

FOR CONSULTATION ONLY

**FORTY-FOUR YEARS
A PUBLIC SERVANT**

BY

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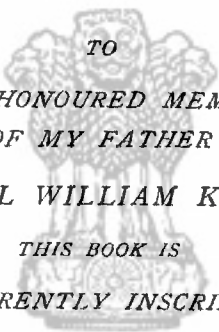
'A HISTORY OF THE MARATHA PEOPLE,' 'THE LAND OF RANJI AND DULEEP,'
'THE INDIAN HEROES,' ETC., ETC.

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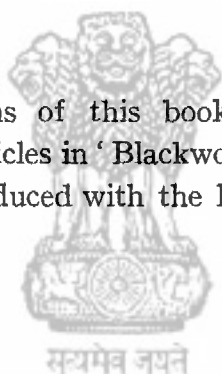
TO
THE HONOURED MEMORY
OF MY FATHER
GENERAL WILLIAM KINCAID
THIS BOOK IS
REVERENTLY INSCRIBED
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C. A. K.





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Forty-Four Years a Public Servant

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTORY.

OUR family was a younger branch of the Kincaids of Kincaid Castle, not far from the town of Stirling. Towards the close of the reign of Edward I. the then laird, John Kincaid of that ilk, distinguished himself by capturing, at the head of a storming party, Edinburgh Castle from the English garrison. As a reward he was created hereditary constable of the stronghold, a post that he and his descendants held for several generations. He was also granted the right to bear Edinburgh Castle on his coat of arms—a right exercised by the Kincaid family to this day. He obtained yet another recompense—namely, the daughter of the then Earl of Lennox. A less remote ancestor was Thomas Kincaid, “Chirurgen apothecary” in Edinburgh about 1700 A.D.¹

¹ See Alexander Nisbet’s ‘System of Heraldry’ (1722 A.D.), Vol. 1, Pt. II., p. 420. “It was Thomas Kincaid who added the crest—a dexter hand, holding a chirurgen’s instrument, called a *bisturi* proper—motto, *Incidendo sano*.”

“It seems the castle represents that of Edinburgh; for these of the family were a long time constables thereof.

“I find in an old Birth-brieve, signed by several honourable persons, in favour of Mr Andrew Monteith; it is writ thus, that he was the

His younger son migrated to Northern Ireland in the reign of William III. and founded the Irish branch of the family. His descendants lived at Kilcaddon in County Derry. My great-grandfather was an officer in the East India Company's army, and in 1800 was present at the storming of Seringapatam.

My grandfather entered the Dublin firm of land agents known as Stuart & Co. He rose to be a partner, and the firm changed its name to that of Stuart & Kincaid. The senior partner married a Miss Pakenham, a daughter of the Earl of Longford. Her sister Kitty married Arthur Wellesley, and so became Duchess of Wellington. The Honourable Mrs Stuart always maintained that 'Arthur' had treated Kitty very badly, and I have often heard the subject discussed in my grandmother's drawing-room. Nevertheless Mrs Stuart gave to my grandmother a beautiful artist's proof of a picture of

son of Alexander Monteith of Collochburn, and his wife, Janet Kincaid, lawful daughter to David Kincaid, lineally and lawfully descended of the House of Kincaid in Sterlingshire, Chief of the name, whose predecessor for his valiant service in recovering the Castle of Edinburgh from the English in the time of Edward I. was made Constable of the said castle, and his posterity enjoyed that office for many years, carrying the castle in their arms in memory thereof, to this day.

"There is an old broadsword, belonging to some of the families of the name of Kincaid, upon which were the above arms with the castle, with these words :

'Wha will persew, I will defend
My life and honour to the end.'

1522

which is in the custody of Mr Thomas Kincaid, eldest lawful son of Thomas Kincaid of that Ilk, gules, or on a fesse Ermine, between two nollets in chief and a castle triple towered in Base argent, masoned sable, a lozenge of the 1st. Crest, a dexter hand holding a chirurgien's instrument, called a *bisturi* proper.

"Motto : Incidendo sano."

'Arthur' standing with drawn sword in the porch of St Paul's Cathedral.

Among my grandfather's closest friends was Lord Palmerston. The firm looked after the gay old peer's Irish estates ; and the latter used often to spend the Easter recess with my grandparents in Herbert Street, Dublin. After the fashion of that age my grandmother treated very lightly Lord Palmerston's innumerable love affairs. On the other hand, she was a very harsh critic of Lady Palmerston, whom she described severely as "the biggest flirt in London."

Lord Palmerston, like most Irishmen of his time, was probably happier in Dublin than in England ; whereas Lady Palmerston, an Englishwoman, did not like Ireland. This difference perhaps influenced my grandmother's judgment. Shortly before his death Lord Palmerston caused to be executed two magnificent marble busts, one of himself and one of my grandfather. They are still greatly treasured family possessions.

My father was the second son ; and since my grandfather decided that the eldest son, John, should enter the firm, he sought an Indian career for my father. He approached Lord Palmerston, whose influence secured the latter a commission in the Madras Army. My grandfather then took the young officer, only just turned seventeen, to call on Lord Palmerston at his house in Piccadilly, now the Naval and Military Club. There the genial old statesman gave my father a hearty greeting : " Mind you send me half your prize money," were his farewell words.

In 1849 my father sailed from England in an East Indiaman. He had an adventurous journey. A tornado blew the ship on to her beam ends off the Cape, and the voyage lasted four months instead of the usual three. When they reached the Hoogli, the passengers disembarked on a tender that sailed by day but tied up every evening. One night in the Sunderbunds,¹ the islands in the Gangetic Delta, a tiger sprang on board and carried off a lascar. In spite of such exciting incidents my father reached Calcutta safely. He reported himself on arrival, and learnt that he had been posted to a Madras regiment stationed in the Mysore plateau. The only way of joining his regiment was to ride several hundred miles. He started to do this; but at one of his stages he met the 22nd Regiment of Madras Infantry. One of its officers had been my father's school friend. The latter insisted on my father getting himself transferred to the 22nd, and for three years he served with this regiment. Then he fell ill of fever and was sent home on sick leave. By this time the overland route had been opened, and instead of returning round the Cape he went by ship to Suez, by camel across the desert to Alexandria, and thence again by ship to England. It was the year 1852, and the Crimean War was in full swing. Directly he reached Dublin my father called on Sir Charles Napier, the conqueror of Sind and then Commander-in-Chief in Ireland. The latter was an old friend of the family, and through his influence my father obtained a captaincy in an Irish militia

¹ Sunderbunds is an English corruption of Sunder Van—beautiful jungle.

regiment then stationed at the Curragh. As he was only twenty he was the youngest captain in the English Army. Sir Charles Napier also appointed him his aide-de-camp during the manœuvres in Phoenix Park, where the troops re-enacted the battle of Meani, the great soldier's most famous victory.

My father stayed for nearly five years on leave—those were the spacious days of long furloughs—and then had to decide whether he would give up India. If he did not return within five years he would forfeit his lieutenant's appointment. Much against his parents' wishes, he decided to go back. When he reached Bombay the Mutiny had broken out, and the 22nd Madras Infantry were besieged in Haidarabad by the Nizam's Arab levies. He spent the hot weather in Mahableshwar, and when the monsoon burst he rode back to Poona. There he received the offer of a post on the General's staff, but he was fretting at his absence from his regiment while it was besieged. He refused the offer and decided to make his way to Haidarabad. He rode by the usual stages to Sholapur, where the famous novelist, Colonel Meadows Taylor, was Collector. My father found the old gentleman living like a Turkish pasha in the midst of a well-filled harem. His most recent acquisition was a pretty girl of fifteen, named Tara, whose only duty was to 'mull' the Colonel's eyebrows.

With this princely host my father stayed a week ; and then, armed with letters to various village headmen within Sholapur limits, he rode to the frontier of Haidarabad State. Once across its borders, Meadows Taylor's letters had no longer any value,

and my father was in considerable danger. One evening, two marches from Haidarabad city, his bearer became very insolent and pulled out a knife. My father calmly drew a pistol from his pocket and laid it on the table. The bearer left the room and disappeared. My father, thinking that he had gone to raise the countryside, told his Hindu grooms to saddle his horses and baggage ponies without delay. They did so ; and my father, leaving such kit as he did not immediately need, started again at 11 P.M., and riding all night reached the next stage early next morning. There he and his grooms rested twenty-four hours and then left for Haidarabad town. Within a few miles of the Nizam's capital, they came to a point where their road bifurcated. They deliberated which road they should take. Eventually they chose that to the left, as one of the grooms maintained that it was the shorter of the two. The choice proved a good one. After they had ridden two or three miles, they saw masses of infantry and cavalry on the skyline. The rebel Arab levies had raised the siege of Haidarabad Residency, and were retreating so as to join, if possible, the rebel headquarters at Delhi. Had they met my father, they would have given him scant quarter. The same evening he rejoined his regiment, and was congratulated by his Colonel on doing so.

After the Mutiny the 22nd Madras Infantry were transferred to Singapore. Thence my father, now a captain, was sent with a detachment to Labuan, a large island some eight or ten miles north of Borneo. He remained there for four years. He loved to talk of this time, and I never tired of listening to him.

The Governor of Labuan was the Honourable E. Edwardes, a son of the Whig peer, Lord Kensington. The latter, a devoted follower of Charles James Fox, left England during the Napoleonic Wars and became a close friend of the Bonapartes. Pauline Borghese, *née* Bonaparte, had made a special pet of Edwardes when a boy, and used to receive him in her bath—the water duly clouded so that the decencies might, nominally at any rate, be observed. Edwardes took a great fancy to my father, and appointed him to act as his secretary and gave him rooms in the Residency. The third member of the household was a young orang-utan about three feet high. It was devotedly attached to Edwardes. It used to sit at table for meals. After dinner it would take a book and sit beside its master. It pretended to read, and always turned a page when Edwardes did. My father often saw wild orang-utans, then quite common, in Borneo itself. The Governor had a gunboat and frequently visited the Borneo coast. The orang-utans built houses in trees and thus obtained their name. ‘Orang’ is Malay for man and ‘utan’ for forest. The aboriginal Dyaks told many hair-raising stories about the gigantic apes. According to these tales, the orang-utans used often to carry off to their nests and there violate Dyak girls.¹ At other times they took up their position on a big bough overhanging a forest path. As the

¹ The story about the girls my father was inclined to disbelieve. Such a rape would present no physical difficulty. No woman could resist the orang-utan’s gigantic strength; but my father doubted whether the orang-utan would be sexually attracted by a woman. Nevertheless in a recent film called ‘Nyagi’ a gorilla was photographed in the act of carrying off a Dyak girl.

unsuspecting native followed the path, the orang-utan's hind-leg, fitted with a hand, seized him by the throat, strangled him and flung him into the woods. At other times the orang-utan would leap on a crocodile's back and tear its jaws asunder. It feared neither the tiger nor the boa-constrictor. It only dreaded the poisoned arrows of the Dyak hunters. Of these my father saw many. He and Edwardes went together to many parts of Borneo which no white man had ever previously visited. Their most remarkable feature was their restless eyes. These were never still, but continually swept the landscape from side to side or up and down. The cause was their constant fear of head hunters; for every tribe was at war with that in the neighbouring valley. Every youth who wished to win favour in the eyes of the maids of his village had to bring back enemies' heads as the spoils of war. The heads need not be men's heads. An old woman's head brought the warrior as much glory as that of a fighting man in the prime of life.

The curse of Labuan was the malaria. After four years' residence my father was so much wasted by intermittent fever that he took leave and went to Madras. There the Chief Justice, Sir Collie Scotland, was his kinsman. He was a bachelor, and he lived in great state in a big house outside the town. He urged my father to enter the Political Department of the Government of India. It would ordinarily have been a difficult matter; but Lord Palmerston's aid was again invoked and all difficulties disappeared. My father was posted as Boundary Officer in Central India. He served successively under Colonel Wil-

loughby, Sir Richard Meade, Sir Henry Daly and Sir Lepel Griffin. When in 1887 he retired with a high reputation he was Resident at Bhopal.

My mother's family was also connected with India. Her uncle, General Alexander, was murdered during the Mutiny, and his three daughters, who had just come out from England, were among the victims of the Nana Saheb's butcheries, and their bodies were flung into the Cawnpore well.

On my father's retirement he naturally interested himself in the careers of his sons. My elder brother, Willie, shortly afterwards passed into Woolwich, and became in due course a Royal Engineer. I was just seventeen years old and still at Sherborne School. I was in the sixth form; but I was thoroughly dissatisfied with the progress I was making. When my father proposed to take me away and send me to Wren's to prepare for the Indian Civil Service, I was delighted. 'Two years' hard work at the crammer's secured me, in 1889, a post as an Indian Civil Service Probationer. I was entitled thereafter to receive £150 during the two years I was required to spend at one or other university. In other words, I became a public servant. I went to Balliol, where Jowett was Master. The great man was long past his prime, and his voice resembled a 'starved mouse squeak.' Still his reputation stood as high as ever. Among the undergraduates, whom I knew best, were Sir Harcourt Butler, afterwards Governor in turn of the United Provinces and Burma; Sir John Wood, for many years Political Secretary of the Viceroy; Sir Hamilton Grant, Chief Commissioner of Peshawar; and Mr P. R. Cadell, C.S.I., C.I.E.,

now administrator of Junagadh State. The latter got his football 'blue' for Oxford. Another distinguished Balliolensis at this time was Mr M. R. Jardine, afterwards Advocate-General in Bombay. He captained the Oxford Cricket XI. in 1891.

In 1891 my two years at the University were over, and my friend Prescott and I took our passages to India by the P. and O. s.s. *Clyde*. Of all the young men of my year I alone, so far as I can remember, felt no sorrow at leaving England. My home had never been in England. I had been born in India and had spent the first three years of my life there. Then followed six years with my grandmother in Dublin. My parents had taken me, when ten years old, to Italy for six months, and thereafter put me to school in Paris for two years. Thus my only residence in England had been my five years at Sherborne, my two years at a crammer's and my two years in Oxford. "What's ~~was~~ Hecuba to him or he to Hecuba?" On the other hand, my father's tales of orang-utans and tigers, panther shoots and duck shoots, had fired my blood. All I wanted to do was to go out and start shooting too. One day another young I.C.S. probationer asked me whether I did not feel at all sorry at leaving England. "No," I replied. "I want to go to India and shoot tigers and orang-utans." "You idiot," was the indignant reply, "there are no orang-utans in India." This was a 'knock-out,' but I recovered. "I know that; but I shall take leave and shoot them in Borneo, whereas you will spend yours in a two pair back in Brixton or Upper Norwood." Before he could think of a retort, I had left the room and slammed the door.

CHAPTER II.

THE CAMP OF THE COMMISSIONER IN SIND.

ON arrival in Bombay, Prescott and I called at the Secretariat for orders. The Under-Secretary was a Mr Harvey, afterwards the member of the Government of India for commerce and industry. He was a most gifted person. A skilled musician and a fine athlete, he could play simultaneously three games of chess blindfold, and he, alone of Under-Secretaries, never found his work any trouble. He informed me that I was posted to Sind; Prescott, a Punjab civilian, had to report in Sialkot. I breakfasted with Harvey. The other guest was Mr Fleet, the eminent Sanskrit scholar and author of the 'Gupta Era.' He volunteered to have me transferred to Sholapur as his assistant. Ignorant of the great chance that I was missing, and unnecessarily frightened at the idea of disobeying Government orders, I declined his offer. I have ever afterwards regretted my refusal, for he would have made me study Sanskrit, and under his guidance I should have mastered it.

A day or two later I went by boat to Karachi. From the sea it looked a dreadfully depressing spot. It was an open port. The steamer anchored a mile offshore, and passengers had to disembark at the

wharf known as Manora in country craft. There I hired a 'tikka gharri' and drove slowly through some of the ugliest scenery in the world to 'Reynolds' Hotel,' a very dingy building. I had hoped to find some orders, but none were forthcoming. It afterwards transpired that Mr James, the Commissioner in Sind, then on tour, had been informed that I had been posted to Sind. He had wired to the Judge, Harte Davies, "Please put up young Kincaid." The telegram had been wrongly transmitted and read, "Please put up Kincaid Young." Harte Davies came to Reynolds' Hotel and asked if Young Sahib had arrived. Receiving a negative reply, he wired accordingly to Mr James that I had not yet come. It was not until I called on the Judge in person that he learnt of my arrival and my real name. He put me up and treated me with the utmost kindness ; but during the three intervening days I often wondered what had become of the justly famous Anglo-Indian hospitality.

Harte Davies was a remarkable man. He was an accomplished pianist and a talented linguist—he knew French, German, Italian and Russian, as well as two or three Indian languages. He was also the author of a book that in its day created a great sensation. It was published in 1882 and its title was, 'India in 1982.' Because of the writer's position, it was published anonymously, but everyone guessed who had written it. In it Harte Davies foretold the conversion of Mr Gladstone to Home Rule in 1885. Thereafter he prophesied with remarkable accuracy the various reform schemes that have since come into existence. The only weak point in

the book was his excessive optimism. He foretold our evacuation of India in 1982, whereas—as things are now going—it is certain to come long before. A frequent visitor at Harte Davies' house was an unfortunate Russian gentleman, who could only speak his own tongue. The Bombay Government were firmly convinced that he was a Russian spy, although he had no qualifications whatever for such a task. Three or four times a day he would come to Harte Davies' house to complain in Russian how badly he was being treated. Indeed he was followed everywhere by police sepoy in uniform. They halted and stood to attention every time he stopped in his walks. Harte Davies soothed him as best he could, and eventually persuaded him to go by steamer to Bombay. What happened to him there I never heard.

Harte Davies was a frequent contributor to the 'Pioneer' newspaper, and his freakish wit at Lord Reay's expense led to his being forbidden to write for the Press. When, however, Harte Davies was going on leave, Lord Reay sent for him and begged him to write to some English newspaper an account of his governorship. Harte Davies promised and kept his word. He sent to the 'Morning Post' a sketch of Lord Reay's five years' term of office; but it was no eulogy, such as Lord Reay had desired. It was as bitter a lampoon as I have ever read. Thus Harte Davies repaid in full Lord Reay's 'muzzling order.'

Harte Davies retired as soon as his pension fell due, and was elected some years later M.P. for Hackney. In the House of Commons he became a close personal

friend of Henry Labouchere, and for several years wrote "Political notes" for 'Truth.' When he lost his seat, he still remained in Labouchere's intimacy, and spent several winters with 'Labby' in his Florentine villa. By the latter's will he became trustee for Labouchere's only daughter. This circumstance put Harte Davies in a very difficult position. The lady had *en secondes nocces* married an Austrian prince. During the War I met Harte Davies for the last time. I asked him what he was doing, and he replied, "Living in sin." Every week, it appeared, he was trying to send money to Labouchere's daughter, who with her husband was in Switzerland. Because of her marriage she was an alien enemy and was not entitled to receive supplies from England. On the other hand, her husband was for some reason unable to get his revenues from Austria. But for the money wrongfully sent them by Harte Davies, they would, he told me, have been destitute.

While I was still the Judge's guest, Lord Harris, the Governor of Bombay, came with Mr James to Karachi. They had been touring together in the Sind districts. The arrival was official, and I, in the company of Harte Davies, attended it. Everyone seemed to be in uniform except myself, and I felt very out of it. Suddenly I saw another person in *mufti*. I went up to him and began speaking to him as to a companion in misfortune. He was very polite, and I thought him delightful. A minute or two later the Commissioner came up and said, "The carriage is ready, sir." An awful feeling came over me and I was about to slink away; for I

realised that my friendly companion was none other than the Governor, Lord Harris. However, he stopped me and said with exquisite courtesy : " Well, Kincaid, I am awfully glad to have met you, and I hope you will like Sind." I have never forgotten the kindness of the great man, who, seeing that a young fellow had made an error, did his utmost to put him at his ease.

Once the Governor had gone, I made the closer acquaintance of Mr James. He was a genial old soul, and I accepted with alacrity his invitation to join him in camp. I was itching to fire off my gun, and after the purchase of a few necessary articles of equipment, I set out to join the Commissioner's camp at Haidarabad. There was then no bridge across the Indus, and a ferry-boat took passengers, at long intervals, across the stream. I reached Kotri station on the right bank at 2 A.M., and tried in vain to sleep in the waiting-room, which was full of man-eating mosquitoes. Eventually I caught a ferry-boat at 3 A.M., and reached the Commissioner's camp at 4 A.M. Then I went to bed and slept until 8 A.M., when I began my district experiences.

The Assistant Commissioner, Mr Joseph Sladen, I.C.S., looked after my wellbeing until I settled down. Two days' march from Haidarabad, Mr W. H. Lucas joined our camp. He was then only twenty-four years of age, and the most striking personality of his time. He had great ability, but his abounding vitality, his health and strength, his keen sense of humour and, above all, his marvellous skill as a small game shot, made me at once his admiring slave. Over all the young Civil servants of his time he

exercised the same extraordinary influence. Nor did he fascinate only young Englishmen; all the Indians whom he met were equally under the wand of the magician. He was an admirable linguist with a perfect ear. To hear him talk Sindi to a Musulman zamindar was a revelation. He had no foreign accent that I could detect. His memory, too, was unfailing. He never forgot a face or a name. After a prolonged absence he could yet remember the name of any landholder whom he met; he would inquire about his land disputes, ask after the health of his relatives, chaff him about his mistresses. No matter what Lucas said, no one ever took offence. As one zamindar, after an interview, said to me with beaming face: "It is impossible to leave the presence of Lucas Sahib without a smile." At the same time he never laughed at an Indian. I have seen him listen with grave face while a Baluchi magnate told him that Alexander the Great had come to India in his own father's lifetime. "Do you remember his coming?" asked Lucas gravely. "Yes; I just can," said the noble Munchausen. "I was quite small at the time"—holding his hand about eight inches above the ground. "I could not tell you, of course, what Alexander looked like exactly; but I remember well that he stopped at our house." "Allah," said Lucas, with unmoved face. Could polite credulity go further?

Lucas stayed for several weeks in the Commissioner's camp, and with him as my friend and mentor, I learnt a great deal and enjoyed myself hugely. After tea we would steal out together, bag an odd brace of snipe or half a dozen duck, and be back in

time for dinner. In this way we added to the menu ; but this was hardly needed. The zamindars on every side vied with each other in supplying the Commissioner's camp with dumba or fat-tailed sheep and venison and duck. We rode for several marches along the Eastern Nara Canal, and passed through some of the loveliest scenery that I have ever witnessed. The sun streaming through the overhanging branches upon the water ; the kingfishers, green and pied, that skimmed over its surface or fell headlong into it in pursuit of fish ; the golden-crested oriole ; the satbhai (Arnold's "seven brown sisters of the Vale") that darted from shore to shore, added to the extraordinary beauty of the landscape. Every now and then we rode past a spot where the canal had breached its banks and had formed a small lake before the breach had been dammed. At the sight of our party, duck, teal and coot would rise from the water with a deafening roar. If we had guns handy we would dismount and bag two or three couple ; for both Mr James and Sladen were excellent shots. If we had not we would ride on, our mouths full of cursing and bitterness.

Our goal was the Makhi Dand or 'Great Lake,' a vast stretch of marshland in the district of Thar and Parkar. On the way we stopped at Umarkot, of which the Deputy Commissioner, as its ruler was called, was Mr Robert Giles, a most charming and courteous person. He and his no less charming wife showed our party round the little fort and, above all, showed us the spot where the great Akbar was said to have been born. His father, Humayun, driven from his empire by the Afghan Sher Shah, fled across

the desert, his wife close to her confinement. When they reached Umarkot she gave birth to a baby boy. It was customary for an Indian emperor to distribute, on the birth of a son and heir, presents to all his nobles. Humayun, however, had neither money nor jewels to give away. He took a packet of musk, and breaking it open let loose the perfume. As he did so, he said, "Just as the fragrance of the musk fills the whole air, so shall the fame of our son fill the whole world"—a prophecy that was better fulfilled than many.

Interested though I was in the historic spot, I yet think I was still more struck by the marvellous view from the walls of the desert fort. When one looked to the west, green fields stretched out as far as the eye could see, all irrigated by water-channels from the Eastern Nara Canal. If one looked to the east, the desert lay at one's feet. Sand-dunes in endless succession followed each other to the distant horizon. We were on the edge of the great Sind Desert that extends as far as Bikanir.

A few days later we had reached our camping-place, and the Commissioner's Christmas guests began to arrive. Chief among them was Sir Charles Pritchard, a member of the Government of India; in his hands was the portfolio of the Public Works Department. Lucas and I were the junior guests, and were, I especially, very small fry indeed.

The day after our arrival the shooting began. I found duck very hard to hit. The bright plumage of the duck makes it often seem to be thirty yards off, when it is really from a hundred to a hundred and fifty. Afterwards one of the guests, a Mr Doig,

gave me a piece of advice. He said, "Never fire at a duck unless you are quite sure of what kind it is—i.e., a gadwell, a mallard, a pochard, &c." I followed the advice with profit in later years, but at that time it was useless. I did not know the difference between the various types of duck; indeed I had never heard their names before. I had a very good place the first day; nevertheless I only bagged six. Lucas fared little better. The biggest bag was seventy or eighty. Thereafter Lucas and I got bad places, and our bags were wretched. About the fifth day, weary of bad stands, we listened eagerly to a Sindi, who came to tell us that there was some excellent black partridge shooting to be had a couple of miles from the camp. We broke away from the rest of the party, and all one afternoon enjoyed ourselves hugely. We returned to camp with twenty couple of 'blacks.' At dinner they appeared as an *entremets*. Mr James, who was a great gourmet, at once recognised them as black and not grey partridge. In a terrible voice he said, "Black partridge; who has been shooting black partridge? I was specially keeping the 'blacks' for Sir Charles Pritchard." Lucas and I, in voices weak with fear, murmured, "I am afraid we have, sir." An awful silence followed; but Sir Charles Pritchard, good sportsman that he was, said, "That's quite all right, Jimmy, I should never have had the time to go out after them." The matter dropped, but Mr James never quite forgave either of us.

On the 3rd January the Christmas holidays ended. The guests departed. I went to Karachi and successfully passed an examination in Hindustani. I knew

nothing of the language, but my teacher—a clerk in the Commissioner's camp—was a cousin of the Indian examiner on the Board. That helped more than a little. I returned very pleased with myself. Not long afterwards I was sent to Karachi to prepare myself for the Lower Departmental Examination, at which I had to appear early in the following April. While preparing for the examination I played a good deal of tennis and polo. I made a good many friends among the residents of Karachi, for the town was then so small that everyone in the Club and the Gymkhana knew everyone else. Among the acquaintances that I made were three remarkable sisters. They were the daughters of Colonel Cory, the proprietor and editor of the 'Sind Gazette,' the forerunner of the 'Daily Gazette.' One of them, Mrs Tate, worked as her father's assistant; a second sister was Mrs Nicholson, better known as Lawrence Hope, the authoress of the 'Garden of Cama.' Her husband was a daredevil officer named General Nicholson. He had just left Karachi; but his name was still on everyone's lips because of two extraordinary feats. He had on one occasion for a bet hopped from turret to turret of the Karachi church tower. The turrets were five feet apart and the tower was at least fifty feet high. On another occasion he crossed the pool at Mugga Pir by stepping from the back of one crocodile to another. These brutes are treated as sacred and are fed daily on raw goat's flesh. In either case a single false step would have meant certain death; but General Nicholson had no fear, and so he made no false step. The third sister had just come out to India when I saw

her. She was only seventeen, but she was obviously an unusually clever girl. I noticed the sharp, interested glances with which she observed everything. A few years later she won a considerable, although fleeting, reputation as a writer. She was Victoria Cross, the novelist.

Colonel Cory died not very long afterwards, but before he died he played a considerable part in Indian politics. Mr Gladstone offered the Viceroyalty to a distinguished soldier, Sir Henry Norman. The latter, so I was told, had been instrumental in forcing Colonel Cory to leave the army. Directly Colonel Cory heard of the appointment, he poured in his daily leading articles such abuse on the Viceroy-designate, that the other Anglo-Indian newspapers, thinking that the 'Sind Gazette' must have good grounds for its attack, joined in it. At last, such a volume of hostile criticism of the selection arose, that Sir Henry Norman quailed before it and cancelled his acceptance of the Viceroyalty. Colonel Cory must have died happy; for revenge is a feast for the gods.

Lastly, I had a glimpse of yet another remarkable personality—namely, Sir George Greaves, Commander-in-Chief of the Bombay Army. He was tall, white-haired and exceedingly handsome. He was reported to have had innumerable 'bonnes fortunes'; and he was well known to be the original of Rudyard Kipling's 'General Bangs.'

"The tale is on the frontier and from Quetta to Multan
The story runs that General Bangs is a most immoral man."

CHAPTER III.

KARACHI AND UPPER SIND.

THE so-called Departmental Examinations were first introduced in their present form in 1870, and they still exist as they then were established, save that, as the years have passed, faddist after faddist has added an extra paper in the hope that young civilians may be attracted towards his particular hobby. The result is that to-day the Departmental Examinations are a perfect curse. They force the junior civilian to learn by heart a mass of undigested facts, most of which are of no use to him afterwards. In 1892 they were not so bad as they are now ; nevertheless they proved to me a most formidable obstacle.

For the two years that I was at Oxford I had studied Marathi. On arriving, however, in Sind, I found Marathi useless, and I had to pass the language part of my departmental in Sindi. This was unfair on me, because my contemporaries, sent to Poona and Ahmadnagar, had only to pass in Marathi. Again, they were posted under civilian Collectors, who naturally helped them as much as they could. I was put under the orders of Colonel Crawford, a charming old gentleman, but one who had no connection with the I.C.S. Faced by a new and difficult

language, and unaided by my seniors, I failed twice in my Lower Standard Departmental. On my third attempt I passed with credit and became qualified to hold a charge. I was made Assistant Collector of Mehar, then in the Sukkur Collectorate, and a second-class and subdivisional magistrate. How I revelled in opening my own vernacular correspondence, when for the first time I sat in my office chair. This was, however, a pleasure that quickly palled, and soon the weather grew so hot that I had to go into headquarters—namely, Sukkur. Until one has experienced an Upper Sind summer, one can hardly judge what heat can be like. Nowadays Sukkur has electric fans and lights, but in those far-off days there were only oil lamps and hand punkas. All day long one had to sit inside one's bungalow. A temperature of 120° in the shade made it dangerous to stir out in the sun. At 6 P.M. we ventured forth to play tennis. At night one slept either on the roof or just outside the house. Sleep to me was almost impossible. The moonlight fell on one's face like a Bleriot headlight. Dogs and donkeys barked and brayed continually. Even ordinary luxuries, such as ice and soda-water, were at times absent. The flooded Indus cut through the railway line both above and below Sukkur, and we were dependent for all supplies on the local storekeeper. Then cholera broke out; and to make things really pleasant, we heard that the said storekeeper had, by inadvertence, let the corpse of his aged mother, a cholera victim, slip into the well [from which he drew the water for his ice-machine and soda factory.

