eddy seemed to approve, said that Baring would be sure to wish to see me, and listen to all I had to say, and, though he did not commit himself to anything very definite about the rest, did not disapprove. With regard to India, he said he would write to Primrose, Lord Ripon's private secretary, to show me all attention; so on the whole I am highly satisfied with my visit. I had some talk with Eddy about Randolph Churchill. He said that my connection with him in Egyptian affairs did me harm, but I don't believe that, and I look upon Churchill as quite as serious a politician as the rest with whom I have had to deal. On Egypt I think he is sincere, because he has an American wife, and the Americans have always sympathized with freedom there. I believe, too, that he is at a turning point in his character, and means to have done with mere random fighting, and we both agreed that he has a career before him. For my own part I like Churchill. He does not affect any high principles, but he acts squarely."

The next day I left with my wife for Paris, where our principal interest was to see the small group of Egyptian exiles congregated there.

"13th Sept.— We arrived by the night train at Paris, and alighted at the Hôtel S. Romain, a quiet place where we can see our friends. Presently Sabunji came in with Sheykh Jemal-ed-Din.¹

¹ A history of Seyyid Jemal-ed-Din Afghani, the well-known leader of Liberal

When I saw the Sheykh in London in the spring, he wore his Sheykh's dress. Now he has clothes of the Stambouli cut, which, however, sit not badly on him. He has learned a few words of French, but is otherwise unchanged. Our talk was of India, and of the possibility of my being able to get the real confidence of the Moslems there. He said that my being an Englishman would make this very difficult, for all who had any position to lose were in terror of the Government, which had its spies everywhere. He himself had been kept almost a prisoner in his house and had left India through fear of worse. Any Sheykh who gained notoriety in India was tracked and bullied, and if he persisted in an independent course he was sent on some charge or other to the Andaman Islands. People, he said, would not understand that I wished them well, and would be too prudent to talk. The poorer people might, not the Sheykhs or the Princes. He thought Hyderabad would be my best point, as there were refugees there from every province of India, and they were less afraid of the English Government. He said he would write me some private letters to explain my position, and to the editors of some Mohammedan newspapers. I told him what the political position was, and how necessary it seemed to me that the Moslems should show that they joined the Hindus in supporting the Ripon policy. All depended on the Indians showing a united front. He said they

Panislamism will be found in my "Secret History of the Occupation of Egypt," 1907. Mr. Sabunji had been employed by me in Egypt, and accompanied me there on the present occasion as my secretary as far as Ceylon.

might have courage, if it could be proved to them that there were people in England who sympathized with them, but they only saw the officials, who *never smiled when they spoke to them*. I asked him about the language I should most prudently hold regarding the Sultan, and he advised me to say nothing against the Sultan in India, or about an Arabian Caliphate; it had been spread about that the English were going to set up a sham Caliphate in Arabia, under a child, whom they would use to make themselves masters of the holy places; the Sultan's name was now venerated in India as it had not formerly been.

“14th Sept.— Jemal-ed-Din and Sanua and Sabunji came to breakfast, and we stayed talking all day. The Sheykh brought with him letters which he had written to the Nawab Abd-el-Latif of Calcutta, and the Nawab Rasul Yar Khan of Hyderabad, both of which I hope may be of great value. He told us some interesting particulars as to his own people and family, repudiates the idea of the Afghans being a Semitic people, says on the contrary that they are Aryans, like the inhabitants of Northern India, but his own family is Arabian, and they have always preserved in it the tradition of the Arabic language. He also discoursed on history. I read them my poem ‘The Wind and the Whirlwind,’ which Sabunji in part translated to the Sheykh. He said that, if he had been told there was in the world an Englishman who really sympathized with the misfortunes of India, he would not have believed it. Sanua exhorted me to have the poem translated into good Arabic verse by El-Rakkam, a pupil of Abdu's. I also

went through with him a programme I have drawn up for the restoration of the National Party in Egypt, and talked over with the Sheykh a scheme of restoring the Azhar as a real university for all Islam, and he explained how it had been in old days.”

The same evening we took train to Marseilles, and went on by Messageries steamer to Egypt, where we spent a fortnight. Our stay there was productive only of disappointment as far as the political situation went. I found Sir Evelyn Baring, when I called on him, willing enough to talk things over with me, but half-an-hour's conversation was sufficient to convince me that, whatever Mr. Gladstone might dream or pretend to dream about restoring the National Party and recalling the exiles, nothing was further from Sir Evelyn's mind. He had no intention whatever but that of supporting the Khedive and the party of reaction. We consequently turned our steps once more eastwards, and embarked at Suez on the 9th of October, in the British India ship “Ghoorkha,” having so far altered our original plan of travel as to include in it Ceylon, where we desired to visit our exiled Egyptian friends, Arabi Pasha and his four companions. We intended to stay with them a few days only and pass on thence into Southern India.

We were delayed, however, longer than we thought. I had hardly got on board when I began to develop a malarious fever, which, before the end of the voyage had become serious. The “Ghoorkha” was a detestable conveyance, overcrowded, swarming with vermin, and miserably provided. There was no

doctor on board, nor any means of comfort for a sick person. Driven out of my cabin by the heat and its discomforts, I was laid on a table in the saloon, and there passed my days in extreme wretchedness but nursed by my wife and her maid Cowie, who was devoted and admirable on such occasions. Our fellow passengers were a rough set of Colonial English and planters from India, Assam and Burmah. With these we had a constant battle for existence. In the early days of the voyage I still tried to write my journal, and I give such extracts from it as have anything of public interest.

“10th Oct.— The only persons on board we know anything of are the half-caste Russell going to Jeddah, and a young fellow, Mrs. Palmer’s brother, who has been given a Government place worth £800 a year in the Mint at Calcutta. He is to stay there two years, and then to be transferred to the London Mint, this doubtless through Lord Northbrook.”

This is a good instance of the way the Indian revenue is sometimes made use of to evade the difficulties of jobbery in England. Professor Palmer had been sent by Lord Northbrook, then at the Admiralty, on a secret mission connected with the intended invasion of Egypt, and had lost his life (see “Secret History of the English Occupation of Egypt”), and his widow had applied to his lordship for a pension. As the mission was a secret one, and could not be avowed, it was not found possible to include this in the English Navy Estimates, so Palmer’s brother-in-law was jobbed into the Indian service in the way described,

as part of the compensation due to his widow.

“The rest of the passengers are tea-planters, or English settlers in India, the class most angry at the Ilbert Bill, and we are not very amiably regarded by them. I have passed my time reading the ‘Koran,’ which is a great consolation in circumstances such as ours. There are moments when I could arise and proclaim a *jehad* on board.

“*11th Oct.*— I have had some conversation with an intelligent young tea-planter settled near the Burmese frontier. He seems to think a new rebellion is brewing in India. In his district within the last two years the villagers have taken to cursing the English when they pass, and even throwing stones. He has the usual arguments against the Ilbert Bill – the venality of native magistrates, prevalence of native false witness, and the rest. In another district the planters had sworn that they would not accept the bill if it became law, but would deal in their own way with the first native magistrate who presumed to try a European. He did not believe the bill would pass. If it did, India would be lost. The natives were already ‘far too cheeky.’ A sensible old lady who has lived twenty-five years in Burmah had something of the same opinion, but spoke very strongly against the opium trade. The Buddhist priests of Burmah have complained that our rule has demoralized the country, which before had no vices, but is now given up to opium eating and spirit drinking. She says this is quite true, and that the Government forced their opium on the people for the sake of the revenue. She likes Burmah, nevertheless, and

is going out now with the whole of a very numerous family undismayed at possible dangers.

“12th Oct.— The Feast of Beiram. The waiters and crew, most of whom are Moslems, said their prayers together on the fore-castle, having put on clean turbans. We are passing Socotra, which lies north of us, ranges of barren hills.

“13th Oct.— Last night an old indigo planter with a bottle nose entertained us with his views on the Ilbert Bill and kindred matters. He had been twenty years in Bengal; there were fewer planters now than before the Mutiny; the planters were the backbone of the Empire, and saved it in the Mutiny, and now were the backbone of its finance. I asked him to explain this, and he said that they advanced money to the Zemindars to enable them to pay the Government dues. They charged no interest, but took villages in exchange, their only advantage being that the villagers worked their indigo grounds for them. The planters would all leave India if the Ilbert Bill passed.

“There is a Mr. Y. on board who bought nine thousand acres of land last year from the Government, but the natives on it would only pay rent for sixteen acres, though they occupied it all. He was very indignant, and said the Indian Empire would go to ruin if they played any tricks with it. It was a conquered country, and the niggers were all rogues from the first to the last. The little tea-planter joined in, but assured us that no improvement was to be expected from making them Christians. Some of the planters in his neighbourhood had employed converted coolies,

but found them far worse than the others; they used sometimes to go away all together and drink for a week at a time. Nobody became a Christian except for some underhand object, and as soon as he had got it he went back; he considered drinking part of the conversion. He mentioned how an Englishman of his district had been condemned to a year's imprisonment for manslaughter on false evidence, as the man he had injured had not died – though the Englishman beat him. They asked me what the English Government meant to do, what their idea was in upsetting things? I said I believed it was merely a question of economy; the Indian Government as it was did not pay its expenses; it was like sending away an expensive Scotch gardener from a poor garden; the country would be worse administered perhaps. I consoled Mr. Y., however, by assuring him that the people now in office, Lord Kimberley, Lord Northbrook, and Lord Granville, were as little likely to do anything really in the direction of freeing the Indians as any three Tories in the kingdom. In answer to a question, the tea-planter said: 'Of course it is impossible to get on without being bullies now and then, but it is a good rule never to touch the natives unless you mean it in earnest. If you strike a nigger and he thinks you are afraid to hit him hard, he runs you in to a certainty before the magistrate, but if you give it him well, he knows he deserves it. You must be careful, however, not to overdo it, for they are very soft, and four out of five have enlarged spleens, and they are capable without any exaggeration of dying to spite you.'

“14th Oct., Sunday.— I am worse again to-day, and can do nothing but sit up and lie down, and wish I was dead. The Moslem servants have found out we are different from the rest of their masters on board, and are very attentive. What irritates them particularly, they have told Sabunji, is that nobody speaks to them by name, but only as ‘boy’ here, and ‘boy’ there. There is a bitter hatred between them and the passengers, and no wonder. Not that there is any actual ill-treatment by these – that was put a stop to three years ago by a strike among the Bengalis, who refused any longer to be beaten on the British India boats – but brow-beating there is in plenty. Last night young Langa, Mrs. Palmer’s brother, came to sit with us. He told us he had been given his place in the Indian Mint, although he was not even an Englishman. His father had been a Polish patriot, and he was indignant at the way the natives were treated on board. He is an amiable boy of about twenty-three, very like his sister in face and voice. A yellow butterfly was blown on board to-day.

“15th to 18th Oct.— Too ill to write. Last night, however, we cast anchor at Colombo just after sunset. We expected our friends to come to us on board, but I was too tired to care. Sabunji went forth like the raven from the Ark, and did not any more return!”

The next three weeks I spent grievously sick, and then beginning to be convalescent, at Colombo. On the morning of the nineteenth our friends Mahmud Sami and Arabi came on board to take us to a beautiful country house the former had

prepared for us, and on landing we were received by a deputation from the Mohammedans of the town. The whole road we found had been decorated with flowers for our reception, and there was a triumphal arch at the entrance to the house, which was some miles from the landing-place. I was carried through it all, hardly conscious of what was going on, nor of the fireworks and illuminations which took place in my honour in the evening. My journal contains no record of these days until the 3rd of November, when I find a pleasant description of my daily life.

*“3rd Nov.—*I get up every morning as soon as it is light, and am carried to the verandah, where I sit and watch the rather curious view which is in front of the house. The house stands fronting a piece of fresh water, which is the river’s mouth and is used by the fishing boats as a harbour. Beyond it there is a long strip of sand covered with green bushes, and beyond that again the sea. The fishing boats come in over the surf at daybreak, and then double back up the reach of still water, and just in front of the house are run up on the shore. It is astonishing how fast they sail, and how steady they are in the breakers. But they are of Catamaran build, and seem able to go where they like, and do what they like. They are quite light, too, for a man and a boy can pull them up high and dry without difficulty. When out at sea, those on board are half in the water, but they cannot upset, because as they heel over there is a spar resting on the water to which the boat is spliced. They are obliged, however, to run before the wind as they cannot easily tack. Then, soon after sunrise, boys come with goats which

they turn out to graze on the green bushes; and then men with horses and oxen which they bathe in the river. None of the men swim, but they stand about in the shallow water, ducking up and down and splashing each other, so that with their long hair they look just like women. The oxen come in carts, and are taken out and bathed with pails which are poured over their backs, and the ponies are treated in the same way. It is a very pretty sight, and the same beasts and people come every morning, so that I seem to know them all. I sit there in a dreamy state drinking my coffee, and then go back to bed.