However, the Collector, Mr Giles, was a man of

infinite resource and cheerful courage, and by his example he kept us going. His predecessor the previous summer, a Mr L——, had been a very different type of man. He was a member of the Sind Commission. That body, recruited by the patronage of the Governor of Bombay, contained some excellent men like Mr Giles and some real 'bad bargains' such as Mr L——. He came of an old Irish family, but as a boy had run away to sea. He had been for two years a sailor before the mast. Then his family had rescued him, and the influence of his brother, a well thought of Government official, had secured him a post in the Sind Commission. He was not without ability, but he drank and was quite unreliable. He had been repeatedly passed over for the office of Collector, but Mr James had given him a last chance and appointed him to act as Collector of Sukkur during a three months' vacancy. He celebrated his promotion by drinking heavily. One morning he sallied forth, loaded rifle in hand, called on a friend and told him that he meant to pot at the 'pulla' fishers of the Indus. These fishermen float down the river on empty chatties. In front of them they hold a big net like a gigantic shrimp net. The 'pulla'—a fish not unlike a salmon—are at the time swimming up the Indus. They get caught in the net, are knifed by the fishermen and put in the chatty. When the chatty is half full the fisherman swims to shore. Mr L——'s plan was—as he explained to his friend—to shoot the chatties from under the fishermen. "Then," he said cheerfully, "they'll drown. If I miss the chatty, I'll get the man; so the swine is done for, anyway." The friend did

not know what to do. Mr L—— was bordering on delirium tremens, and might well have turned the rifle on anyone who interfered with him. The friend could only hope that Mr L—— was so drunk that he would miss. And that is what happened. His bullets went nowhere near either chatty or fisherman, but sang clear and high over Rohri—the town on the opposite bank. When both barrels were empty the friend wrested the rifle from the Collector's hand and took him home. Needless to say, it was Mr L——'s last acting appointment.

In August I was sent to watch the breaches in the canals in my charge—an interesting task, as the whole countryside was under water. Fortunately by doing office work in Sindi—my clerks knew no other language—I acquired such a mastery of it that in spite of heat, sleeplessness and other adverse conditions, I managed to pass in October my Higher Standard Departmental, again with credit. I felt like the Roman soldier who told St Paul that for a great price he had obtained this freedom. Never again had I any difficulty with examinations, for later on I passed in Marathi and in Guzarati with ease.

The cold weather came in with November, and I had to tour my Assistant Collectorate. I had two ponies and I hired a riding camel. I rose early in the morning, did boundary inspection, and then rode on to my next camp. On arrival I breakfasted, did the routine office work or tried a magisterial case. In the late afternoon I took a gun and went out shooting with my faithful peon and shikari, Darya Khan. The evenings were very dull, and I

missed the companionship of other young English men. I was only twenty-two, and the Musulman zamindars who called had nothing to say beyond that they were the Sahib's slaves, that all was well at home, that the crops were good and that they were in need of some slight favour from the Sahib. I needed badly some intellectual hobby. If I had had the chance, I should have plunged into the subtleties of the Nanak Shahi faith, as I did in later years, but there were no books available. Macauliffe had not written his immortal work on the Sikhs; and the ignorance of English officials was something extraordinary. There were no real Hindus then in Sind, yet every non-Musulman was styled a Hindu. My questions were parried or discouraged. In fact my Collector, kind as he was, grew rather restive under my cross-examination. He hinted plainly that he expected *his* assistants to do their office work, ride, shoot, and not waste time over absurd inquiries into Sind history and Sind customs. Yet Sind, conquered in the eighth century by Arabs, and cut off by river and desert from the rest of India, offered a vast field for inquiry. Burton had scratched the surface of it in his 'Sind; or the Unhappy Valley.' Thereafter it was completely neglected, until years afterwards I rescued some of the old Sind legends in my books, 'Tales of Old Sind' and 'Folk-tales of Sind and Guzarat.'

The magisterial work was heavy and most unsatisfactory. Practically every case brought before me for trial was false. The country was governed by the big landowners, much as Ireland was during the first half of the nineteenth century. They kept Sind

free from sedition; they helped the police to catch murderers and dacoits. In return the magistrates were tacitly expected to punish as criminals all against whom any landowner might have a grudge. If a farmer did not treat the *wadhero*, or big man of the countryside, with sufficient courtesy and complaisance, a false case was worked up against him. A local prostitute, posing as a virtuous village maiden, was put up to charge the wretched 'village Hampden' with rape. Some feudal retainers of the *wadhero* happened to be passing by and heard her cries. They rushed to the spot and saw the pure girl struggling vainly against the false and cruel ravisher. On seeing them, the accused tried to escape, but they caught him. Their story was confirmed by an old woman—the *wadhero's* procuress—to whom the blushing girl had whispered in her agony the tale of her lost virginity. Finally another landowner, probably a cousin of the *wadhero*, would testify that before the arrival of the police the accused had drawn him aside, confessed his crime and implored his mediation. The accused had, so he had admitted, met that morning the virtuous damsel in a lonely spot. Her beauty had tempted him. Satan had seized his five senses, and he had attacked her with a fury that had overcome her resistance.

On the other hand, if the *wadhero* desired the farmer's young wife or daughter, there was another way of dealing with him, if he stood on his rights. It was best not to refer to women at all. The farmer was falsely accused of trying to steal a buffalo. One of the *wadhero's* servants was on the night of the crime sleeping by the buffalo. Hearing a slight noise,

he woke up and saw by the clear moonlight—the moon was always full on these occasions—B., the unhappy father or husband, undo the buffalo's rope and lead it away. He thereupon shouted "Ho," and ran after A. The shout of "Ho" roused C., another servant of the *wadhero*, and he came up just in time to see A. leading off the buffalo, and joined in the pursuit. A. at once dropped the rope and, running away, escaped. D., a third servant of the great man, then came up. He did not see A., but he met the two others, and they told him that they had seen A. try to steal the buffalo.

On this evidence every junior magistrate was expected to convict. Indeed the District Magistrate and the Commissioner judged their subordinates' work by their percentage of convictions. Fifty per cent of convictions was the indispensable minimum. Failure to achieve this standard stamped a magistrate as 'weak and sentimental.' I got myself into hot water for protesting vigorously that I could not convict when I did not believe the evidence. I may mention that when I returned to Sind as Judicial Commissioner, I found the magistrates convicting unfortunate farmers and peasants on exactly the same kind of evidence that I had rejected as worthless twenty-five years before.

If, as I have said, I did not engage in study I made up for it in sport. Every Sunday and also on holidays I was a free man. As the cold season advanced I became more and more expert as a shot. I made two centuries of snipe—namely, 54 couple and 62 couple. Towards the end of April I got 102 duck to my own gun, and late in March I had some

wonderful black partridge shooting. One glorious day I secured 56 head, and on another 68. Of all the small game shooting that I know, there is nothing to equal the 'blacks,' as they are affectionately called. If properly beaten, they can be made to rise out of cover "just as high as you ever saw them," and then rocket over a distant line of guns like pheasants over a Surrey wood. The cock has beautiful ebony plumage, lit up with russet gold, and the taste is superior to that of any other breed of partridge.

With the advent of the long hot weather my old complaint of sleeplessness returned. I made a struggle against it; but after a month I had to leave Sukkur and apply for a change in the Karachi district. This Mr James very kindly granted me. I did not, however, recover my health. In September I applied for and obtained sick leave for three months; but I was forced afterwards to take several extensions. At last, after fourteen months' absence—namely, in November 1895, I was allowed to return to India. To my great joy I was not again posted to Sind. I was allotted to Satara; but I was transferred to the judicial branch of the service. My official title was extra-assistant to the District and Sessions Judge. I was informed that for six months I should be required to study the Civil Procedure Code and generally to learn my work. Thereafter I should be made an Assistant Judge with appellate powers.

CHAPTER IV.

SATARA.

It is difficult to realise the immense difference between Sind and Satara. The former had been a Musulman kingdom ever since the Arab invasion. Satara was the ancient capital of Shivaji's descendants. From Satara his grandson, Shahu, had sent out armies that had conquered all India. Until 1818 Shahu's successors had lived in the Satara fort under the tutelage of the Brahman Peshwas or Prime Ministers. At the English conquest of the Peshwas' dominions, the Directors had created a little kingdom for the interned Maratha prince, which had endured until 1848. Because of an absence of a natural heir, the kingdom had been resumed. Satara was thus the very heart of the Maratha country, and its people held tenaciously to ancient Maratha customs. They were free and outspoken and had none of the courtly manners of Northern Musulmans, brought up in the Persian tradition. I did not understand them at all, and I formed the foolish impression that everyone who called on me was anxious to insult me. For a long time I was greatly prejudiced against the Satara pleaders. Yet

when I understood them I grew to like them immensely.

I was, as I have said, posted as additional Assistant Judge. The Assistant Judge was a Mr T. D. Fry, a dipsomaniac. The District Judge was Satyendranath Tagore. He was the elder brother of the great Rabindranath, the Bengali poet. Had I known anything about Rabindranath, I should have been much interested in my new chief; but the English officials in Satara were as ignorant of India, ancient and modern, as those of Sind, and from them I learnt nothing. Mr Tagore was an extremely kind old gentleman; but he had been passed over for the High Court, and he was merely marking time until his retirement. His daughter, Miss Tagore, was one of the loveliest girls I have ever seen. Very fair for an Indian, she had features like a Greek statue. She was, however, very unapproachable, and all advances she met with the haughty and exclusive pride of a Bengali patrician. She was highly connected and was a relative of Debendranath Tagore, at one time the leader of the Brahmo Samāj.

I was expected to train myself to be a judge in six months; and here I would say a word about the judicial branch of the Indian Civil Service. It was then about fifty years behind the times. The duties of a judge vested with power to decide appeals from the decisions of experienced sub-judges are extremely delicate and difficult. An officer, on entering the J.D. (Judicial Department), should have been put specially under the orders of an experienced District Judge, and the latter should have been directed to train him carefully in the art of writing judgments.

He should then have been sent for six months to Bombay to sit on the Bench with the I.C.S. Judges of the High Court, and there required to draft decisions on appeals argued before them in his hearing. He could then have grasped the principles of judicial work. Nothing of this was done. The young Civil servant was sent to do original civil work for six months with the powers of a sub-judge. At the same time he had to prepare himself for an examination in a new language. The District Judge was not asked to help him ; and indeed, owing to the faulty recruitment of the Judicial Department, it was doubtful whether the District Judge's help would have been of much value. The cadre of judges was regarded as a scrap heap. Anyone whose work as an assistant Collector had not been satisfactory, anyone whose health had broken down as mine had done, was at once pitchforked out of the executive line and made a judge. The folly of such a policy is obvious. After all, it is the judge who convicts the criminals caught by the police and committed for trial by the District Magistrate and his subordinates. If the judge cannot write judgments good enough to be upheld on appeal by the High Court, the criminals are acquitted and it is the executive that suffers.

My fate was similar to that of others. I received no help either from Mr Tagore or his dipsomaniac assistant. I had no time to study law, as I had to present myself for a Marathi examination ; and long before I had begun to study my Civil Procedure Code, I was invested with appellate powers. As might have been anticipated, my work was not what it should have been. I knew that it was not good,

yet I could not find out in what way it was deficient. The result was that I turned to other subjects of interest.

The tennis at Satara was excellent. Mr Sigismund Arthur, a man of the most consummate charm, played a wonderful game. He had played for Oxford against Cambridge. There were other good players too, notably a Mr Wilkins, who was also a brilliant cricketer. One day he said to me, "Why don't you come to the nets, Kincaid?" I had to confess that I could not play cricket at all. Instead of going to an English Preparatory school, I had been sent to a French school where cricket was unknown. I went to Sherborne not knowing how to hold a bat. I was therefore rejected as hopeless and remained in complete ignorance of the game. "If that is all," retorted Wilkins, "and if you would really care to learn, I'll teach you." I accepted joyfully, and for three months the devoted Wilkins taught me daily to bat and bowl. In the end he had turned me into a good defensive bat and a useful change bowler. It is true that I had plenty of *bonne volonté*; on the other hand, Wilkins' capacity as a teacher amounted to genius. His patience never failed, and repeated omissions to follow his instruction did not try his temper. He overcame all my difficulties and corrected my faults, and so turned me from an utter ignoramus into a fair cricketer.

Some weeks of my first hot weather in Satara I managed to spend in Mahableshwar. This is the summer residence of the Bombay Government, and although it is not so cold as the Himalayan hill-stations it is still a lovely spot. Warm in April, it

cools down in May, and between the 20th of that month and the 10th of June the weather is that of Paradise. Morning mists keep off the sun until 11 A.M. Light showers temper the sultry afternoons, and at night two blankets are hardly enough. I encamped near Sassoon Point, and shortly after my arrival wrote my name in the Government House book. I was invited to an At Home in the usual way, and so made the acquaintance of the Governor, H.E. Lord Sandhurst. He was a charming man. He had been in the Guards and A.D.C. to Lord Spencer, the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland. On his father's death he entered the House of Lords and became Under-Secretary of State for War in Mr Gladstone's Government. I do not think that he got on very well with his chief, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman. Anyway, he was sent to Bombay as Governor. His wife was Earl Spencer's daughter, and although very nice and pleasant was not very beautiful. She was marvellously good at games. An excellent tennis player and golfer, a superb horsewoman, she had been able to beat at racquets her brother, Bobby Spencer, when he had won his house cup at Eton. Nevertheless I fancy she was a little difficult to live with. In any case Lord and Lady Sandhurst had not been living together for some time before his appointment. She at first refused to accompany her husband to India; but she eventually agreed to do so, on condition that they had no conjugal relations. She was quite open about the matter, and Poona society was much diverted when they learnt that one of her first acts on going to Mahableshwar was to have the com-

municating door between their bedrooms screwed fast by the Public Works Department.

Lord Sandhurst had a staff as debonair as himself. His private secretary was Mr Heaton (afterwards Sir J. Heaton), a man of wit and an excellent mathematician. He became in time a judge of the High Court. The military secretary was an amusing Irishman, a Major Owen, usually called Peter. The two A.D.C.'s were Captain Berkeley Levett and Captain Heneage. The former was a young Guards officer and one of the handsomest young men I have ever seen. He is now Major Berkeley Levett and equerry to H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught. Captain Heneage was in a Hussar regiment. I do not think he cared much for the work he had. He was a born soldier, and afterwards distinguished himself in the South African War.

Taking pity on my isolation at Sassoon Point, Lord Sandhurst very kindly asked me to stay for ten days at Government House, Mahableshwar. I eagerly accepted the invitation. I think I must have created a somewhat favourable impression, for the next hot weather I was appointed assistant private secretary. I was very lucky, for Mr Tagore had just retired and I had acted for some weeks as a District Judge. Then Mr Aston was appointed, and I managed to escape the hot weather in the plains by this unexpected bit of good fortune. The reason of it was that the private secretary had been overworked by the 1896 plague epidemic and wanted some help. I was available and was attached to his office. I found Heaton and Owen, Levett and Heneage, as in the previous year, and as an unofficial

member of the staff had come H.S.H. Prince Francis of Teck. I do not think that he ever did any work, beyond passing the Lower Standard test in Hindustani ; but he was an extremely good-looking young man, very tall, and he wore the Grand Cross of the Teck Order. He certainly paid for his keep by being very decorative when His Excellency entertained guests.

My work was very light. I had to collate figures about the recent epidemic and draft a consolidated report on the information supplied by various offices specially engaged in plague duty. Besides this I had to take some light cases to Lord Sandhurst. I had plenty of time on my hands. Lord Sandhurst, who was a great reader, lent me the latest books. I had a lovely room—one of the best in Government House—and I had lots of time to make friendships. One of them has lasted me all my life, that of Mr Stanley Batchelor. He was educated at St Dominic's, an English Catholic school, and was far and away its most brilliant pupil. It was expected that he would become a priest, and had he taken orders he would certainly have worn a Cardinal's hat. Assailed, however, by doubts, he went to see Cardinal Manning and put to him several unanswerable questions. Manning made no effort to deal with them, but he decided once and for all that Stanley Batchelor was not fitted for the priesthood. Hearing that the Indian Civil Service afforded a good opening, Mr Batchelor presented himself for the examination, and without any preliminary study, passed. In the final examination he won most of the prizes, and in India he soon distinguished himself as the most

brilliant junior in the service. At this time he was under-secretary in the Judicial Department. Much of his work, all of uniform excellence, passed through my hands on the way to His Excellency. His subsequent career fulfilled his early promise. He rose to be a judge of the High Court at thirty-six, and after twelve years on the Bench retired as Acting Chief Justice, with a knighthood. Many of his judgments will be found in the Indian Law Reports and the 'Bombay Law Reporter.' They are models of lucid judicial prose.

My new acquaintances were not all of this type. I met several Army Chaplains. With some notable exceptions, the standard of Indian Army Chaplains in India is none too high. I met one man, a Mr M——, who drank so heavily all Saturday night that often on Sunday morning he was not fit to conduct church service. Another, a Mr H——, would on the least occasion swear with such vigour as to make all Billingsgate pause with chastened admiration. But the perfect champion was the Reverend Mr Blank, who had come that year to Mahableshwar for change of air. For downright wickedness I have never met his equal. Some time afterwards I heard the following story about him from a Mr T——, the officer who had to take action against him. The Reverend Mr Blank had gone to an outlying railway headquarter station to prepare some girls, the daughters of railway subordinates, for confirmation. He informed them—one by one, of course—that confirmation was a mystic union with the Creator, and that its attainment could only be achieved by sexual intercourse with himself. The girls were either

half-caste or country-bred. They were, therefore mature at fourteen, and fell in readily with such views coming from the mouth of their reverend teacher. Before his wickedness came to light, this virile but villainous priest had deflowered sixteen out of twenty-five of his girl pupils. Then one of the mothers came to hear of his abominable conduct and told her husband, who reported the reverend Casanova to Mr T——. He went straight to Mr Blank, told him what he had heard, and gave him the alternative of either leaving by the next train or facing an inquiry by the Bishop. Mr Blank chose the former. He stood not upon the order of his going—he went at once! Naturally such a clergyman had the wife whom he deserved. Mrs Blank was as gay as he was. Two or three months after I had left Mahableshwar, I met Mr Blank in Bombay. I had not then heard of his conduct with the confirmation class. After the usual greetings, he asked me if I knew anything of the summer climate of the Persian Gulf. It was then August. I said I thought it was one of the hottest places on earth. “Well,” replied Mr Blank, “you surprise me. Colonel X., a great friend of my wife, strongly advised me, only the other day, to go there now for change of air.” Colonel X. and Mrs Blank, no doubt, hoped that the climate of the Persian Gulf would rid them of Mr Blank and send him thence to another, although hardly a warmer spot.

When Lord Sandhurst left Mahableshwar for Poona, my appointment expired. I returned to Satara to resume my duties as Assistant Judge. I found my new Chief, Mr Aston, rather ‘peeved’

with me. His annoyance was not unnatural. He had been forced to stay in Satara on Sessions work and endure the hot weather, while I had been revelling in the climate and leisure of Mahableshtar. However, we soon became fast friends. He was a very able man and an excellent lawyer. He afterwards rose to be a judge of the High Court, and, when sixty years of age, he received the honour of an unasked-for extension of six months.¹ Nevertheless, popular as he was with English people, he somehow managed to incur the intense dislike of every Indian whom he met. I never could ascertain why. He was always polite in court. I can only attribute it to his own feelings towards them. He had been brought up in South Africa and seemed to be unable in his own mind to distinguish between South African negroes and Indians.

On one occasion it fell to his lot to try the editor of a Marathi newspaper for sedition. So hostile was the feeling against him that Mrs Aston begged me to sit by his side on the Bench while he delivered his judgment. I gladly assented, although I do not quite know how I could have prevented an assassin from shooting at him. My presence, however, seemed to give Mrs Aston confidence.

When Mr Aston was transferred, some two years later, to be Judge at Poona, the District Superintendent of Police received information that a band of dacoits were plotting a murderous attack on him. He called on Mr Aston and insisted that two mounted policemen should ride alongside of his tonga to Satara Station, some twelve miles from the town.

¹ In India High Court judges have to retire at sixty.

Mr Aston at first demurred, but he eventually yielded. It was well that he did. Some three miles from the station, in a very wild part of the country, is a *khind* or defile. When the tonga reached the most desolate spot in it, the driver stopped, pleading that his harness was broken. The mounted policemen ordered him to drive on, and struck the ponies with the flat of their swords. The ponies raced through the *khind* and on to the station at full gallop. On reaching his destination, Mr Aston examined the harness. It was not broken at all. The tonga driver had evidently been in league with the dacoits. Had Mr Aston been alone, the driver would have stopped there until the dacoits came up and murdered his fare.

The defile in question had often been the scene of dacoities. In one of them a Mr Plinston, afterwards the editor of the 'Bombay Gazette,' had covered himself with glory. He had gone to Satara to report the visit of the Governor, Lord Reay. On the night of his departure he dined with the Judge, Mr Mactier. As he was going, the Judge asked his guest whether he had a revolver. Plinston said "No." "Then you must take mine," said Mr Mactier, and thrust into his hand his own revolver fully loaded. "I hear there are dacoits about." Plinston pocketed the revolver, and thought what a nuisance it would be having to send it back. When his tonga reached the *khind* he saw a number of men, mostly Marwadi merchants, sitting miserably by the roadside. A robber rushed towards the tonga whirling a big *lathi* or club and ordered the driver to stop. Plinston leapt out and, as the dacoit came close, he

fred. A bullet struck the dacoit's right arm and he dropped to the ground. Instantly the Marwadis sprang to their feet, rushed at the fallen man and secured him. The other robbers took fright and ran away. The wretched prisoner was tied inside the tonga, and yelled all the way to the station, probably more with rage than pain. At the station the police took charge of him and soon extracted from him the names of his accomplices. They were duly tried and convicted by Mr Mactier. Plinston caught the train to Bombay, and his spirited narrative of "Our own Correspondent's" heroism and adventures received from the public the attention that they merited.

I stayed through the following rains and cold weather at Satara, and acted as District Judge when Mr Aston took three months' leave to England. I played tennis and cricket and, much to Wilkins' delight, made several good scores. There was a total eclipse of the sun visible at Karad, and I was lucky enough to be there on inspection duty and saw it. There was tremendous popular excitement; for the general Indian belief is that an eclipse is caused by a demon called Rahu swallowing the sun. I have told the story in my book, 'Tales from the Indian Epics.'¹ The reason why the Hindus get excited is because they think that their prayers and penances help the sun to pass through Rahu's throat—for he has no body—and to emerge on the other side. The eclipse was intensely interesting to watch, and the way it deceived the birds was not less so. As the sun's light became obscured, they all flew to roost in

¹ 'Tales from the Indian Epics' (Oxford University Press).

the trees, and when the sun began to show itself again, they flew out of the trees and back to their feeding-places.

In February 1898 I received a letter from the private secretary to the Governor that I had been selected to act as Judicial Assistant to the Governor's Agent in Kathiawar. I was delighted. It was my first important promotion, and my pay rose from Rs. 700 to Rs. 1160 per month. I was also growing tired of Satara ; for, as is the way in Indian stations, the friends I had made on going there had been transferred. The 110th Maratha Infantry had given place to the 103rd Maratha Infantry, and with the former I had lost a particular friend, a Captain de Vismes. His family history was a strange one. His ancestors had been Princes de Vismes de Ponthieu in Auvergne in France. When Louis XIV. revoked the Edict of Nantes, the court nobles nearly all became Catholic to retain their official posts. In the country districts the nobility were less pliant. To overcome their reluctance the king sent his dragoons, and among their victims was Le Prince de Vismes de Ponthieu. Surprised by the royal cavalry, he hid up his chimney. There he got wedged fast, and when his retreat was discovered he could neither climb up nor down. Taking his inability for obstinacy, a dragoon fired and killed him. His widow and son escaped to England and continued to live there. My friend's name had been De Vismes de Ponthieu. Unfortunately he had become the lover of the first wife of the celebrated advocate, Marshall Hall. She was living apart from her husband, and in her anxiety to conceal the consequences of her intrigue she, without De

Ponthieu's knowledge, went to a medical man. He performed on her an illegal operation, and she died. There was an inquest. The medical man was tried and sentenced to a long term of imprisonment. My poor friend's name also came into the case. Although he was at once discharged by the Bow Street magistrate, the scandal was such that he dropped 'De Ponthieu' and called himself 'De Vismes' only. He was a delightful man and an excellent linguist. He had passed the interpretership test in French, German and Russian and the Higher Standard test in Hindustani. To my great regret he died not many years afterwards as British Consul at Pondicherry.

Besides the 110th Maratha Regiment, I had lost friends in the Middlesex Regiment, who had given place to the East Yorkshires. The Civil servants and engineers stationed at Satara when I first went there had all been transferred. I was young and welcomed equally a change of work and a change of scene. It was with a light heart that I took the train for Kathiawar *via* Poona and Bombay.

CHAPTER V.

KATHIAWAR.

THE amenities of Kathiawar are known to very few members of the Indian Civil Service ; yet of all the spots where I have served the Government of India, I know none to surpass it. It is a peninsula on the west coast of Gujarat and has about the same area as Ireland. It is really a continuation of Rajputana ; but between the two territories Afghan, Moghul and Maratha conquerors thrust a great wedge—namely, Gujarat proper. Kathiawar like Rajputana is divided up into a number of independent principalities. Of these the largest is Nawanagar, the land of those two great cricketers, H.H. the Jam Sahib, and his nephew, Duleepsingji. Other considerable states are Junagadh, Bhawnagar and Dhrangadra. Long after my time Kathiawar was taken over by the Political Department of the Government of India.

The headquarters of the Kathiawar political administration was at Rajkot. There a couple or so of square miles had been ceded on perpetual lease by the Thakor Sahib of Rajkot to the Bombay Government, and there the Agent to the Governor ordinarily resided.¹ He lived in a Residency called the Kothi

¹ At this time the Agent to the Governor was still called Political Agent.

or Fort, and he was a very high official indeed. The occupant of the office in 1898 was Colonel Hunter, a man of very remarkable powers. He could talk Gujarati as I have never heard an Englishman talk it. He could make in it an excellent impromptu speech, and I have listened to him translating sentence by sentence an English speech delivered by Lord Northcote to a number of Indian chiefs. He had no idea what Lord Northcote was going to say, yet he was never at a loss for a Gujarati word. Anyone who has studied Indian languages, and is aware of their complexity and the wide difference of their syntax from our own, will duly appreciate this admirable achievement. In Colonel Hunter I found a valued and greatly honoured friend.

My duties as Judicial Assistant to the Governor's Agent was to try cases where he, on behalf of the chiefs, exercised residuary jurisdiction. By a legal fiction plenary jurisdiction was vested in all of them, no matter what their size ; but it was further laid down that, as none but the first and second class chiefs had the necessary machinery, they alone were permitted to exercise it. The other classes of chiefs—third, fourth, fifth, sixth and seventh—had varying degrees of criminal and civil powers ; whereas all the cases, criminal and civil, of those land-holders or girassias, who were not important enough to rank as chiefs, were tried by the Agency.

The number of independent chiefs was very large ; indeed they numbered over 400, and many of them were, for historical reasons dating from the distant past, at deadly enmity with each other. The result

was that outlaws from one state had but to go into the domains of a chief at variance with his own and receive every encouragement. Indeed some of the outlaws had been so fierce and bold that they had defied regular troops. A body of military police had been created, which, under the efficient leadership of Mr W. L. Souter, had succeeded in breaking up most of the bands. Nevertheless a number of outlaws still roamed through the forests and moors of Kathiawar, and I tried and convicted several gangs captured by Mr Souter. Besides my work as a judge, I was also expected to assist the Agent to the Governor in his legal work. This consisted of endless litigation between neighbouring states. Some of the litigation had been going on for nearly a hundred years; yet always the chiefs managed to have the matter reopened on one plea or another. I wrote decisions in many cases and thought that I had settled them for ever; yet, when I was appointed Secretary to Government in the Political Department many years later, I found that they were still being sedulously argued.

One great charm of Kathiawar was the privilege accorded to the Judicial Assistant to take his court for two months to the sea coast. There were three coast towns, Verawal, Porbandar and Balachedi, all of which enjoyed a delightful summer climate. Some idea of it may be formed when I say that in May, when Rajkot, as indeed India generally, is swept by scorching hot winds and the thermometer stands at anything between 110° and 125° in the shade, the sea coast of Kathiawar has so cool a climate that I have bowled all the afternoon in

Porbandar without feeling either heat or fatigue. Verawal is in the Junagadh State, Porbandar is the capital of the Rana of that territory, and Balachedi is in Nawanagar. All three towns have delightful beaches where one can bathe. Swimming, however, is out of the question owing to the terrific backwash. I have myself witnessed a Major Peyton all but drowned at Porbandar while within his depth. The undertow prevented him from wading to the dry land, and one gigantic wave after another—the waves are often ten feet high with the approach of the monsoon—broke over his head. Fortunately the Manager of the State Railways, a Mr Rowland, a very powerful man, reached Peyton and, throwing him over his shoulder, walked with him to safety.

Drowning is not the only danger. Sharks were rare, but they were not unknown. One summer a shark entered Porbandar Harbour and seized by the leg a man standing up to his waist on the quay steps. His friends came to his help; but the shark bit through its victim's leg and he was taken to the state hospital only to die in a few hours. A day or two later I was bathing alone two miles or so down the coast. I was afraid of the shark and kept so close to the shore that I thought I was safe. Nevertheless I had a strange instinct of danger. At last I could stand it no longer, and I ran out of the water. It was as well that I did so, for I had hardly begun to dry myself when I saw a shark's dorsal fin at the exact spot where I had been standing.

In spite of sharks and undertow we enjoyed ourselves greatly. I was very sorry to return to Rajkot for the rains. Nevertheless it had to be done; for

in tents we were exposed to the storms that precede the monsoon, and once my tents were completely blown down at 6 A.M. and I had to take refuge in the verandah of the house occupied by the Agent to the Governor.

Directly I returned to Rajkot the cricket season began. The cricket was of a very high order. At Rajkot was the Rajkumar College, a school for young chiefs presided over by Mr C. W. Waddington. This gentleman was a great personality. He had got his 'blue' for Association football at Oxford, a first-class in classical 'Mods.' and a second-class in classical 'Greats.' He was the finest cross-country rider whom I have ever seen, and was for many years the Honorary Secretary of the Gujarat Pig-Sticking Club. He was an excellent tennis player and quite a good cricketer. He was a cousin of the celebrated M. Waddington, at one time French Ambassador at St James. His manners were polished, his bearing was splendid. He stood six feet high and was beautifully made. He was in fact an ideal principal of a chiefs' college. Under his headship the cricket played at the Rajkumar College was excellent. He was so courteous as to let me practise at the College nets whenever I wished, and I played in all the Kathiawar Cricket Club matches. Another admirable athlete was Colonel Ashby, the Political Agent of the Halar Prant. He was an excellent cross-country rider, a fine bat and an unsurpassed shot. On three successive days during my first cold weather he shot over a hundred couple of snipe to his own gun. Last but by no means least among the cricketers in Rajkot that

year was the renowned Ranjitsingji, afterwards Jam Sahib of Nawanagar.

At this time 'Ranji's' fame as a bat was at its highest. No one in England approached him, and he had just been 'down under' with Mr Stoddart's eleven to play in the Test matches against Australia. He had also published the 'Jubilee Book of Cricket,' the best work on the game ever written. It had been a great success and he had made a large sum of money by it. His early history had been romantic. He had been adopted by Jam Vibhaji, then the Jam or Prince of Nawanagar. The deed of adoption stipulated that Ranjitsingji should succeed, failing a son by any of the Jam's Ranis. This was quite unambiguous. The Jam wished to provide against the possible contingency of any of his lawfully wedded Rajput queens presenting him with a son. It would have been unfair if Ranjitsingji, an adopted son, should oust a legitimate heir to Nawanagar. Unhappily Jam Vibhaji had taken into his zenana four Sindi Musulman sisters. One of them had given birth to or introduced into the harem a male child. She pretended the Jam was the boy's father. The four sisters gave the old prince no rest until he got this bastard, by name Jaswantsingji, recognised by the Viceroy as his heir. The Governor's Agent and the Bombay Government protested, but Lord Ripon overruled them and declared Jaswantsingji to be a son of one of the Jam's Ranis and, as such, entitled to succeed in preference to Ranjitsingji. Everyone who knew the facts was shocked. Still, orders had to be obeyed, and on Vibhaji's death the bastard boy was declared to be

Jam of Nawanagar.¹ He was only a child, so Colonel Kennedy was appointed Administrator of the State and a Major Hancock as the boy's guardian. Ranjitsingji, who was at Cambridge, was given a small allowance. It was quite inadequate, but the proceeds of his book enabled him to come from Australia to India.

We were all very curious to see the famous cricketer, but the situation was rather delicate. Ranjitsingji was after all, in view of the Viceroy's unjust decision, a pretender, and the executive officers felt some diffidence in taking any notice of him. I was a judicial officer and so was not bound in the same way. I invited Ranjitsingji to stay with me. He accepted the invitation, and I thus laid the foundation of a lifelong friendship. He proved a most charming companion. His manners and address were fascinating and everyone was delighted with him. I took him to dine at the Mess, and the Colonel said to me afterwards, "I wish all my guests had as good manners as he had!" He readily agreed to play cricket in the Gymkhana games, to bowl and bat at our nets and to coach the boys at the Rajkumar College, where he himself had been at school. He played two innings in out matches, and although he only scored thirty-four and thirty-two his driving was wonderful. The pace at which the ball covered the ground, and the force with which it hit the boundary railings, had to be seen to be believed. He afterwards accompanied the Kathiawar Cricket Club on its tour to

¹ I have examined the whole case in 'The Land of "Ranji" and "Duleep"' (Blackwood & Sons).

Bombay, Poona and Ganeshkhind, and played one very fine innings at Ganeshkhind.

That summer my father (General Kincaid) and my mother went to Egypt to see my brother, Captain Kincaid, R.E., who was then Agent to the Delta Railways. I pressed them not to return direct to England but to come on to India. In spite of their age they agreed and undertook the long journey involved. I went to Bombay to meet them. On the morning of their arrival I was informed on the quay that owing to the plague no passengers were allowed to go on board. I was very anxious to greet my father and mother, and I found a way out of the difficulty. A group of Anglo-Indian plague doctors were going on board the steamer in a special launch to meet their English colleagues. They were unknown to each other, so I contrived to join them unnoticed and so reached the ship in the disguise of a medical man. Once on deck I gave my companions the slip, found my parents, embraced my mother and then realised that I was very hungry. It was 8 A.M. and I had been on the quay since 6 A.M. My father got hold of his table steward and begged some breakfast for me. "Only Captain Sahib's chop, sahib," was the reply, "but I get another for Captain Sahib dam quick." I was soon devouring the Commander's breakfast. As I did so he passed me and gave me as ugly a look as I have ever seen on a human face. The table steward assured him, as he had done us, that he would "get him another chop dam quick!" So all was well.

Shortly afterwards, while my parents were staying as my guests in Rajkot, Lord Sandhurst paid Kathia-

war an official visit. I was very pleased to meet again the Governor and my friends on his staff. There was a great banquet; my mother sat on one side of Lord Sandhurst and was able to tell him that she had known his father, Sir William Mansfield (the first Lord Sandhurst), when he was Commander-in-Chief in India.

Not long after the gubernatorial visit came the Christmas holidays, and we were invited to spend them as guests of the Thakar Sahib of Wadhwan. He was a charming little man, who was very fond of English society and kept up a team of excellent cricketers. At one time, to please his Political Agent, Colonel Ashby, he had kept a pack of hounds, but it proved too expensive. He had had to import an English huntsman and English hounds. The hounds died and the hunting ruined the cotton fields. Staying with him was his son-in-law, Bhagwantsingji, eldest son and heir of H.H. the Maharana of Orcha. I formed a very close and delightful friendship with him. He was a wonderful horseman, and under my tuition he became a good small game shot. This winter I did no riding. I went out shooting, and although the birds were not as plentiful as in Sind I enjoyed myself greatly. Unhappily after three days I was taken ill of ptomaine poisoning, and on the last day of the year I was very glad to return to Rajkot. Others were taken ill after I had gone, so the camp was not a great success.

In January I took my parents with me on tour, and then at my father's wish we went to Palitana to see the Parasnath Hill, one of the greatest centres of Jainism. The stable of the Chief of Palitana

was hardly less wonderful than the Parasnath Hill, for he was a great lover and judge of horse-flesh. From Palitana we went back to Rajkot, and thence my father went to stay with my friend, Sir Waghji, Chief of Morvi, a wonderfully advanced progressive state. My father declared that Kathiawar was fifty years ahead of Central India. This was an immense concession from a former Political Resident of Bhopal.

In February my parents left me to cross India to Calcutta, and thence continued their journey to the Malay Peninsula, China, Japan, and back home *via* America. Strangely enough a fellow passenger on the boat was Ranjitsingji. They were as charmed with him as I had been. He had been to America on a visit and he was returning to England in order to play for Sussex.

The next year, 1899, was one that will long be remembered in Kathiawar as the year of the Great Famine—St 1956 of the Hindu Samwat era. The early monsoon was quite satisfactory and the coming calamities cast no shadow before. The late monsoon failed completely, and as Kathiawar and Gujarat are greatly dependent on the October rains for ripening the early crops, watering the ground for the second season and filling the wells, failure of the late monsoon meant a famine. And famine it was with a vengeance! The Gujaratis have not the stamina of the Deccan Marathas. The monsoon had never really failed before, although there had been a scarcity in 1895. The administration was taken wholly by surprise, and Sir James Monteath, the Revenue member of the Government,

never understood the situation in Gujarat. He had not served there and he paid no attention to the urgent representations of Mr Lely,¹ the Commissioner of the Northern Division, whom he cordially disliked. The result was that the peasants of Gujarat, without adequate relief works, died like rotten sheep. Great numbers migrated into Kathiawar. In that province, however, things were even worse. The larger states did their best, but with the exception of one or two they had not the necessary staff nor the resources to organise famine works. One or two adopted the device of starting a famine work near their capital. They would not allow anyone to go near it until the arrival of an English inspecting officer. Then they drove to it, not only the surrounding peasantry but the poorer townspeople. Directly the English officer had gone, the famine workers were promptly chased empty away and 'ahowling with the hunger'! The smaller states were quite unable to cope with the situation. The chiefs had lived up to their income and had saved nothing against a rainy day. The administration of the smallest states had to be taken over by the Agency.

The extra work that the famine threw on Colonel Hunter was incredible and it nearly killed him. Nevertheless the tired Titan struggled on. He obtained the services of Mr Norman Seddon, I.C.S., as Famine Officer, and of Mr Morison, I.C.S., as Famine Inspector. Somehow or other, by seizing

¹ Mr (afterwards Sir Frederick) Lely was immensely and deservedly popular with the Gujaratis, and they made up a couplet about him: "Lele, Lele apna beli" (Lely, Lely our protector).

whatever funds on which he could lay his hands, he financed the province. Nevertheless the mortality was awful. Dead cattle, horses, buffaloes, donkeys strewed the ground. Men naturally suffered less, but whole tracts were depopulated and the number of deaths from starvation or its consequences could hardly have been less than 750,000.

The Boer War broke out in the autumn of 1899, but it had few repercussions in India. Although Indians might criticise Government measures they were still devoted to British rule; and this was specially so in Kathiawar where Englishmen were few in numbers and officials interfered, if at all, on behalf of the peasantry. Taxes, the most frequent source of discontent, were paid by the taxpayers to the chiefs; so they could not and did not blame the English Government when and if they were heavy.

In spite of the Boer War and the impending famine the Viceroy, Lord Curzon, decided to visit Kathiawar. The chiefs had then direct relations with Bombay and not with Simla, so there was no need for the Governor-General to visit our province. Nevertheless he insisted on doing so. One previous Viceroy had done so, and this formed a precedent. At first he announced his intention of shooting a Gir lion; but some clever young Civil servant wrote a poem, "The Lions of Gir," a parody of Swinburne's "Dolores," pouring such ridicule on the Viceroy's design that he abandoned it. He did not, however, give up the visit, for he wished to see the ruins of the Somnath Temple destroyed by the Afghan king, Mahmud of Ghazni. Nevertheless,

although I thought that Lord Curzon's visit was ill timed, I was personally delighted that he should come. His fame was then at its height. All India resounded with his speeches. I had heard him once speak in Bombay, and his magnificent voice carried easily to all parts of the auditorium, and I was very anxious to see him more closely.

A great Durbar was held in the Connaught Hall at Rajkot, and to ensure its success there was a rehearsal. Sir John Cunningham, the Political Secretary to the Government of India, took the Viceroy's place. A rehearsal, however, was hardly needed, because the Indian chiefs know all there is to be known about ceremonial and have a natural dignity and coolness that no rehearsals can improve.

On the day of the actual Durbar we all attended in full uniform, which Lord Curzon also wore. Well over six feet high and very handsome, he seemed to be by nature created to be Viceroy of India. Perfectly sure of himself in that office, he did not assume the supercilious air that he is said to have adopted in later life. I was on duty taking up in turn various chiefs to present their nazar or tribute. This was only a form. The Viceroy touched the gold coins presented to him and remitted them; still, it was a legal fiction by which the chiefs acknowledged the suzerainty of H.M. the Queen Empress. After Lord Curzon had received the chiefs he delivered an oration. He spoke admirably and with perfect ease, and his matter was as excellent as his manner. The chiefs who understood English listened to his words with attention, but there were many who did not and they must have found it dull,

although they were far too polite to show their boredom by their expression or by yawning. The old Nawab of Junagadh showed the most resource. A confirmed opium addict, he was accustomed to take a glass of kusumba or opium and water after his mid-day meal and then go to sleep. Knowing that he could not possibly keep awake throughout the long ceremonial, he got his court painter to paint a gay, happy smile on his face. Armed with this he went to sleep directly Lord Curzon began his oration and slept until its finish. Once or twice I saw the Viceroy look at the Nawab suspiciously, but his suspicions were disarmed by the beautiful set smile that seemed to indicate perfect agreement to every word spoken by the orator.

Next day was the prize-giving at the Rajkumar College. I have not as yet mentioned Lady Curzon, for at the Durbar she was necessarily eclipsed by the Viceroy; but she had her revenge at the prize-giving. Standing at least five feet nine inches and wearing a magnificent *matinée* hat that matched a wonderful gown, she formed the loveliest vision of female beauty that I have ever seen. A Miss Mary Leiter, she was by origin a German Jewess, and although her family had become Christian and American her face was in the most perfect mould of Jewish beauty. Indeed I could not take my eyes off her throughout the ceremony.

That evening there was a dinner at the Kothi or Residency. I sat next the Viceroy's private secretary, Mr Lawrence. He is now famous as Sir Walter, but then he was only on the road to his subsequent greatness. He had passed first into the Indian Civil

Service and had greatly distinguished himself as Survey Commissioner of the Kashmir State. With twenty years' service to his credit he had resigned the Civil Service and become land agent to the Duke of Bedford. This post he had again resigned to become private secretary to Lord Curzon, whose friendship he had won at Balliol. I had met Lawrence a good many years before at Government House, Karachi. He was staying with the Commissioner and I was invited to meet him. I was only a 'griffin,' but he was kindness and courtesy itself and he gave me some very good advice in the matter of buying a horse. I remember his last words well: "Above all see that its legs are stout enough to carry its body." I reminded the private secretary of our former meeting, and he became at once as unaffectedly friendly as before and talked to me as if I had been his contemporary. He was also able to tell me a piece of news that cheered me considerably. My cousin, Major Kincaid of the Irish Rifles, had been taken prisoner by the Boers at Nicholson's Nek. Lawrence had just received a telegram that my cousin had been sent back to the English lines. I learnt afterwards that, ill from exposure, he had been sent to a Boer field hospital. There he met a Dr Schuhmacher, a German doctor from Aix-la-Chapelle, who had volunteered for the Boer medical service. By a strange chance he had attended, some years before, my cousin when staying in that town. On mutual recognition followed efforts by the doctor to obtain my cousin's release. In these he was successful, and the result had been telegraphed by Reuter to India.

I never saw Lord Curzon again. I have often heard stories to his discredit, of his pettiness, his vindictiveness, his arrogance. It may be that he was like one of those Indian mountains of which a Marathi proverb says:—

"From a distance the mountains are beautiful. Near-by one sees the scrub-jungle and the thorn bushes on their flanks."

If that was so, then I am glad I never knew him more intimately than I did; for as it is, I can always remember the superb bearing of the great Viceroy at the Durbar and the goddess-like loveliness of his beautiful Vicereine.

a really great
Englishman.

His last approach was 1934 and the night-
time approach was rather to feel at
his account left earlier by other contemporary
men of Lord Curzon's day & his great
kings - e.g. his Mr. Lawrence, Sir John
Macdonald and others. They had all served
directly under him, and their lowest estimate
of him was before this, such as "A" above.

A further picture can be had from
Ramsay's biography - very a classic.
Also from Lord Fraser's "India under Curzon
and After." His speeches, his - Government.

And of Curzon's critics, who have been
his own country men, were called to judge him
from superfluous estimation of his own. After
seeing him in the breakfast, Curzon
was not much of a man.

CHAPTER VI.

KATHIAWAR UNDER COLONEL KENNEDY.

THE next year the rain fell, but no crop could ripen before November 1900. Still the rain brought hope and things began to right themselves. Colonel Hunter remained at his post through the greater part of the year, then suddenly his magnificent constitution, tried too hardly by the immense strain of the famine, broke down. He had to resign by telegram and go home by the next steamer. Fortunately he recovered his health on the voyage to Europe, and I had the pleasure of seeing him several times in England. Indeed he spoke at a lecture given by me before the Royal Asiatic Society in 1916.

On Colonel Hunter's resignation the Bombay Government appointed Colonel Kennedy to fill his post. The latter had not his predecessor's extraordinary knowledge of Gujarati, yet he was no ordinary man. He was the son of Sir Michael Kennedy, R.E., K.C.S.I., a famous Anglo-Indian engineer; and he was one of three brothers, each of whom rose to be the head of his respective department and received a C.S.I. The new Agent to the Governor was Willoughby, and the two brothers

were Hartley and Michael, both in turn Inspectors-General of the Bombay Presidency Police.

Once the famine was over life resumed its normal course; only as Colonel Kennedy was a great sportsman—he had represented Sandhurst at both cricket and racquets—those of us who could play games won his favour. As I scored with fair consistency in the cricket field and played tennis well, he liked me. He was also an excellent golfer and he made us all play. He spent the summer of 1901 at Verawal in the Junagadh State, and he made a golf course there. It was soon in fair condition, and Colonel Pottinger, the Political of the state, and I spent the hot weather with him. While there I held a curious trial. A Kathi chief called Hipawala had run away with the daughter of a retired Inspector of Police of the Kanbi caste. Owing to the difference in castes the chief could not marry the girl, so she was disgraced. The old inspector sought out the seducer of his daughter and stabbed him, but did not kill him. For this I tried and convicted the inspector at Wadhwan and sentenced him to two months' imprisonment. It was now the turn of Hipawala to be tried for running away with the inspector's daughter. The Crown case was that she was under sixteen and that, therefore, her abduction amounted to kidnapping from lawful guardianship.

The defence wanted to brief Sir Perozeshah Mehta, but he was engaged elsewhere at the time, so they asked for a postponement, alleging that they wanted to apply for a transfer from my court on the ground that I was prejudiced. I knew what the

object of the defence was, and I pointed out that I was not obliged to grant a postponement so long as the accused had time to apply for a transfer before I called on him to enter on his defence. He had ample time to do so; and as a matter of fact he never did so. He did a much wiser thing. His pleader, at his request, briefed Mr Branson, and the latter came hurriedly from Bombay to represent the accused.

At one time Mr Branson had had the leading criminal practice in Bombay and made vast sums of money, but he had spent them as quickly as he made them. At this time he was over sixty years of age, had saved nothing and had taken to drinking too much. Nevertheless he conducted the defence admirably. Intoxicated every night, he yet turned up fresh and smiling every morning. In the end I acquitted Hipawala, not because he had not abducted the lady, but because she was at least eighteen years of age. As the law then was, the accused had committed no offence in running away with her.

Colonel Kennedy spent a fortnight of the hot weather in the Gir forest, which begins some twelve miles east of Verawal. After a good deal of trouble he bagged two panthers. He had had an exciting time. He had seen in the moonlight a lion leap an eight-foot hedge with a calf slung across its back, the calf's throat in its jaws. Another evening, while he was sitting over a live goat in the hope of getting a panther, a large maned lion had come to the foot of his tree and seized the goat. It took the wretched animal by the back and walked off

with it, much as a retriever dog does with a running pheasant. Colonel Kennedy shouted at the lion and threw branches at it, but it only snarled at him contemptuously and left him goatless and pantherless. I had done plenty of small game shooting, but beyond bagging a buck or two I had never been attracted towards bigger quarry. Colonel Kennedy's stories, however, thrilled me and I vowed to get a proper rifle without delay. I had applied for three months' leave from the 1st of June, and instead of going by train I went by country steamer to Bombay and caught the P. & O. there. The sea was already beginning to show signs of the coming monsoon; but it was not too rough, and I managed to get through the passage home without being seasick.

My father took for the two months that I was in England a house called 'Garlands,' in Ewhurst, Surrey. I did not weaken in my resolution to get a rifle. I went to Messrs Jeffrey & Co. of King's Street, London, S.W., and got them to build me a .400 high velocity cordite rifle to measure, as if it had been a shot-gun; and here I would insist on the immense importance of this. Everyone, I think, admits that to shoot small game in good company one's shot-gun should fit one perfectly. Yet there are few who maintain that it is just as necessary to have a rifle built to measure. It is true that the rifle has sights which the sportsman can adjust, but how much time has he to do so when a tiger or a panther is charging? If his rifle fits, it will come up to his shoulder with the sights adjusted; if it does not, the sights will not be in line, and before

the hunter has time to aim the charging beast will have struck him down. As a matter of fact Messrs Jeffrey & Co. did not at first make my rifle fit exactly, and this nearly cost a man's life, as the subsequent narrative will show. In 1903 they slightly altered the stock at my request, and thereafter I missed no easy shots and very few difficult ones.

In the winter of 1901 Lord Northcote, who had succeeded Lord Sandhurst, came to Kathiawar. He was a younger son of Lord Iddesleigh, better known in English politics as Sir Stafford Northcote. He was a very kind and pleasant but somewhat insignificant-looking gentleman of about forty-five years of age. I do not think that he meant in the beginning to take the work of his Governorship very seriously; but he had married a magnificent lady who had other views. She was splendidly handsome and very rich, and she intended willy-nilly that her husband should rise to the top of the tree. When Lord Northcote came to Bombay he brought with him an old friend. The two cronies used far into the night to play execrable billiards and drink excellent port together. The result was that the next morning His Excellency felt quite unfit for serious work. At last the private secretary, so the story ran, mentioned the fact casually at table, and thereafter the staff entered into a dark and deadly plot. One A.D.C. after another went up to His Excellency's old friend and said, "Good heavens, sir, are you not feeling very fit?" "Yes, I am all right; but why do you ask?" "Oh, I don't know, sir, but I thought that you were looking rather ghastly." After the three A.D.C.'s had,

each in turn, said much the same thing, the wretched 'friend' fled in terror to the Government House surgeon. He was also in the plot. He said, "By Jove, what is up? You look rather bad." "Well, that is what they all say, so I have come for you to overhaul me." The surgeon with a solemn face overhauled the victim of the practical joke and pronounced his liver to be in an awful state, "reaching right down to your knees, my dear fellow! You *must* go home by the next boat!" The old 'friend' rushed to his room, packed up his kit, took leave of their Excellencies and left by the Saturday mail. Thereafter His Excellency went to bed at a reasonable hour, and with the help of his able private secretary got through his work creditably.

On the occasion of his visit to Rajkot, Lord Northcote came primed with speeches written by the P.S.G.,¹ and as he had an excellent memory he recited them with grace and distinction. On one occasion, however, Fate was too much for him. He began a speech and for five minutes spoke well and clearly. Then suddenly he began, as it seemed to me, to talk disconnected rubbish, and this he continued to do until he sat down. I looked round the hall, but everyone's face was rigidly set and I vaguely wondered whether I had gone mad. Then an Indian official got up and read a Gujarati translation of the speech. This I could follow and it made perfect sense. It was not until a day or two later that I solved the riddle. His Excellency had been given a speech to learn by the P.S.G., but somehow the pages had got mixed up. The unsuspecting

¹ P.S.G. = Private Secretary to the Governor.

Governor had learnt the paragraphs in the wrong order and so had made the unintelligible oration that I had heard. When I asked my friends why they had sat with such unsmiling faces, it transpired that they had also thought that they had suddenly gone mad !

I spent the hot weather of 1902 at Verawal, for I was longing to fire off my new rifle. The moment the Easter holidays came I started for the Gir forest. I had sent my tents to the village of Tellala, then a few miles inside the Gir. I drove there, sending my pony under escort because of the lions. Starting in the afternoon I reached my camp before dusk. My tents were pitched in a lovely glade on a bank of the Hiran River. The stream is artificially dammed at Tellala, and above the dam there is always abundant water. Another circumstance tends to keep the river brimming, especially lower down. At the end of the monsoon every year the sea heaps up the sand so high as completely to shut in the river. A great lake forms which extends as far as Triveni, sacred because there the lost Saraswati is said to join the Hiran underground. I have seen swimming on the surface of the lake, so temperate is the summer climate, duck and even flamingo as late as May. When the monsoon bursts, the sea destroys its own work, cuts through the sand barrier and releases the pent-up waters of the Hiran, only to build up the barrier again when the monsoon is over.

The forest round Tellala is or was then full of noble trees and of great stretches of brushwood, the home of countless chital or spotted deer,

sambhur, blue bull, panther, and of about a hundred and fifty lions. Here I should like to say something about the 'Gir' lions. There are a certain number of fallacies that the ingenuous youth of England have to swallow as part of their education. The most blatant of these are that the lunar month has only twenty-eight days, that the European numerals were introduced by the Arabs, that the 'Gaikwad' means the 'cowherd of Baroda,' and that the Indian lion has no mane. As a matter of fact the lunar month consists of twenty-nine days and thirteen hours; the European numerals came from India and were used by the Romans very early in the Christian era; the 'Gaikwad' means the 'cow door' or 'cow protector'; and the Indian lion has just as big a mane as its North African brother.

There was a time when the lion roamed all over India. In the early Sanskrit fables we hear a great deal about lions, but nothing about tigers. The latter had not then emigrated into India from Manchuria. When the tiger did come, it drove the lion first out of Bengal and then out of Northern and Southern India. The English completed the lion's discomfiture by exterminating it in Central India and Gujarat. At last its only refuge was the 'Gir' forest, and so long as it keeps within the borders of the Junagadh State it is strictly preserved. If it strays outside, it is liable to be shot on sight. I had obtained leave from H.H. the Nawab to shoot panthers or any lesser game in the 'Gir,' but I had had to give my word of honour that I should not shoot a lion unless I was in personal danger. The day on which I arrived at Tellala I went out with a

shikari and sat in a *machan* over a goat for about an hour and a half. It at last grew so dark that I could not see my fore-sight. I told my shikari that it was useless to wait any more ; we climbed out of our tree and started to cover the two miles that separated us from my camp. About a mile farther on we were suddenly aware that a band of lions (I counted four, my shikari counted six) were walking towards us along the highroad. We stopped, at a loss what to do. When the lions saw us they stopped also, and we stood looking at each other, both sides disconcerted. I could not shoot, as I had promised not to. On the other hand, the lions evidently thought that the shikari and I and our one or two beaters were too big a party to attack. I do not know how long we stood face to face. It seemed a very long time to me, but it was probably not more than five minutes. Then we heard shouts and saw torches coming towards us.

The lions did not like the situation. They got restive. I thought they were going to charge us and I got ready to shoot, but they slowly moved off the road into the jungle. As they did so my servants and several villagers, torches in hand, came up and joined us. We could see the lions a few yards off the road and we walked past them, glad at having out-manceuvred them. Had not my servants and the villagers very pluckily taken the lions in the rear, we probably should have had to fight, and the fight might well have gone against us. The lions did not accept the decision as final. All that night I heard them roaring in the distance, and the following night they came close to my tent and started

roaring furiously. They hoped to frighten my pony and make it bolt into the jungle. Had it done so they would soon have surrounded it, caught and killed it; but it was an affectionate little Arab, and so long as I sat by it and petted and stroked it, it felt sure that I should keep it safe against all the world. I stayed by it until three in the morning. By that time the lions had moved off and I was able to get a few hours' sleep.

Every evening I went out with a goat to tie up as a bait for panthers, but in that camp I had no fortune. Still, one evening I saw a wonderful sight. About three or four hundred yards from where I was hiding was a tributary of the Hiran. The bed was quite dry, as it was the hot weather, and it was covered with rounded stones. Had a man walked over it, even barefoot, he would have made a fearful clatter. Yet I saw three panthers walk along it in the bright moonlight and not make a sound. It was uncanny to see those three great cats move silently in Indian file down the bed of the stream. I hoped that they would hear the bleating of my goat, but they evidently did not and I never saw them again.

After five days spent at Tellala I had bagged nothing and my rifle was itching worse than ever to go off. I decided to give up panther and go out next morning after chital. To do so I had to be called at 4 A.M. Strangely enough, just before the servant brought tea, a panther calling close to the camp woke me up, and in rushed my shikari. He begged me to come and sit over a goat, as the panther's call was that of a hungry animal. I dressed

and, not waiting for my tea and toast, started off, my shikari followed, leading a goat. It was still pitch dark. As we were walking two or three hundred yards from the tents the most terrific roar came from about ten yards away. In the darkness we had almost walked into a lion eating a deer that it had just killed, and its roar was a most emphatic warning that if we did not take a different direction our fate would be similar to the deer's! I was leading, and straightway I altered my course about eight points of the compass and walked off as fast as I could, without actually running. My shikari and the goat, equally startled, followed at the same pace. Another hundred yards and we found the tree for which my shikari was making. We tied up the goat, climbed into the tree and waited, but nothing came of our venture. It was too late to go after chital, so we returned sadly to camp.

Next day I determined to let nothing stand between me and a chital's head. I again rose at four o'clock and walked towards where the chital were supposed to be. After a while we came to a clearing in the forest and there saw a beautiful herd grazing in the open about two hundred yards away. They were framed by the trees and looked exactly like the Victorian pictures of fallow deer grazing in English parks. It was hopeless to stalk them as they were watching us. I took a long shot and brought down a fine stag. We rushed towards it, but the bullet had only broken its leg, and it staggered to its feet and vanished. It was a bitter disappointment, as it was my first shot with my new rifle. ~~We~~ walked on another couple of miles

and again came on a herd. This time they were quite close but difficult to hit because of the thick jungle. However, I had a shot at the biggest stag and down it fell. Instantly I gave it a second barrel and it collapsed. We returned very happily to camp. My luck had changed. It was well that it had, because the next day I had to return to Verawal and my judicial work.

Some weeks later a fortunately placed public holiday enabled me to take a long week-end and stay at Gorakhmadi, another village in the Gir, where, so I heard, there was certain *khobar* of a panther. On my arrival at the camp I found the shikari jubilant. There had been a kill about half a mile away and he proposed that I should sit over it that afternoon. I naturally agreed, and at 3.30 P.M. I and the shikari started together. I found, in a more or less open patch of jungle, a tree in which a *machan* or hiding-place had been built. About fifteen yards away was a black object—the mortal remains of the unfortunate goat that the panther had killed. We climbed into the *machan*. Half an hour later the panther came; but instead of going up to the goat it sat at a little distance and called. After two or three most peculiar calls, two dear little things the size of household cats came bundling up. The panther was a female and these were its two cubs. The shikari pressed me to wait, and I did for two or three minutes; but the panther was suspicious that something was wrong and would not come any closer. I began to fear that it would suddenly dart off. Also I was getting more and more excited, and I thought that my excite-

ment might prevent me from shooting straight I took a steady aim; but I was in an awkward position and my rifle did not exactly fit me. Nevertheless I fired. The panther was evidently hit, for it swung round two or three times as if wild with pain, and then before I could fire my second barrel it ran off at full speed into the undergrowth. I did not like the look of things at all. The rule of the jungle is that all wounded animals must be followed up and killed, otherwise they will certainly prey on the villagers. At the same time the grass was long, there was undergrowth everywhere, and the advantage of position was all on the side of the panther. I told the villagers, who, armed with swords and staves, were by this time crowding round me, to keep as close to me as possible. I was the only one with a gun. One villager, however, broke away from the main body, and seeing the panther's blood-tracks followed them up at a run, shouting out, "dipro em avyo em avyo" (the panther has gone this way). Not long afterwards he came to where the panther was lying with a broken leg. On three legs the panther darted out at the wretched villager and knocked him over like a ninepin. He would probably have been very badly mauled, if not killed, had not a plucky young Rajput given the panther a tremendous sword-cut on the head. It let go the villager and, dazed with the blow, ran under a tree, where it lay at full length. Just then I came running up and took a steady shot at its neck and broke its spinal cord. This finished it. I should have liked to capture the panther cubs, but the wounded man needed attention.

He had a scratch on the forehead and a deep bite on his left upper arm. We washed the wound, put him in a carriage and sent him off to Verawal Hospital. Two days later I visited him there. He was almost well. He was a vegetarian and the wounds had healed very quickly. His wife sat by his side rocking her baby in a cradle. He was very happy and comfortable, and the money compensation that I offered him seemed quite to reconcile him to his misfortunes.

During this hot weather I met the famous Mr Gandhi for the first and only time in my life. He had just come back from Africa, where he had, as usual, been agitating. He was hard up, and Mr D. B. Shukla, an old friend of mine and a distinguished member of the Rajkot Bar, put a few briefs in his way to keep him going. Mr Gandhi argued a case before me well and clearly. He would certainly have gained his living if he had stuck to the Bar; but politics proved an irresistible attraction. At this time he was dressed not as a saint but in the ordinary garb of a Gujarati bania or 'wanio.' He left on me a very pleasant impression, and I am glad to say that, as I have never seen him since, that impression has not been obliterated.

When the rains broke I returned to Rajkot and was more successful than usual as a bat. I made two centuries, one against a Musulman team and one against the local High School. The latter century I owed more to good luck than good management. The best bowler of the High School, a left-hander of great merit, happened to have quarrelled with the headmaster and refused to play in the

match. Instead, he and his brother, who had left the school, sat together on the boundary fence, hooted their own side and applauded with furious energy every hit that I made. When the High School had been very badly beaten, they went up to the headmaster and jeered at him. The latter, who till then had by a miracle of patience kept his temper, could keep it no longer. He landed the big brother a perfect beauty on the cheek and caught his fleeing junior a lusty kick behind. They came up to me in great distress, one nursing his swollen cheek and the other his aching buttocks. I refused them all sympathy. They had more than earned all they got !