“Later in the day a sofa is put for me under the other verandah by the garden, and I have another kind of view. There is a grove of bananas with fruit nearly ripe, and all day long the little gray squirrels, which are hardly bigger than mice, run over them, jumping from branch to branch and looking into the bunches to see if there are any ripe enough to eat. They make a shrill cry when a kite or crow passes overhead, which is like a bird’s. Then there are flowers, red and yellow and blue, which are visited by little birds like willow wrens, who get at the honey by pecking through the stalks. But in the middle of the day there are only butterflies, almost every day new ones, black and yellow, black and blue, and once one black and green; also small yellow butterflies, and black and white ones, and a butterfly like a large red Admiral, and that great russet-coloured one which one sees everywhere in Asia and North Africa, a link between the East and the West, *Chrysippus*. These sometimes come into the verandah,

and are near getting caught in the great spiders' webs under the roof. The afternoons are generally rainy, but after the showers lizards come out and climb the bushes, and they have a favourite bush with dark leaves, in which one day I saw a chameleon. About four o'clock the sky becomes dark with hooded crows and jackdaws returning from the town to an island on the river where they roost. They raise a great clamour, and I have made a calculation that about seventy thousand pass every evening across the small bit of sky which I can see. They often stop on a banyan tree as they go by, or on the coco-nut palms. The other birds seem all afraid of them. At last, as it gets dark, they are gone, and then two little black and white robins come out and sit on a post and rail, and hiss at each other like blackcaps, and a pair of listless yellow-legged thrushes follow them and hop about among the grass. Then it gradually gets quite dark, and the fireflies come out chased by birds like nightjars, and the lamp is lit, and Cowie brings me my tea, and I am carried back to bed. This has been my life these twenty days."

During these three weeks, which in some ways were among the happiest of my life, for I always look back to the periods of recovery from a severe illness as being such, I was not without visits from our friends the Egyptian exiles and others of the Mohammedan community of Colombo. Arabi, especially, came daily to see me, and I found him of an extreme gentleness and kindness in a sick room. He was anxious to do all he could for me, and recommended me such remedies as are used by the fellahin

in Egypt, and even took off from his arm, where he habitually wore it, a little leathern bag containing a charm or incantation and placed it upon mine. To this he attributed my recovery, and it may have been effective in this way, combined with the fresh milk which formed for the first fortnight my sole diet. I tried to believe it, and would have willingly believed too the other articles of his simple fellah faith. With Arabi and the other exiles I naturally had much talk about the past events of their country. But what they told me I need not here recapitulate, as I have already embodied it with much else in my Egyptian Memoirs.

I find in my diary that on the 6th of November I went out for my first drive, and that in the company of Arabi and Abd-el-Aal I went into Colombo, and that we saw Gregory's statue together in the Cinnamon Gardens, and three days later that I attended a public dinner given in my honour by the local Mohammedans. At this I made a public speech. Arabi had proposed the Queen's health in a few words of Arabic, and my own speech took the form of a return of thanks. From the date of their arrival at Colombo, the exiles had been exceedingly well treated by the Governor of the Island and his subordinates, and were in the habit of being invited to all the great receptions at Government House. And on the other hand, with their own co-religionists, they had attained a position of the highest consideration, Arabi being in the habit of leading the prayer in the principal mosque on Fridays.

The Mohammedans of Ceylon are known there as "Moors,"

a name given them originally by the Portuguese, which is applied also to the Mohammedans of the south-west coast of India. They belong to a far older Mohammedan settlement than the Moguls of the north, being, in fact, the descendants of Arab traders who in the first centuries of Islam came not as conquerors, but as commercial settlers from Oman and Yemen. Unlike the Mohammedans of the north, they are a pushing and prosperous community, having most of the shop-keeping trade in their hands, especially that of jewel merchants. There is also a comparatively small Mohammedan community of Malays, the descendants of a force of Malay soldiers formerly maintained by the Dutch. With them I found living on terms of friendly intercourse the Brahminical Tamils, who consider themselves to be of Dravidian race, originally from Southern India, though they have probably mixed much with the Aryans in past times. They, too, are a pushing race, commercial and combative, and had driven the Cingalese out of half the island before the arrival of the Portuguese in Ceylon. The Dravidians number here and in Southern India some seventeen millions, and the Tamils are considered their leading branch. Their form of Brahminism is of a purer type than in the north, as they hold closer to the Vedas, so much so that the Brahma Suraj reformers make no way with them; their doctrines have been forestalled. They are also more particular about the consecration of their idols, and the performance of their religious ceremonies. The head of their community at Colombo, Ramanatha, told me that he had been

shocked in Northern India at the rough and ready idols even the princes worshipped, unconsecrated, in their own houses. He says there is a good feeling between all the members of the Asiatic creeds at Colombo, but the Catholics, Methodists, and Wesleyans are on bad terms with these. The Catholic population is large along the coast. On the 9th the Tamils entertained me at a banquet, to which the Egyptian Pashas and several Europeans were also invited. These were Mohammedan Tamils, of whom there were about one hundred present. Though unfit for it, for I was very tired, I made a long speech, or rather sermon, to them on the subject of Mohammedan reform, and reform in their political life. It was rather a venturesome attempt, but was well received by them. I spoke, of course, in English, which all understood.

We also made acquaintance, while in Colombo, with the Governor, Sir Arthur Gordon, a very excellent man, who was on the best of terms with the various native communities. There was in Ceylon a good tradition of this kind, dating, I believe, from Sir William Gregory's governorship some years back, and contrasting in a very marked manner with the relations I afterwards found in India between the rulers and the ruled. Ceylon's position as a Crown colony, with institutions of a semi-representative kind, puts the natives of the island in a position of comparative equality with the Europeans, and is answerable, doubtless, for the better feeling displayed towards them by these, at least in public. There is none of that extreme and open arrogance we find in Northern India. Nor was there on the part

of the natives I came in contact with any expression of that race bitterness which in India is universal. On Sunday, the 11th November, my journal, interrupted by my illness, begins again to be regularly kept.

11th Nov.— We bade good-bye to our friends, and took steamer for Tuticorin, the southernmost point of the Indian peninsula. The night before I had a serious talk with Mahmud Sami. He is a man of a very superior education, and has behaved to us throughout as our host with the most consummate courtesy. Immediately after breakfast came some other chief friends among the Moors, with them Haj Ibrahim Didi, the Sultan of Maldivé's nephew, who is also Consul for him, though the Maldivé Islands are so cut off from the mainland that he has had no communication with head-quarters for years. The Pashas came on board to see us off, and I embraced each one of them as they went over the ship's side, and, last of all, Arabi, for whom I feel a true affection. In spite of faults and failings, there is something great about him which compels one's respect. His faults are all the faults of his race, his virtues are his own.

“Looking back on the last three weeks spent in Ceylon, I recognize in them perhaps the happiest of my life. When I arrived I was so weak I could have died happily. But, though I did not die, I have had such satisfaction as seldom comes on earth, that of seeing the bread one has cast on the waters return to one a hundredfold, a feeling that at last the power to do good has been won, and more than one's wishes granted. This is true pleasure

and true happiness. I regret the quiet life at Mahmud Sami's as I regret a home. We could see the banyan tree in the garden, and the boats on the shore, and the columns of the verandah as we steamed away. I doubt whether I shall ever be happier than I have been there."

CHAPTER III

MADRAS

“12th Nov.

“After a good passage of about fifteen hours we sighted the Indian coast, first the western hills, and then the low shore off Tuticorin. We have been carrying four hundred and thirty-five Indian labourers coming home after working in Ceylon. The captain says they carry 15,000 every year each way. They are fat and merry, so I judge that they thrive during their absence from home – all I believe Hindu Tamils. On the pier we were met by twenty or thirty Moslems, representing the local Mohammedan population of two hundred families. They had been telegraphed to about us by Ibrahim Didi. A Moor from Galle, Kasim Biak, did the honours, entertaining us at breakfast with a friend, Bawa Sahib, also from Ceylon. The native Moslems seem very poor. I asked them about their condition, and they complained of having no school. Their Imam had work enough to do leading the prayers five times a day, and had no leisure to teach. They also complained of being subject to annoyance from the Hindus, who came with drums outside their mosque, and that the magistrate, being a Hindu, would not prevent it. They all wear a turban here, as do the Hindu Tamils. There seemed to be no English resident in Tuticorin at all. We only stayed two hours, and then went on by

train, accompanied by our Mohammedan friends, now increased to about fifty.

“The country for a mile or two inland is pure sand, and very pretty with its desert vegetation, thorn acacias and groves of dom palms. The heavy rains had brought up beautiful bright green grass, on which flocks of long-legged goats were led to feed. By the side of the railroad I noticed several birds well known to me, the turtle dove of Egypt, the kite, the hen-harrier, the bee-bird, and the roller, also birds unknown to me, a little magpie, a long-tailed blackbird and others – butterflies, too, in some variety, and flowers, yellow and blue, one like the *convolvulus minor*. Later, the country opened into a vast cultivated plain, perfectly level, but with fine mountain ranges to the west, a very light soil, but improving as we got further from the coast, though nowhere good on this day’s journey. It is easy to understand a drought causing general famine. The cultivation is much as in the rest of Central Asia, lightly ploughed lands, without fences or boundaries, scattered trees, acacias or banyans, and at great distances villages; no sign anywhere of ‘gentlemen’s seats,’ or of any habitation better than the poorest, herds of lean sheep or goats, the only cattle a few buffaloes. The whole country has been recently under water, and this year at least there ought to be crops, but they are not yet out of the ground.

“At Kumara Puran we came to some low hills, which I think were of red granite, and here the country was greener, with millet and rice crops, and more trees. I noticed mulberry trees as well

as banyans, and near the station, Australian gums. Much water about in the pools. After these hills the land improved, growing more beautiful; but night came on, and though there was a full moon we saw little more. About half-past seven the train came to a stop, and we were made to get out and walk some two or three hundred yards, as the rails had been washed away by a flood. All around the frogs were croaking in thousands. In another place was a fine old stone bridge broken down, with a great stoppage of bullock carts, and we arrived about nine o'clock at Madura. I was almost dead with fatigue. Two Mohammedans, Abd-el-Aziz Sahib and another, were awaiting us at the station, but I could do nothing but get to bed.

“13th Nov.— Madura is a pretty place, with palm trees and flocks of parrots. In the early morning we watched them flying overhead, talking as they went. At nine the Mohammedans came again, accompanied by an *alem* of Arab descent, a *sayyid*, who spoke good Arabic, but with a peculiar old-fashioned accent. We had a long talk, principally about the misfortunes of their community. The Moslems throughout Southern India have always been a very small minority – descendants of the former Mogul rulers of the country – for the mass of the population never conformed to Islam. In those days they occupied the chief posts under Government and in the army, but these have now passed away from them to the Hindus, who are preferred to them for Government employment because of their better knowledge of English and better schooling. Their cry then is for schools, that

they, too, may be employed. Unlike the Moors of Ceylon, none of them are engaged in trade, nor have they any means of embarking in commerce. Only a few are shop-keepers. About a dozen have lands, on which they live, and the rest work for wages for their daily bread. Many died in the famine seven years ago. They are decreasing in numbers and wealth, and are overridden, they say, by the 'kafirs.' It is difficult to see any way out of this state of things, and I doubt even if schools would help them much. The *alem* had heard of course of Arabi, and also of me; and they all took great interest in the affairs of Islam beyond the seas. But their ideas are vague. They asked us several times if we were not relations of the Queen, and I had some difficulty in explaining our system of government. They enquired with great interest whether it was true that the Russian Emperor had sent troops to Afghanistan, and their faces brightened when I told them that, though I knew nothing of troops, I had seen in the papers that a Russian Envoy had appeared at Kabul. I fancy they look forward to a restoration some day of Mohammedan Government under Russian protection as a way out of their difficulties. Here, however, it is not easy to imagine any such event, for Hinduism is clearly all-powerful, and the Mohammedans are few, and they are strangers in the land."