The criminal work that year was heavy. There was a curious crop of so-called 'dhasachitti' or 'threatening letter' cases. These are not uncommon in Kathiawar, but are, I think, unknown elsewhere. Whenever a Kathiawar peasant has been robbed of his wife by a hated rival or of his farm by his overlord, he goes to the nearest railway line. On it he puts a boulder, to which he attaches a short note stating his grievance. He hopes that when the train has been derailed, the bulk of the passengers crushed to death or burnt alive, the authorities will move in the matter and restore him his wife or his land. So self-centred is the Kathiawar cultivator that it never occurs to him that his grievance is less important than the passengers' lives. He looks dreadfully hurt and surprised when, instead of getting help from the administration, he is sentenced to a longish term of imprisonment.

Another form of crime, especially common in 1902, was nose-cutting. When he has reason to believe that his wife has been unfaithful to him the Kathiawar peasant duly warns her. If she continues in her wicked courses he waits until she is asleep and then jumps on her chest. With the knife always carried by him for cutting hard betel-nut, he slices off her nose. She wakes up with a scream, picks up the end of her nose and rushes with it to the nearest hospital. The assistant skilfully fastens it on again, and she files a criminal case. The Bombay Government were always trying to get the Judicial Assistant to impose deterrent sentences; but after the first few months no Judicial Assistant ever did. First of all, he was only the president of a court that consisted of four Indian gentlemen besides himself, and they always sympathised with the husband. In the end every Judicial Assistant, including myself, was converted to their view. The peasant had paid a considerable sum of money for his bride, and he expected her in return to be faithful. If she was not, he could not send her away, for he could not raise the money to buy another. He therefore took the only course open to him to ensure her fidelity. He disfigured her; for no woman whose nose has been cut off—even if deftly sewn on again by a skilful assistant surgeon—can win favour in male eyes. Her beauty is gone for ever, and willy-nilly she remains true to her husband. Indeed the women themselves seem to recognise that it is not unfair. Riding one day I passed a middle-aged woman whose nose had been cut off. I stopped and asked

her who had cut it off. She replied with a broad grin, "Maro radyo, tene Karyun" (my scoundrel of a husband cut it off !)

In August the Kathiawar Cricket Club went on its usual tour. I had gone with it in 1901, and we had played the Bombay Gymkhana with success, but we had been beaten by both the Poona Gymkhana and the Ganeshkhind XI. The latter consisted of players from the artillery stationed at Kirki, the Governor's staff and any other good players invited to stay at Government House. Cricket had received a mighty impulse from Lord Harris, who had also instituted the annual fixture of the Presidency *v.* Parsees. He had made all his staff play cricket, and among them was the redoubtable Hampshire cricketer, Major (now General) Poore. The cricket tradition established by Lord Harris had been kept up by his successors. Nevertheless the chief credit for Government House cricket must always rest with Captain (now Colonel) Greig. This marvellous little man was the first athlete of his day. He won in turn the open racquets and lawn tennis championships of the Bombay Presidency, both double and single. He played excellent polo, and at cricket he was supreme. So good a judge as the Jam Sahib has told me that he considered Greig to be the best soldier-cricketer in his experience, superior both to Poore and Wynyard. With this view General Poore would, I think, concur. When recommending Captain Greig to the notice of the Hampshire Cricket Club, he wrote: "Greig is a better bat than I am, and is an excellent bowler as well." Greig's driving and late cutting

were a sight to watch. I have seen him lift a beauty for six over the tents at Ganeshkhind, and as a bowler I found him deadly. He bowled slightly under medium pace, and he could break either way without change of action. In one Presidency v. Parsis match he took sixteen wickets—a wonderful performance. He was nicknamed ‘Jungly’ Greig. I have never understood why, for a less ‘jungly’ or a courtlier-mannered or more charming person it would be difficult to find. This is borne out by his long stay at Government House. Appointed A.D.C. by Lord Sandhurst, he continued as such under Lord Northcote and Lamington. Promoted to be Military Secretary by Lord Sydenham, he was confirmed by Lords Willingdon and Lloyd, in whose tenure of office he retired to become Secretary of the Hampshire Cricket Club. Indeed, so long did he remain on the Government House staff that back-biters nicknamed him “For ever with the Lord!” No one in India can escape calumny, and if Greig stayed for a long time on the staff, it was because each Governor in turn appreciated his merits and services.

In 1902 I was elected Captain of the Kathiawar Cricket Club, and I set about getting together the strongest team I could for my tour. The Chief of Wadhwan had in his eleven several men who could bowl well, notably Oghad and Hemo, both left-handers. The Rajkumar College furnished us with two or three good bowlers, an excellent all-round cricketer in Bapasola, and two steady, useful bats in the young chiefs of Rajkot and Chuda. Waddington, Templer, formerly in the Marlborough XI.,

and one or two other Englishmen and Indians made up a very strong team. Our tour was as successful as I could have wished. We beat Bombay easily and Poona satisfactorily. Greig, hearing of our achievements, secured an eleven that included seven men who had played in first-class cricket in England. Nevertheless after a hard fight we drew, chiefly owing to an excellent twenty-eight by the Chief of Rajkot and a brilliant forty-seven by the Thakor Sahib of Chuda.

On my return from the cricket tour I had an unusual case. An Agency police inspector was convicted for trial on charges of murder and grievous hurt. In order to extort confessions he had tortured one man to death and broken the arm of another. He had not had, it is true, any intention to kill the one or to break the other's arm; but in his excessive zeal he had beaten one wretched suspect so severely that he had died, and had with his stick struck so violently the arm of the other that the bone had snapped. I never had a clearer case before me. My assessors unanimously agreed with me as to the man's guilt. I sentenced him to undergo transportation for life. He appealed. The member of council sent the papers to the Legal Secretary. The latter was an earnest Puritan, deeply interested in mission work. Starting with the certainty that no Indian Christian could behave in this way, he soon convinced himself from the papers that the charges were false. He noted accordingly, and Sir Charles Ollivant, far too busy to look deeply into the matter himself, accepted the Legal Secretary's opinion and ordered the inspector

to be acquitted and discharged. It was an unfortunate decision, for the public said openly that had he been a Hindu his appeal would have been dismissed. He had only been let off because he was a Christian. The criticism was perfectly justified. His faith had made him whole.

In November 1902 the Government of Bombay erected a tribunal to try what was known as the Naja Wala case. Naja Wala was a turbulent, drunken Kathi chief. He had once distinguished himself by shooting, when intoxicated, one of his servants. Hearing the noise his two wives rushed in. He shot them both dead. The Agency, who only heard of the matter long afterwards, took no steps, and the only punishment that befell Naja Wala was that he could find no fresh wives to replace the dead ones. Shortly before the creation of the tribunal he had shot a second servant. Since he was a reigning chief he could not be tried by my court, so the Government of Bombay appointed Stanley Batchelor (then Judge of Ahmadabad) and myself to inquire into the charges against Naja Wala. The police had experienced the greatest difficulty in obtaining in his own capital witnesses to depose against a Kathi prince, so they freely suborned others to fill in the many gaps in the evidence. The result was that the witnesses broke down; and had the tribunal been an ordinary court, we should have had to acquit and discharge the accused; but ours was not an ordinary court. We were simply holding an inquiry, and we reported its result to Government. We expressed the view that, on the testimony led before us, no judge could

have convicted Naja Wala. Nevertheless the circumstances were highly suspicious and we by no means believed him to be innocent. On the receipt of our report Government, taking into consideration his three previous murders, very properly deposed Naja Wala and appointed his son, Kanthad Wala, to be chief in his stead.

That cold weather I did a lot of riding with my friend Bhagwantsingji of Orcha. We killed a number of pig, most of which fell to his spear. On one occasion we had an exciting adventure, and we owed our safety to my friend's ready resource and courage. We had wounded a boar near Muli. It turned to bay on the top of an awkward mound which we could not get our horses to climb. There was nothing for it but to tackle the brute—an ugly-looking grey boar—on foot. We dismounted and walked to the bottom of the mound, holding our lances like bayonets. We had just begun to climb when the boar charged. We each drove our spears into it. The weight of the pig shattered my shaft. The only thing between us and some very nasty gashes was Bhagwantsingji's weapon. It was heavier than mine, but it might break at any moment. "Hold my spear a moment, Sahib," cried Bhagwantsingji, putting his lance into my hands. I took it, wondering what he was going to do. Rid of it, he whipped out a hunting-knife fastened to his belt and drove it between the boar's shoulders. It gave a convulsive struggle and rolled over. I had the tusks mounted in silver and gave them as a souvenir to my gallant friend.

Another time we rode a match after a black

buck. Waddington and I had been out after pig ; on the way home I saw a buck that seemed to go rather lame. I pointed it out to my companion, and we agreed to ride it. After half a mile Waddington's waler put its foot in a lizard-hole and sent its rider the most appalling cropper. He fell on his head and rolled over. I felt sure that he had broken his neck. He must very nearly have done so, for he was quite dazed and I had some difficulty in getting him home. I told Bhagwantsingji of this mishap, and he swore that we must avenge our friend Waddington on that thrice accursed buck ! I detailed a shikari to locate it if possible ; and after a week he reported that the animal was two miles from Wadhwan camp, where I had my tents. I sent word to Bhagwantsingji, who was in the palace in Wadhwan city, and offered to ride my chestnut Arab, 'Chosroes,' against his chestnut Arab, 'Tarpon.' They were about the same size and speed. Bhagwantsingji joyfully agreed, and at 2 P.M. we met on the road half-way between the camp and the city. Thence we backed our horses to where some Waghri trackers were keeping the buck in view, and we manœuvred so as to get within a hundred yards of it. The buck was getting restless, and broke into a trot and then a gallop. "Are you ready? Go!" rang out the cheery voice of my Rajput friend. For about two miles we rode side by side and as hard as we could. Then Bhagwantsingji's horse came down, much as Waddington's waler had done. Learning that Bhagwantsingji was unhurt I rode on alone, sure that I should get first spear, for the lame buck was by now going on

three legs. The Rajput prince was, however, a first-class country rider. He remounted, and through his superior skill and judgment was soon again riding alongside. Then I made a bad blunder. I tried to get on to the buck by cutting a corner. I should have known that had it been practicable the animal would have taken the straight line instead of making a circuit. I was faced with an impossible drop and I had to turn back. By this time my rival was close to the weary antelope. His spear was just about to enter its side when it collapsed all of a heap and the blade passed over its back. A moment later I had caught it up and won a very lucky and ill-deserved first spear.

Our next ride worthy of record was after a blue bull—a surly old nilgai that had been doing a lot of damage both to the crops and the cultivators. It had savaged several of the villagers, and they had asked the Thakor Sahib of Wadhwan to shoot it. He passed on the *khobar* to Bhagwantsingji, who invited me to ride it with him. I readily accepted the challenge, and next morning we rode to the village which the brute haunted. It was unconcernedly standing under a tree by a well, swishing its cow-like tail; none of the villagers dared approach the well to draw water. As we rode up the nilgai looked nasty; but we wanted to ride it, not to fight it where it stood. We made some men throw stones and shout at it. The blue bull walked away slowly. We walked after it; then it suddenly took fright and went off at full speed. Bhagwantsingji had warned me to be careful and not to spear the animal until I was sure of inflicting

a severe injury, otherwise it might prove an ugly customer. I let Bhagwantsingji get on to it, and watched with admiration the skill with which he guided his horse alongside and the force with which he drove his heavy spear through and through its barrel. It staggered, but recovered itself. I rode up and drove my spear into it. Again my shaft broke. It turned on me, and as I was unarmed it worked me into a bend along a high river bank and tried to force me over the edge. My Rajput friend was more than equal to the occasion. He cut in between me and the blue bull, and riding it off me drove it into its own trap. Not seeing where it was going, and no doubt weak from its wounds, it staggered over the edge and fell some twenty feet into the river. By the time we had dismounted and climbed down the cliff the animal was quite dead. Bhagwantsingji had by his superb horsemanship got me out of a very unpleasant situation. With the exquisite politeness of a Rajput gentleman he had the nilgai's head mounted, and he sent it to me as a souvenir.

The same winter I was lucky enough to ride a wolf. The shikaris of the Thakor Sahib of Wadhwan reported that a pair of wolves had made their den in the long grass of a dried-up tank some miles from the city. At the time Colonel Hatch, I.M.S., who was attending the Thakor Sahib medically, and Mrs Hatch were staying in the palace.

One afternoon I received an invitation to join the party at a certain spot the following Sunday. If I hacked there on my own horse the Thakor Sahib would mount me, as an Arab was of little or no use

after wolf. I accepted, and next Sunday I met the others at the meeting-place. There I was asked to ride an old racing waler called the 'Mad Mare,' a name that suited her well. We were still a mile from the tank, and my hands were raw with holding her by the time we reached it. There a shikari told us that the dog-wolf had broken cover, but that the she-wolf was still in the grass. Just then I saw an animal like a gigantic jackal rush out at the farther end. "There she goes!" cried Bhagwantsingji, and followed at top speed. My waler gave a tremendous leap and tore through the long grass of the tank and up the opposite side at thirty miles an hour. Beyond lay a dry river bed filled with boulders. It was useless to guide my frantic steed. I just had to give her her head. Over one huge rock she sprang, dodged another, cleared a third and was out of the river bed and after the quarry like an express train. About a mile farther on I was alongside the wolf, and I leant over to give it a spear, but it rushed to the left and Bhagwantsingji got on to it. This time it rushed to the right. I again rode alongside and managed to draw first blood. Then Bhagwantsingji gave it a deep thrust; but the gallant wolf, its entrails hanging out, galloped on, and such had been the pace that both the 'Mad Mare' and my friend's Irish hunter, 'Larry,' began to tire. Gradually the quarry drew away and I began to think that I had lost my trophy. The situation was splendidly saved by Mrs Hatch. She was riding a fine country-bred called 'Jehangir.' She carried no spear, and she had been cutting

off corners and watching the fun. Seeing that our horses were 'cooked,' she galloped across the wolf's front and turned it back on to us. The poor beast was exhausted and dazed, and soon Bhagwantsingji's spear and mine were holding it down. It died without a sound.

Among the recipients of honours that New Year was Ala Khachar, the Chief of Jasdan. He received a C.S.I. I was pleased, because I knew the old Chief and liked him ; but I did not hear how he came to deserve the honour until many years later, when I was the guest of H.H. the Jam Sahib at Staines. It appears that pressure had been put on Ala Khachar to improve his administration. It was quite good enough for practical purposes, for the old Chief knew everything that went on in his little state. An ambitious Political Agent, however, thirsted for something more showy. Ala Khachar in trying to comply exhausted his treasury. Unwilling to admit defeat, he got into touch with two coiners, recently released from Ahmadabad Jail, and made them start a coining factory in Jasdan. The result was that Ala Khachar's treasury was refilled, and both Kathiawar and Gujarat were flooded with counterfeit rupees. The British Indian Police went deeply into the matter and traced the false coin to Jasdan State. The Political Agent called on the Chief to explain. Ala Khachar expressed himself greatly shocked and ordered his police to inquire. He was soon able to report that he had arrested two notorious coiners and seized an arsenal of coining implements. The coiners

were tried; they pleaded guilty and were each sentenced to seven years' rigorous imprisonment. The Agency was very pleased and thanked the Chief. On the recommendation of the Agent to the Governor, the Secretary of State conferred on him a C.S.I. The Chief, however, was not going to lose so lucrative a source of revenue. The hard labour to which the convicts were condemned was that of coining rupees. They were well fed and well treated, and they continued in prison their nefarious business. This time Ala Khachar ran no risks. He shipped the coins to Bombay, where his agents put them on the market with discretion. The police were never again able to trace the false rupees to Jasdan State.

Towards the end of the cold weather of 1902-1903, Jaswantsingji, the minor Jam of Nawanagar, came of age and was installed as ruler. I was invited to the installation ceremony. I did not want to go, for I did not wish to see him formally take the place of my friend Ranjitsingji, the lawful heir. Nevertheless I went, partly because the acting Agent to the Governor, Mr Quin, wished me to, and partly because I was attracted by the presence at Jamnagar of Miss Seddon, the sister of Mr Charles Norman Seddon, I.C.S., the Administrator. She was tall, charming and handsome, and her intelligence was far above the ordinary. I cannot say that I enjoyed the ceremonial. In another direction, however, I was more fortunate. I proposed to Miss Seddon while at Jamnagar and, much to my happiness, was accepted. Soon after-

wards she sailed to England to arrange for her trousseau. I applied for and was granted long leave, and sailed on the 20th April 1903 from Bombay. I disembarked at Port Said, took the ferry-boat to Brindisi, and going by rail through Italy joined my father and mother at Karlsbad.



CHAPTER VII.

KATHIAWAR AGAIN.

AFTER my father had completed his cure at Karlsbad, he, my mother and I returned to England. Early in August we went to Muir of Orde, where my father and I had jointly taken the house and shooting of Colonel Mackenzie of Orde. It was a wonderful spot, nestling among the highlands of Ross-shire. The peasantry spoke Gaelic among themselves, although most could answer in English if they chose—which was not always the case. Close to the house, an old Highland manor, was a cup in the hillside. According to local legend it had in ancient days been used for human sacrifices. It was in my time used for nothing more sinister than Gaelic services. I attended one and my curiosity was amply rewarded; a small booth stood a hundred yards from the open-air church and enabled every member of the congregation to get a glass of water on payment of a penny. The men brushed their trousers, often dusty from a long walk; the ladies rearranged their bonnets and then went to select their seats on the grass. The hymns had the strangest, weirdest music that I have ever heard. The preacher spoke for nearly an hour in Gaelic; and his dis-

course, judging from the rapt faces of his audience, must have been full of savour. The congregation numbered, I should think, between two and three hundred. It needed the pen of Walter Scott adequately to paint the scene.

The shooting proved a great success. My father and I invited several Anglo-Indian friends. There were no big bags, but I went out shooting every day. In the end our score was 1570 head of small game, one roebuck and two red deer. Of the two stags one somehow found its way into an enclosed wood and could not find its way out. It was easily shot; but the other gave me a great hunt. I rose at 4 A.M., when the deer used to stray from the adjoining forest of Lord Lovat to graze on the Orde moor. Emerging from a wood at the edge of our moor, we saw a herd of red deer led by quite a good stag. We tried to stalk it, but in vain. Whenever we approached the herd, the hinds formed a ring round their lord, so as to cover him with their bodies; and they stamped and belled so that we could not get close enough for a shot. At last the keeper and I separated. I crawled towards a point which the deer would have to pass to re-enter Lord Lovat's forest. The keeper crawled back into a wood, so that he might reissue from the trees and slowly drive the herd past me. I reached my post long before he could move the herd, and my heart thumped like a cannon while I waited. At last two hinds came, peeping round the hill behind which I lay hidden. Seeing nothing they walked on; then came two more hinds, also feeling their way. Behind them walked the stag in an attitude of lordly

disdain. Its antlers were well back on its withers, its nostrils snuffed the morning air, and it seemed out of temper because it could not graze in peace. It passed about two hundred yards away. I aimed behind its shoulder, but the bullet just cleared it. For an instant the stag pulled itself together so as to bound off at full speed. I fired my second barrel. The bullet again went rather high, but it hit the spinal cord and broke it. The stag fell. Used to the harmless deer of India I rushed towards it. The keeper, who was not far off, came running up, shouting, "Have a care, sir, have a care!" Afterwards he explained to me that a wounded Highland stag was a most dangerous animal. I reloaded and walked towards my victim. When I reached it, it was quite dead.

When the shooting was over, my parents and I went to Davos for the winter sports, and I learnt to toboggan on an ice-run and to skate. In March 1904 I returned to India, and was greatly pleased to find myself posted once more to Kathiawar. Colonel Kennedy was still there as Agent to the Governor, and we spent the hot weather at Porbandar, where he, as usual, made a golf course. I enjoyed two months of golf and sea-bathing. I returned early in June to Rajkot and began to set my bungalow in order to receive my future wife, who was to arrive towards the end of July.

The Astons had very kindly asked me to be married from their house. He was now Judge of the High Court and, as such, did an immense amount of good work. The previous tendency of the High Court judges had been to assume *prima facie* that

all decisions of district judges were wrong and that all appellants were innocent. Mr Aston took the opposite and correct view—namely, that the appellant, having been found guilty by the Lower Court, must be deemed to be so until the contrary had been established. I travelled to Bombay on the 22nd July. At Ahmadabad I met my best man, Stanley Batchelor, and we both went to stay at the Astons' house on Malabar Hill. On the 23rd July my future wife arrived from England, and on the 25th we were married. Mr Aston invited to his house a few friends after the wedding. The Chief Justice, Sir Lawrence Jenkins, proposed our healths, and I replied. In the middle of the festivities a telegram came for Stanley Batchelor. It was from Government and it offered him a seat in the High Court. The offer was quite unexpected. He was only thirty-six, and thirteen seniors stood between him and the vacancy. A man of great modesty as well as exceptionally brilliant, he was so dazed with the offer that he could not collect his thoughts. Mrs Aston asked him to hand round a plate of wedding-cake. He took it, his mind completely in the clouds. As he offered the plate to the guests they stretched out their hands in vain. He never stopped long enough to let them take a piece. When they tried to clutch at one, he was gone; and completely wool-gathering, he restored to Mrs Aston a plate as full as when he first started. She then took round the plate herself!

My wife and I returned to Rajkot and spent a somewhat belated honeymoon at Balachedi on the coast of the Jamnagar State. This enabled me to

work hard at golf. The result was that when a medal competition was held there in October, I won it and a beautiful silver trophy presented by the new Jam of Nawanagar.

On my marriage Bhagwantsingji had pressed on me his chestnut pony, 'Tarpon,' on which he had with me ridden the black buck. Of course I could not accept so costly a gift. However, to avoid hurting the feelings of so valued a friend, I accepted 'Tarpon's' bridle as a present to my wife. As a newly married husband I did not have so much time that cold weather to ride with Bhagwantsingji; but I rode a great deal with my wife, for whom I had bought a lovely Arab, 'Arjuna.' It was a beautiful animal and almost untiring. She and I rode many a buck together. She used to wound it with a pea-rifle that my father had given me as a wedding present. We then rode it down and speared it. It was a wonderful life. I had enough work to keep me busy until tea-time. After tea I was free to hunt or shoot as I pleased.

It was in this cold weather (1904-1905) that I started my long and pleasant connection with the 'Times of India,' that has lasted until to-day. I had known the Assistant Editor, Mr Reed (now Sir Stanley), for some years. I had also published in 'East and West,' Mr Malabari's magazine, two articles: (1) "Karan Ghelo," a study of Mr Nandashankar's famous Gujarati novel; and (2) "The Parsis and Hellenic Influence." In the latter I traced, in the modern Parsis, Greek origins dating back to Alexander and his successors. The articles attracted a good deal of attention; and when I

offered to write for the 'Times of India' about the various outlaw leaders who had infested Kathiawar, and the ballads written in their honour, Reed, on behalf of the Editor, Mr Lovat Fraser, accepted my offer. These articles, together with the two articles in 'East and West' and one or two poems, were subsequently reprinted in book form by the 'Times of India' under the title of 'The Outlaws of Kathiawar.'

The edition was only of five hundred copies, but it had a great *succès d'estime*. Twenty-five years after the publication of the book a passenger on a P. & O. steamer introduced himself, saying that he wished to meet the author of one of the poems therein called "Kathiland." He had heard it recited a month before at a prize-giving in the Rajkumar College.

The same winter Lord Lamington, Lord Northcote's successor, came to Rajkot. The Nawab of Junagadh invited him and his staff to shoot lions in the Gir forest. The invitation was accepted, and with the Governor and his suite went Colonel Kennedy, the Political Agent, Major Carnegy, and Pogson, the District Superintendent of Police. His Excellency, the Agent to the Governor, the Military Secretary and an A.D.C. formed one shooting party. Du Boulay (now Sir James), the private secretary, Captain Carnegy and another A.D.C. formed another. In the first party His Excellency and the Agent each bagged a lion. In the second party Du Boulay wounded one, and he and the two sportsmen with him followed it up. Suddenly the lion charged and knocked over Carnegy. It was instantly shot by

Du Boulay, but it was too late. Carnegie was already dead; the lion had crushed his skull in its jaws. The sad incident cast a gloom over the whole station. Carnegie and his wife were both deservedly popular. I had attended His Excellency's departure from the station and I had talked with Carnegie. I asked him what weapon he had. He said, "A .360 express." I was shocked and begged him to take my rifle, but he refused. He said that he did not intend to go lion shooting. He was only taking his toy weapon in case he had a shot at a buck. I never learnt what led him to change his mind. Probably another gun was needed to cover all the paths, and he found it difficult to refuse. The moral to be drawn from the story is that one should never go with a big game shooting party unless one intends and is properly equipped to shoot.

That hot weather my wife and I passed at Verawal. Since I had seen the lions in the Gir forest I had stayed at Junagadh and visited the Zoo there, which must then have contained between twenty and thirty splendid lions. They were kept in small cages, such as are still seen in travelling circuses. They were built on four sides of a square, and before their dinner hour they used to make a terrific noise. It did not soothe my nerves to be told by an Indian friend, while I was inside the square, that the cages were unsafe, and that any lion that threw itself against the bars could break out. Still, one soon got accustomed to the roars, and it was worth while watching them perform the various tricks that a clever keeper had taught them. I saw one lion that had had an interesting experience; it had

escaped from its cage a year or two before I first saw it. Now a young lion has to learn its lessons just like a young Indian or a young Englishman. Unless it is taught by its mother to stalk and kill game, it grows up without knowing how to do so. The lion of which I write had been caught when quite tiny, and had never learnt how to forage for its own food. When it escaped from the Junagadh gardens it took by instinct the road to the Gir forest; but once it was in the shelter of the woods it had no idea what to do. The dinner hour passed, but no kindly keeper brought dinner. It tried to stalk a sambhur, but its clumsy efforts only excited the stag's contempt. It tried to seize a goat, but the herdsmen drove it off with stones. At the same time its feet were getting dreadfully sore. Its pads had only been used to the smooth bottom of its cage; they were cut to pieces by the stones of the road and the thorns of the undergrowth. It would very soon have died of starvation. Fortunately the keeper of the Zoological Gardens was experienced in recovering runaways. He put a portable cage on a bullock-cart, and with it and two bullocks he set out into the jungle. When he entered it he began calling the lion in a way that he had previously done when bringing its dinner. The joyful sound came to the fugitive's ears just as it was about to give up hope, and gave it new strength. Pulling itself together, it ran towards the keeper. Seeing the cage that reminded it of the flesh-pots of Egypt, it had no thought of attacking the bullocks. With a roar of thanksgiving it leapt through the open door of the cage and threw itself on the meat that lay

inside all ready for it. While it was so engaged the keeper shut the door, and turning the bullock-cart, brought back the runaway in triumph to Junagadh. The lion, when I saw it, seemed greatly attached to the keeper, and probably never again longed for freedom.

My visit to the Zoo, following my meeting with the lions in the Gir, made me long to shoot one as a trophy. The only way to do so was to get a 'parwano' or licence from H.H. the Nawab of Junagadh. After Carnegy's death I knew that lions would be rather out of favour. I also realised that it was now or never; for I knew that, looking to my seniority, I must shortly be posted to a District Judgeship. I therefore wrote a polite letter to His Highness the Nawab and asked leave to get a lion. By return post I got the coveted 'parwano,' and armed with it I went to Verawal. When I told my wife that I meant to go lion shooting, she refused to be left behind. That Easter holidays we spent at Tellala.

On reaching our tents we found the servants greatly excited. They had travelled at night in bullock-carts and they had been held up by lions. Neither men nor bullocks had been touched, and the servants enjoyed immensely telling the tale over and over again. On our arrival the state shikari called and asked whether I had come to shoot a lion, as the servants said. I replied "Yes," and added that I had a 'parwano.' As such licences were only given, as a rule, to Agents to the Governor and not to their assistants, he insisted on seeing it. I had put it away, not thinking that I should be

called upon to show it. When I tried to find it, I could not. I searched everywhere, the state shikari becoming more and more sceptical; at last, to my joy and his confusion, I came across it. Thereafter there were no more difficulties.

The Gir foresters' method of marking down a lion is worthy of record. They know, as a rule, all the lions in their part of the forest and their habits. When they are required to produce one they follow it about all night, preventing it from either eating or killing. In the morning it is exhausted and crawls into a thicket to sleep through the day. The foresters then hoist a cot to the top of a neighbouring tree, and half a mile away surround the thicket on all sides except that facing the tree. They send then for the favoured hunter, and when he is seated in his cot drive the lion past him. The object of the cot is not to conceal the hunter, but to give him a good view of the jungle near him and keep out of the way of the lion. It is not an 'anthropos' and does not look upwards, unless it is wounded. Were the hunter on foot and blocking the lion's path, he would certainly be charged. In a tree the lion takes no notice of him.

Near Tellala there was a bad man-eater that, so it was said, had accounted for no less than twenty odd herdsmen and cultivators. The Junagadh Government were very anxious that I should kill it. The foresters followed it up all night, and next day about 11 A.M. we were informed that the man-eater had been marked down two miles from our camp. We were to set out a little before 2 P.M. About 1.45 P.M. my wife and I mounted our horses

and followed our guide through the most lovely forest scenery that I have ever beheld. A quarter of a mile from our *machan* the head forester met us and bade us dismount and follow him. We did so, gave our horses to the grooms with us, and walked through rides and glades until we came to the tree where the cot had been hoisted. My wife, the head forester and I climbed into it, and a man was sent to start the beat. Half an hour later we knew by the sound of distant shouting that the beat had begun. It came nearer and nearer in an infernal crescendo. Just when it seemed as if hell itself had been let loose, I saw what seemed a shadow flit through some bushes thirty yards off. My wife saw it too and touched my arm. A second later a splendid lioness walked out of cover—as angry as any beast that I have ever seen. Her tail stood out behind as stiff as a ramrod, and her eyes had a most unpleasant expression. I did not fire as she came towards us; for, if I had only wounded her, she would have seen us on the cot and she could easily have leapt up and swept us off with a blow of her paw. When she had passed I fired behind her shoulder. The high velocity bullet hit her a little low. She fell down, twisted round and struggled to her feet. I fired again into her back and shattered her spine. She rolled into a bush, and just then the beaters came up. The cunning old man-eater had broken back, and they thought that I had fired at it and missed. They began saying what a pity it was. I reassured them, however, as to my skill as a marksman, and told them in Gujarati that a wounded lioness was lying close to their feet. In a

moment every tree in the neighbourhood bore its load of agonised beaters, all of whom were striving to reach the topmost branches.

On returning to camp I sent a letter to H.H. the Nawab informing him that I had shot a lioness and that my wife had gone with me to the shoot. I also thanked him for the very great pleasure that we owed to his kindness. Early next morning I got the most delightful telegram that I have ever received: "Take lioness for Madam Sahib, get lion for yourself." I showed it to the head forester, who again set out on the track of the man-eater. He and his men followed it all that night. Next day about noon we received word that it had been marked down about six miles away. A good road ran most of the way, so my wife and I drove very comfortably through beautiful woods, until we were stopped by the head forester. He made us, as before, walk for about a quarter of a mile until we came to where our cot awaited us. We climbed into it, and shortly afterwards the beat began. When the beaters had come near us, four half-grown lion cubs rushed into the open. They were the most ridiculous objects imaginable; they rolled over each other, playing like bull-terrier puppies. I got so excited that I would have shot one had the head forester not restrained me. After romping under my tree for a minute or two they scampered off; then at last the man-eater sprang out of cover and dashed across an open space. It was a wily old campaigner, and had evidently sent out the four young ones to draw the fire of any lurking enemies. Rather rashly I took a snapshot at it as it galloped

past. My bullet entered its spine and it collapsed. It was a noble beast still in its prime ; but its canine teeth had been broken. It was this mishap, probably, that had led it to take to a human diet.

So ended my connection with the Gir lion, but my good fortune continued all those holidays. A day or two later I got a panther, and the same evening I received a letter from the private secretary to Lord Lamington, informing me that I had been promoted to be Judge of Poona. I wrote in great spirits to my people at home. My proud parents told the tale to a somewhat serious friend, and, to their surprise, he did not rejoice with them. He murmured in shocked tones: "Good heavens! did your son shoot the Judge of Poona too?"



CHAPTER VIII.

POONA.

ON the 25th May 1905 we reached Poona, and I took over charge of the judgeship next day. It is a very attractive post ; for not only has the judge his ordinary judicial duties, but he holds also the diplomatic post of Agent for the Sardar of the Deccan. This office brings him into touch with a number of delightful Deccan noblemen, whom otherwise he would probably never meet. It was then the custom for the Sardars to call every year on the Agent, and the strictest ceremonial was observed. The Agent had to meet the first class Sardar at his hall door, lead him by the hand into the Agent's office and seat him on the couch on his right hand. After a few complimentary remarks he would make a sign to the Assistant Agent, usually the Sheristedar or chief Indian official of the court. The latter would go outside, fetch a garland of flowers, a bouquet, a silver scent bottle and a little silver box holding sandalwood oil mixed with attar of roses. The Agent would put the garland round the Sardar's neck, hand him the bouquet, sprinkle it with rosewater from the scent bottle, and lastly, smear the Sardar's handkerchief with a little sandal-

wood oil and attar of roses. He would then lead the Sardar to the hall door and wait until the carriage had driven up. The second class Sardar had to be met at the door of the Agent's room. The third class Sardar was greeted like an ordinary caller. In both cases the visitor was given a chair at the Agent's right hand. The visits of the first class Sardars were returned by the Agent, and the same ceremonies were shown by them as by the Agent. The visits of the second and third class Sardars were not returned. Among the first class Sardars was the descendant of Shivaji, the first class Sardar of Satara. The Chiefs of Bhor, Aundh, Sangli and Jamkhandi were also Sardars of the first class, and were very proud and pleased to visit the Agent in state. Once a year the Agent held a Durbar attended by all the Sardars. He was required to make a speech, garland the Sardars and shake hands with them. Tickets for admission to the Durbar were eagerly sought by the public, and the spectacle of the flower garlands round the Sardars' necks was a very pretty one.¹

The judge's official residence was a charming old house. It was built near the junction of the two rivers, the Mula and the Muta, and was known as the Sangam or 'Union.' Mountstuart Elphinstone's house had stood at this site when he was resident at the court of the last Peshwa or hereditary Prime Minister of the Deccan. After the battle of Kirkee it had been rebuilt as a residence for the Agent for the Sardars; and erected in the spacious days of the Honourable Company, it was built on

¹ This Durbar is now held by H.E. the Governor of Bombay.

more magnificent lines than the modern P.W.D. mansions. The doors had all spring locks. The bedrooms had cupboards in the walls. A charming verandah at the back overlooked the Mula River. In Elphinstone's time the river, during the cold and hot weather, became a feeble trickle. It is now always brimming owing to the magnificent dam put up half a mile down-stream by Sir Jamsetji Jijibhai, an ancestor of the present baronet.

The court-house stood then just across the road from the Sangam. The Bombay Government had introduced into Poona, as well as into Belgaum, Ahmadabad and Thana, the jury system, but of a very modified kind. The jurors numbered five only, and a verdict of three to two, if the judge concurred, became the verdict of all. If the jury and the judge agreed, there was no appeal on questions of fact to the High Court, unless the judge passed a death sentence. Thus if the judge could get his jurors to convict, and passed in murder cases sentences of transportation for life instead of hanging, his decisions, even in murder cases, could not be reversed. My first trials were nearly all of dacoits. The Kolis, a wild tribe who inhabited the Junnar taluka, a hilly tract to the extreme north of the Poona district, were always ready to rise. They lived in a barren land, where food was scarce and wages hard to earn. If they learnt that the judge at Poona was weak, and that their chances of acquittal, if caught, were good, they formed robber gangs. My predecessor had been Mr T. D. Fry, the unhappy dipsomaniac whom I had first met in Satara. He was always drunk on the bench, and fearing that the

High Court judge would, if he saw it, detect the feebleness of his work, he summed up always in favour of acquittal. The Poona juries, usually inclined to acquit, readily fell in with the judge's views and found every prisoner not guilty. This state of things soon reached the ears of the Kolis, and they joyfully banded themselves into gangs of dacoits and ravaged the northern half of the district. The able District Superintendent of Police, Mr Michael Kennedy, was in despair. It was useless to catch dacoits if they were always let off when tried. He took the strong step of reporting the District Judge to Government. An inquiry was held. Mr Fry was reduced to be Assistant Judge of Satara, and I was posted to Poona to take his place. For the first two or three months I did nothing but try dacoity cases; and the Poona juries, alarmed at the spread of the Koli revolt, readily accepted my summings up and convicted the accused. Eighty Kolis were transported to the Andaman Islands before the tribe gave up dacoity and returned to honest work.

Once this attack of crime had been suppressed my difficulties began. The juries refused once more to convict. The judge was, however, empowered by law to refer to the High Court cases wherein he differed from the jury. Still, very strong grounds had to be shown. I sent up a case where the accused had tried to burn his wife and her family alive in their hut, and also a particularly brutal murder. In this crime a husband had been ambushed by his wife and her lover and beaten to death. In both references the High Court set aside the juries' verdict.

I now resolved to pay out the jurymen for the trouble and anxiety that they had given me. I secretly approached the editor of the 'Deccan Herald,' the local newspaper, and at my request he published a summary of each case. Underneath he added: "The names of the jurymen whose perverse verdict has been reversed by the High Court were Mr —, Mr —, &c., &c." At the same time I strengthened the lists of my jurymen by including the names of English business men resident in Poona. These two measures removed my difficulties. Indians dislike intensely being pilloried in the Press, and the presence of at least one Englishman on each panel strengthened it enormously. I never had any more trouble with my Poona jurymen. They were models.

One curious case I tried during the monsoon after I took charge of my office. A leisured, well-to-do young Brahman of Poona had an unfortunate matrimonial experience. His wife, a girl of sixteen, deceived him with a hospital assistant of the same caste. Anxious to escape from her husband's house, she induced her lover to give her some chloroform. He at first objected, knowing the risks that he ran if the husband should die; but in the end she overpersuaded him. One evening, as her husband lay dozing in a long chair, she came up behind him, clapped over his mouth and nose a handkerchief soaked in chloroform. At first he struggled, but eventually he sank into a comatose state. The wife took his keys, emptied his safe both of money and jewels, and joined her lover at the railway station. They caught the night train to Gwalior, where the

hospital assistant's parents lived. They seem to have thought that once out of British India they were safe. Unhappily for them, extradition treaties exist between Indian states and English territory. The husband, on waking up next morning, found his safe ransacked and his wife gone. He complained to the police. They made a formal application to the Gwalior State for the extradition of the fugitives on charges of theft and kidnapping from lawful guardianship. They were committed to take their trial before me. On the first day of the hearing the court was packed with spectators, all ready to laugh and crow over the scandal. When some of the girl's love-letters were filed by the Public Prosecutor as exhibits and read in court, the spectators burst into a yell of exultation. It was only by repeatedly threatening to clear the court-room, and by turning out some of the worst offenders, that I could keep order. The young woman's situation was unpleasant enough without being jeered at by several hundred onlookers. The case was quite clear and the accused were convicted; but the wretched husband, who cut a poor figure in the witness-box and seemed to be still fond of his wife, was so distracted by what had happened that shortly after the end of the trial he committed suicide in the Indryani River near Dehu.

In October of 1905 my eldest son, Dennis, now in his turn a member of the Indian Civil Service, was born; and my father and mother, who had been to South Africa with the British Association and seen the Zambesi Falls, came to India to see their grandson. We all of us spent the Christmas holidays in

Baroda, where my brother-in-law, Norman Seddon, I.C.S., was Revenue member of the Baroda State Council. The Gaikwad, who liked my brother-in-law, gave us a warm welcome, and I managed to secure while at Baroda a copy of the 'Gaikwad Bakhar,' or annals of the Gaikwad family. I made use of it both in an article that I wrote for the 'Times of India' and in my 'History of the Maratha People.' My parents returned to England before the summer began.

The hot weather of 1906 my wife, my son and I spent in tents at Mahableshwar. I took my wife there in the Holi holidays, and returned to Poona to work until the vacations began with Easter. One night my wife, while alone, had an exciting experience. In the dining-room tent was tied her bull terrier 'Belinda,' and near it slept its litter of young puppies. A panther entered the tent to sup off the dogs. The bull terrier, however, growled so fiercely and made so great a noise that the panther did not venture to attack. The servants awoke and rushed up, and it slunk away. When I returned at Easter I vowed to be revenged on the would-be dog-eater. I went out one evening with a goat, intending to sit over it and shoot the panther if it came. It did not ; so we left the goat tied up close to the Blue Valley Road and walked back. As we did so we passed close to where the panther was hiding. It was watching us, and we could just make out its form in the undergrowth, but it was too dark to shoot. That night it killed. I had a *machan* built over the dead goat, and the following afternoon my wife and I sat over the kill. We were close to

the road and several carriages passed us. One contained Sir John Muir Mackenzie and his wife, and seeing the goat's remains he stopped his carriage and got out. Standing near them, he pointed them out to Lady Muir Mackenzie, and gave her a lecture on the art of panther shooting, a subject of which he was entirely ignorant. He was unaware that we were in a neighbouring tree, cursing sulphurously under our breaths. At last he drove off. Ten minutes later the panther galloped out of cover to the edge of the road, looked up and down it, just like a human being, to see if any more carriages were coming. Seeing nothing it walked slowly back to the kill. It gave me an easy shot, and a single bullet through its heart ended its career. It was a fine well-grown male panther, that would have made short work of the bull terrier if it had had the courage to attack it.

On my arrival in Poona I had promised the Bar that before six months were past I should be able to speak Marathi fluently and to read the written Marathi character known as *Modi*. I kept my promise, but although I could talk Marathi and read *Modi* at the end of six months, I had still a lot to learn before I could call myself a Marathi scholar. I worked hard in all my spare time, and especially through this first vacation, with the result that the Government made me their official examiner in Marathi, a post that I held from 1906-1909. The first Monday of every month I used to run down to Bombay, and together with my colleague and great friend, Colonel Kirtikar, I.M.S., I examined English and Indian candidates in Marathi. Aspiring Gujarati

and Canarese sub-judges had to pass in Marathi before they were confirmed in their posts.

My first monsoon in Poona I captained the Indian Civil Service XI. against the Gymkhana. But the claims of my office forced me to give up cricket and confine myself to tennis and golf.

We spent the October of 1906 in Sinhgad, a fort some twelve miles from Poona. It was a very interesting spot, because in Shivaji's time his lieutenant, Tanaji Malusare, had escalated it by tying a rope ladder to a ghorpad, an enormous Deccan lizard about two feet long. The ghorpad has great gripping power, and it was trained to dig its claws into the ground and hold on with might and main directly it reached the summit of the fort to be scaled. A small boy climbed the rope ladder and fastened it to the ground with iron pegs. A picked band then went up the rope ladder, surprised the guards, opened one of the gates and took the fortress. Sinhgad, which is 4000 feet high, has a beautiful climate, and at one time used to be a favourite summer resort for Poona residents. The summit was covered with the ruins of ancient bungalows, of which only one or two were kept in repair. One of these belonged to Sardar Naoroji Padamji, and he very kindly lent it to us. My wife and son stayed in it for three weeks, and I drove out every evening after tea, using three changes of horses. I climbed the hill or was carried up in a chair. Next morning I drove back to Poona and resumed my court work.

My son Dennis was by then old enough to be taken about, so in the cold weather we toured a little. We visited Wadgaon, a spot where a British army

surrendered to the Marathas. Near-by was Talegaon Lake, into which our retreating force had thrown their heavy guns. Round the edge of the lake I got some excellent snipe and quail shooting. Of late years the countryside has been built over by the Tata Electric Company, and the snipe and the quail are to be found there no more; but one day I picked up as many as twelve and a half couple by just walking round the lake. I do not think I missed a single bird.

Towards the end of the 1906-1907 winter I received a letter from the Private Secretary informing me that I had been appointed a member of the Aundh Commission, over which Mr Logan, the Commissioner of the Central Division, was to preside. Our duty was to inquire into certain charges against the Chief of Aundh made to the Bombay Government by Mr Arthur, the Collector of Satara and Political Agent of the Aundh State. The facts were that the Pant Pratinidhi or Chief of Aundh had been for several years a minor. During his minority his small state had been administered on behalf of the Bombay Government by a Deputy Collector, a Mr Jacob Bapuji. He was an Indian Jew and a very able man; but I doubt whether he was as sympathetic towards the young Chief as he might have been. The Chief came of age; but as he was inexperienced in administration, Mr Jacob Bapuji was kept in office as his adviser. The smouldering discontent of the Chief and his Rani now flamed into an open quarrel. Mr Jacob Bapuji complained to the Collector that the Chief had hired a notorious dacoit called Pirya Mang—a splendid specimen of humanity and weigh-

ing some fourteen stone—to assassinate him. Mr Arthur recorded the evidence and reported that there was a strong case against the Chief. It was to examine this case that the Bombay Government appointed the Aundh Commission.

The Commission sat at first in Satara. Mr Rao, an able Indian lawyer from Bombay, appeared for the Collector. The Chief was represented by Mr Branson. The latter drank as heavily as ever, and he was looking distinctly the worse for wear. Nevertheless he conducted the defence as well as anyone could have done. The mainstay of the Collector's case was Pirya Mang the dacoit. The Chief sat in court while Pirya gave his evidence, but neither the presence of the Pant Pratinidhi nor Mr Branson's cross-examination could shake the dacoit's testimony. I shall never forget his answer to the following question: "You say you were hired to beat Mr Jacob Bapuji; does that mean that you would have killed him?" The huge fellow laughed and, with a look of incredibly jaunty villainy, said: "If I had hit him I should not have had to hit him again." For the defence the best witness was the young Chief's wife, the Rani of Aundh and sister to the Sardar Mutalik of Satara. She was a beautiful young woman and very fair. She denied absolutely all the allegations of Mr Jacob Bapuji and his witnesses, and was unshaken by Mr Rao's cross-examination. The Commissioners had no easy task. Nevertheless we came to the conclusion that the Deputy Collector's story was true. I drafted a report, and, as clearly as I could, I made out the case against the Chief. In doing so I remembered

the advice given to me by Stanley Batchelor on my transfer to Poona. "Right or wrong, sink or swim, come to a definite conclusion. If you appear to be in doubt, you are opening the way to the interference of the appellate court." Mr Logan, the President, able man though he was, had had no judicial experience and partly rewrote my draft, laying stress on the various misgivings that he had felt at one time or another. The result was that when our report went to Government they were affected by his doubts, and passed an absurd order deposing the Chief, but for five years only. This was to condemn the state to five years of continual intrigues and counter-intrigues. The Collector, Mr Arthur, was naturally very disappointed. The witnesses who had given evidence for Mr Jacob Bapuji began to die off from poison, one after the other. Mr Arthur reported that he had traced the poison to the deposed Chief. This time the Bombay Government deposed the Chief for good and installed in his place my greatly valued friend, the present Pant Pratinidhi.

Among the friends whom I made in Poona was Mr Frank Bain, famous as the author of 'A Digit of the Moon' and similar books; he was also an excellent Sanskrit scholar. He was Professor of History at the Deccan College, and was one of the first writers to revolt against the domination of Macaulay and other Whig historians. His admirable work, 'Modern Monarchy,' was a forerunner of the present school of thought of which the chief protagonist is Mr Hilaire Belloc. Mr Bain was more than ordinarily gifted. He had been simultaneously

head of Westminster School and captain of the cricket and football elevens. At Oxford he had obtained two Firsts and a Fellowship at All Souls. He had also captained the Oxford Association XI. Add to this that he was tall, very handsome and an excellent musician, and my readers will admit that when Fortune was distributing her gifts she gave him a lion's share.

Another friend was Mr Armine Wodehouse, a brother of the celebrated Mr P. G. Wodehouse, the greatest humorist of our time. Mr Armine Wodehouse had taken a First in Mods and another in Greats, and had won both the Oxford prize essay and the prize poem. He was also a wonderful pianist. He was a professor at the Deccan College and had every prospect of a fine career. Unfortunately he fell under the influence of Mrs Annie Besant. He resigned his post to join her college at Benares, and stayed there until the war broke out. Obtaining a commission in the Guards, he went through the Great War. On demobilisation he supported himself as a pianist. He was eventually allowed to re-enter the Educational Department, and is now once again a professor at the Deccan College.

In the August of 1907 I took three months' leave to England and rejoined my wife and son at my father's house in Surrey. There I met my only brother, Willie, after a separation of eighteen years. During my leave I had to fight against an effort made by the Chief Justice, Sir Lawrence Jenkins, to appoint over my head Mr Sethna, the Registrar of the High Court, to be a second-grade district

judge. This would have permanently blocked my promotion. Fortunately I came to hear of the nefarious design, protested against it in an official letter to Government and won the day. The result was that I, and not Mr Sethna, was promoted to be a second-grade district judge. Mr Sethna was made Administrator-General. He bore me no malice.

On the conclusion of my short leave my wife, my son and I returned to Poona. In November 1908 we spent a month at Khandala, where Mr Byramji Jijibhai, a wealthy Parsi, very kindly lent us his house. He was a dear old gentleman, who formed a link with the past. He always wore bright red trousers after the manner of early nineteenth century Parsis, and drove about in a gilt and glass coach, modelled on that of the Lord Mayor of London. He had built his house at Khandala, right over the complicated tunnel system through which the trains pass on their way to and from Bombay and Poona. To watch the trains enter and emerge from the tunnels was an endless joy to Dennis, and indeed to all of us. One could never be quite certain whence an engine might not issue. While at Khandala I received a letter from the private secretary, informing me that I had been selected to try certain political offenders at Kolhapur.

Kolhapur is an independent state. H.H. the Maharaja is a descendant of the great Shivaji, and he has full powers of sovereignty within his dominions. His foreign relations are under the control of the Government of India. The then Maharaja was of gigantic stature. Standing about six feet six inches,

his girth was equal to his stature, and he must have weighed well over twenty stone. On the first occasion that he called at my house, Dennis saw him. As he had been listening shortly before to the tale of Jack the Giant Killer, he felt sure that one of Jack's giants had called. He ran inside the house and said, as if it was the most natural thing in the world, "Please, Mummy, the Giant man has come!" As a Maratha, and still more as a loyal feudatory of H.M. the King Emperor, the Maharaja was opposed to the Brahman agitation that, under the leadership of Mr Bal Gangadhar Tilak, was then disturbing the Deccan. A group of Brahman boys formed themselves into a gang to kill the English Resident, Colonel Ferris, and overthrow the Maharaja's administration. To secure funds they organised petty robberies, the proceeds of which they devoted to treasonable designs. Several of the young men had been arrested, and with them a Mr Bijapurkar, the editor and proprietor of a seditious magazine. The Maharaja could not trust his own judges, who were Brahmans, so he applied to the Bombay Government for the services of an English judge to dispose of the cases. That Government selected me for the duty, and I welcomed the change. I had determined from the first to be quite independent of the state, so that it should not be thought that I was influenced by its favours. It was, however, easier to make such resolutions than to carry them out. The state deemed that I was its guest, and that it was bound to extend to me its hospitality. We were met at the Kolhapur Station by the Diwan or Prime Minister, my old friend Sir Raghunathrao

Sabnis, and other state officials. After the customary greetings I drew Sir Raghunathrao aside and begged him to let me know how I could rent a house during my stay. He assured me that there was no house to be let in the cantonment, but that His Highness had put one of the dower-houses at my disposal. I then asked how I could hire a carriage. I was informed that it was impossible to hire a carriage, but that His Highness had reserved one of his own carriages for my use. In fact, everything that I wanted I had to accept from the state. Nor could I take offence, for it was all most kindly meant.

The trial of the newspaper man, Mr Bijapurkar, began two days after my arrival; I found him guilty of sedition and sentenced him to three years' simple imprisonment. I had received during the trial several anonymous letters threatening me with death, so the Maharaja thought it better to line with infantry the streets through which I drove. It was a new experience for me to drive through a double row of armed soldiers. There was, however, no commotion, and the precaution was not repeated. I found most of the young Brahmans guilty and gave them varying terms of imprisonment. For lack of evidence I was obliged to acquit one, Damu Joshi. This was unfortunate, for he was certainly their leader; and on a later occasion he fired a pistol at Colonel Ferris when sitting in a railway carriage. For this offence he was tried and sentenced by another judge, Mr Clements. Mr Branson appeared as the leader for the prosecution with Mr Binning; but the poor old man

was on his last legs. He was now almost continually drunk, and to hide his condition from his wife he used to pretend that he was suffering from tooth-ache. The dentist would be sent for, and would arrive only to find Mr Branson in an alcoholic coma. Mr Branson opened the case so badly that Mr Binning asked leave to reopen it, which he did very well. In this case I laid the basis of a long friendship with Mr Binning. The state administration arranged that he and I should always lunch together in the open, possibly to strike terror into the heart of the accused! Naturally we talked of every conceivable subject but the questions at issue in the trial, and I found him a charming and well read companion. In spite of his ability he had a long struggle to reach the top of his profession. Just after he had reached it he died suddenly of heat-stroke in the Central Provinces.

In June of that year, 1909, our daughter Sheila was born, and we decided to take leave in the autumn. My prospects in the service seemed at this time so cramped that I thought it might be as well to be called to the Bar, and on taking my pension to practise as a barrister in Bombay. My wife, my two children and I went round by the Bay. It was October and the Bay was very rough. We took a house in Upper Norwood from a Mr Whitworth, a retired Indian Civil Servant, and with us my mother came to stay. My father had died while I was at Kolhapur. Since his retirement he had been an unwearying traveller. His last expedition with my mother to South America had proved fatal. They had twice crossed the Andes; but the great

height had brought on cerebral hæmorrhage, from which my father subsequently died.

I entered Lincoln's Inn and joined the chambers of Mr Moore, so as to see a barrister's work from the inside. In the same flat was Sir Edward Marshall Hall, whom I have already mentioned in connection with my friend De Vismes. At this time Sir Edward had quarrelled with Lord Justice Matthews and had not too good a reputation. Indeed the Chief Justice, Lord Alverstone, would refuse to accept his statement in court unless supported by papers—an almost unheard of procedure. On the retirement of the senior judges, Marshall Hall recovered his reputation and practice. He was liked by members of his own profession, but other persons he was apt to treat as "lesser breeds without the law."

While I was studying for my law examinations I was asked by the India Office to translate certain letters that had been stopped by the Post Office in transit. They were written in Marathi, and were addressed by members of his family to one Sawarkar, a Brahman of Nasik, who was at the head of a seditious group of young Indian students in London. Indeed it was Sawarkar who was said to have instigated the murder of Colonel Curzon Wyllic, the Political A.D.C. at the India Office. The work was interesting, but the letters contained little of importance. They were written by his wife and sisters, and they encouraged him in general terms to fight the good fight against the English.

Shortly afterwards I was summoned to the India Office by Sir William Lee Warner, the senior member of the Council of the Secretary of State. He first

bound me over to strict secrecy, and then told me that he was trying to induce Lord Morley to agree to a proposed Press Act in India. Sir William wanted me to write something to the Press—preferably the ‘Times’—to strengthen his hand. He was finding Lord Morley very difficult. I promised to do my best. I asked my friend Enthoven, who knew Valentine Chirol, for a note of introduction to him. Armed with it I went to the office of the ‘Times.’ I sent my card and Mr Enthoven’s note, and was received by the Director of Foreign Intelligence, as he then was called in the spacious pre-Northcliffe days of the ‘Times.’ He was very cordial and said that he would consider anything that I wrote. I sent him, one after the other, four articles: (1) on “Kichak Wadh,” a seditious play by G. W. Khadilkar; (2) “Mr Tilak and the seditious Deccan Press”; (3) the “Chitpawans of Chiplun”; and (4) “Ancient Indian Theories of Government.” They were all accepted, and the first was translated into almost every language by the European Press. The second and third articles were commented on in leading articles. In view of the public interest aroused by my articles, Valentine Chirol was sent out to India to get ‘copy.’ This led to the publication of “Indian Unrest.” This again was the cause of an unsuccessful libel action brought by B. G. Tilak against Sir Valentine Chirol, the ‘Times’ and Macmillan & Co.

Sir William Lee Warner and I held our tongues. Lord Morley was wild to know who had written the articles. With the artless guile of a Radical minister he pretended to think that they were from the

pen of Valentine Chirol himself, and wrote to congratulate him. The Director of Foreign Intelligence was equal to the occasion. He thanked Lord Morley very nicely for his congratulations and expressed himself very pleased that he should like the articles. Soon afterwards Lord Morley sanctioned the passing of the Press Act.

Two or three months after their publication my poor friend Jackson, the Collector of Nasik, was shot by a wretched Chitpawan boy from Haidarabad Deccan. His name was Kanhere, and his brain had been turned by the seditious literature that the Indian newspapers kept serving out to their readers. He was arrested through the courage and energy of the Indian Deputy Collector; and from the inquiry that followed it was ascertained that Sawarkar had sent out a number of Browning automatic pistols to India and that the crime had been committed with one of these. The Government of Bombay, at whose head was Lord Sydenham, decided to prosecute Sawarkar. He was, however, in England, and it was necessary to obtain his extradition. A great deal of evidence was recorded in India by a special magistrate, Mr Montgomery, I.C.S., so as to establish a *prima facie* case. When the papers came to the India Office they were passed on to the Treasury; but the allusions in them were unintelligible to the lawyers at the Home Office. I received a second summons to the India Office, and was received by Sir Herbert Risley, a former member of the Government of India. He had recently been nominated a member of the Council of the Secretary of State. By him I was sent to the Treasury, and

there I gave a long affidavit as to the meaning of the references, supporting my interpretation by original passages from the Mahabharata and the Ramayana. The case was first heard in the stipendiary magistrates' court, and an order of extradition was granted. Sawarkar appealed to the Court of Criminal Appeal. The Chief Justice, Lord Alverstone, presided, and with him sat Lord Coleridge and Lord Darling. Sir Rufus Isaacs (now Lord Reading), the Solicitor-General, led for the Crown. I was given a seat just under the Solicitor-General and alongside the Solicitor for the Treasury. I found Sir Rufus Isaacs a most courteous and polished gentleman. I asked him whether he had ever been to India, and he replied gaily, "Yes; once to Calcutta. I did not see much of it, because I was only a cabin-boy on a tramp steamer." Neither of us guessed that the next time he would see it would be as Viceroy. In his conduct of the case I conceived the warmest admiration for him. He was severely heckled by Lord Coleridge; but he never lost his temper nor abandoned the point that he wished to make. At last his opportunity came and he did not fail to seize it. Lord Coleridge, probably without thinking, said of some poisonously seditious utterance of Sawarkar that there was nothing in it. The tall form of Isaacs bent forward. His handsome eyes fixed themselves on Lord Coleridge. After half a minute's pause, during which there reigned the most profound silence, he said to the Judge as gravely and solemnly as he could, "Am I to understand, my Lord, that in your view these words were not seditious?" Lord Coleridge, finding himself in

the wrong, made no further comments. At the end of two days' continuous argument, Lord Alverstone delivered the judgment of the court, confirming the magistrate's order.

I thought the matter was over, and went north to join my family, who were spending the summer in Cheshire. Some weeks later I received an urgent summons from the Treasury, recalling me to London. I went by the night train, and next morning I learnt that Sawarkar had filed an appeal before the Court of Civil Appeal. The case was part heard. Their Lordships had seemed to be so impressed by the arguments of the appellant's counsel that the Treasury had in despair sent for me. Again, however, the amazing ability of the Solicitor-General turned the scale, and the appeal was dismissed. The appellant's counsel then begged for time to file a further application before the Lord Chancellor. He was granted a fortnight. Sawarkar wrote to Paris, where a group of Indian revolutionaries resided, and begged them to collect funds for his further legal expenses. They generously subscribed an ample sum and chose one of their number to take it to England. Their choice was not a happy one. The messenger went with the money to the railway station. As he had lots of time he decided to dine in a neighbouring café. There, unfortunately for Sawarkar, he met a devastatingly lovely French girl, whose beauty was greater than her virtue. They fell into conversation. The Indian found her so agreeable and amusing that he forgot all about his mission, and spent in her company that evening, the next day and many days afterwards. At the

same time he spent all the money collected for Sawarkar's application! The result was that when the fortnight was up, neither messenger nor money was forthcoming, and the order to extradite Sawarkar was made absolute. For my humble efforts in the case I received the following letter from the Director of Public Prosecutions :—

21st June 1910.

DEAR MR KINCAID,

Rex v. Sawarkar.

Now that the protracted proceedings in this case have, in all probability so far as the Courts of this country are concerned, been brought to a conclusion, I write on behalf of the Director of Public Prosecutions to inform you of his appreciation of the value of your services to this Department in connection with the prosecution of the case for the Crown.

I don't know how it would have been possible to explain to the Court the meaning of the numerous allusions to Indian matters in the speeches of Sawarkar without your assistance.—Yours very truly,

GUY STEPHENSON,

Assistant Director of Public Prosecutions.

From the India Office came the following despatch :—

INDIA OFFICE, S.W.,
15th July 1910.

SIR,—I am directed to inform you that a report has been received from the Director of Public Prosecutions on the proceedings in the case Rex v. Vinaja Damodar Sawarkar, and to convey to you

an expression of the Secretary of State in Council's appreciation of the value of the services you rendered at his request to the Prosecution in the matter.—I am, Sir, Your obedient servant,

JOHN CAMPBELL.

About the same time I received an even more gratifying communication. The India Office reported that the Bombay Government had cabled to England inquiring whether I would give up the rest of my leave and go back to India as Secretary to the Bombay Government in the Political, Judicial and Special Departments. The permanent incumbent of the office was Mr (now Sir James) Du Boulay, and he had accepted the post of private secretary to the new Viceroy, Lord Hardinge. In view of the length of my service this was a very flattering offer. My pay was increased from Rs. 2325 per mensem to Rs. 3100. The work also brought me into close touch with the Governor, Lord Sydenham. I joyfully accepted the post, and early in August 1909 I sailed for India. My wife was to sail three weeks later. On arrival in India I took over charge from Du Boulay, and so entered on the two most interesting years of my Indian service.