Madura is indeed the most interesting Hindu city in India, the place where the ancient Brahminical religion has been least touched by foreign conquest, Mogul, or French, or English. There is absolutely no sign in the city of anything alien. We did

not see a European face, or a trace of Saracenic architecture. A festival was going on and an immense crowd thronged the streets, thousands and thousands of men dressed in white, with ochre patches on their foreheads, and of women in their beautiful gauze drapery, and carrying flowers. Fortunately I had never heard of Madura and its famous temple, and it was by accident that we came upon it as we wandered without guide through the streets. I find the following very inadequate description of it:

“In the afternoon we drove about the town, the most interesting I ever saw, and went over the Palace and the Temple. The Palace is a fine thing, but is being pitilessly restored at great expense by the Madras Government. Its proportions, however, remain, and it may be hoped that the damp air will tone down some of the raw plaster work quickly. We found it the home of squirrels and parrots and other birds. The view of the Blue Mountains from its roof is one of the loveliest imaginable. The Temple, however, is quite another thing. It is the supreme sight of Madura, and indeed, one might profitably travel from England and return only to have seen this. It is not only unmatched, but is beyond all comparison with the rest of the buildings I have seen in the East, as far beyond them as St. Mark’s at Venice is beyond Spurgeon’s Tabernacle. In shape it is a vast square composed of courts and halls, and corridors, deep in shade, with open spaces where the sun pours down. At the corners are four structures, like great Towers of Babel, covered, or rather encrusted, with sculptured gods, monsters, and devils, the whole enclosed with

an immense stone wall, where there are no apertures. The door by which we entered from the street gave little idea of what was within. It might have been the entrance to a bazaar, and its comparative meanness enhanced the quite unexpected wonder we were about to see. It opened on to a kind of covered way, whose roof was supported by rows of figures carved in stone, grotesque and monstrous, but still finely sculptured, the lower parts of them black with the elbow polish of many generations of worshippers. This corridor was perhaps three hundred yards in length, and at its entrance were a number of open shops, where goods connected with the worship were being sold – ‘the buyers and sellers of the Temple’ – always thronged with worshippers grotesque as their gods, with painted foreheads, and sometimes painted bodies.

“We passed through the crowd unquestioning and unquestioned. There was no one to explain the meaning of anything we saw. I walked on as in a dream, being still weak with my late fever, and because of the hot sun outside. Presently the shut street widened, and we came to elephants, painted, too, with gilded tusks, which might have been statues, so quietly they stood, but for the flapping of their ears and the swaying of their trunks. Beyond them the street once more narrowed, and was crossed by the framework of a pair of huge gates of brass, carved also with innumerable gods. Through this we stepped and at last came out upon an open square tank, surrounded with galleries, carved and painted, and surmounted with the palm trees which

grow inside the Temple, and at the extreme corner by one of the Babylonian Towers. Here naked men were washing in the green water, and we turned aside attracted by a distant sound of chaunting. We were once more in the gloom, and passed through halls and corridors of growing obscurity towards what seemed to be the Temple itself, 'The Holy of Holies.' Men here were sitting in a ring upon the floor, and there were arches of palm trees wreathed with flowers, and we smelt the smell of incense. It was from these the chaunting came, but no one took notice of us as we passed. Then we came on to another open court, where there were more elephants, and we saw one led away with brass bells upon it, ringing as it went. Then on through other corridors and still through thousands of sculptured gods, where worshippers were offering flowers, and so back once more to the open street of the town. I cannot describe it more. It is a temple, the home of a worship living still, as it lived three thousand years ago, and still the resort of a nation of worshippers. A temple, not a mere house of prayer, and one where the ancient gods of wood and stone and bronze and gold are still propitiated with offerings and adorned with wreaths of flowers. I was thoroughly tired out with what I had seen, but perhaps for this the better pleased."

The same night we went on our way northwards, by train, and stopped while it was still dark at Trichinopoly.

"*14th Nov.*— We were awakened this morning in the rest house where we had slept by a sound of martial music, military noises, 'and the shouting of the captains,' or rather by the hoarse voice

of an old English general giving the word of command to two thousand Madras Infantry on the parade ground close by. This was the first sign of anything English since landing in India, for not so much as a white official had been visible on the railway, and these sounds were like the breaking of a spell, though still we came in contact with no Englishmen. We drove after breakfast to another celebrated temple, passing through the town and under the fort. In the streets we met a pretty marriage procession, the bride mounted on a pony, and covered with golden ornaments, and again, a young married pair similarly decked out in an open carriage. The Temple of Trichinopoly is at a considerable distance beyond the town, as large, but less interesting than that of Madura, the roofed portion being smaller, nor are there the same carved gods, nor the same appearance of ancient and daily use. We saw it, too, under less perfect circumstances, for the guides of the place had found us out, and insisted on explaining all we did not want to know, and making the elephants salute us, an incongruous thing. It is hateful to be here as members of the alien ruling caste, revered and feared, and secretly detested. We paid our guides and the *mahouts* with open hands. It was all we could do to make them amends for our presence.

“As the day wore on, returning from the temple, we once more found the roads alive with men and women, most of the men wearing the Brahminical paint. There are two clearly distinct types of countenance among the people, one with narrow retreating forehead, thick overhanging eyebrows, and coarse

features, the other refined and handsome, with here and there a head (for all go uncovered) which might have belonged to a Roman senator, yet distinctly not European. These last are, I suppose, of Aryan descent, the other of Dravidian. The common peasants here have all the appearance of savages, so much so that one expects to see bows and arrows in their hands. They go naked to the waist, and bareheaded, shaving the front part of the skull, but wearing their hair long behind. Nearly all the townsmen are painted with white dabs and streaks, but the Brahmins have a coloured stripe down the forehead, with a stripe of white on either side. Some of the young Brahmins are very handsome, and in their clean white clothes, with books under their arms, are in striking contrast with the peasantry.

“At Tanjore we saw yet another temple, with its colossal bull under a stone canopy. It is said to be a monolith, but is painted to imitate bronze. What interested us most was a series of portraits of Siwaji and his descendants, once rulers of the country, in a little shrine, the whole enclosure surrounded by a deep moat, and fortified, but without worshippers, and all deserted. The palace near it is still occupied by Siwaji’s descendants, dispossessed and pensioned. They are only women now who live on in this rambling place, shut up, sad remains of state greatly out at elbows. The rooms are fine. In the library they showed us some interesting Indian paintings of the last century, and an illustrated book of Chinese tortures, which we may imagine the last Rajah consoling himself with after his loss of power. It was a festival

day, and we saw the pomp and glory of the little court turned out, two elephants and two camels, a dozen poor led horses, one mounted officer and twenty soldiers, aged retainers most of these, put into cast-off English uniforms." The dispossessed Princes of India always reminded me of captive wild beasts shut up in cages, lame and diseased, and dying of their lack of moral exercise.

The last two days of our journey to Madras we were without any native communication, as we had got beyond our recommendations from Ceylon, and on the other hand had come in contact as yet with no Europeans. My journal deals principally with the natural features of the country, which had become now flat and monotonous, with crops of rice, mostly under irrigation. I find a list of birds seen from the train: egret, pied bittern, little bittern, snipe, pied kingfisher, whiteheaded kite, kite, hoopoe, a variety of roller, bee-bird, lark, parrot, hen-harrier, shrike, long-tailed blackbird, myna, partridge, a variety of pheasant, dove, crow, sandpiper, small cormorant, kestrel, sea-gull, magpie, robin, besides many small birds I did not see near enough to identify. I also saw tracks of wild boars in one place. At Chingleput hills began, and a pretty country with large lakes and tracts of jungle, the formation granite with red earth and boulders.

"17th Nov.— Madras. A horrible place. We are at Lippert's Hotel, facing the sea, with a broad esplanade in front, down which the red dust drives. We wrote our names down at

Government House. They took us at first by mistake to the Government Office in the Fort, where I was invited to sign my name in a book as ‘an officer returning from furlough, and demanding an extension of leave.’ Government House, when we got there, was a white pillared edifice standing in a dreary park. There was a sentry at the door, but no other living soul, not even a footman out of livery, or a charwoman, to tell us that ‘the family was out of town,’ but the doors were open and a book was there. Mr. and Mrs. Grant Duff are at Guindi, another residence seven miles off.”

We stayed a week in Madras, which was longer than I had intended, but as soon as it became known that I had arrived I began to receive visits from the more prominent natives, Hindus as well as Mohammedans, which interested me.

My first visitors at Madras were a couple of Hindu gentlemen, editors of the local newspaper, the “Hindu”; their names, Subramania Ayer and Vira Raghava Chaya; intelligent, clear-headed men, contrasting by no means unfavourably with men of their profession in London. Their manners were good, and their conversation brilliant. The matters principally discussed between us were the heavy pressure of the Land Revenue on the Madras peasantry, the burden of the salt tax, the abuses connected with the Civil courts, the ruin of the cotton manufacture and industry by the enforced free trade with England, the unreality of the so-called “productive work,” especially as to roads, and the conservative opposition of the covenanted Civil Service to

all reform – neither viceroys nor governors were able to oppose them. I asked what was thought of Lord Ripon by the mass of the people. “He is the first Viceroy,” my visitor said, “who has been known to them by name in this Presidency. Hitherto the people have only known the local collector, but Lord Ripon’s name is known. Indeed he is looked upon by the ignorant, especially since the recent agitation on the Ilbert Bill, as a new incarnation of God.” “And Mr. Grant Duff?” I asked. “We consider him,” he said, “a failure. He came out as Governor of Madras with great expectations, and we find him feeble, sickly, unable to do his work himself, and wholly in the hands of the permanent officials. The Duke of Buckingham, of whom we expected less, did much more, and much better.”

I found this opinion of Grant Duff a very general one among the natives. Though a clever man, he had spent all his life in the confined atmosphere of the House of Commons, and was quite unable to deal with a state of society so strange to him as that which he found in India. I was constantly asked by them what line they should take, and what hope there was for them of any kind of self government or real reform. And I explained to them frankly what the position of parties was in England, that the Radicals, of whom Lord Ripon was in some degree one, would be glad enough to see India governed for the Indians; that the Tories made no pretence of governing India except in English interests, and by the sword; and that between them stood the Whigs, who talked about progress, but always left things standing as they

were. My advice was that they should press their grievances now while Lord Ripon was in power, as there was some chance of their being listened to, avoiding only anything like disorder, which would be a pretext with the Home Government, which was purely Whig, to stop such few reforms as Lord Ripon had begun. I encouraged them, however, to continue the agitation for representative Government in the Councils, and thought they might get it in twenty or twenty-five years time. Their general answer was, they would be satisfied if they got it in a hundred years.

These first visitors sent others to me, and a clever young Brahmin, Varada Rao, constituted himself my cicerone with those who were afraid to come to me openly. The most interesting of those he took me to visit, though it was not timidity but advanced age which had prevented him calling, was the old Mahratta Brahmin, Ragonath Rao, some time minister of Holkar and brother of the still better known Madhava Rao, a man of the highest distinction, much wit, and the widest possible intelligence. Indeed, his conversation might have been that of a Socrates, whom in person he much resembled, being a little rugged man whom I found very simply clad in a shirt, a blue head-dress, and with no shoes or stockings to his feet, but who at his first word impressed me with a sense of his integrity and his vast intellectual superiority. On the high politics of India his discourse was most instructive, and, like Socrates, he had the habit of illustrating each point of his discourse with a story

always good and often extremely amusing. He dwelt especially on the difference there was between the old-fashioned personal rule of the Indian Princes, with whom there was always the possibility of a personal appeal to the head of the State, and the blank seclusion of the English rulers, who were walled off from all knowledge of what was going on by their ignorance of native life and their complete severance from native society. In old times it had not been thus. Under the East India Company, when communication with England was rare and difficult, the English officials and even the Governors and Governors-General were thrown to a large extent for their society on the Indians of rank and position, whose language they had been obliged to learn and with whom they lived on a footing of something like equality. Now they lived wholly among themselves, and were almost without intercourse with natives of any class, except perhaps the lowest, whom they treated at best with good-humoured contempt. Thus they heard nothing and knew nothing and cared nothing for the feelings and opinions of the people, and the abyss between the rulers and the ruled was every year increasing.