CHAPTER IX.

SECRETARY TO THE GOVERNMENT OF BOMBAY.

THE Secretary to Government is an institution peculiar to India. There were at this time three members of the Executive Council besides the Governor, Lord Sydenham. Sir William Morison was the member for the Political, Judicial and Special Departments; Sir Richard Lamb had charge of Revenue and Finance; Sir Mahadev Chaulal ruled the General and Jail Departments. These four men formed the Bombay Government. Each member had a secretary; but the secretaries did not belong exclusively to each member. The bulk of my work, it is true, went to Sir William Morison. To him I sent, after noting on them, the civil and criminal appeals from the native states in political relationship with the Government of Bombay. At the same time all the purely political work I took direct to Lord Sydenham. The files connected with the jails I sent to Sir Mahadev Chaulal. I sent no papers to Sir Richard Lamb. It was open to me to take any papers, wherein I disagreed with the members' views, to Lord Sydenham as a second member.

I had met Lord Sydenham as Judge of Poona

and knew him slightly; but now I was brought into frequent contact with him. Twice a week I took him my files. He did not read them. It was my duty to give him orally a short summary of the questions arising in each file, and the possible conclusions and the arguments for and against each. I soon found that I had to deal with a master mind. Lord Sydenham was the son of a country clergyman and wholly without influence. He passed into Woolwich first on Classics. He passed out first on Mathematics and entered the Royal Engineers. By sheer force of ability he rose to some of the highest posts in the gift of the Crown. He was knighted as a Major. He became in turn a member of the Committee of Imperial Defence, Governor of South Australia and, last of all, Governor of Bombay. The files that I had to take him were seldom easy to understand. They contained often the most difficult points for decision; but Lord Sydenham's attention never relaxed, his thoughts never wandered, and with unerring penetration he selected the right conclusion. If to this extraordinary mental power be added an unfailing courtesy and a genial manner, it will be understood that my labours, however severe, were more often a pleasure than a burden.

Lord Sydenham was not only able and courteous, he was in the highest degree magnanimous. He came to India an old-fashioned Victorian Liberal, and Lord Morley at the India Office had impressed on him the necessity of conciliating the Indians and repressing the 'Tchinovniks,' as he was good enough to style the Indian Civil Service. It took Lord Sydenham a year or so to change his mind. When

he did so, he entertained the Civil Service at a public dinner in his palace at Ganeshkhind, and in a speech admitted that he had been wrong, that he found the Civil Service to be right. In future, so he promised, they could count on his unfailing support. To act like this needed real greatness, and his action secured for him the whole-hearted devotion of every member of the Bombay administration.

Almost immediately after I had become secretary we received the grave news that Sawarkar had escaped at Marseilles. He was in the custody of the police; and an English police inspector and an Indian deputy superintendent were appointed to escort him by steamer to Bombay. On reaching Marseilles, Sawarkar asked leave to go to the lavatory. He shut the closet door and, being very slightly built, wormed his way through a port-hole. He dived into the water and swam ashore. On landing he ran to the nearest gendarme and gave himself up. Unfortunately for him he could not speak French, so the gendarme, who had other things to attend to, grew impatient. When the English police landed and ran up shouting, "Au voleur!" the gendarme readily handed him over. Sawarkar was taken back on board. The French Socialist Press took up the matter, and persisted in referring to it as 'Déplorable affaire.' The Home Minister was heckled; and at last, by arrangement between the English and French Governments, the matter was referred to the Hague Tribunal. Briefly, the English case was that the fugitive had been handed over by the gendarme, an authorised agent for the French Government, and that the acts of an

authorised agent bound the principal. Sir Eyre Crowe, representing the English and Indian Governments, argued the case admirably ; but his argument had, as it seemed to me, one fatal flaw. It is true that in many matters a gendarme is an authorised agent of the French Government. When, however, he handed over a fugitive to the police of a foreign power, he was acting outside his authority as an agent, and, therefore, did not bind his principal. His duty was clear. He should have placed Sawarkar before a magistrate and left it to the English Government to apply, if so advised, for his extradition. The French reply was beautifully written and a model of clear, luminous prose ; but it completely omitted this point, and I have no doubt but that it did so deliberately. It had no wish to add another anarchist to the group already hiding in France. The Hague Tribunal with sound common-sense refused to enter into legal technicalities, and held that, when a fugitive offender was voluntarily handed back to his own Government, the latter were entitled to hold him. Sawarkar was tried in Bombay and sentenced to transportation for life. After some years in the Andaman Islands he fell ill, and was released on a promise of good behaviour.

At the beginning of the cold weather of 1910 Lord Hardinge, the new Viceroy, arrived at the Gates of India. As Secretary of the Political Department, I had to arrange for his official welcome. This gave me little trouble. So many Viceroys had preceded him that every disputed point had been settled. Lord Hardinge was a handsome, well-set-up man with the distinguished bearing of one who

had served the King of England as Ambassador. Sir Valentine Chirol had invited me to meet Lord Hardinge at dinner shortly after his appointment, but I had been unable to accept the invitation. I greatly regretted my inability; for it was at that dinner that Lord Hardinge had, across the table, asked Sir George Birdwood for advice as to his future conduct as Viceroy. The genial old knight had made the admirable reply, "Hold your tongue!" Sir George had thought, with many others, that Lord Curzon might have been an even greater Viceroy had he been less fond of speechifying.

Among Lord Hardinge's staff I met my predecessor in the post of Secretary, Sir James Du Boulay, and was glad to see him again. Perhaps the most self-possessed person in the Viceroy's entourage was Lady Diamond Hardinge. She was quite a little girl, but she walked about every inch a Viceroy's daughter.

No sooner had Lord Hardinge arrived than the outgoing Viceroy, Lord Minto, went. He and Lady Minto were very popular, and numbers of Indian chiefs and dignitaries had assembled to bid them good-bye. Among them was the old and honoured friend of my parents, H.H. the Begum of Bhopal. Over her head was a white sack-like garment that hid all of her face except her eyes. She was of pure Afghan descent, and these were a bright grey-blue. I ventured to introduce myself, and the great little lady welcomed me cordially as the son of her old friend, General Kincaid. Then she told me that she wished to present a bouquet to Lady Minto, and I was to arrange for the presentation.

I began to regret that I had introduced myself, for her Highness' cordiality vanished and she became the perfect autocrat—"she who must be obeyed." Her grey-blue eyes flashed fire at my hesitation—for I could not approach the outgoing Viceroy without a breach of etiquette—and her little feet stamped with impatience. Just then I saw, close by, an officer whom I knew to be on Lord Minto's staff, and I begged him to deal with the request. He did so, and from a distance I saw Her Highness present the bouquet. Lady Minto's eyes filled with tears as she accepted it.

The next personage whom I had to meet was a far more exalted one, namely—His Imperial and Royal Highness the Crown Prince of Germany. Our orders from England were that we should receive him in exactly the same way as if he had been the Prince of Wales. There was, therefore, no difficulty about the main protocol of his landing. Some slight difficulties arose out of details. I went to the German Consul-General, the Prince von R——, and suggested, as part of the programme, that the leading Germans resident in Bombay should have a space on the Apollo Bandar reserved for them. To this the Consul-General agreed, but when I suggested that His Royal and Imperial Highness should shake hands with them, the eyes of Prince von R—— grew as big as billiard balls with rage and astonishment. His cheeks became as red as a turkey-cock's as he roared, "Ach Nein! dat vood pe doo much honourr!" The result was that the Crown Prince shook hands with all the members of the Bombay municipality, English and Indian, with the English officials, the

principal English merchants and the *consuls de carrière*; but when he came to the space allotted to his father's subjects he gave them a cold and distant bow. To this the Germans present responded by bowing so low that their foreheads all but touched the pavement.

I have mentioned the *consuls de carrière* as having shaken hands with the Crown Prince, and this brings me to the second difficulty that arose. When I was Secretary there was in Bombay, and indeed all over the world, an undying feud between the *consuls de carrière*—that is to say, gentlemen of various nationalities who had adopted the consular service as a profession and received a fixed salary from their Governments—and the *consuls honoraires*—that is to say, gentlemen who performed consular duties without receiving any salary, simply for the rank that the post conferred. The dispute has since been settled by agreement between the European Governments. All the *consuls de carrière* now take precedence of *consuls honoraires*, no matter what their length of service. In 1910 there had been conflicting decisions. Sometimes the consuls were declared to rank according to class and sometimes according to seniority. Determined to mark for all time the superiority of *consuls de carrière* over *consuls honoraires*, the Consul-General for Portugal, the Visconde da I——, the doyen of the consular body, wove a dark and deadly plot. Unknown to me, he and his professional brethren manœuvred themselves into the front row. They hoped that the Governor would introduce them only to the Crown Prince and overlook the honorary consuls at the

back. Their scheme succeeded perfectly. Lord Sydenham, with me at his side to tell him their names, introduced the *consuls de carrière* only to the Crown Prince. They were in uniform, whereas the honorary consuls at the back were in mufti. I did not notice the omission of the latter until we stood in front of the next block. It was then too late, for I could not ask the Crown Prince to return and shake hands with the back row. All I could do I did. I called on the honorary consuls in turn and apologised for their non-recognition. All of them, with one exception, accepted my apology most graciously, for they knew that the wicked contriver of the plot was not I, but the Portuguese Consul-General. The one exception was the Vice-Consul for the United States. His ordinary trade was to sell patent medicines, but he attached great importance to his honorary profession. When I tendered to him my apologies he would have none of them. He said, in a rasping Yankee accent: "Yeah! I guess you meant no harm; but say, what will the boys in the States think when they hear that I did *not* keep my end up? I reckon this must go to the White House *and* no nearer!" I managed, however, to circumvent the over-scrupulous vendor of patent pills by putting the case before Mr Baker, the courteous American Consul. He summed up the situation thus: "Yep; my 'Vice' had no shake, but I don't see the President ordering the Crown Prince to come back and give him one." So the incident closed.

The Crown Prince was a very good-looking young

man with fair hair and blue eyes, but his manners were not so good as his looks. The night after his arrival there was an official dinner at Government House in his honour. I was one of those invited. The Crown Prince kept Lord Sydenham and his guests waiting for three dreary quarters of an hour before he strolled into the drawing-room. He was evidently ignorant of the maxim, 'Punctuality is the politeness of Princes.'

The day after the dinner-party the Crown Prince left Bombay by special train to visit other parts of India. It was rumoured that 'Kaiser Bill's' intention was to show to the princes and peoples of Hindustan their future emperor. If that was the imperial design, it, like Hiawatha's photograph, 'failed completely.' The Crown Prince's conduct was so gay and erratic that he was suddenly recalled. Having landed as an Imperial and Royal Highness, he went home incognito as mere Count 'So-and-so.' To my great joy I did not have to arrange for an official departure.

While the Crown Prince was travelling through India, the ships that had carried and escorted him out remained in Bombay Harbour. I thought it would be rather fun to call. So my Under-Secretary, Mr (now Sir Ernest) Hotson, and I donned our uniforms and paid the senior captain an official call. He spoke English admirably, and received us with perfect courtesy and insisted on our drinking champagne. From the appearance of the sailors I formed a poor opinion of the German Navy. My opinion was entirely wrong. The ship, the *Gneisenau*, was

really one of the smartest cruisers afloat ! It took part in the German victory of Coronel and was sunk off the Falkland Islands.

The visit of a less important personage to Bombay, the Governor-General of the Portuguese Indies, gave rise to an amusing incident. The Consul-General, my old friend the Visconte, myself and General Swann, commanding the Bombay Brigade, were ordered to meet the Governor-General at Victoria Terminus. Half an hour before the train was due the Visconte began to fidget because the British Guard of Honour had not arrived. To soothe him I asked General Swann. He replied, full of dignity, that the Guard of Honour would be present at 9 A.M., when the train was due, and not at 8.30 A.M. as it then was. I passed on this explanation as politely as I could to the Visconte. A few minutes later the Visconte came up to me in a greater state of agitation than ever. He had ascertained from the band conductor that on the arrival of the train the band would play the royal Portuguese march, whereas Portugal had become a republic. Again I had to approach the General. He replied more nobly than ever, "The march was the one sent to us by the official Portuguese Authorities in 1907." "Yes," screamed the Visconte, "but the revolution occurred in 1908 !" This reply penetrated even the icy reserve of the General, and he ordered the band conductor to substitute for the unfortunate tribute to Portuguese royalty an ordinary march past. Thus the democratic feelings of the Republican Governor-General were not ruffled.

Towards the close of this year (1910) we were

informed that their gracious Majesties the King and Queen intended to visit India and be crowned at Delhi. Their arrival was still a long way off, but we lost no time in starting our preparations. On me fell the duty of arranging for the royal reception at Bombay, for the camp at Delhi of the minor Bombay chiefs, including those from Aden, and for the royal departure. I had the assistance of a most capable Under-Secretary, Mr Barlee; of the head of the Bombay police, Mr S. M. Edwardes, C.S.I., C.V.O.; and the co-operation of the very experienced Brigadier-General, General Swann, C.B. Nevertheless the work that devolved on me was tremendous, and I very soon realised that I must decentralise as soon as I could. The decoration of the Bombay town and the erection of the stands for sightseers I left in the hands of Mr Proes, the Presidency engineer. With him co-operated Mr Cadell, Commissioner of Bombay. The camp of the minor Bombay chiefs at Delhi I entrusted to a personal friend, Colonel Berthon, and to his untiring assistant, Captain (now Colonel) Wilberforce Bell, C.I.E. Fortunately I enjoyed the complete confidence of my two superiors, Lord Sydenham and Sir William Morison. No one interfered with me, and by April, when the Government moved to Mahableshwar, our arrangements had been adequately planned and, so far as was possible, begun.

In Mahableshwar I had little more than the ordinary routine to do, and that summer I was able to bag two panthers. Both gave me interesting experiences. The first lived in a forest that overlooked the Blue Valley, some four miles away from

Mahableshwar. One day I tried to beat it out, but the jungle was too thick. Then I tied up a goat and returned home. The panther killed that night, and about 3 P.M. I mounted my horse and rode out. I reached the *machan* shortly after 4 P.M. and found the beaters in a great state of excitement. The panther had come to the spot and, seeing the men near the 'kill,' had snarled at them with such ferocity that they had climbed up neighbouring trees. The panther walked up to the remains of the goat, but, evidently not hungry, it had gone away again. Accompanied by one man I got into the *machan* as soon as I could. The other beaters moved off. We had not been sitting over the 'kill' more than ten minutes when the panther came. It lay in tantalising fashion some thirty yards away, switching the flies off its body with its tail. As it was half-hidden by brushwood I did not risk a shot. Then it suddenly disappeared. I looked everywhere, but could not see it. I turned to my companion and saw that he was half-dead with fright. He whispered, "Angawar yeto" (It is going to attack us!) Again I looked, but in vain, until I finally located it lying on the branch of the tree next to ours. It was above us and could not have been more than fifteen feet away. It was, however, innocent of any warlike designs, for it had not seen us. It was merely awaiting the return of its appetite! I noiselessly put up my rifle and fired. The great beast slid slowly down the branch and then down the trunk, until it reached the ground quite dead.

My second panther gave me more trouble. To the north of Mahableshwar runs the valley of the

Krishna River from west to east. To the north of it lies a series of parallel valleys, formed by streams that eventually flow into the Krishna. In June I got news of a panther in the valley immediately beyond the Krishna Valley. It was not far as the crow flies, but in view of the tremendous geography of those parts it was a very long walk indeed. I drove to old Mahableshwar, walked down two thousand feet, crossed the valley, climbed two thousand feet and again walked down two thousand feet. Right at the bottom of the second valley and under a big rock lay the body of a bullock that the panther had killed that morning. The nearest tree was some forty feet away, and into it my shikari and I climbed. As we did so we heard the panther calling in the woods. We waited, a slight drizzle began to fall, and it grew so dark that I could hardly see the sights of my rifle. I began to think of the two frightful hills I should have to climb; and, without a dead panther to cheer me up, I did not really believe that I could do it. Suddenly my shikari twitched my sleeve and pointed to the big rock in front. On its summit was a round object that I at first thought was a stone. Then it grew slowly bigger and I realised that it was a panther's head. The head slowly developed into fore-quarters, and then to my joy the animal rose to its feet and walked noiselessly down the side of the rock. It stood over the kill. I aimed, but it was with the greatest difficulty that I saw the foresight. I pulled the trigger and the panther sank to the ground. I could not give it a second barrel, because I could not see it. The only thing to do was to walk

up to it and trust to its being dead. The beaters came up. I explained the situation and they kept well behind me. I covered the beast with my rifle and, as I am glad to say, it did not move. Nevertheless, the panther, as an old Maratha proverb has it, is never dead and one cannot be too careful. At last one of the beaters was close enough to pull its tail. It remained motionless. "It is dead," cried the beaters, "no live panther would submit to such an insult!" We tied its feet to a bamboo cane; the beaters slung it on their shoulders. As we crossed the boundary of each successive village the beaters cried out to its tutelary god that a panther had been killed. Whether this was to announce good news or to explain away an evil act, I could not say. It was probably the former, for the beaters sang as they walked. The climb now presented quite another aspect. My joy in the trophy took away all my fatigue, and it was not until I had almost reached the top of the second hill that I felt really tired. As we neared its summit we passed a little stone image of Ganpati, the little elephant-headed god who blesses fresh enterprises. I had noticed my Maratha companions salaam to it as they passed. As we passed the image again they once more salaamed to thank it. So did I, for the god had blessed our endeavours and we owed him our thanks. I did not reach my bungalow until 2 A.M. My wife was getting nervous at my prolonged absence, for I had started at 2 P.M. and had thus been absent twelve hours. The panther was skinned next day; its flesh had a curious history. The peons begged it for themselves, for Marathas

think a panther's meat very strengthening. They shared some of it with the peons of Mr R—— who occupied the bungalow next to ours. As he was rather run-down they persuaded his cook to make with it a savoury stew. Mr R—— ate it and liked its taste. His peons then told him with pride that it was a panther stew that he had eaten and that they had got it for him. They expected a tip, but Mr R——, on learning what he had eaten, turned sea-green, ran into the compound and was deadly sick !

All that monsoon we were hard at work, clearing the ground for the great Durbar, but one incident happened outside the ordinary routine. A certain Bepin Chandra Pal, a noted agitator, was expected to arrive by the P. & O. steamer in Bombay. He had been, I was told, brought up as a Christian, but if so, his Christianity had not led him to love the British Government. Finding Bengal rather too hot for him he went to Europe, and thence sent out numerous writings hostile to the British Administration. One of them, headed "Ætiology of the Bomb," was particularly bad, and a bookseller, who had stocked the magazine that contained it, was sentenced to three months' imprisonment. When Bepin Chandra Pal was about to return to India, Sir Charles Cleveland, the head of the Criminal Investigation Department, moved the Home Department to arrest him on arrival. The Minister in charge of the Home Office was Sir John Jenkins. Formerly he had been a most excellent member of the Bombay Government, but his transfer to Delhi seemed to have affected his outlook. He refused Cleveland's request point-blank and snubbed him as well. In the mean-

time the Bombay Government, at this time almost independent of the Government of India, were taking steps to arrest Bepin Chandra Pal themselves. Sir John Jenkins came to Bombay on other business and there learnt that Pal was to be arrested the next morning, when the P. & O. mail-steamer came in. He telegraphed to Sir William Morison forbidding the arrest. The latter went to Lord Sydenham, and both were extremely angry at what they deemed unwarranted interference. I was directed to go to Bombay and convince Sir John Jenkins of the error of his ways. Off I went and was met at Victoria Terminus by Mr Percival, the Legal Remembrancer, and Mr Vincent, the Deputy Commissioner of the Bombay Police. All three of us waited on Sir John Jenkins. He was very cross, but he really had no arguments to advance except that if Pal was let off it would be a very bad thing. I boldly promised Sir John that Pal would not be let off. At last Sir John gave way, covering his retreat with the threat, "All right, Kincaid, go ahead; but mind you, I shall hold you responsible if Pal is not convicted." I was willing to accept any responsibility, and so off I went with Vincent to discuss the case. The article was poisonously seditious. It purported to be written by Pal, but what if he were to deny the authorship? We could not ask the Court to presume that he was the writer, for someone might easily have borrowed his name. The only thing to do was to get Pal to confess his authorship. Vincent agreed to go on board the steamer next morning as soon as it was in harbour, and, if possible, win Pal over to a confessing state

of mind. I do not know what this gentleman's 'two o'clock courage' was like, but at 4 A.M., when Vincent roused him in his cabin, he had none whatever. Seeing an English police officer in uniform, Pal thought that his last hour had come. He grovelled for mercy, at once admitted his authorship of the article and promised to plead guilty if only he was leniently treated. Vincent took the wretched apostle of 'bomb-warfare' to police headquarters and sent for me. Pal repeated his admissions, wrote out a confession and was taken before the Presidency Magistrate. There he pleaded guilty and was sentenced to one month's imprisonment. The sentence was certainly none too severe, but the cowardice of the wretched agitator completely destroyed his influence with the youth of Bengal. I never heard of him again. Sir Charles Cleveland was not unnaturally indignant at being snubbed for having proposed a line of action that proved so successful.

Another matter that about this time gave the Bombay Government a good deal of trouble was the substitution of the totalisator for bookmakers in Poona and Bombay. The question arose in this way. Mr S. M. Edwardes, Commissioner of Police in Bombay, pointed out officially to Government that, under the gaming laws as they stood, the presence of bookmakers on the racecourses owned by the W.I.T.C. (Western India Turf Club) constituted an offence. He therefore asked that the said laws should be amended so as to legalise bookmakers. This letter was addressed to the Judicial Department, and it gave me a chance which I

had long wanted. The bookmakers who haunted the race-courses in the Bombay Presidency were a perfect curse. They were drawn from the worst class—Tommies who had deserted instead of going back home, disreputable half-castes with a head for figures, low ‘larrikins’ from Sydney or Melbourne. As they did business ‘on the nod,’ they were always ready to ‘welsh’ if they lost. On the other hand, they often won large sums from the impecunious subalterns. The latter, afraid of being ‘posted,’ used to borrow money from Marwadi moneylenders to pay the bookmakers. They got deeper and deeper into debt, and were finally dismissed the service. Several of my young friends in Poona had lost their commissions in this way, and I was determined to remedy the evil if I could. By a happy chance Lord Sydenham had been Governor of Southern Australia, where the totalisator had replaced the bookmakers. I suggested to him that we should modify the provisions of the Gaming Act so as to force the W.I.T.C. to introduce totalisators in Poona and Bombay. As a matter of fact the Turf Club had had the matter under consideration. Lord Sydenham and the other members of the Bombay Government agreed, and at their direction I wrote officially to the Turf Club. I had not counted on the explosion that ensued. The members of the W.I.T.C. took the view that Government were interfering with their control of the club. This was perfect nonsense. A meeting was arranged between five of their delegates and Sir W. Morison, as representing the Bombay Government, but the former were quite intractable. As no compromise

could be reached, the Government adopted my proposal and declared betting on racecourses, save with their permission, to be illegal. As they refused to grant permission save to totalisators, the W.I.T.C. were forced to introduce 'totes' and banish 'bookies.' The godless crew took their departure; and as the totalisator requires cash payments, subalterns now neither get into debt nor lose their commissions through betting at races. It is worthy of remark that among the petitioners who begged the Government not to legislate were the Marwadi money-lenders of Poona and Bombay. No better proof was needed of the salutary character of the new law. I am also perfectly certain that the W.I.T.C. would not now recall, if they could, the bookmakers. The profits that used to flow into the pockets of these scoundrels now go to swell the funds of the Western India Turf Club.

When the monsoon ended, the preparations for the royal arrival were in full swing, and with a calmer mind I went with Government to Mahableshwar as usual. At the beginning of November, and long before he was expected, Mr Lovat Fraser, then correspondent of the 'Times,' arrived in Bombay. He had been editor of the 'Times of India,' but, in spite of his great ability, he had been dismissed for habitual drunkenness. He went home, sought out Valentine Chirol, and through him got employment on the 'Times.' He now came out to India as its special correspondent. Having come too soon, his 'Press' railway warrant had not arrived from Delhi. This annoyed him beyond all reason, and without calling on me, whom he knew quite

well, or any member of the Bombay Government, he sent off a wire to the 'Times':

"No preparations whatever being made in Bombay for Their Majesties' reception."

The substance of this telegram appeared on the front page of the 'Thunderer.' Naturally the India Office and Simla fell into a great state of anxiety, and telegrams poured in on the Bombay Government asking what the telegram meant. Lord Sydenham took the step of writing, through his private secretary, to ask Lovat Fraser his explanation. Nothing could have been more disingenuous than the latter's reply. He made irrelevant charges against me personally. I was sent for and cross-examined by Lord Sydenham. The charges were found to be entirely false, and Lord Sydenham again wrote, through his private secretary, refuting them. Mr Lovat Fraser then framed other charges against me. I was able to show that they were as unfounded as the first lot, but the work of preparation was growing heavier and heavier, and I felt that, if I had to meet any more of these attacks, I should go stark staring mad. I begged Lord Sydenham to let me answer the letter instead of the private secretary. He agreed, and I did so. As usual, Lovat Fraser shifted his ground and made a fresh series of false charges. After reading his reply, I quietly tore it in pieces and threw them into the waste-paper basket. Two or three days later Lord Sydenham asked me whether Lovat Fraser had written again. "Oh no, sir!" I lied cheerfully, "your last argu-

ments were too many for him. He has retired hurt ! ” After the Durbar Lovat Fraser went to Australia, and there he plunged into the debauch for which his soul had in Bombay been thirsting. It was his unslaked desire for strong drink that had made him so uncontrollably irritable. His debauch cost him his post on the ‘Times.’ Nevertheless all honour to him ! He returned to England, reformed his drunken ways and became, in the service of the ‘Northcliffe Press,’ the best-known journalist in London.

Before Their Majesties left England an interesting question arose : was Her Majesty Empress of India ? Queen Victoria had been, but then she was Queen Regnant. Queen Alexandra had never been declared Empress. Were we to give Queen Mary the imperial title or not ? The question was submitted to His Majesty for decision, and, much to our delight, it was decided in Queen Mary’s favour. The august pair were therefore not to be styled “His Gracious Majesty the King-Emperor and Her Gracious Majesty the Queen,” but “Their Gracious Majesties the King-Emperor and the Queen-Empress.”

CHAPTER X.

THE DURBAR.

ONCE Their Majesties had left England the plot began to thicken. From all quarters telegrams poured into the Political Department; at one time I was regularly receiving forty a day mostly from the Viceroy's political and private secretaries. Fortunately my Under-Secretary, the Presidency Engineer and the Secretariat staff worked like Titans. Relief came, too, when Their Majesties reached Aden. Thereafter they were within the limits of the Indian Empire. Lord Hardinge ceased to be Viceroy and became Governor-General; and the Bombay Government began to receive their orders direct from the Chief of the Staff of Their Imperial Majesties.

Although India was, on the whole, quiet, every precaution had to be taken to ensure Their Majesties' safety. A bomb is so easily thrown, and with such incalculable consequences. The Bombay Government invested the Police Commissioner of Bombay with the powers of a first class magistrate. By his orders every undesirable character in the town was put under lock and key. The official phraseology ran that the Commissioner had, in his magisterial capacity, remanded the prisoner for fifteen days!

Those suspects who escaped the attentions of the police, hurriedly fled the inhospitable city. All along the route by which Their Majesties were to drive the spectators were made to sit. Behind them stood lines of Maratha police armed with lathis. If any of the squatting onlookers tried to rise to his feet, a sharp tap on the head from the policeman behind reminded him that he had better remain seated, otherwise he would be suspected of wishing to throw a bomb.

On the 2nd December the P. & O. s.s. *Medina*, with Their Majesties, reached Bombay. At 10 A.M. the Viceroy with some of his staff went on board to greet them and pay their respects. On their return the Governor of Bombay and some of his highest officials did the same. The rest of us awaited their relanding and the arrival of Their Majesties. A lath and plaster pavilion had been erected on the Ballard Pier, the forerunner of that magnificent creation of Mr Wittet's genius that now stands on the same spot. The pavilion afforded a welcome shade.

About 3.30 P.M. the Chief of the Royal Staff in India, Sir Rollo Grimston, suggested a slight change in the position of the waiting officials, adding, "You had better hurry up as the King and Queen will be here in a moment." I effected the change, looked round and suddenly saw, just over the top step, the four brightest and bluest eyes that I have ever seen. Their Majesties had landed and were walking up the steps. They both looked extraordinarily handsome and well. The sea had brought colour and tan to both their cheeks. The King was in the white uniform

of an Admiral with the star and ribbon of the Star of India. Her Majesty wore the star and ribbon of the Garter.

In the pavilion the remaining officials and foreign consuls were presented to Their Majesties. The presentation over, the King and Queen walked to the throne erected for them, to face a great amphitheatre in which hundreds of invited guests were seated. The President of the Municipality, Sir Pherozeshah Mehta, read an address of welcome. The King-Emperor replied, and he and the Queen-Empress drove in state through Bombay. Afterwards they returned in their launch to spend the night on the *Medina*.

Their Majesties did not stay long in Bombay, but, before they left, my wife and I were honoured with an invitation to dine on board the *Medina*. I was so fortunate as to have as my right-hand neighbour Mr Lucas, the private secretary of the Secretary of State, and he entertained me through dinner with gossip of the India Office. He was a charming personality. Unfortunately he died not many years afterwards of overwork, so I was told. After dinner, Lord Crewe, the Secretary of State, came up to me and observed that he had read with interest the correspondence relative to the substitution of the totalisator for bookmakers. He added, rather to my surprise, that he entirely approved of the action of the Bombay Government.

The Durbar was to be held on the 12th December, and my wife and I left Bombay by special train for Delhi on the 6th. The camp of the Governor of Bombay had been splendidly laid out by Colonel

Greig, who very rightly was awarded a C.I.E. ; but my first care was to see how my friends, the Bombay minor princes and the Aden chiefs, were accommodated. There had been very heavy rain, and Colonel Berthon, my assistant in Delhi, had had tremendous difficulties to overcome ; but he had overcome them, and the camp was as comfortable as anyone could wish. One jolly old Arab chief, the Amir of Dthala, who lived on a mountain five thousand feet high in the Aden Hinterland, told me that he did not mind the cold as he always had cold winters on his mountain top, but the other Aden chiefs, who lived on the hot Arabian seaboard, would die like rotten sheep. By a strange coincidence he was the only one to die. Some member of his staff, so it was surmised, put one night in his dinner enough arsenic to kill an elephant.

So the unfortunate Amir died and his son reigned in his stead. Dthala mountain top had at one time been ceded to the British, and the Resident of Aden and his assistants had used it as a hill station, much to their increased comfort and health. Indeed a Government house and a racecourse had been built, and other bungalows were in course of construction. Lord Morley, to gratify the young Turks, who had no sort of a claim to it, ordered the retrocession of Dthala. The Arabs, learning of the proposed retreat, rose all round, so as to massacre the Resident's guard and secure their rifles. It was only by great skill and after some sharp fighting that Colonel Jacob contrived to withdraw his men to Aden successfully. One wishes sometimes that

Secretaries of State who pass orders of this kind should have to be present at their execution.