He described with great humour the position of a modern Viceroy, who comes to Calcutta, or rather to Simla, with the idea of understanding the native case and doing good, and who finds himself with a crowd of permanent English officials always surrounding him and pulling him by the coat tail whenever he approaches what they consider a dangerous subject. His term of years as Viceroy is at most five. The first two are occupied in

getting used to the climate and way of life, in learning how to behave and what to say to the native princes, in studying the history of past affairs, and learning the official view of the larger questions he has to deal with. The next two years, if he is an honest man and man of energy, he begins to propound his policy, only to find that he is everywhere defeated in detail by officials who bow to him and pretend to agree with him, but who go away and raise obstacles which defeat his ends, or at any rate delay them till his power to enforce them is nearly over. Usually he swims with the official stream, saves what money he can out of his immense salary, shoots tigers, and amuses himself with viceregal tours and visits and durbars to the native princes, spending half his years always away from native India in the Himalayas, and giving balls and entertainments to the Anglo-Indian ladies. The last year of his term he is looked upon as already defunct and of no importance, and he packs up his things and goes home satisfied with having done no worse than his predecessors.

I wish I had recorded a tithe of his wonderful talk in my journal. I heard from his friends that his plain speaking had constantly brought him into collision with the officials, but it had ended by their being a little afraid of him, so keenly did he understand their weaknesses, and so bitter was his wit in exposing them. Sir Charles Trevelyan, who is the only Governor who had left a really good impression on the natives I came in contact with, had given him much of his confidence, and an official position

with a pretty good salary, but his successors had done their best to suppress him. He has, however, too high a social position to be wholly put down, and private means which enables him so far to hold his own against them.

We called also on Judge Muteswami Ayar, to whom I had letters from Ramanatha, but both he and Ranganatha of the Presidency College made excuse. Being in the Government Service, Varada Rao explained, they had probably consulted the English officials about the introductions I had sent them, and were advised to be ill or not at home. (The natives in the public service are completely under the thumb of the Government, and unless they have means of their own dare not offend their English superiors. Their promotions, if not their places, are at stake, and the Covenanted Civil Service neither forgets nor forgives. A native is only admitted into the higher ranks of employment on the understanding that he pulls with the crew.) So the Judge, after some mysterious discussion with the servants and goings to and fro, was discovered to be “not at home.”

The same day, 21st November, I received a visit from Mir Humayum Jah Bahadur, the head of the Mohammedan community at Madras, a fine old gentleman, with a courtly manner, very formal, and very cautious of committing himself to opinions on any subject. As member of a family descended from Tippu Sultan, famous in old days for its diplomatic talent, he is the leader of the Mohammedan world here, and presides over all associations and charities, and I laid before him the

school difficulties of his people at Madura. This rather alarmed him, as he thought I wanted him to move in the matter with the Government, and recommended me to speak about it myself to the Governor, Grant Duff. Although he evidently intended his visit to be one of compliment, his manner throughout was a defensive one. Every now and then a little gleam of sunshine would pass over his face, but only to be carefully suppressed. Later, however, he sent a young Bengalese Mohammedan, Seyd Abd-el-Rahman, to see me, an intelligent young lawyer of the modern type, who had married a Eurasian, and visited Europe. His Eurasian wife had become a Mohammedan, but still dressed as a European, her father having been English, and we went with him to his house, where she appeared without a veil to give us tea. We were the first English people who had shown her any civility since her marriage.

Other visitors that afternoon were the Brahmin head master of the Hindu middle school, and Rangiar Naidu, a Hindu Zemindar, a landowner on a large scale. "He complained much of the ill conditions of the peasantry, who were habitually underfed, and especially of their sufferings from the salt tax. The land taxation is more severe now than it ever was, amounting to one half the gross produce. All are in debt because the Government insists upon having its due in advance of the harvest, and in money. This obliges the peasantry to borrow from usurers, – just as in Egypt. He assures me the Madras ryots are not unthrifty, and if they could they would lay by their money for an unrainy day.

They do not invest in savings banks, not trusting them, but hoard in coin or in silver ornaments for their women. But there is no margin now left them by the land tax. All this is precisely as in Egypt. He promises to take us over some villages to see how things are on Friday or Saturday at Tirupati, where we have been invited to a Hindu festival. Rangiar Naidu is rich and independent of the Government, which cannot interfere with his position, an hereditary one. He says the new forest laws are very hard on the people, whose cattle used to have free pasturage and are dying fast now owing to the restrictions.

“22nd Nov.— Young Varada Rao came before I was dressed this morning to take me to call once more on Muteswami, who now expresses a great wish to see me privately; and we were just driving off when we met Ragunath Rao coming on foot to our hotel. The old man was dressed with more care to-day, having a cashmere gown on and a handsomer head-dress, but still no shoes or stockings. He looked the distinguished and polite gentleman he is. His conversation was even more amusing and admirable than yesterday, and he speaks quite without reserve about the Government and its ways. He told us that he and his cousin, who is also a very rich man, have hereditary estates near Tanjore, and it had always been their intention some day to retire from Government employment, and settle down at home. They had been too long absentees, and wished to look after their estates in quiet. But they had been obliged to abandon their plan, owing to the little protection given them against the impertinences of

the English district officers, and even their persecution. He gave us three or four instances of this. One was of a friend of his, a former magistrate and most respected official, who had retired, as he himself had intended to retire, to spend his last days in his own town. He was a man of independent character, and not wishing to be troubled any longer with etiquette, neglected to pay any special court to the Resident Collector. This brought him into official disrepute, and one day he found himself arrested on a charge of conspiracy, a charge absolutely unfounded, and involved in legal proceedings, which, besides endless annoyance, cost him some thirty thousand rupees. I asked him ‘What kind of conspiracy?’ ‘You don’t suppose,’ he said, ‘I mean a political conspiracy. We are far too frightened here for anything like that. No, this was a vulgar charge of conspiracy to cheat and defraud a neighbour. My friend disproved the charge, but it has left him a broken man. He is now the humble servant of the Government, and bows to the ground when he sees the smallest Government officer.’ I wish I could recall all his good stories, all his wise opinions and illustrations. There are not a dozen men in the House of Commons who could hold their own with him in talk.²

“I have been urging him to come to England, but Varada tells me it is all a question of caste. If Rangunath would go, many of his fellow Brahmins would follow his example, for he is leader

² When Robert Bourke, Lord Connemara, was sent as Governor to Madras in 1886, I recommended Rangunath Rao to him, and he gave him once more a post as Minister to one of the Native Princes.

in Madras on questions of this sort. The difficulty is this, that according to Brahminical teaching India is the one land of a holy life, therefore none who lead holy lives can leave it. It is not permitted to cross the sea. Twenty years ago it was not permitted even to go from Madras to Calcutta by steamer. Now it is allowed, but on condition that no meal is taken on board. All agree that this strict caste rule must sooner or later be relaxed, but nobody likes to be the first to break it. Talking of the arrogance of the English officials, Seyd Abd-el-Rahman's Eurasian wife, who is a sensible young woman, tells us that she remembered in her home in Bengal a collector who used to make people passing down the street by his house take off their shoes and put down their umbrellas in his honour.

“Our single English caller, and he was the first Englishman we had spoken to since landing in India, was a Mr. Laffan, acting secretary to the Government, curious to know whom among the Mohammedans I had seen. He affected liberal ideas about India, and said that the native members of the Legislative Council would certainly soon be elected by popular vote. I fancy he had come to find out what I was doing. At last, in the twilight like Nicodemus, came the Judge, Muteswami, looking rather ashamed of himself, and with confused explanation of why he had not seen me yesterday. He is a tall dark Tamil, almost black, a self made man, who began life as a servant and learnt English from his master's children. This may account for his timidity, for he seems a man of worth and integrity. He explained the Ilbert

Bill to me with great lucidity, especially as to its effects upon English planters in their relations with the natives. He said that with few exceptions the planters were very lawless people, that hitherto they had been for all small offences practically out of reach of the law, because the distance to the High Courts, where alone they could be tried, was too great for natives to resort to them. As to the contemplated change making them amenable to the ordinary Courts, the only fear was that the native Judges would be too lenient to them for fear of being thought partial.”

The same night we dined at Guindi with the Governor, Mr. Grant Duff, “a thin, sickly, querulous man” is my comment on him, “out of temper with everything around him, yet paid ten thousand a year by the Madras Indians for ruling them.” I find no record of his conversation, but remember that his manner to me was somewhat reserved and suspicious. We did not get back to Lippert’s Hotel till midnight.

“23rd Nov.— Our night’s rest was short, for our train started at six forty-five. Young Varada Rao was waiting for us at the station to say good-bye. He has sent his servant with us to Tirupati, where we are to meet his father Rama Rao, who has gone there with other native big-wigs and a number of Pundits to open a Sanskrit College. We are invited to take part in the doings there, but shall be too late for the actual ceremony, which begins at ten. Our visit to Madras has been on the whole successful. Though we began without much introduction, we have established capital relations with all the leading Hindus of

the place. The Mohammedans we have seen less of. They are of little energy or importance in the Presidency. Their social leaders are pensioned by, and so dependent on, the Government. The rest are poor and unprogressive.”

It may here be said that we left Madras accompanied by a very excellent servant, a native Christian named Solomon, who had been provided for us by our friend Rangunath Rao. Solomon was a dignified and altogether worthy old man, absolutely honest and faithful in his service, and with but a slight knowledge of English. As he was the only native Christian with whom we came in contact in India, I am glad to be able to give him this high character.

“Tirupati is a very beautiful place, surrounded by high hills, and is a celebrated resort of Brahmin pilgrims from all parts of India. The temple, though not very large, has a splendid pagoda at the entrance, and stands in the middle of the town, and there are other pagodas at a distance, leading up to a sacred hill not very far away. The ceremony was over when we arrived at the bungalow, which had been fitted up at great expense for the expected guests. It was very hot, and the drive from the station had been tiring, in country bullock carts drawn by ponies, and we were glad to rest in the shade, though we had missed the expedition to the sacred hill which had followed the ceremony. A good luncheon had been prepared for us, and soon after Rangiar Naidu arrived and took us over the temple and the town. The gala preparations, he informed us, were in honour of Mr. T., an English official who had come

to represent the Governor on the occasion. He was away with the rest on the sacred hill, and would not be back till after dark. Rangiar Naidu besought us not to let him, or any of those with him, know of our intended visit to the villages, as he would certainly prevent it. This T., he said, has a reputation of being a friend of the natives on the ground of his knowing something of Sanskrit, and patronizing their educational institutions, but Rangiar and all our friends are suspicious of him; – old Ragunath Rao spoke of him yesterday very plainly as a humbug. About nine o'clock, after great lighting of lamps in a kiosk, the party from the hill returned, escorting the Government officials in all state – T. a dry, stiff-looking civilian, very much on his dignity, and surprised and rather disgusted to find us here. It was evident that Rama Rao had not told him how we had been invited by his son, and I let the cat out of the bag, without intending it, by telling Rama Rao in the official hearing that Varada had come to see us off at the station, and Rama looked confused and began to talk of other things. It was painful to see the fear everybody was in of this very ordinary Englishman, but I suppose he has the power to ruin them, and that he and his like do ruin those that cross them. With him was another Englishman, the head of a school department, a more genial man, and one other. A dinner for a hundred had been prepared, but no more English had come than these three, and so we five sat down and ate what we could of it.

“T. was not communicative, but nevertheless we made conversation on various more or less political subjects, the school

inspector, who liked talking, helping us not a little. Afterwards I had some conversation apart with Rama, but both he and the Pundits were too frightened to say much so near the 'presence.' They, poor people, had brought a piece of gold or silver plate to give to the great man, an offering which he received without a word of thanks, and had put in his carriage; only to two or three did he vouchsafe a few words, remaining seated while they stood to listen. It is inconceivable why these Indians should put themselves to the trouble of entertaining at such expense and to so little profit. The kiosk alone cost £30 they told us, and the whole entertainment cannot have cost far short of £100, which would have better gone in helping to endow the College. Government gives nothing, and the thing is to be supported by the funds of the Temple, which are large. It was amusing to see the relief which came over everybody when the officials had left, as they did as soon as the fireworks were over, about eleven. We, too, were not sorry. As there were no beds, we slept on the floor, on which, also, the servants and the poor people from outside soon after rolled themselves up – it was a large place – very happily with Mr. T.'s cushions and carpets.

“I have forgotten to say what was to me the most interesting part of the day's proceedings. While waiting in the shade of a grove that afternoon we had seen a procession come to a little shrine with offerings close by – a beautiful pagan rite, with drums and pipes leading the way, and behind a number of women walking with large copper dishes on their heads filled

with rice and flowers as offerings to the god. They stopped under the grove near us, and there lit fires and cooked their rice – a merry party sitting on all the afternoon. Towards evening the women approached the altar, which was an oblong table of stone supported by a dozen upright slabs carved with curious devices. Each woman chose her slab, and painted it with ochre, yellow and red, and then crowned it with flowers. I asked what it signified. They told me it was Friday, one of the fortunate days, and that the women had come to pray for fertility. The rice, after being offered, they will eat, and count it as a feast. It is seldom the peasants get so good a meal, for their usual food is only a cake made of a kind of rape. Rice is held to be too good for common fare.” This was an interesting day spent in beautiful surroundings, and remains in my mind as one typical of Southern India.

“*24th Nov.* – In the morning Rangiar Naidu came according to promise with two pony carts, and took us to see the villages. On the way he explained to us the history of the Sanskrit College and yesterday’s festivities. Some years ago the English Government, in pursuance of its policy of non-interference with religious affairs, gave up its inherited guardianship of the Hindu temples to native trustees, known locally as ‘churchwardens.’ But the transfer was made with so little care that in many instances the trustees had been able to evade the law, and make themselves to all intents and purposes owners of the estates. In the case of Tirupati, the income is very large, several *lakhs* of rupees, and has become vested in the hands of a single man, R. S., known

by his official title of Mohunt. The abuse of trust in the Madras Presidency had become, however, so notorious that last year an attempt was made in Council to pass a bill in remedy of the evil. But this had been strongly opposed by Mr. T., and so defeated, to the anger of pious Hindus towards T., but the gratitude of the Temple wardens. It is by these, or rather by the single Mohunt, that yesterday's festivities were arranged. The Sanskrit College is an act of expiation to cover a misappropriation of the funds, since these are not for education but for the maintenance of the Temple. As for Rama Rao, his timidity is explained by his being a member of the Council, and so revocable at the will of the Government after his three years term of office. Rama Rao's family came from Hyderabad four generations back, where they were servants of the Nizam, but on the occasion of a marriage they had followed the Nawab of Arcot to Madras. Their language at home is Telegu, which is that of the Hindus of the Deccan."

Our visit to the villages occupied us the whole day, and was most successful. Knowing Egypt as well as I did, I had little difficulty in ascertaining the facts I was in search of, that is to say, the proportion of land tax to the gross produce, the local indebtedness, the effect of the famine of seven years before, the oppressive incidents of the salt tax which especially affects the cattle, and the new forest restrictions. The common food of the ryots I found to be *raghi*, a small grain like rape, which they make into a cake, or mix into gruel, making it palatable with red pepper. Few of them have milk to drink, and their lack

of sufficient nourishment is plainly visible in their emaciated appearance. Their houses, though of mud like those in Egypt, consist of only one room each, but are kept very clean. It is part of their religion to wash everything daily. My diary contains several pages of details regarding the villages we examined, but these are hardly worth reproducing here. I omit them as I do similar village inquiries made elsewhere, reserving the results for a separate chapter.

“Rangiar Naidu accompanied us to the railway station in the evening, and gave me letters to friends farther on. He is a highly educated man, was at school with Ragunath Rao, and maintains close friendship with him. He is of the Khastriah or military caste, which is not common in the Madras Presidency. His type of face is distinctly Egyptian, and he might well be a village sheykh of the Delta. He is a rich man and member of the Municipal Council of Madras, an elective post which leaves him independent.

“*25th Nov.*— By night train to Bellari, the head-quarters of the famine district, and so of great interest. There were five hours of daylight before arriving, and we found the country much changed from yesterday. This part of India is a high plateau, a thousand or fifteen hundred feet above the sea, with occasional hills of gneiss or granite, five or six hundred feet higher. The soil is light, and there is no irrigation, and, in spite of a rather unusually wet season, the crops looked scanty and poor. No rice is grown, only *raghi* and millet, but in some parts cotton makes a fair crop.

Architecturally, there is nothing worth seeing at Bellari, but we had letters to the leading Hindus and a rich Eurasian, and have found our visit so profitable that we have decided to stay on another day. First, however, we were hospitably entertained at luncheon by the English railway superintendent, Mr. Hanna, an intelligent man who has been twelve years in the country and likes it. But of course we learnt nothing much from him, as the English live in a world of their own.

“In the afternoon, however, eight or nine Hindu gentlemen came to see us, as highly educated as those at Madras, and even more free spoken. Among them was a Brahmin of high caste, who had broken his rule by visiting England, and had even become a Christian there, losing thereby his caste but not altogether his social position at Bellari. He spoke about the absurdity of the reason commonly given by English officials for having no social intercourse with the natives, namely, that the laws of caste prevent it. ‘Here you see me,’ he said. ‘A few years ago my caste laws were so strict that I could not eat with any of these gentlemen’ – turning to the rest who sat round – ‘I was obliged to throw away my meals if one of them happened to look at me while I was eating. Yet it did not prevent us being the best of friends. Neither, now that my caste is gone, am I less intimate with them, although they in their turn cannot now eat with me. Is it then necessary that men should eat together to be friends? The Europeans receive me no better to-day, though I could eat and drink with them all day long. The difficulty is entirely of

their making.' He said this with as little embarrassment as there might be in England between one who on religious grounds only eats fish on a Friday, and others who eat meat. The manner of the speaker, too, was so good, and with so much conversational charm, that the refusal of the English officials to associate with him sounded to us particularly ludicrous. These Hindus are no wit inferior to Italians or Spaniards in their address, and are very little darker of skin.

“The Eurasian to whom we had the letter was with them, also a municipal councillor and clearly on excellent terms with the rest. He assured us it was quite untrue that the mass of the Eurasians sided with the English in their quarrel with the natives. On the contrary, their social sympathies were with the latter, and it was only the richer ones and those in Government employment who affected English ways. There was no real sympathy anywhere, as the English despised the Eurasians even more than they did the true natives, and the Eurasians were under greater disabilities as to the public service. He himself owns a cotton mill in partnership with an Englishman here, but they do not mix socially together. Our talk was principally on these matters. The Brahmin who had been in England had been received by Bright, Fawcett, Dilke, and other notabilities, had stayed in country houses, and been fêted everywhere. Here the collector's wife is too proud to call upon his wife. They expressed themselves much disappointed with the Gladstone Ministry, of which they had had great hopes. Lord Ripon was

the best Governor-General India had ever had, but he had been thwarted throughout in his work, and had not been properly supported at home; he had been able to achieve nothing. Mr. Grant Duff had been the worst disappointment of all. He had come with a flourish of Liberal trumpets, but had proved a mere windbag, good at making speeches on generalities, but useless at administration. He had left all work to the permanent officials, who had thwarted Lord Ripon's good intentions everywhere.

“26th Nov.— Called on Mr. Abraham the Eurasian, and found him full of information. The pressure of the salt tax here is incredible, but true. In the time of the Mahrattas and the East India Company there was a simple tax of five per cent. Salt was allowed to be made, and the tax was on consumption. Now it is a Government monopoly, and at the present moment the Government manufactures its salt at the seaside at eight rupees the *garce*, a measure of six hundredweight, and sells it at Bellari for two hundred and eight rupees. Moreover, within the last three years, a new law has made matters worse, for the use of earth salt has been forbidden, and whereas before that time thirty *sears* (the *sear* is a measure of two lb.) could be purchased for a rupee, now the peasant can get only eight. Rough brown salt sells here for one and a half rupee a lb., although it is a common product of the country. The police are empowered to enter houses night or day, and, on their accusation of there being a measure of earth salt in it, the owner of the house may be fined fifteen rupees, or imprisoned for a month. Many false accusations are thus brought,

and pressure put by the police on the ryots. If the villagers send their cattle to graze anywhere where there is natural salt on the ground, the owner is fined or imprisoned, and the salt is thrown in heaps and burned. The cattle are dying for want of it, and the people are suffering seriously.

“They talked also much of the extraordinary waste of money on public works, especially the State railways. The station here at Bellari cost R100,000, and two others R200,000 and R400,000 a piece. In the evening we went with Abraham to see his cotton mill, which has been open for more than a year, and was begun before the abolition of the cotton duty, and it shows some public spirit that they have gone on with it notwithstanding. The manufacture is of cotton thread, which is sold in the town to be made up by hand weavers. He took us later to see a village where we heard much the same stories as at Tirupati. We were told many tales of the famine, the relief of which was so badly managed that no less than forty persons belonging to the village, though so close to the railway station, died of hunger. In good times a man could live here for three half-pence a day, all included. They eat nothing but *gholum* and red peppers. During the famine, money was distributed instead of grain by the Government, so that some died with the coins in their hands. The million and a half spent in this district of public money was, according to Abraham, almost entirely wasted. One officer sent from the north had three thousand rupees as his travelling allowance for only twenty-two days, and then returned saying he

could not understand the language. The Mansion House Fund, distributed by the municipality, was better managed, and saved many lives. Abraham insisted that it was not the want of railroads that caused the deaths in the district. The Bellari railroad was in full working order at the time. Neither was it over population, for there were two million acres uncultivated. The true reason was the severity of the taxation, and the extinction of the larger landowners, who used to keep grain in store for bad years. The remedy should be lighter taxation, and the maintenance of public stores of *gholum* and *raghi* at all the central stations. Corn will keep well in this dry district underground for years, and always used to be so kept, but the land is rack-rented now, and no provision made. The taxes lately have been gathered in advance of the harvest. Baring, he said, was responsible for much of this as Finance secretary.

“We dined with Sebapathy Ayar and his wife. It was he who had become a Christian, having been converted by Dean Stanley and Miss Carpenter about twelve years ago. The dinner was as English as possible, and they drank wine. But she wore her Indian dress and jewels – a nice woman. Afterwards a number of friends came in, and we had a very pretty nautch with Telegu singers, and all chewed Betel leaves, which, it appears, can be done in common without injury to caste. There was one Mohammedan among them from Bombay. The Hindus here are very courageous and outspoken. They all discussed the advantages, or rather the lack of advantages of British rule, without any reticence, and

agreed that, while good had been done in the past, evil was being done now. They were loud in their praise of Ripon as an honest man, who meant well by them. But they said that in fact he had been able to do nothing for them. The officials had made it impossible. No real reform could be begun till the Covenanted Service was abolished. They did not fancy the idea which has been put forward of the Duke of Connaught succeeding to the Viceroyalty. He was young and without experience, and would be entirely dry-nursed by the officials. Nothing could be worse than a Viceroy who should only be a figure-head.

“27th Nov.— By train to Hyderabad, though not yet arrived. But we are in the Nizam’s territory. I am surprised and pleased to notice that ever since crossing the Krishna River, which is the boundary, the cultivation has appeared more flourishing, less waste land and better crops, sheep instead of goats, and farmers riding about on horseback, a thing I have not seen since landing in India. The land, however, is light, and must be very dry and hot at some seasons of the year. It is a great plain with picturesque granite rocks here and there, some of them fortified. The Hyderabad territory is a high plateau situated about the centre of the Indian peninsula.”

CHAPTER IV

HYDERABAD

“28th Nov.

“Arrived at Hyderabad at daybreak. We found Seymour Keay’s carriage waiting for us, and a very amiable note from Mr. Cordery, inviting us to stay at the Residency. The note was forwarded by Keay, so we accepted both the carriage and invitation, and are now at the residency. I am glad of this, for when we were in England we had made a kind of half promise to stay with Keay and his wife, but since then Keay has brought forward several charges against the Indian Government, which, though they may be true, I do not wish to identify myself with, and I wrote from Madras to tell him so, and that I could not, under the circumstances, just now stay with him, all my movements being reported in the papers. I was advised, too, at Bellari, to go to the Residency, as it would give me a better position with the Hyderabad authorities. Now it would seem that Keay has squared his difference with Cordery, and is not offended at our declining his own invitation. So all has happened for the best.