Another chief whom I met at Delhi for the first time was the Abdali Sultan. He was the owner of Aden and Little Aden, the group of hills opposite Steamer Point that, curling inwards, form the sheltered basin of the harbour. The British Government lease all the lands in their occupation from the Abdali Sultan, and he was always crying out for a larger rent. He had sent several petitions to the Bombay Government, to which, I am afraid, as Secretary I paid scant attention; but on this occasion he had me in his clutches and made me listen for half an hour to his complaints. I could not understand a word of what he said, as he only spoke Arabic. The Political Officer was supposed to act as interpreter, but he also did not know enough Arabic to follow. Indeed he confessed to me afterwards that he had made up half of his translation as he went along. In any case I could do nothing for the Sultan then, and had to put him off with vague platitudes. I believe the subsidy paid him was increased after I ceased to be Secretary, but I never knew for certain. During the Great War he was driven out of his possessions by the Turkish Army, and eventually was shot by mistake by our own men.

My wife and I were present at the royal entry, and at the other ceremonies that preceded the Durbar. A motor-car was put at our disposal, and, since it was our first visit to Delhi, we enjoyed seeing the various buildings and ruins, too well known for me to describe them. On an excursion

to the Kutub Minar I met Mr Vishveshwarayar, then Superintending Engineer of the Central Division of the Bombay Presidency. Just for fun I asked him at what cost he would undertake to build another Kutub Minar. Without a moment's hesitation he pulled out a pocket-book, made a few abstruse calculations, and in all seriousness undertook to build another for fourteen lakhs! Among others whom I met at Delhi was my old friend of riding and shooting days, Bhagwantsingji. I was delighted to see him again, for I had nothing but the kindest memories of him. He had been reconciled to his father, the Maharana of Orcha, and he presented me to the old chief. In all my life I have never seen so handsome nor so splendid-looking a man as that old Bandela prince. About six feet high, with features cast in bronze, he looked every inch of what he claimed to be, the 250th descendant of the warrior god Ramachandra.

Before the actual day of the Durbar all sorts of troublesome little questions kept cropping up—all of the deadliest importance to the parties themselves. As Sir Henry Macmahon, the political secretary of the Viceroy, said to me: "Everyone here is very much on his dignity." He might have added: "Everyone has completely lost his sense of humour." As an instance of this I may mention the case of the Chief Justice of Bombay. He was frightfully angry that he and the judges of the Bombay High Court should be included in the representatives of the Bombay Presidency, whereas the Chief Justice of Bengal and his judges were to be presented to His Majesty separately. There was good reason for this

distinction. The Chief Justice and judges of Bombay were, for administrative purposes, under the Government of Bombay; whereas the Chief Justice and judges of Bengal were directly under the Government of India.¹ The Chief Justice of Bombay begged me to get him placed on the same footing as the Chief Justice of Calcutta. This was quite impossible, for the Madras High Court would then have had a grievance. Then he asked me to let him and the judges go before the King together. The only objection to this was Bishop Palmer. As Bishop he ranked below the Chief Justice but above the puisne judges. He, however, had been at Balliol with me, and with great courtesy agreed to go behind the puisne judges. I was therefore able to make this concession to our Chief Justice. I little knew what dark scheme he was plotting. Besides the petty jealousies and squabbles of the officials there were the rivalries of the Bombay princes. The precedence of the Kathiawar chiefs among themselves was settled, but not with relation to Their Highnesses the Nawabs of Palanpur and Radhanpur; and the two last were at variance as to their own precedence. Then there was the case of H.H. the Aga Khan. He was the head of the great religious community known as the Khojas, the lineal descendants of the assassins of the crusading days. Nevertheless he had no territorial jurisdiction. I had to settle each question as best I could, right or wrong, and at last the great day of the Durbar—the 12th December—dawned.

¹ This arrangement dated from the time when the Governor-General was also Governor of Bengal. When a Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal was created, the creation did not affect the Calcutta High Court. It continued to be under the Governor-General.

On the evening of the 11th, groups of Indians could have been seen waiting outside their tents until nearly midnight. It had leaked out that the fortunate recipients of honours would be informed of the distinction conferred on them the evening before the Durbar. I had not heard this; and in any case I was worrying too much about the details of the morrow's ceremonial to think about honours. As my wife and I were trying to get to sleep we were kept awake by some Indians outside our tent. They were saying to each other: "You will get a C.S.I." "You will get a K., dear boy." "You have got a K., old friend; you must get a G.C.I.E." At last a messenger distributed letters to those who had been selected for distinction. Everyone was furious. "I have only got a C.I.E., when all my friends said I should get a C.S.I." "I have got a Kaiser-i-Hind, when I was sure to get a C.I.E." The unhappy 'old friend,' who was to have got a G.C.I.E., was left out entirely; but he got no sympathy from his former admirers. One and all walked away, saying to each other: "Yes! Poor fellow, he has got nutting! Ha! Ha! nutting!" The wretched victim stood for a moment or two in silence, and then walked off growling in Gujarati: "Kem? Shun tiun? Kem? Kem?" (How, how? What has happened? How? How?) I never knew who the individuals were; and I was so thankful when they walked away and let us go to sleep that I never troubled to inquire.

Most unluckily my wife was on the morning of the Durbar confined to her bed by an attack of malaria. What with attending to her and dealing

with further difficulties, I had completely forgotten the Honours' List. I went to Lord Sydenham's tent in order to get his approval of some decisions that I had made. He greeted me with outstretched hand and said, "I congratulate you, Kincaid." I had to ask him what I had received. "A C.V.O.," he said, adding, "It ranks above a C.B."¹ He had himself been honoured by the Grand Cross of the Star of India. I was wild with joy and ran off to tell my wife. When I reached my tents I found out why I had not received earlier intimation. The peon, bearing the official letter, had seen our tents in darkness and had slipped the letter under the canvas doorway. As a matter of fact decorations rained on the Bombay camp. Lord Sydenham had taken the view that, as the honours to be bestowed were limited in number, the more the Bombay services could get the better. He sent up a long list of recommendations. The Governor of Madras sent up a much shorter list. The result was that, while the Bombay camp secured thirty-seven decorations, the Madras camp received only nine.

I had to leave my wife behind and drive alone to the great arena prepared for Their Majesties. I found myself seated beside my valued assistant and friend, Colonel Berthon. In front were the imperial thrones, and beyond them were the blocks occupied by Indian spectators. Gabriel, the officer responsible for the arrangements of the arena, had insisted that all admitted to these blocks had to wear turbans of a certain colour. The result was that the thousands

¹ It did then ; now the C.B., C.S.I. and the C.M.G. have been made to rank above the C.V.O.

of differently tinted headgear produced a most picturesque effect. Nor did the Indians grumble. At that time any Indian would have done anything to please Their Gracious Majesties.

Just before noon a salute of 101 guns was fired, and Their Majesties, in crowns and purple robes, drove up in state.¹ They took their seats on thrones upon what was called the royal dais. Sir Henry Macmahon, as Master of the Ceremonies, asked leave to open the Durbar. The leave given, the massed bands played, the trumpets flourished, the drums rolled. The King rose and made a short speech, in which he tendered his loving greetings to his feudatories and subjects. At its close the Viceroy went to the foot of the King's throne, bowed low three times and kissed his hand. The Governors of Bombay and Madras, the Lieutenant-Governors, the Commander-in-Chief and the members of the Viceroy's Executive Council followed. Next came the High Court of Calcutta and the representatives of the various Presidencies, and it was then that the deadly plot of the Chief Justice, in asking that his puisne judges should take precedence of the Bishop, came to light. Instead of going up together with the other representatives of Bombay, he marshalled his learned brethren with a skill evidently born of long practice. Extending in a large semicircle they completely 'blanketed' the other members of the same deputation. Bowing simultaneously, they filed swiftly out and had left the imperial presence before the other Bombay representatives

¹ The best account of the Durbar will be found in Fortescue's 'Narrative of Royal Visit to India' (Macmillan & Co.).

had begun their part of the ceremonial. In other words, the Chief Justice had with consummate cunning secured his object. He and his puisne judges had, like the Chief Justice and judges of Calcutta, been presented as a single group. I felt distinctly annoyed, as it struck me as a breach of faith. I was wondering what steps I should take, when my friend Berthon completely restored my good humour by whispering, "Never mind, old chap! Think of all the 'Bubbly' the Chief will drink to-night!"

After all entitled to do homage had rendered it, Their Majesties moved from their thrones on the dais to the Royal Pavilion. In front of them, wand in hand, walked backwards, and bowing at each step, Lord Durham, the Lord High Steward, and Lord Shaftesbury, the Queen's Chamberlain. After Their Majesties had again seated themselves, two heralds, General Peyton and the Honourable Malik Umar Hayat Khan, in tabards, rode up at the head of twenty-four trumpeters on white horses. These blew fanfares three times. The chief herald, General Peyton, read in English a proclamation that the King-Emperor had been crowned in the Abbey on the 22nd June. Umar Hayat Khan read the proclamation in Urdu. Next the Viceroy, by the King-Emperor's order, stepped forward and read a list of boons to be conferred in honour of the occasion—increased expenditure on education, a grant of half a month's pay to non-commissioned officers, soldiers and certain minor civil officials, and the release of some prisoners.

Their Majesties returned to the dais hand-in-

hand ; then the great surprise of the day happened. The King rose and proclaimed that the capital of India would in future be Delhi and not Calcutta. The partition of Bengal would be annulled. Eastern Bengal would disappear. Behar and Orissa would take its place. Bengal proper would become a Presidency. The Assam Chief Commissionership would be restored. The proclamation emphasised that His Majesty was acting, not on his own initiative, but solely on the counsel of his advisers. The secret had been admirably kept, and the shock of the announcement formed a climax to the historic scene. While the spectators were trying to take it in, Sir Henry Macmahon begged leave to close the Durbar. The trumpeters blew their last fanfare, Their Majesties re-entered their carriage, while 101 guns thundered out a farewell salute. So ended the most famous Durbar ever held.

My wife was able to attend the other ceremonies, and none left on us such an impression as the Investiture held on the evening of 14th December. This was held in a tent large enough to seat several hundred people, and it was packed full of officials and their wives and of Indian chiefs and their relatives. At one end sat the King-Emperor and the Queen-Empress on thrones. The first to be decorated was Her Majesty. On her was conferred the Grand Cross of the Star of India. She knelt before the King. He put the collar of the order round her neck. She kissed his hand. He embraced her tenderly on the cheek. Thereafter came other recipients of decorations. So far as I remember H.H. the Maharaja of Kolhapur was the next to be honoured. By me

sat Montague Butler, brother of my old friend, Sir Harcourt Butler. Montague Butler had been gazetted, like myself, a C.V.O. Since then he has risen to be Governor of the Central Provinces. While we were watching the splendid scene a whisper of "Fire" raced through the big tent. As a matter of fact the tent of my friend Lucas, which stood close by, had caught fire and we could hear the roar of the flames. Everyone felt uneasy, but also everyone showed exemplary bravery. A few excited colonels stood up themselves and shouted at the top of their voices, "Sit down!" to everybody else. I looked at Their Majesties. The King went on with the business of investiture as if he had no other thought. The Queen sat cool and motionless as if carved in marble. Behind the thrones the tent door opened and I could see a double row of Sikh soldiers, ready to ensure at all costs Their Majesties' safety; but for cool courage and indifference to danger I have never seen anything equal to that displayed by the King and Queen.

On the 15th December the King laid the foundation stone of the new capital close to the Jama Masjid, but no structure has ever been built on it. The Government engineers found a more suitable site for the imperial city some miles away in the direction of the Kutub Minar. The day after the laying of the foundation stone His Majesty went to Nepal to shoot big game. This he had long wished to do. He had been invited to shoot there when he had come out as Prince of Wales, but cholera had prevented his going. On this occasion all went well. His Majesty had magnificent sport, shooting

over thirty tigers. In the meantime my wife and I returned to Bombay. She went on to Mahableshwar, where she had left the children. I remained at Bombay to cope with the arrears of routine work that had accumulated while I was engaged with the labours of the Durbar. I also had to prepare for Their Majesties' official departure.

At noon on the 10th January the King and Queen returned to Bombay. Their Majesties drove in state from the station to Apollo Bandar, and then took their places on the thrones in the pavilion, where the high officials and foreign Consuls were presented to them. I had one awful moment before the presentations. The gentlemen to be presented had to walk through a gap in the ranks which I had carefully kept open in agreement with the Chief of the Royal Staff, Sir Rollo Grimston. When I returned to my place after a momentary absence, I found several gigantic officers of the Royal Staff blocking up my passage. I spoke to one and begged him to move. From the height of his seven feet he looked down at me contemptuously and said nothing. Worse still, he did not move. I was completely at a loss what to do, as the proceedings were about to begin. Suddenly Sir Rollo Grimston grasped the situation and I heard his cheery voice call out: "Officers of the Royal Staff higher up." His command acted like magic. The group of giants moved to the left and the gap was once more open. I have never felt so profoundly grateful to anyone as I did to Sir Rollo at that moment.

Before the presentations the Vice-President of the Bombay Executive Council, Sir Richard Lamb, read

an address. He read it slowly and distinctly, and I was admiring the clearness of his pronunciation. Suddenly I heard close by a low, hoarse, coughing roar like that of a charging tiger. I looked round and saw Lord Stamfordham.¹ He hissed in my ear: "For God's sake, stick a pin into that fellow's leg and get him to read faster." As that is not the usual way in which a secretary conveys suggestions to a member of Council, I modified the form of Lord Stamfordham's request: "If you please, sir, Lord Stamfordham has begged me to ask you whether you could not read a little faster." Sir Richard Lamb took fright at this and gabbled through the rest of the address at such a rate that I could hardly follow a word. Lord Stamfordham was, I suppose, afraid that there would not be time for the ceremonial, but he need not have been so impatient. The time allotted was ample.

After the presentations and the address, Their Majesties walked a little way forward and bowed towards the crowd in the amphitheatre. They then turned and walked back towards the sea. As they disappeared down the steps, the crowd began with a sudden outburst to sing "God Save the King." I was standing by Sir Charles Cleveland, the talented head of the Criminal Intelligence Department. Throughout the royal progress he had watched over Their Majesties' safety with success. Neither of us sang; we seized each other's hands and shook them heartily, overflowing with joy and thankfulness that neither outrage nor unpleasant incident had marred the royal visit. Their Majesties were leav-

¹ Private secretary to H.M. the King-Emperor.

ing India safe and well after an unparalleled success. Nothing else in the world mattered. That evening I walked to Colaba, the southernmost point of Bombay Island, and watched with feelings of heartfelt gratitude the s.s. *Medina*, accompanied by her escort, spread fanwise on each side, steam out into the Arabian Sea.

Next morning we had to attend Byculla Station in uniform, as it was the official departure of the Viceroy. As Lord Hardinge shook hands with me he said: "I want to tell you, Mr Kincaid, that His Majesty was very pleased with the preparations made for his arrival and departure." All I could reply was: "I am very pleased indeed to hear your Excellency say so." The following day I took seven weeks' leave and joined my wife and children at Mahableshtar.

At this time it seemed as if I had the ball at my feet. I had been decorated. I had won the friendship and esteem of Lord Sydenham and Sir William Morison. I had been personally assured by the Viceroy that the arrangements organised by me had been successful. I could indulge in visions of the Chief Secretaryship when my three years as secretary had expired. Then, as so often happens in India, a bolt fell from the blue. Sir William Morison had, it appeared, long had trouble with his eyesight. Indeed, he had lost the sight of one eye, and he was afraid that he might lose the sight of the other. He therefore decided, directly the Durbar was over, to send in his resignation. In his place the Secretary of State appointed as Sir William's successor Mr H——, then Agent to

the Governor in Kathiawar. We had, unfortunately, had differences of opinion about certain matters in that province, and the outlook was none too reassuring. Nevertheless I enjoyed my leave thoroughly, tried hard, but in vain, to get near another panther, and at the end of February resumed charge of my office. I returned to Mahableshtar with the Bombay Government in April, and then I had better fortune. In the same wild valley beyond that of the Krishna, wherein I had already shot a panther, I bagged another. It was evidently very young and very bold, for I had not been sitting more than half an hour when it appeared. It was still broad daylight and its spotted hide looked lovely as the sun shone on it. I put my rifle to my shoulder, but as I did so a twig brushed off my metal sight protector. A moment of intense excitement followed, for, if the metal had hit a stone, the noise would have scared away the panther. Fortunately the sight protector fell on soft grass and made no sound. A second later I had aimed and fired. The panther collapsed stone dead. The same hot weather I had a curious experience. There had been a cow killed on the ridge between the Krishna Valley and the one beyond it. I walked to the spot and sat over the dead animal, but I saw nothing bigger than a wild cat that was trying nervously to steal some of the panther's kill. As we walked home, the shikari suddenly drew my attention to the footprints made by us as we made our way to the *machan*. Over our tracks were the 'pugs' of a large panther. The beast that we had hoped to shoot had seen us walking towards the kill, had followed us to see what we meant to do, and had no doubt watched us as

we tried to hide ourselves in the nearest tree. Patiently it had waited close by for us to go away and leave it to eat its dinner in peace.

I worked under the new member of Council until October 1912, when I decided to go home on leave ~~and~~ then revert to the Judicial Department. It was a very grave decision to take, as it killed all my hopes of the Chief Secretaryship; but my differences with my chief continued. Although our relations were correct and even friendly, I felt that I no longer enjoyed to the same extent as before the confidence of my immediate superior, and I thought it only fair that he should be allowed to choose a new secretary.

On resigning office Lord Sydenham, with his usual courtesy and thoughtfulness, wrote me the following letter :—

DEAR MR KINCAID,—We part officially to-day, as I expect to be leaving India just as you return from leave. I want, therefore, to thank you warmly for all your excellent work as Secy., P.D. Of that work no one can judge better than I, and I well know how heavy it is.

Your clear thinking and your legal knowledge have been most valuable to me in throwing light on difficult cases and enabling me to form conclusions. You have exactly fitted a post which is very important and not easy to fill.

I am sure that the experience you have gained will be of use in your future career, and I cordially wish you every success.—Yours sincerely,

G. S. CLARKE.¹

¹ Lord Sydenham was still Sir George Clarke when this letter was written.

I applied for and obtained six months' leave on urgent private affairs. My wife, who had preceded me to England, met me in London. I collected our two children in Cheshire and took the family to Chateau d'Aix for winter sports ; and in the joys of skating, lugeing and skiing, I forgot the worries I had been through. When my six months had expired I was gazetted Judge of Satara.



CHAPTER XI.

JUDGE OF SATARA AND POONA.

It was very pleasant to return to Satara, where I had known the Bar when Assistant Judge. Their greeting of me was most cordial. I had no assistant, and the criminal work was so heavy that during my stay in Satara I hardly did anything but try persons charged with dacoiting and similar crimes. Again the problem that presented itself was that of getting verdicts of 'guilty' out of the assessors. The difficulty was not quite the same as at Poona, where trials were held by jury, and where the judge could only get round the jury's verdict by referring the case to the High Court. Where a judge sits with the assessors he can overrule the assessors' opinion and convict or acquit according to his own discretion. Nevertheless it is to his great advantage if their opinion coincides with his own. If the assessors pronounce the accused 'not guilty,' and the judge convicts, the appellant's counsel in the High Court can oppose to the finding of the judge the 'considered opinion of two respectable Indian gentlemen, fully acquainted with the customs and manners of the people and fully competent to decide on the facts, &c., &c.' This argument used to carry weight with some High Court Judges. On

the other hand, if the assessors and the District Judge concur, the Public Prosecutor can support the conviction with the same valuable contention. Their Lordships would be very loth to upset the considered finding of a District Judge with whom his assessors agreed. I therefore looked about for some device by which to get sensible opinions out of my assessors.

The reason why they were so much in favour of the defence was that they did not, as a rule, know English. It was thus useless for the judge to sum up to them in that language. They, therefore, had to decide the guilt or innocence of the accused after hearing only the speeches of counsel; and the last speech was usually that of the defence. In these circumstances, left as they were without any help from the Bench, it is not surprising that they brought in verdicts of 'not guilty.' There was only one way to give them that help, and that was to sum up to them in their own language. No judge had ever summed up to the Satara assessors in the vernacular before; but I knew Marathi well, and I decided to use that as my medium. At first it was nervous work. When it got known that the judge was making a speech in Marathi, the court filled to overflowing. There was, however, no laughter nor even smiles at my mistakes, which, as I know, I made in plenty, but rather an intense and sympathetic interest. After a bit I lost my nervousness; my mistakes grew fewer, and my experiment proved a complete success. The assessors, flattered by my knowledge of their own tongue, listened with grave attention and brought in whatever verdict I suggested.

Shortly after my arrival at Satara I met a pro-

fessional Hindu conjurer whom I had once met before in rather curious circumstances. He had begged and obtained from me leave to give an exhibition of his skill in the court-house at Poona, naturally after court hours. There is a widespread belief in England that Indian conjurers are men of vast and mystic skill, who can *mesmerise* onlookers into the belief that illusory mangoes are growing up before their eyes, and who invariably end their performance by throwing a rope into the air, climbing up it and vanishing. As a matter of fact I have never seen any Indian conjurer the equal of Maskelyne and Cook. A Mr Bertram, one time a well-known prestidigitator, told me that all the best Indian conjurers took a course of lessons in England, and, when they went back to India, advertised themselves as 'Europe returned magicians!' My friend at Poona was no exception. He could palm coins and 'force' cards, but he had nothing else to show his audience, save one thing, and that certainly was out of the common. During the famine of 1900-1901 he had bought or stolen a small Indian boy and brought him up to be a medium. He kept the child's vitality low by deliberately under-feeding it until it became a perfect 'subject' for hypnosis. The conjurer had only to raise his hand above the boy's eyes and then bring it down sharply to produce a trance. When in the trance the boy would say anything the conjurer willed. During the performance in the court-house the conjurer put his medium into a hypnotic coma and walked to the far end of the hall. He then asked his audience to write numbers on slips of paper and hand the slips to him. The conjurer opened each slip in turn, looked at it,

and instantly the medium said aloud its contents. There was no trickery about it. The conjurer and his 'subject' were in direct mental communication. The former had but to think of a word or number for the latter to repeat it. We all applauded heartily the performance. Then a strange thing happened. The conjurer tried to bring the boy out of his trance, and somehow could not. Overawed by the judicial surroundings, the man lost his head completely and went and sat in a corner, the picture of despair. I went up to him and told him to pull himself together and not to be frightened, as he had not done anything wrong. At the same time I exerted all the will power at my command to make him recover his self-control. At last I succeeded. He rose and went back to the boy. He exercised his will power on the medium. I exerted mine on the conjurer, and at last we got the child back to self-consciousness. I successfully suggestionised the hypnotiser. When I met the conjurer again at Satara, I asked him what had happened to the wretched boy. He replied calmly that the boy had died of his milk diet. "Well, you gave him a miserable life!" The conjurer remained unruffled. "Yes indeed, Sahib, he had a miserable life of it, but what could I do? If I had not made a medium of him the missionary Sahib would have got hold of him and made a Christian of him!" All the Hindu gentlemen present seemed to think that the conjurer's defence was unanswerable; so I said no more.

The two most interesting cases that I tried in Satara were both against Musulman sub-inspectors of police.

In the first, a Musulman sub-inspector had come to know that a villager had died of snake-bite. His friends and relatives had carried the dying man round the tomb of the Musulman patron saint of the village, but without effect; although, so I was assured, such treatment had on previous occasions proved efficacious. The sub-inspector of the taluka saw his chance of turning a dishonest rupee, and coming to the village, declared that the dead man had been poisoned. After frightening the villagers out of their lives, he sent them all to a head constable, also a Musulman and a friend of his; with the villagers he sent a sepoy, and to his care he entrusted a note to the head constable. In it he told the latter to beat and frighten them until they agreed to pay some hush money. The sepoy put the note in his turban; but, as he walked, it slipped out. One of the villagers picked it up, but they were all illiterate. Still, thinking it would be desirable to know the contents, they contrived to get some literate person to read it. They said nothing at the time, acted the part of the frightened country louts, paid Rs. 100 and then went off at full speed to the nearest magistrate. An inquiry was held, and a prosecution ordered. The head constable tried to establish an alibi and suborned some Waghris—a wild gipsy tribe—to depose that on the day when the sub-inspector was alleged to have written the letter he was with them at a great distance from the scene of the crime. The wretched Waghris broke down completely under cross-examination; and finally, to escape from the toils, cheerfully apologised for giving false evidence,

on the ground that they had only done so because they had been paid by the sub-inspector. Needless to say, the latter was convicted.

The second case had a historic interest. In the seventeenth century a family known as More had established themselves in the Koyna and Krishna Valleys as feudal lords of the Bijapur Kings. In 1655 A.D. Shivaji Bhosle had overthrown this family. He secured most of their wealth; but a portion of it, concealed in an earthen pot and buried in the Krishna Valley, had escaped his observation. The descendants of the More family had been forced to sell one after the other such fields as the Maratha King had left them, and, some years before the events of which I write happened, had sold their last field and left the neighbourhood. The purchaser, as he ploughed his new acquisition, unearthed the pot of treasure. He and his relatives shared the contents. The Mores came to hear of the find, claimed it as theirs and complained to the Chief Constable of Wai. He at once hastened to the spot, forced the possessors of the treasure to disgorge it and pocketed it himself. This course, naturally, satisfied no one. The Mores and their purchasers joined hands and reported the Chief Constable to the English Assistant Collector. In the meantime the Chief Constable, to cover his crime, made a series of ingenious false entries in his diaries and police records with the object of showing that he had acted honestly and had from the first intended to send the gold to the local sub-treasury. His ingenuity was wasted. The evidence of the villagers was convincing. It was further

proved that he only began to make certain entries in his book after the Assistant Collector had begun his inquiry and much later than the dates they bore. He also was convicted and received an exemplary sentence.

I have not cited these two cases because I have any grudge against the police. On the contrary, the Indian policeman has no warmer admirer than me. Often let down by his Government, constantly abused by the Press and the political agitators, he still does his duty with a loyalty and courage beyond all praise. I have only mentioned these two prosecutions because trials of police officers have a peculiar interest. I shall now mention an inquiry in which two police subordinates showed a detective skill worthy of Sherlock Holmes. A Deccan Brahman of Satara had long lived with a woman of the town named Narmadabai, and was evidently greatly attached to her. He built her a house and spent his entire fortune on keeping her and providing her with jewellery. At last he was penniless. For a time Narmadabai kept him out of the presents of other lovers. Then they seemed to have insisted that she should turn him out of the house. She had probably grown weary of him as well, and she shut the door in his face. The Brahman was furious and thought only how to revenge himself. At last a devilish plan entered his mind. Narmadabai had in her house a little niece and was bringing her up, as public women in India often do, to be, when old enough, a harlot like herself and so keep her in her old age. The Brahman knew the little girl well and waited for

her as she came back from school. He give her some sweets and led her towards a big well a few yards off the main road. He told her to look into it and, as she leaned over, he pushed her in. Leaving her to drown, he escaped and fled into native state territory. For three months or more the police looked for him high and low, for a neighbour had seen him with the little girl shortly before her death. They could not trace him. One day two subordinate policemen happened to be travelling from Poona to Kolhapur, and got out at Miraj Station to have some tea. In the refreshment room there was another customer also drinking tea. One policeman whispered to the other that he resembled the missing Brahman's picture published in the 'Police Gazette.' The second policeman agreed. The first policeman then began to talk aloud to his companion and mentioned casually that there had been recently a bad outbreak of plague in Satara, and that the notorious Narmadabai had died of it. The wretched Brahman instantly betrayed himself. "Ha!" he exclaimed aloud, "I was unable to punish you, Narmabadai, but heaven has!" The two policemen sprang on him, arrested him and took him back to Satara, where Narmadabai, perfectly alive and well, identified him. The assessors found him guilty. I took the same view and sentenced him to death. The High Court confirmed my conviction and the murderer was very properly hanged.

A case that gave me more trouble than any of the preceding was one in which I was not trying judge, but the investigating officer. The victim

of my inquiries was the Nazir or court treasurer, in whose hands were not only the court funds but the property of all the court's infant wards. He was a native Christian called de S——, but he was known to the Indians in Satara by the absurd name of 'Ali Baba.' This title had no connection with the Arabian Nights; but his Christian name was Alexander. 'Ali' was short for Alexander and 'Baba' meant child. He got the nickname when he was a little boy, for he was born and brought up in Satara. The appellation suited him thoroughly, for so plausible and cunning a scoundrel was he that he was quite the equal of any forty thieves! One of the first matters that I always looked into on arriving at a new court was the state of the accounts of the wards' properties. When a tribunal assumes such a charge it is a great responsibility, for the credit of the British Government is involved in the proper administration of these minors' estates. On arriving at Satara I asked for the accounts of the wards' properties, and found that 'Ali Baba' had, with the alleged consent of the previous judges, sold all the jewellery of the minors and lent out the sale price to neighbouring landowners on mortgage. This struck me as a dangerous thing to do, because landowners may well become bankrupt, whereas Government paper is reasonably safe. 'Ali Baba' used the same arguments to me that he had used with my predecessors—namely, that the landowners were very substantial persons and that they offered a higher rate of interest than the Government. On examining the mortgage deeds, I found that the landowners

only numbered two. I noted their names, and asked some Indian friends whether they knew those territorial magnates. They had never heard of them. This fact filled me with suspicion, and I called in the help of the local police inspector. He soon unravelled the mystery. The two great landowners were respectively 'Ali Baba's' gardener and his groom. They had cheerfully mortgaged vast stretches of land which they did not possess and had on each occasion received a rupee for doing so. 'Ali Baba' had then pocketed the sale price of the jewels. Unfortunately most of the loss was irrecoverable, for he had started a large dairy farm with the money stolen from the minors, and, having no experience of dairy farming and but little time from his court work to give to his farm, he had lost the money. 'Ali Baba' was tried, convicted and sentenced by my assistant, Mr Baker, to eight years' rigorous imprisonment. He deserved every day of it.

In the monsoon of 1913 I received an invitation from the Governor, Lord Willingdon, to give a lecture at Government House, Ganeshkhind, on 'Poona and its History.' Such an invitation was tantamount to a command, so of course I had to accept it. It was rather a terrifying ordeal. I knew that everyone on the Government House list would be invited, and I also knew that any failure on my part to make the lecture interesting would not be lightly condoned. Lady Willingdon, herself a very able woman, was not one who suffered fools gladly. It was therefore essential to make my lecture a success. I worked hard at it, wrote it out two or three times and learned it by heart. I also en-

gaged the services of a Mr Stewart, a motor garage man in Poona, who owned a magic lantern. I went to stay at Government House the day before my ordeal came off and made myself word-perfect. Nevertheless when I faced my audience I must confess to a sinking of heart. My audience comprised everyone of official standing—Admirals and Generals, members of the Executive Council, Judges of the High Court, Commissioners, Collectors, &c., &c. They were all in uniform and ablaze with decorations. However, I knew that I had my lecture pat off. I spoke for over an hour without having once to look at my notes. When I sat down I received an ovation. Lady Willingdon greeted me with both hands and congratulated me warmly. On my return to Satara I received letters and telegrams from friends among the audience expressing their appreciation. Lady Willingdon begged me to deliver another lecture the following year. I could only hope and pray that something would happen to prevent it. Something did. Less than a year afterwards the Great War broke out, and the question of my second lecture was, thank heaven! never raised.