“This is a splendid house, built early in the century in the Palladian style, extremely handsome and extremely comfortable. We have a wing of it to ourselves, and could not be better lodged.

The grounds, too, are fine, with great banyan trees, on one of which there is a large rookery of flying foxes. In the afternoon we called on the Keays, and Cordery has been good enough to invite them to dinner. Their position is rather a doubtful one at Hyderabad. Keay is a banker, and made himself useful in many ways (being a very clever fellow) to Salar Jung, helping him to draft his political claims on the British Government, especially in respect to the Berar Provinces. But he quarrelled with the late resident, Sir Richard Meade, and accused him openly of receiving bribes. Now the Government at Simla is a bit afraid of him, and he has been received back into favour. Keay's presence at dinner has served to break the ice of politics, for he brought up all the most burning public questions." *N.B.* Keay's connection with Salar Jung had made him acquainted with all the ins and outs of the scandalous persecution to which that great native statesman had been subjected by the Indian Government, nor did he scruple to make use of his knowledge as occasion served in native interests. This made him a thorn in the side of the Calcutta Foreign Office. In 1885, having made a considerable fortune, he returned to England, and was elected to Parliament by a Scotch borough as an extreme radical. I had made his acquaintance in England in connection with a very able pamphlet he had published, called "Spoiling the Egyptians."

"29th Nov.— Our host here, Mr. Cordery, is a man of about fifty-five, who distinguished himself, I believe, as a young man at Oxford, and is considered one of the lights of the Indian Civil

Service. He is agreeable, and easy going, and fond of the good things of life. At first he was very official and reserved, but, as I have spoken my own views with very little disguise, he has now become more natural, and I find him a man of considerable information, some wit, and by no means unsympathetic. As our host, he is all that a man should be, but it is evident we are under surveillance here, and I suspect our entertainment at the Residency is designed to keep us out of mischief. It reminds me of our hospitable entertainment by the excellent Huseyn Pasha at Deyr, when we wanted so hard to make acquaintance with the Bedouins. I have made up my mind, however, to talk quite freely to every one I meet, whether my speech is reported or not. We have received two visits to-day at Mr. Cordery's invitation, for such is the etiquette, the first from Ghaleb Jung, an official of Arab descent, who came accompanied by the Munshi of the Residency, deputed, I suspect, to listen to our conversation. But we talked Arabic, of which the Munshi knew little, and told the whole history of the Egyptian War, and our hope of Arabi's return to power. Ghaleb is by origin related to the Sultans of Lahaj near Aden, but his family has been settled here for some generations, and he did not speak Arabic with any ease.

“A more interesting visitor was Laik Ali, the young Salar Jung, who has succeeded to his father's title. He is only twenty-two, but has already an extremely dignified and at the same time quite natural manner, just the manner, in fact, of our best bred Englishmen. This, and his height, which is considerably over six

feet, remind me vaguely of Pembroke, though Salar Jung has no remarkable good looks to recommend him, and seems likely to grow fat, which Pembroke never will. He talked well, and with very little reserve, said he thought the English Government had made a great mistake in Egypt, and seemed delighted at the prospect of Arabi's return. I told him about the letter I had from Sheykh Jemal-ed-Din for the Nawab Rasul Yar Khan, and he said that the Sheykh had been a friend of his father's, and invited us to breakfast with him for Saturday, promising also to invite the Nawab, so that we might talk without official listeners. I am immensely taken with this young man, and it consoles me for not having found his father still alive here. Salar Jung, the father, was a standing reproach to our Government, and, according to Lytton, a standing menace. Salar Jung, the younger, ought to play a leading part in the history of Indian emancipation.

“With Cordery at the Residency there is one Trevor, a younger, but, according to my friends at Bellari, a more dangerous, man. He is a good type of Indian civilian, decidedly clever, and a good talker, and under him again Melville. They looked on me at first with great suspicion, but since I have told them plainly that I should like to see the Covenanted Civil Service, to which they belong, abolished, we have got on friendly terms.

“After luncheon Major Clerk, the Nizam's tutor, came to take us through the town on elephants, which pleased us much. The town is most interesting, being after Cairo the most gay and busy

in the Mohammedan East. Compared with Madras, it is as Paris to a decayed watering-place. Instead of the squalid back streets and the pauper population of native Madras, Hyderabad is like a great flower bed, crowded with men and women in bright dresses and with a fine cheerful air of independence, more Arab than Indian. Many of the men carry swords in their hands, as they do in Nejd, and one sees elephants and camels in the streets, besides carriages, and men on horseback. It is impossible they should not be happier here than in the mournful towns under English rule. And so I am sure it is. We went to-day to the Palace of the Bushir-ed-Dowlah, from the roof of which there is one of the most beautiful views in the world. Hyderabad lies in a sort of elevated basin, surrounded by low granite hills, picturesque and bare, the town half hidden in green trees. It has thus something of the effect of towns in Arabia, of which it in other ways reminds us. It covers a very large space on account of the gardens inside the walls, and is in truth an immense city, containing, with its suburbs, 250,000 inhabitants. From the Palace we went on to Salar Jung's tank, a beautiful sheet of water of a thousand acres, with a dam, which seems at first sight too weak for the mass it sustains as it is very high, and only a foot and a half thick at the edge, and the water brims over, so that as you sail about on it, you look down upon the city. But the dam is really a strong one, being constructed on the principle of an arch, the better to uphold the water. Passing on, we were taken to what had been the French barracks a hundred years ago when the French garrisoned the

city.

“30th Nov.— Out before breakfast to see the Nizam’s stables, a number of ungainly Walers, and another stable full of Arabs. These last were very nearly all small horses, and may likely enough have been bred in Nejd. Mohammed Ali Bey, the Nizam’s master of the horse, is of Persian descent, an admirable horseman and a good fellow.

“After breakfast another Arab visitor called, brother of the El Kaeti who made himself Sultan of Makala in Hadramaut with English help, also Seyd Ali Bilgrami, a Mohammedan from Delhi, one of those brought here by Salar Jung — ‘a great pity’ in Cordery’s opinion — to wake up public opinion. He has had a partly English education, and has an appointment as civil engineer. His brother, Seyd Huseyn,³ was old Salar Jung’s private secretary. He explained to us the state of parties here. At Salar Jung’s death the Minister’s son, Laik Ali, was appointed with the Peishkar, a local Hindu nobleman, to a joint commission of Government, the Nizam being a minor. The Peishkar paid little attention to business, and young Salar Jung was kept as far as possible in the background, the principal influence being exercised by a third official, Shems-el-Omra, an enemy of Salar Jung’s. And thus affairs had got into a bad state. This was encouraged by the Residency, whose policy it was to show that the native Government was unfit to keep order in the country. Under old Salar Jung the Hyderabad State had been as secure as

³ Seyd Huseyn Bilgrami, now member of the Indian Council in London.

any part of India.

“We drove in the afternoon through Secunderabad and the English cantonments to Bellarum, where the Resident has a country house.

1st Dec.— To breakfast with Salar Jung. He showed us his late father’s horses. Among them two Arabs, the finest I ever saw, one an old white Hamdani Simri from Ibn Saoud’s stud in Nejd, the other also white, a Kehailan from Ibn Haddal, fifteen one in height, and the most perfect large Arab possible. The particulars of their breeding were given us by one Ali Abdallah, a man of Arab origin himself, he assured us, connected with the Ibn Haddal tribe. I sat next to Salar Jung at breakfast, on the other side of me being Seyd Ali Bilgrami already mentioned. With him I discussed the whole question of the future of Islam. He had read my book, but took what he called a more pessimistic view than I do. He agreed, however, with me that if we could get Arabi and the Azhar Liberals restored to Egypt, and so a religious basis for reform, the effect in India would be great. ‘We look,’ he said, ‘to Egypt and Mecca, far more than to Constantinople (Seyd Ali is a Shiah), but we are all very backward in India. A religious basis is indispensable.’ He then talked of the pilgrimage, and said he had been consulted by the English Government as to what should be done to improve the arrangements for it. He had referred them to my book. As a Shiah, he does not love the Sultan. The English Government would do far better to break that connection and protect the Arabs instead, but he was far from hopeful. Here at

Hyderabad Salar Jung's death had been an immense misfortune. Of Sheykh Jemal-ed-Din, whom he had known here, he said he was too much of a socialist and firebrand to carry through a reformation. He talked, too, of the Mahdi, wishing him success. He said that if he succeeded it would be repeating the history of Abdillah in the sixth century of the Hejra. On the whole, a very pleasant breakfast.

“In the evening Nawab Rasul Yar Khan, who after all had not been at the breakfast, came to see me, a good little *alem* of the Azhar type one knows so well in Egypt, liberal, socialistic, and an enthusiastic disciple of Jemal-ed-Din's. He knows no English, but is learned in Persian, and to some extent in Arabic. In this last we conversed. He tells me the majority of the Mohammedans here are Sunnis, but there is little difference between them and the Shiahs, and no ill-feeling. The mass of the people are quite ignorant of all that goes on outside the Deccan, but they had heard of the Egyptian War, and had sympathized with Arabi. Of Lord Ripon and the disputes in India only those who knew English and could read the English papers had heard anything. He himself knew very little. There was no religious learning here, nor any body of learned men. In all India you would not find a teacher like Jemal-ed-Din. He produced with reverence out of his pocket a photograph of the Afghan Sheykh, and also a copy of the ‘Abu Nadara,’ in which my portrait had appeared, and he read out to us the poetry written under it. I asked him if there was no Mohammedan newspaper published here, and he said there

was one. But when I gave him a copy of my Colombo speech for it, he was frightened, and asked whether the English Government would not be very angry. I like this little man extremely. He promised to call again on Monday.

“2nd Dec.— Ik Balet Dowlah (Vikar-el-Omra) called; he is of Salar Jung’s party, and a liberal, opposed to his brother Kurshid Jah (Shems-el-Omra), a conservative, and the directing spirit of the Peishkar party. The Residency, of course, supports the Peishkar party, as they get more power by working through the reactionaries opposed to reform, — precisely as in Egypt. Cordery is doing what he can to get rid of the clever young Mohammedans introduced from the north by the late Salar Jung. The ablest of these is Seyd Huseyn Bilgrami. Cordery sent for him this morning to tell him that he should leave Hyderabad as soon as possible, such was the Resident’s will. The arbitrary power of the Resident here is beyond belief. I notice that Ik Balet Dowlah trembled before the little red-faced Cordery like a boy. Seyd Huseyn does not tremble, but he will be obliged to go all the same. We had luncheon with him and his brothers to-day, all very clever men, as also with Mulvi Cheragh Ali, who is looked upon here as a member of the sect nicknamed ‘of nature’ by the old-fashioned Mohammedans, because they advocate a reformation political, social, and religious, on the lines described in my ‘Future of Islam’ three years ago. Only he thinks the present Sultan and Caliph might carry it into operation. This is because he has never visited Constantinople, and so does not

know how hopeless that hope is. With these young men – and we discussed all these questions – one can talk as freely as with Englishmen. And I am not surprised at Cordery's being afraid of them. The excuse for getting rid of them is that they are strangers here, which is true, for they are Delhi men. I doubt if Cordery is pleased at our going to their house.

“We went this evening at sundown to see the flying fox rookery in the Residency grounds. It was the most curious sight imaginable. All day long they hang, many hundreds of them together, head downwards from the branches, making the whole of the great tree look as if it were infected with some horrible blight. They are very large, having a spread of nearly three feet across the wings, but in the day time these are folded up. As the sun goes down and it begins to darken, they one by one awaken and stretch and scratch themselves, and at last one lets down a wing and a leg, and drops from his perch, and flaps away just like a great crow, and is followed by another and another, till there are thousands in the air, all going off in the same direction to some fruit garden which they know, and which they spend the night in pillaging.

“We dined with Major Clerk, already mentioned as the Nizam's tutor. Cordery is trying to get rid of him, too, as he is an independent man, and is honest in looking to the Nizam's interests instead of those of the Calcutta Foreign Office.

“*3rd Dec.*— Breakfast in the city with Sultan Nawaiz Jung, another of the Arabs resident here, who is, I find, actual Prince of

Shehr Makalla in Hadramaut. Nearly all the Arabs at Hyderabad have come originally from the south-east coast of Arabia. He received us with great pomp, having soldiers of his own in chocolate uniforms, and sent a smart carriage with an escort of lancers to fetch us from the Residency. His house is in the City, a very pretty one, with palm trees growing in an inner court, painted carving, and a fountain. The dinner, however, was disappointing, being in the Anglo-Indian style, which is one of the worst schools of cookery in the world. Sultan Nawaiz is known in Arabia as El Kaiti, and has a poor reputation there, having gained his wealth and present principality with British aid by money-lending. Here, too, he is a money-lender, and at the Residency they say that the Hyderabad Government owes him thirty lakhs of rupees. He belongs to the Peishkar party, and talked at breakfast in terms of great 'loyalty' to the British Empire. This he may well do, as our Government supported his claims at Makalla, deporting his rival and victim to Zanzibar. He is not a pure bred Arab, and talks Arabic with some difficulty.

"In the afternoon we were taken by Cordery to the races, where we were presented to the Nizam, a shy little young man of sixteen, with a rather awkward manner. Salar Jung, who is twenty-two and over six feet high, stood imposingly beside him. The races were of a gymkhana sort, elephant, camel and pony races, over which Salar Jung's younger brother presided with the master of the horse, Mohammed Ali Bey.

"Dined with the Keays. A young man Vincent, brother to

Howard and Edgar, has arrived at the Residency from Madras. Like all these 'politicals' he is clever, and affects liberal ideas.

4th Dec.— At half-past seven we went to the Palace, and saw all the Nizam's horses. There were several good Arabs among them. They gave us an exhibition of tent-pegging, in which the Nizam, who is a good rider, distinguished himself considerably. Mohammed Ali Bey, however, who is a really splendid horseman, surpassed all the rest, and performed the feat a cutting a sheep in two with a single stroke, using a Japanese sword. We found the Peishkar there, and were introduced to him, a very old man, bent nearly double, whom we were surprised to find, for he is a Hindu, able to talk Arabic. Salar Jung and his brother and many others were there. We breakfasted in a kiosk out of doors. After the entertainment in the afternoon, Vikar-el-Omra showed us his horses, and Anne paid a visit to his Zenana. He has two handsome Arabs, besides others of less note. He also had an exhibition of tent-pegging, and a performance of Deccan horsemanship. The Deccan horses are very like the old-fashioned Spanish horses, and are trained much in the same way.

“Coming home Mrs. Clerk gave us an interesting account of Hyderabad politics. She says the young Nizam's extreme shyness and frightened manner are due to an accident which happened in his Zenana. While playing with a pistol he accidentally shot a child, and he has been made to believe that the English Resident has power at any time to imprison him for this. He is, however, she says, talkative enough with her, and declares his intention

of managing everything at Hyderabad himself as soon as he gets on the throne. He likes young Salar Jung, and respects him because he speaks frankly to him, but is afraid of Cordery, who supports Kurshid Jah and has placed one of Kurshid Jah's sons to be always with him. Cordery is under Trevor's influence. Cordery is angry with Major Clerk because he has opposed a guarantee of the Northern Railway which the Indian Government for strategical reasons supports. Cordery wants to get rid of Clerk and Gough and all the former friends of the late Salar Jung, and to isolate young Salar Jung from such liberal advisers as Seyd Huseyn Bilgrami. The policy seems to be to keep the Hyderabad nobles in ignorance of modern thought, and it also looks as if the Indian Government encourages the bad administration purposely. It is precisely what they are doing in Egypt.

5th Dec.— We received from our friend Rasul Yar Khan this morning a little compliment, consisting of thirty 'cups of sweetness,' that is to say of that number of dishes of whipped cream. In acknowledgement, Anne wrote in Arabic, 'The sweetness of your gifts delights us, but we are grieved at the absence of the giver.' This seems to have been much appreciated, and he now sends to ask us to dinner, calling me in his note, 'The defender of the Moslems.' Rasul Yar Khan is the chief of the Ulema here, and is, moreover, a magistrate, and much respected.

"We breakfasted with Ali Abdullah, the Arab superintendent of the Nizam's breeding establishment, and met there Salar Jung and his brother, Seyd Huseyn Bilgrami and others, and went

on to drink tea with them at Salar Jung's country house at Serinagar. They talked freely about social and political matters. We discussed the drinking of wine, which is common among the Mohammedans of Hyderabad, where there are drinking shops even in the City. I told them that in England we did not respect Mohammedans who drank wine, and that very few drank in Egypt, and none in Arabia. I begged Seyd Huseyn to advise Salar Jung most strongly to speak to Lord Ripon when he is at Calcutta, and tell him the whole state of things here.

“Dined with Bushir-ed-Dowlah, a rather dull entertainment of about forty people, mostly English, our only new native acquaintance being the chief of the Shiah Ulema, Seyd Ali, a native of Shustar, with whom we conversed in Arabic. He, too, is a friend of Jemal-ed-Din's, he says, but has the name of being ‘a great fanatic.’ He is a thorough Iraki, and I confess I do not like him. He remembers Layard at Mosul, when he was a boy. Bushir-ed-Dowlah speaks very little English. After dinner we were entertained rather lugubriously with a magic lantern representing the Afghan War.

“*6th Dec.*— Anne went with the rest on a long expedition to Golconda, but I stayed at home, being tired with the constant gaieties, going only to Seymour Keay's.

“Dined at Vikar-el-Omra's, a handsome house – gold plate, nautch, and illuminations, but no native guests. Vikar-el-Omra is out of favour with the Residency on account of the quarrel with his brother Kurshid Jah. Cordery, however, was there and

about twenty English. Major Gough, who is one of the Nizam's people, was among them, and begged me to speak to Lord Ripon in support of Salar Jung when I see him at Calcutta, which I most certainly will do.

“7th Dec.— Received a visit from a native teacher at the Moslem school, and we had some interesting talk. He told me the Mohammedans here were far from happy. They were isolated and without knowledge of what happened in the outer world. They wanted knowledge and education; schools there were, but no superior instruction. They had had a great Minister in Salar Jung, but he was dead. The men now in power had never left the walls of Hyderabad. They were in the hands of the English, who were destroying all the good work that Salar Jung had done. His son was a good and able young man, who had large ideas because he had travelled. But the Peishkar knew nothing, and he made a circle on the table with his finger, signifying the walls of the city. I asked him about Kurshid Jah, and he made the same sign. The Government, he said, is in the hands of two or three ignorant men. Men of learning are being driven from the country. The teacher had with him a friend who knew Persian. They were both much pleased to hear that Anne had read the Koran through three times. This is an old-fashioned man, who evidently hates the English heartily, but I am struck with his liberality as between Mohammedans; and Mohammedan Hyderabad, whether Sunni or Shiah, seems ripe for reform. I had a talk later with Cheragh Ali, mostly about his book. His book contains nothing more

than Mohammed Abdu, or any of the Liberal Ulema of Cairo, would subscribe to. Indeed, the reforms it suggests have all been advocated by them, and are defended with much the same reasoning. I showed him, however, that he was leaning on a broken reed if he trusted to Constantinople for a reformation.

“We dined at Salar Jung’s, a very beautiful fête, and Anne had much conversation with him as he took her in to dinner. He has promised her to entrust me with his father’s correspondence as to the disputes of recent years. And he has asked us to a private breakfast for Sunday, when he will tell me everything, and consult me fully. At these big dinners, unless you sit next any one, there is no opportunity of talking to him. Every one is afraid, even if there are no Europeans present, of being overheard by the Residency retainers. Seyd Ali Shustari was there, and Rasul Yar Khan, and we talked in Arabic, and thus we had no such fears. The old Shiah is a poet and a wag, and as such, licensed to be free in his discourse, even a little *mejnun*, and made great game of the Resident’s hilarity in his cups. He was outspoken, too, about the Peishkar. The Hindus, he says, are pleased at the new *régime*, but the Mohammedans are all angry. The Peishkar was of the party, but, being a Hindu, he did not dine. He has asked us to a dinner he gives on Monday, but we shall by that time have left Hyderabad. He does not dine at table even in his own house with his guests, but superintends the feast. We cannot stay here longer than until Monday.

“8th Dec.— Saw a Mekkawi, one Seyd Abdullah, a merchant,

who gave us a great deal of information both about Meccan and Hyderabad politics. He is a great admirer of the Sherif Abd-el-Mutalleb, whom he remembered as a boy at Mecca, for he has been here thirty years without going home. He told us of the rebellions of Abd-el-Mutalleb against the Turks, and how, when they fired at him in the street, he used to throw his cloak open so as to show he had no fear. The Sherifs used to keep the Arabs in rebellion for fear they should join the Turks against them. In his old age Abd-el-Mutalleb had taken to opium and spent his days in sleep, and so had been deposed. My visitor is himself a pure Arab, and his language is easy to understand. His chief lamentation was at living away from home, and that it was impossible to get Arab wives here. They would not leave Arabia, and the Arabs of Hyderabad, of whom there are a large number, were obliged to marry the women of the place.

“With regard to Hyderabad politics, he spoke with the greatest enthusiasm of the late Salar Jung, who was himself of Arab descent. He described the state of things when he first came here thirty years ago, how people killed each other openly in the streets, and how the great Minister had established peace everywhere. I asked him about the Shiahs, and he said there was no quarrel here between them and the Sunnis. He himself was a Sunni, but they all prayed together. They were on good terms, too, with the Hindus. The Hindus did not eat with them, but that was all. Of Laik Ali he spoke very highly, said he was a young man of good thought and good language, and would become a

great Minister like his father. All the people loved him. As to the Peishkar he neglected public business. He had no energy, and letters of importance were put aside. It was very different from old Salar Jung's time. I asked him about the Nizam, whom he spoke of as the 'Pasha,' and he said he was good, not at all dull, but that he was young, and the nobles about him taught him to be silent in public, and so he seemed lacking in intelligence, but with his own people he talked and was merry enough. I like this Meccan merchant much, and doubt if there are many shop-keepers in London who could give me as sensible an account of their local politics as he has given me. The Hindus in the Deccan are mostly men of the lower castes. There are few nobles or Brahmins among them, and their only rich men are the money-lenders. The rest are shop-keepers, and out of the town peasants. The Peishkar is their only great man.

"The Nizam came to dinner at the Residency, and took Anne in. There was also a large party of Nawabs and dignitaries, the Peishkar, Salar Jung, Kurshid Jah, Bushir-ed-Dowlah, Vikar-el-Omra, and the rest, as well as the Roman Catholic bishop and some English. Kurshid Jah has asked us to dinner for Tuesday, but neither to him, nor to the Peishkar can we go, as we leave on Monday. The Nizam was as usual very silent, but this is etiquette. Trevor tells me the Nizam's father never spoke at all to the English officials, or even looked at them.

"9th Dec.— The schoolmaster called again. He asked me what the Mohammedans ought to do to better their condition. Every

year they were becoming poorer in India. The Government ruined them where they had land with taxes, and they had no employment in the towns. I suggested they should take to trade, learn English, and compete with the Hindus, and he agreed with me that that might be best. He said, however, that in many parts a Mohammedan who learned English was still called a *kafr* by his fellows. Here at Hyderabad the taxes were not excessive, but the English system surrounded them, and English goods were killing the native industries. He said if nothing were done to help them, the English Government would have every Mohammedan in the country against them.

“He also complained terribly of the tyranny of the English officials and their brutal manners. He asked how it was that I was different from them, that I made him sit down on the same sofa with myself, that I addressed him politely, and did not treat him as a slave. The officials, he said, sit without moving in their chairs and talk to us, while they leave us standing, abruptly in words of command, without any salutation or words of friendship. You treat me, a poor man, as your equal. Why is this? I explained to him there were degrees of good breeding amongst us, and that the better the breeding the greater the politeness. That the men who came out to India as Government servants were, many of them, taken from a comparatively low rank in life, and that, being unused to refined society, or to being treated with much consideration at home, they lost their heads when they found themselves in India in a position of power. I hoped, however,

that this might soon be changed. He said the officials made their nation hated by the people; many who were willing to think the English Government was good were estranged by the manners of its officials. He asked me again why I travelled so far to see them, and why I cared to help them, and I explained that in youth I had led a life of folly, and that I wished to do some good before I died, and that I had received much kindness from the Moslems, and learned from them to believe in God, and so I spent a portion of every year among them. I like the man much.

“At ten we went to breakfast with Salar Jung, a farewell visit. We had bargained to have no English with us, and the party consisted of himself, his brother, and his sister’s governess Mdlle. Gaignaud, of Seyd Huseyn Bilgrami, and of our two selves. We talked very freely of the political situation, which is this. In a few weeks the Nizam will come of age, and an attempt is going to be made by the Residency to get his signature to a treaty which, in renewing the alliance existing between the Nizam and the Government of India, contains an article abrogating all previous treaties, thus putting the Berar provinces permanently into English hands.”

The question of the Berars was this. Many years ago, before the time of old Salar Jung, the Hyderabad State was badly governed, and its finances became so involved that the Nizam was obliged to borrow several millions sterling from the Calcutta Government. The Government took in pledge for the debt the provinces in question, which were the richest he

possessed, it being agreed that they should be administered by the Government of India until the loan was repaid. This arrangement naturally gave much employment to Englishmen and many highly paid posts to members of the Covenanted Civil Service, and it has consequently been their settled policy to make the resumption of the provinces by the Nizam impossible. In this view the provinces have been exceptionally well administered; the taxation has been light, and everything has been done to make the peasantry satisfied with English rule, so that they form a striking contrast with most parts of British India. It was never expected that the Nizam would be able to repay his debt, but, in case he could, the prosperity of the provinces would then, it was thought, be a reason for refusing. This is precisely what happened. Salar Jung, being a man of great ability, not only restored order in the Deccan, but brought the Hyderabad finances into so prosperous a condition that he was able to come forward with the borrowed millions in his hand, and claimed their repayment and the restitution of the provinces. It was for his insistence on this point that his persecution at the hands of the Imperial Government began, and was carried on relentlessly until his death. The claim, however, still remained, and could not be contested, as it was embodied in a public treaty between the two States, and advantage was being taken of the Nizam's minority and the death of his powerful Minister to get it annulled.

“Seyd Huseyn is positive that the draft of the proposed new treaty is already at the Residency. He has been shown a copy

or *précis* of it, and believes it will either be forced on the young Nizam as soon as he comes of age, as a condition of his ascending the throne, or that the signature of the Peishkar will be taken before that event. This he thinks could be done legally, as the Council of Regency has sovereign powers. The Council consists of the Peishkar, old and infirm, of Kurshid Jah, the presumptive heir to the throne, both men under the influence of the Residency, and of Bushir-ed-Dowlah, who is without colour or strong character. Young Salar Jung so far is only secretary to the Council, and so without voice in its decisions. I find it difficult, however, to believe that Lord Ripon's Government would venture to rush so important a treaty through in the last days of the Regency; and I think it far more likely that pressure will be put on the young Nizam, partly by flattery, partly by threats at Calcutta, to get a signature from him simultaneously with his installation. On the other hand, the other important matter insisted upon by the Indian Government, the Railway Convention, has been carried through precisely in this way with the Peishkar, for Cordery told us so himself, and it is possible that Seyd Huseyn may be right, and the attempt on the Berars will be made at once, rather than trust its execution to the Nizam's subserviency. This decides me to hasten my journey to Calcutta, where I shall lay the whole case before Lord Ripon, and protest against the sharp practice of the Foreign Office diplomacy.

“The existence of the draft treaty at the Residency explains to me what has hitherto seemed inexplicable, the strong support

given to the Peishkar, in spite of his misgovernment; the isolation in which Salar Jung is being placed by the dismissal of so many of his father's best servants; the stories circulated against the character of all those who have advocated the retrocession of the Berar Provinces; Cordery's words about Laik Ali's 'headstrong character' and that his only chance was to make common cause with the Peishkar; the favour shown to Kurshid Jah as heir to the throne and substitute in case it should be found necessary to get rid of the young Nizam, along with the bad character Cordery attributes to the latter; and the tales of his childishness, of his early corruption with women and other scandals. Cordery at dinner has talked a great deal to Anne on all these matters. It also perhaps explains how the other day, when he had been speaking more severely than usual to Laik Ali, he put his arm paternally on his shoulder and said Laik Ali must forgive him, for he was only following his instructions. He made a sort of apology to Seyd Huseyn, too, when he sent for him the other day. He told him he must leave Hyderabad for six months, but added 'I am doing you an injustice, but it is necessary in the public interest.' I exhorted Laik Ali to talk openly of all these things to Lord Ripon when he sees him at Calcutta, and I have promised to urge Lord Ripon to pay full attention to him. As soon as he arrives with the Nizam's party at Calcutta I will see him and advise him, for none of Laik Ali's friends are to be allowed to go with him. He has given me printed copies of his father's private correspondence relating to the Berars and other matters, and will send to me at

Bombay a copy of the minute written by his father on the case. It is a curious comment on the little trust placed by the native Government in English administration that he does not send me the minute by post, but will forward it through an agent to be delivered by hand.

“Talking on general matters of government, Laik Ali said that he did not think that the Nizam would be fit to govern the country by himself, as he has thought of doing, but neither is the country fit for self-government. The custom has been that it should be governed by a Minister, and doubtless he intends to be that Minister. I shall do what I can to help him, as he possesses his father’s traditions, and there is no question he is very popular at Hyderabad. His age is his only drawback, as he is little more than twenty-one. I asked him about this particularly, and he said he was born in August, 1862. But he is far older than his years. He has invited us to come back for the Nizam’s installation. The Peishkar’s administration seems to have been signalized by a general round of plunder as in the old time. It is not only from Laik Ali that I know this, but from everybody I have spoken to. When Salar Jung died, Sir Stewart Bailey was sent from Calcutta to settle matters here, and Laik Ali was appointed Co-Administrator with the Peishkar, and as such he ought now to be taking his share in the administration, but this has been prevented. There is no public office at which business is transacted, and the Peishkar will not consult him or let him into his house with any regularity for the discussion of affairs; nor will

he send him, as he ought to do, the documents for his signature. The consequence is he is powerless to do or to prevent anything, and he says he will throw up his office if after he has been to Calcutta the position is not altered. He now has the responsibility without the power, and this he refuses to go on with.

“We are beginning to be out of favour at the Residency. Cordery is alarmed at our independent visits to the City. He made a remark two days ago about it to Salar Jung. Perhaps his sudden announcement that he is going to Calcutta may be connected with a suspicion that we know his plans. At four, Rasul Yar Khan came to fetch us to dine with him in the City, a final breach of discipline, as English people going to the City are expected to be bear-led by some one from the Residency. Rasul Yar Khan lives in a little old-fashioned house, with a pretty court surrounded by arches, and we were glad of the opportunity of seeing a *bourgeois* Hyderabad establishment. He had invited several friends to meet us, Nawaiz Jung, Cheragh Ali, Seyd Huseyn Bilgrami, and Mulvi Mehdy Hassan; and we had some good talk. They told us when Lord Beaconsfield came into office ten years ago, every Mohammedan in India looked to the Conservative party as friendly to them. But Lord Lytton’s policy had undeceived them. The Afghan War had been most displeasing and had estranged every mind, and they had entirely lost confidence in any English party. They talked, too, of a letter Lytton had written to Lord Salisbury, which had been published, explaining how Mohammedans would be excluded from the

public service.

“Mehdy Hassan sat next me. He is a native of Lucknow, and told me I should be well received by the Mohammedans there, for they knew my name well, and he has promised to give me letters for some of them. They would be glad to learn the truth about the Egyptian War, for until a few months ago they had all been deceived about it, thinking that the English had really gone to Egypt as the Sultan’s allies. They said I should do well to give a lecture at Calcutta on the subject, but that it would be difficult to get up a public protest against future wars waged with Mohammedans, because, although the thing would be popular, it would be too dangerous for the leaders in it, who would from that moment become marked men. They told me I had no conception of the despotism under which India was held, nor of the danger there was for them in meddling with politics; Jemal-ed-Din’s stories about the deportation of religious Sheykhs to the Andaman Islands were perfectly true. The dinner was a good one, partly European, partly Indian, but we left early in order to appease Mr. Cordery.

“*10th Dec.*— Left Hyderabad by the early train, many of our friends coming to see us off. The Meccan brought us provisions for the road, and the schoolmaster was there, and Sultan Nawaiz’s son. I made them all three sit down on a bench with me, on which Trevor was also seated, a proceeding English officials are not used to. Then Seyd Huseyn Bilgrami and others of the Northern Mohammedans came, and our good little Rasul Yar Khan with

his brother insisted on going with us two hours' journey on our road. He had gone that distance, he said, with Jemal-ed-Din, and would go with us. He sent us some splendid presents last night, including the finest cashmere shawl I ever saw, which we had some difficulty in sending back, as also a box of ostrich feathers from Sultan Nawaiz, which his son brought to the station. But it would never do for us to take presents, though other English travellers it seems do. The Keays and several English also came to the station, and Trevor, who I suspect wanted to know the names of our native friends.

“The country near Hyderabad is very curious, wild, uncultivated hills, trees and boulders, but beyond there is a rich plain at a lower level, bearing good crops of *gholum*, flax, and *raghi*, cotton also, I believe, but I could not distinguish the crop. The villages in this district have all the remains of fine stone walls, with round towers, each a little fortress against the raiding bands which once drew blackmail from them. The largest town, Kalbarga, seemed to have fine buildings. We travelled on through the night, and arrived early at Poona the next morning.

“*11th Dec.*— Poona is an uninteresting place, without a vestige of Eastern colour. It stands in a bare plain, feebly relieved by a river bordered with acacia trees, and some shapeless hills of trappe formation. Great macadamized roads run everywhere, and modern buildings of debased Gothic with meaningless belfries and inscriptions to Sir Bartle Frere dot the landscape. Barracks, of course, and factory chimneys abound,

and institutions of all sorts. The climate, however, is a healthy one. Poona is 2,000 feet above the sea, and at one time it was proposed to remove the seat of Supreme Government here from Calcutta.

“We were taken by Miss Dillon, with whom we are staying, to see the Deccan College, an absurd building, from the tower of which we viewed the scene described. It contains a hundred and twenty boarders, all Hindus but half a dozen, only one Mohammedan. Ninety of the Hindus are Brahmins. I talked to some of the pupils in the reading rooms. They told me they read the ‘Bombay Gazette,’ which represented their views better than any other English paper, but the best native one was the ‘Hindu Prakash.’ The English Director struck us as being rather a weak vessel, contrasting unfavourably in the point of intelligence and knowledge with a learned Brahmin who explained to us the connection of Hindi, Mahratta, and Hindustani with Sanskrit. On the other hand, I noticed this learned man thumbing without ceremony palm leaf manuscripts of the eleventh century in a way which would have made a book collector’s blood run cold. In these two incidents the difference between the East and the West is exemplified.”

In the afternoon a friend of Rangiar Naidu came to see us, and gave us a number of interesting statistics as to the state of agriculture in the Bombay Presidency. It is hardly worth, however, transcribing them here, as they do not differ essentially from those we received elsewhere, and I have incorporated the

result of all my agricultural inquiries omitted from my diary in the chapter on “The Agricultural Danger” given at the end of this volume.

On the 12th we went on to Bombay, where we spent a couple of days in the society principally of a Europeanized Mohammedan to whom we had brought letters, Mr. Mohammed Rogay, a wealthy man, advanced and liberal, and the head of the Moslem community. His ideas were all of the most modern type, far too modern on some points quite to please me. “He drove us through the native town, which is most picturesque and cheerful, very unlike Madras. Rogay would like it all pulled down, and built up again in rows of sham Gothic houses.” A more interesting personage was Mr. Malabari, editor of the “Indian Spectator,” a friend of Colonel Osborne’s. “He is a Parsi, but says his sympathies are rather Hindu than of his own people. He is an intelligent, active little man, going about constantly from place to place on philanthropic and political business. He confirms everything we have heard elsewhere as to the agricultural misery, and promises to take us a round of inspection on our return, as well as to get up meetings at which I can express my views, and agrees that there will be no improvement until India has gone bankrupt – bankruptcy or revolution, as Gordon suggested.”⁴

⁴ This refers to a talk I had had with General C. G. Gordon at the end of 1882 in which he had assured me emphatically that “no reform would ever be achieved in India without a Revolution.” Gordon, it will be remembered, accompanied Ripon, as his private secretary, to India in 1880, but soon after their landing at Bombay had resigned his place. The opposition of the covenanted civil service to any real reform

had convinced him that he would be useless to Lord Ripon in an impossible task.

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