While Judge of Poona I had written a series of articles for the 'Times of India,' which I republished in book form under the title of 'The Tale of the Tulsi Plant.' The edition was limited to five hundred copies. It had a *succès d'estime* similar to that of the 'Outlaws of Kathiawar.' The first edition was soon sold out. It has since been republished by Messrs Tarapurwala & Co., Bombay, and is still selling. The heavy work at the Secre-

tariat had stopped my writing, but having as Judge of Satara some leisure on my hands, I again turned to literature.

Strangely enough, I had, while secretary, searched a magazine called the 'Karmanuk' for seditious articles which, so I had been informed, had been published in it. I did not find the seditious articles, but I found some charming children's stories. The editor had offered a prize to the readers for the best told, and those published were the winning contributions. I grasped at once that this was valuable material and put the stories on one side. While I was in Satara I translated them and a number of similar ones for the 'Times of India' under the title of 'Deccan Nursery Tales.' It so happened that the late Sir George Birdwood, who had at one time held an appointment in Bombay, saw the Nursery Tales in the 'Times of India' and liked them. He wrote from London to the editor and begged him to tell me that if I got a certain Mr Dhurandhar, a clever Indian artist, to illustrate them, he would do his best to get them published. It was a very kind and gracious offer, especially as we had never met. I got into touch with Mr Dhurandhar, obtained from him a number of clever water-colours and sent them and a typescript of 'Deccan Nursery Tales' to Sir George Birdwood. He took them to Messrs Macmillan & Co., who accepted them. They proved very popular in the Deccan, specially in the cheap edition, and they are still widely used in schools where Marathi is the vernacular.

On finishing the 'Deccan Nursery Tales,' I began

another book that I had long wished to write. It was an attempt to do for the Indian heroic stories what Charles Kingsley had done for the Hellenic legends in his immortal 'Heroes.' I told in simple language the story of the Ramayana and the Mahabharata. Selected chapters were first accepted by the 'Times of India,' and afterwards the Oxford University Press in Bombay published the entire book. Of all my publications this was the most successful. It was prescribed for the Matriculation of the Universities of Calcutta, Patna and Madras. It was adopted as a text-book by all the Chiefs' Colleges. No less than fifty thousand copies have been sold, and the little work is still selling gaily.

We were very happy at Satara, and should very gladly have stayed on there until I next took leave. Unfortunately the Bombay Government conceived the idea that my presence in Poona had a soothing effect on its turbulent population. Mr Tilak, the well-known political leader, was nearing the completion of the six years' sentence to which he had been condemned by the High Court of Bombay. I was transferred to Poona, and at the same time informed that Government considered that I should be a valuable asset there. This was complimentary, but at the same time a nuisance. Still, orders are orders, and I had to obey.

Before I left Satara I entered into an arrangement with my old friend, Rao Bahadur D. B. Parasnis, to write a new history of the Marathas. Two already existed in English. The first, written by a Major Scott Waring shortly after 1818, was

worthless because of the inadequate material at the author's disposal. The second, written by Captain Charles Grant Duff in the first half of the nineteenth century, was a very valuable work. He was at the time Resident at the Court of the Maharaja of Satara, and the latter, anxious to have an authoritative history written in English of his house, gave Grant Duff all the help that he could. Indeed he made a member of his official staff write in Marathi a kind of family annals to form the basis of Grant Duff's new work. The result was the famous 'History of the Mahrattas.' Nevertheless the book had two grave defects. It was written without any regard for the feelings of the race whose story the author related. It lacked artistic arrangement and was more a chronicle than a history. The spelling, moreover, was old-fashioned and often unrecognisable. The Rao Bahadur insisted that Grant Duff's book was very unfair, and assured me that, if I went through the materials that he could place at my disposal, I should form a quite different opinion. I knew that the charges levelled against the great Shivaji by the eminent writer and slavishly copied by every other historian of India had caused intense annoyance. I also had the highest admiration for Parasnis, and felt sure that he would not deliberately mislead me. I therefore agreed to write a history of the Maratha people if he helped me with the materials. I warned him that I should not write just to please his nation, but I promised to write as fairly as I could. He accepted the arrangement, and while I was at Poona he sent me at intervals

masses of papers which I was to digest at my leisure during my next leave.¹

It was on my transfer to Poona that I first met Balak Ram of the Indian Civil Service. He was posted there as my assistant, and from the day of our first meeting until his tragically early death we were the closest friends. I do not think that those who have not enjoyed the intimate friendship of an Indian gentleman can really know how precious friendship can be. I do not wish in any way to depreciate my own countrymen; nevertheless I do not think that they put friendship on quite so high a level as Indians do. Your Englishman is apt to be so confoundedly impartial. I have several times heard an Englishman say, "I did not like to say too much in his favour, because he was my friend." On the other hand, an Englishman hesitates to belittle another just because they are on bad terms. An Indian would look at the matter with quite a different eye. To an Indian a friend is a friend, and one should always be ready to praise him both to his face and behind his back, and do him a good turn whenever the occasion arises. On the other hand, an enemy is

¹ The reverence in which Shivaji is held by his countrymen may be judged from the following anecdote. As agent for the Sardars of the Deccan, it fell to my lot to receive the descendant of Shivaji, the first class Sardar Bhosle of Satara. I mentioned this in conversation with the Chief of Bhore, and asked him whether, when he received the Sardar Bhosle, he seated him on his right hand or his left. The Chief looked at me for a moment in surprise and then exclaimed, "I should never dream of sitting in the presence of the descendant of Shivaji Maharaj!" The latter might be only a Sardar in the eyes of the British Government and the Chief an independent ruler, entitled to a salute of eleven guns and the appellation of His Highness; yet the Chief thought himself infinitely inferior to the descendant of the greatest of Indian kings.

an enemy and one to be abused, thwarted and, if possible, overthrown utterly if so fortunate a chance comes one's way. The Indian's attitude towards his enemies concerns me not, for I have never had, to my knowledge, an Indian enemy ; but I have several Indian gentlemen as my friends, and their friendships are among my most treasured possessions.

Through Balak Ram I came to know Dr Paranjpye, then head of the Fergusson College and afterwards member in turn of the Government of Bombay and of the Council of the Secretary of State for India. I never enjoyed his intimacy ; nevertheless I always had a profound admiration for his abilities. He went straight from the Fergusson College in Poona to Cambridge, and was senior wrangler of his year, a feat that brought him a congratulatory telegram from Lord Curzon. He declined several tempting offers of highly paid Government posts, and returned to the meagre salary of a Professor of Mathematics at his old Indian College. He stayed there both as professor and principal for many years ; then, as Gokhale his fellow countryman had done, he turned to politics. He was essentially a moderate, sensible man and refused to follow the lead of extremists. As I have said, he rose to high office and everywhere acquitted himself with great distinction.

The Commissioner of Poona at this time, Mr James Macneill, was a man of undoubted ability, but of very modest bearing. He spoke with a delightful purring Irish brogue. He was by religion a Catholic and a strong Home Ruler, but he never

obtruded either his political or religious views. He was very popular. Nevertheless none among his many friends anticipated the brilliance of his future career. During the Great War he retired unexpectedly and joined the Sinn Fein movement. His brother John, a famous Professor of Mediæval Gaelic, had been arrested and sentenced to death, but he had at the last moment been reprieved. During John's imprisonment the burden of supporting his brother's wife and children fell on the former Indian Civil Servant. After the treaty with England, Mr Cosgrave's Government appointed him High Commissioner for Ireland. Still higher distinction awaited the brilliant Irishman. On Mr Tim Healy's retirement, Mr James Macneill was appointed by His Majesty to be Governor-General of the Irish Free State.

One of the first cases that I was called upon to try after my return to Poona was that of a Jewish sub-inspector, who was charged with killing a suspected person in order to extort a confession. I may stop here and say a word about Indian Jews. An ancient legend relates that fourteen hundred years ago a ship laden with Ben-i-Israel was wrecked off Nawagaon to the south of Bombay Harbour. Of all the passengers only fourteen were saved—seven men and seven women. The bodies of the drowned were thrown up by the sea and were buried by the survivors close to Nawagaon, where two large mounds are still pointed out as their sepulchre. The fourteen castaways were, like all Hebrews, prolific, and their descendants spread over the Colaba district. The men often married

Hindu women, adopted Marathi as their speech and forgot their own. They almost forgot their religion as well, and would perhaps have done so completely had they not been vouchsafed a vision of Elijah at Khandala in the Konkan. Fortified by the teachings of the great prophet, they adhered to the worship of one God ; but into their Monotheism many pagan beliefs insinuated themselves.

Towards the end of the seventeenth century a Jewish Rabbi, coming from Arabia to Bombay, heard a rumour that there were co-religionists of his in the surrounding country. His curiosity excited, he paid them a visit and satisfied himself that, in spite of many unworthy superstitions, they really were Jews. Instead of returning to Arabia he settled among the Ben-i-Israel, and retaught them the truths of the Hebrew faith and the elements of the Hebrew language. On one point, however, his disciples were obdurate: they had heard such horrible stories of Jewish persecutions that they would not risk calling themselves Jews. They insisted on retaining their original name of Ben-i-Israel (Children of Israel), and as such they are known to this day.

When the English made Bombay their capital the Ben-i-Israel became their fast friends. The Ben-i-Israel enlisted in the English police force and in their pioneer regiments. They studied the English language, and both sexes became rapidly proficient in it. Indeed it is extremely rare to find a Ben-i-Israel man, woman or child, who does not speak excellent English, although they usually speak Marathi at home. While becoming close friends of Christians, they have become stricter in their own

religious practices. They attend the Jewish synagogues both in Bombay and Poona; nevertheless in the countryside they retain a large number of Hindu observances.

Unfortunately Mr Daniel, for that was my Jewish sub-inspector's name, was not a good specimen of his race. Nevertheless he might well have got through his service without disaster and earned his pension, had not his imagination been fired by the case against the Sub-Inspector of Wai, which I have already related. If that wretched Musulman could secure a pot of treasure, why should he, Daniel, a namesake of the great prophet, a member of the chosen people, not do likewise? As ill-luck would have it, a workman in Wadgaon, the headquarters of Mr Daniel's charge, found a gold coin in a house that he was demolishing. Unusually honest, the unfortunate workman took the coin to Mr Daniel. Here was the realisation of the Hebrew's dreams. If the workman brought one gold coin, reasoned the sub-inspector, he must have found at least one hundred and put the remainder in some hiding-place known only to himself. Mr Daniel sprang on his victim like a lion on a lamb and bellowed at him to produce the other coins. The wretched coolie had no others to produce. Exasperated by his refusal, Mr Daniel passed from bellows to blows, and at last beat the over-virtuous treasure-finder so severely that he died. Mr Daniel was now in a perilous state. Instead of getting a potful of gold coins he had only got a corpse. How was he to dispose of it? He waited until midnight and then carried it into the street. There he left it lying.

Next morning, when the presence of the dead body was reported to him by one of his subordinates, he proceeded to hold an inquest and found that the deceased had died of snake-bite. So far so good, but the wife and relatives of the deceased would have none of his finding. They laid a complaint before the nearest first class magistrate. Further inquiries were instituted. The sub-assistant surgeon held a post-mortem and reported that there was no trace of snake-bite, but that the deceased had died of internal hæmorrhage produced by great external violence. The sub-inspector was arrested, and in spite of a carefully prepared alibi was convicted and sentenced to ten years' rigorous imprisonment.

Among the many duties of the District Judge of Poona is that of visitor of the lunatic asylum at Yerawda. He has to visit it once every quarter. On one visit I found a German doctor there. He seemed quite sane; but as none of the English officials of the asylum talked German and he knew no English, they could not be sure about his sanity. My German was rather rusty, but I resolved to find out who the man was and why he was there. He told me his sad story. In the early months of the War the Portuguese remained neutral. Their harbours thus offered a tempting refuge to German and Austrian merchantmen. When their harbours were filled and overflowing, the Portuguese declared war, and thus garnered a noble harvest of enemy vessels. At the time of my visit to the asylum Portugal was still neutral, and the German doctor had been employed on one of the ships that fled for shelter to Goa Harbour. He and one of the executive

officers on board found Goa intolerably dull, and they resolved to go to Bombay and have a spree. They ran the risk of being arrested. Nevertheless they hoped to escape observation. They went by train to Bombay, stayed at the Taj Mahal Hotel, looked on the wine when it was red and generally misconducted themselves in the best Teutonic style. As the doctor was a one-language man they were soon overheard talking German, reported to the police and arrested. On their way to the concentration camp for enemy civilians, the executive officer, who knew English, asked the escort what fate awaited them. The light-hearted corporal in charge said, with a serious face, "I am afraid, sir, it's a shooting case all right. The way that you Germans 'ave gone on in Belgium 'as been somethink cruel; so now the British Government 'as sent out horders to shoot all prisoners." The executive officer translated this uncompromising reply to the German doctor, and the shock of it, on the top of all the drink that he had had in Bombay, turned his brain; he was taken to Yerawda a raving lunatic. The executive officer stood the news better than the doctor, and he was sent to the concentration camp at Ahmadnagar. After listening to the doctor's tale I reported that he was quite sane, and he was very soon sent to rejoin his friend.

A very sad case that I saw at Yerawda about the same time was that of an English officer, a very handsome young fellow, who had had a touch of the sun somewhere on the frontier. He went crazy for a while, and the medical officer in charge of the hospital reported him as unfit to remain in the army.

He was 'axed' and sent to the Yerawda asylum. When I saw him he was certainly quite sane; but the superintendent of the institution was deeply read in Freudian theories and was convinced that the young fellow was still mad. Nothing that I could say could shake the superintendent's belief. As he was a medical man of wide experience, it was impossible for me to overrule his decision. Fortunately the young man was sent shortly afterwards to England; there, I feel sure, he must have been released.

In the autumn of 1915 my wife and I with our youngest son sailed for England on a year's leave. All avenues of promotion seemed blocked, so it seemed a good plan to take leave and to write the first volume of my 'History of the Maratha People.' Had I known what awaited us at home we should have stayed in India. There we were really outside the war zone. In England we were in the centre of it. We took a house in Cheshire and I settled down to work. The history proved an arduous task, and I had to extend my leave by four months before I completed the first volume. In February 1917 I left my wife in England. She was to have followed me at the beginning of the cold weather. We little guessed that she would be unable to get a passage until February 1919. My vessel was the P. & O. s.s. *Medina*, the ship that had carried Their Majesties six and a half years before to India. It was her last complete voyage, for she was torpedoed on the journey home.

On the way to India we had, as far as Port Said, to wear lifebelts all day and sleep in our clothes

all night. If one left one's lifebelt out of reach, a quartermaster soon noticed it and came up carrying the belt, and with it the rebuke: "Beg your pardon, sir, Captain's orders are that passengers should always have their lifebelts handy for immediate use." Everyone was obedient, and after the first day or two the quartermasters had no need to correct the travellers in their charge. An incumbent of some English deanery who was on board, held services on Sundays, and they were usually well attended. The passengers thought it as well to make their peace with heaven before they found a watery grave. The dean was enchanted, and confessed that he had attributed to Anglo-Indians a godlessness that they did not deserve. A French gentleman on board, with whom I became very friendly, was immensely struck by the piety of the passengers. He declared himself greatly impressed by the "*sentiment religieux des Anglais*." At Port Said a change came over the spirit of the ship. We were no longer in the torpedo zone. We were allowed to discard our lifebelts, to go to bed in pyjamas and to play cricket on deck. The passengers, too, as I am sorry to say, lost much of their religious feeling. Since a watery grave seemed so far away, there was no longer the same urgency to make one's peace with heaven. The dean's congregation dwindled away to nothing. He became convinced that his first opinion of the godlessness of Anglo-Indians was, if anything, short of the mark. My French friend, to whom, at his request, I explained the diminution of the congregation, was more impressed than ever. He no longer spoke

of "le sentiment religieux," but of "le sens pratique des Anglais."

I was very anxious to know where I should be posted. I had applied for a Deccan station, but the Chief Justice of Bombay wanted a senior officer to go to Ahmadabad, the most important judgeship in the Presidency. Unfortunately not only was the work exacting but the climate was terribly hot. Above all, there were no fans in the judge's house. Mr Kennedy, I.C.S., had for many years served there, and, when asked if he wanted fans, replied that it was only in the hot weather that he felt reasonably warm. In winter he almost died of the cold. If he were given fans he would be cold all through the summer as well! It did not occur to him that the fans would not revolve unless he pressed the switch. As a result of his peculiar views no fans had been installed in his house, and it was impossible to get any during the War.

When I reached Bombay I received a letter from the private secretary to say that I was posted as District Judge of Nasik. It transpired that Mr Kennedy, who had been granted leave and whom I was to replace, had suddenly decided that the intense cold of an English summer was more than he could bear; so he had cancelled his leave. This saved me from Ahmadabad and I was posted to Nasik.

CHAPTER XII.

NASIK AND THE VICEROY'S COUNCIL.

NASIK is, in my opinion, the most delightful station in the Bombay Presidency. It is situated on the banks of the sacred Godavari, and both town and river are the theme of poetry and legend. Nasik is said to derive its name from Nasika or 'nose.' There, according to the Sanskrit Epic, the Ramayana, Ramachandra's brother, Laxman, cut off the nose of Surpanakha, the sister of Ravana, King of Ceylon. This incident led to the rape of Sita and the conquest of Ceylon. The legendary origin of the Godavari River is still more fantastic. The story runs that the Ganges River once flowed in heaven, but, as India was short of water, the god Vishnu let it pour down on earth. To prevent world-wide destruction the god Shiva caught it, as it fell, in his hair. There it remained in the form of a beautiful woman for a whole year. Shiva's queen, the goddess Parvati, grew jealous of the lady whom Shiva was carrying about on his head, and so worried Shiva that at last he discharged the fairest portion of the river at Trimbak, where the Godavari River rises. After this operation

the Ganges River became quite plain and Parvati ceased to be jealous of her.

Another feature of Nasik is its beautiful eighteen-hole golf course. It belongs to the Bombay Golf Club; but every official in Nasik is a member of it. In the hot weather it is unpleasantly warm only from 12 (noon) to 4 P.M., and then a lovely breeze springs up. The nights are beautifully cool. The winter is sharp and invigorating. In the rains the climate is the finest in India. Indeed the fact that at one time it was nearly decided that the Viceroy should live at Nasik all the year round, is strong evidence of its superiority over other health resorts.

The judicial work was very light, and I was able to finish for the Oxford University Press a book, 'Tales from the Indian Epics,' that I had begun at home. It was ancillary to 'The Indian Heroes,' and consisted of a collection of stories related to, or by, the heroes in the course of the Ramayana and Mahabharata epics. The Oxford Press published the little work, and although it did not have the phenomenal success of 'The Indian Heroes' it did quite well. It was prescribed for the Calcutta University, but a boycott movement instituted in Bengal by Mr Gandhi greatly affected its sale. Afterwards it was prescribed for the Madras University. Over twenty thousand copies of the little book have been sold since its publication. That summer I went to Mahableshtar, and there I learnt that the Bombay Government wished to nominate me as a member of the Viceroy's Council. At this time there was only one assembly at Delhi, known as the

Legislative Council of the Viceroy. It consisted of a minority of elected members, and of a majority, known as the official 'Block,' of nominated officials and non-officials. Among the nominated officials was a representative of each province. I was to be nominated for the Presidency of Bombay. Ordinarily there would have been no difficulty, but the Chief Justice, on grounds very flattering to me but at the same time most annoying, objected to my appointment to the Council. He claimed that I was one of his ablest and most experienced judges. I naturally did not look at the matter in the same light. I pulled every string I could in support of the Bombay Government, and in the end Lord Willingdon overruled the Chief Justice. I was gazetted a member of the Viceroy's Council with the prefix of the 'Honble. Mr' to my name. The post, however, was not a full-time one. I had to attend the sessions of the Council at Simla in August and September, and at Delhi in January and February.

The rest of the year I worked as Judge of Nasik. Before going to the Council I was detailed to preside over the Gondal-Porbandar Railways Commission. I represented the Bombay Government, Mr (now Sir Robert) Holland represented the Government of India, and Mr Taylor, a State Railways official, assisted us with his expert knowledge. The question at issue was the separation of the railway systems of the Gondal and the Porbandar States. Many years before, with the consent and support of the principal states in Kathiawar, an extensive railway system had been built. It was known as the Bhavanagar, Gondal, Jamnagar, Por-

bandar Railway, or 'B.G.J.P. Railway' for short. It was at first under the management of an English official lent by the Government of India. Later on both the Bhavanagar and Jamnagar States objected to the English management and broke away. Gondal and Porbandar wished to do so also, but there was this difficulty. The Thakor Sahib of Gondal claimed that he was a minor when the railway was built through his state, and that the administration had not protected his interests. Porbandar had been allowed to build part of the line in his state. He urged that he should be allotted on separation all that section of the railway running through his limits. He was willing to award Porbandar such pecuniary compensation as the commission thought fit. Porbandar, on the other hand, claimed that the land for the railway had been formally ceded by the state's administrator and representative. They demanded the retention of all the line that had been built with Porbandar money. They did not want compensation, for, so they contended, to reduce the Porbandar line to the section within the narrow limits of the Maharana Rana's state would prevent it from ever paying its way.

Ranjitsingji, who in 1908 had at last succeeded to the throne of Jamnagar, put, with his usual courtesy, his *utaro* or house in Rajkot at the disposal of the commission. There we stayed during the hearing. It lasted a fortnight, and in the end Taylor and I found in favour of Porbandar. Holland found in favour of Gondal, and as he was Deputy Secretary of the Government of India in the Political Department, his view prevailed. Porbandar appealed to

the Secretary of State. By that time Holland had become member of the Council of the Secretary of State, and the appeal was rejected. While I was in Rajkot the Jam Sahib invited me to Jamnagar. He took me there in his special train and showed me the greatest kindness. I had known Jamnagar in the days of Colonel Kennedy and of my brother-in-law, Norman Seddon, I.C.S., and I could see what great improvements the Jam Sahib had already carried out. He also indicated what he intended to do. I was fortunate enough to visit the town again early in 1931 and to see the visions of the Jam Sahib materialised in stone.

In August 1917 I went to Simla. In those spacious days each member of the Viceroy's Council was allowed to reserve for himself at Government expense an entire compartment. I enjoyed this privilege greatly, and travelled in luxury and privacy to Kalka at the foot of the mountains. Thence one can go either by railway or by motor lorry to Simla. I should warn travellers against the railway. The windows of the carriages are very small, the rail track winds in and out of tunnels and round projecting buttresses of rock. On a later occasion I was in a compartment with two ladies and both were deadly sick. I only avoided this peculiar form of 'sea-sickness' by keeping my eyes glued to a book all the way. So long as I did that I felt perfectly well. If my eyes strayed from its pages to look at the mountain scenery I felt very ill, and only saved myself by once more beginning to read. On this, my first visit, I went by motor lorry. Among the passengers who had reserved seats on my lorry

was Kumar Shri Digvijaysinji, the son of my old friend the Thakor Sahib of Limbdi. I was very pleased to see an old Kathiawadi friend, and I think he was pleased to see me. We had *chota hazri* together at Kalk¹ and breakfast at Solon, famous as the home of General Dyer of Amritsar. His family owned a brewery there.

On reaching Simla I found that the Legal Secretary to the Government of India, Mr (afterwards Sir Alexander) Muddiman, had reserved me a room in the house formerly occupied by Sir Reginald Cradock. He had been Home Member of the Government of India, but his firmness in Council had led to his promotion to be Lieutenant-Governor of Burma. The house was, for comfort, too far from the Legislative Council Hall; but my bedroom commanded a most wonderful view of the snow-capped Himalayas. All of us in the house were members of the Legislative Council, and we were lodged and fed at a fixed daily rate. Among my fellow boarders were Sir Verney Lovett, K.C.S.I., who represented the United Provinces; Sir Ibrahim Rahimtulla, an elected member from Bombay and afterwards President of the Legislative Assembly; and Sir Krishna Gupta, a perfectly charming country gentleman and lawyer from Behar and Orissa. Although Sir Krishna made at times, in the Council Chamber, vigorous attacks on the British Government, he was at heart pro-English. On one occasion I said to him that I did not see why the English should surrender the dominion that their fathers and grandfathers had won by their courage and their diplomacy. He answered quite seriously, "My

dear Kincaid, I cannot for the life of me make out why you do!" I gave him a copy of my book, 'The Indian Heroes.' He seemed to like it very much, and, as a proof of his appreciation, had it prescribed, when a member of the Behar and Orissa Government, as a text-book for the use of provincial schools. He died a comparatively young man, as so many distinguished Indians unfortunately do.

The Viceroy, Lord Chelmsford, opened the Legislative Council in great state, delivered an excellent speech and then adjourned the Council for ten days. He had captained the Oxford Cricket XI., and had obtained a first class in the Law school. Since then he has been appointed Warden of All Souls. He had immense difficulties to face—the Great War with its tragedies in Irak, and the insane political experiments of Mr Montagu. Against the latter he should have made a firmer stand, and his weakness in the matter, judging from the comments that I heard, rather disappointed his friends. In fact I heard applied to him the famous epigram written by Tacitus about the Emperor Galba, "Omnium consensu capax imperii, nisi imperasset." (He would, in the opinion of all men, have been worthy to rule had he not actually become a ruler.)

When the adjournment was over I had to make my maiden speech. Sir George Lowndes, the Law member, had to present to the House a short Bill to endow the Baronetcy of Sir Currambhoy Ibrahim. He had lots of other work on his hands, so he handed over the presentation of the Bill to me as a Bombay member. It was quite an easy speech to make, but the standard of official oratory in the House was

low, and the fluency with which I said my say apparently won the approval of Sir William Vincent, the new Home member. Ever afterwards I was enrolled as an orator on the Government side, whenever help was needed, to reply to the ebullient rhetoric of the non-official members.

One of the privileges of the members of the Legislative Council was that of dining at least once a session at Viceregal Lodge. I was invited with others. We dined off silver-plate. I sat next an Indian prince, who assured me that his state service was all of gold. This was quite likely, for at Baroda I have dined off gold-plate as the guest of H.H. the Gaikwar. The inferiority of the metal did not worry me much ; and I looked with interest on the coats of arms of the various Viceroys that decorated the wall of the dining-room. These had been put up by Lord Curzon. They began with the arms of Warren Hastings, and I read with an awful curiosity the motto, "*Mens Aequa in Arduis*," referred to so effectively by Macaulay in his famous essay.

Among the distinguished people whom I met at Simla were Sir Charles and Lady Monro. He was Commander-in-Chief and had won a great reputation by recommending the evacuation of Gallipoli. He had been, like myself, at Sherborne School. Sir Verney Lovett, another old Shirburnian, took me up to Sir Charles and introduced me. We represented three school generations. Monro had left just after Verney Lovett had gone to Sherborne. I went there the term after Lovett had left. Monro was extremely cordial, and he and Lady Monro invited me several times to lunch and dinner at their official

residence, formerly the private property of the great Lord Kitchener.

Early in the session came the famous pronouncement of August 1917, in which the Secretary of State promised Home Rule to India. This was followed by the release of prisoners and political détenus, of whom the most celebrated was Mrs Annie Besant. It was understood that the Governor of Madras had protested vigorously against the cancellation of the executive order controlling Mrs Besant's movements, but he had been overruled by Mr Montague on the ground that he wished to create a 'favourable atmosphere' for his reforms. This was one of the favourite catchwords of the time, which Indians and Englishmen alike repeated like parrots without giving them a thought. It is hard to understand how a 'favourable atmosphere' can be created by releasing persons who have been inveighing against the administration. If it was necessary to put them under lock and key to enable the ordinary government to function, it was still more important to keep them there while the difficult task of introducing a novel system of administration was under examination. Another catch phrase—invented, I believe, by Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman, and much in vogue at the time—was, "Good government is no substitute for self-government." Whoever the author was he cannot be congratulated. For by opposing self-government to good government he seems to admit that self-government must be bad. As a matter of fact there is nothing in the world so precious as good government, except good health. It is no consolation to an American, robbed by a

gangster in Chicago, to reflect that his country enjoys self-government. Whereas those who have known Italy before and after the rise of Fascism will at once admit that self-government was well lost for good government. This view has, moreover, been admirably stated by one much greater than Campbell-Bannerman :

“For forms of government let fools contest,
Whate’er is best administered is best.”

On arrival at Simla I called on Sir Alexander Muddiman and he asked me to dinner. Among the guests were Surendranath Banerji, the former leader of the agitation against the partition of Bengal. He had been in the Indian Civil Service, had left it and become a professional politician. He was a charming personality and an extraordinarily fluent, eloquent speaker. His speech, made two days before the dinner-party, advocating total prohibition throughout India, had been one of his noblest performances. He drew tears from the eyes of his audience as he described the ruin caused by drink among the finest intellects in Bengal. At Muddiman’s table, however, he showed that if he could speak with the most eloquent he could drink with the hardest. He commanded my entire admiration. When he was half-way through his fourth glass of port I ventured to whisper, “But, Mr Banerji, I thought you were a very strong temperance man.” “Yes, yes,” he answered unabashed, “but that was in Council; here I am among friends and, of course, that is quite different !” He evidently believed in a broad

dividing line between public and private lives. Another stout performer was the Hon. Mr K—. He had, if possible, been in speech even more unpromising than Mr Banerji ; yet his skill at handling liquor put all other performers in the shade. He left Muddiman's house before I did, but he did not get home any earlier. As I was walking to the outer gate I found him wandering round and round the compound, unable to find the exit. I escorted him home.

Towards the end of the session occurred Sir Michael O'Dwyer's famous attack on Pandit Malavya. It arose out of a debate, initiated, so far as I could judge, by Sir Mahomed Shafi, a Panjabi representative, to draw favourable notice to the vast numbers of men raised in the Panjab for service in the Great War. Sir Michael took advantage of the debate to reply to some of Pandit Malavya's Press attacks on him. As I had not read the Press attacks I found it difficult to follow his speech. It had, however, a rousing effect on the elected Indian members of the Legislative Council. Every other minute they were leaping to their feet on points of order. Sir George Lowndes, the Law member, who was in the chair, overruled them one and all, and so allowed Sir Michael to have his talk out. Afterwards the elected members went, I believe, to the Viceroy. Anxious to arrange the matter, Lord Chelmsford induced O'Dwyer to express regret for any pain that his words had caused the Pandit. On the other hand, the Pandit promised to express regret for any hurt that his Press articles had caused Sir Michael. At the next meeting of the Council, O'Dwyer rose to

his feet and apologised according to the agreed formula. We all awaited the Pandit's turn; but he remained in his seat. The Viceroy was naturally very angry. At the succeeding and last meeting of the Council he referred to the matter. He praised O'Dwyer's generosity, wisdom and strength, and then he turned on the Pandit and gave him a really bad ten minutes. It is only fair to add the Pandit's explanation, given by him in his own political organ. He therein assured the Viceroy that he had not understood that he had to apologise at once; he had believed that a later apology would suffice.

The weather grew lovely towards the end of the autumn session, and it was with great reluctance that I left Simla to return to Nasik in October. Still, Nasik was turning cold, and I looked forward to a cold weather there. The judge's garden gate opens on the seventh hole of the course, and golf is the serious business of all officials there. In other stations judges find the winter dull, because the executive officers go on tour and they are left alone in the station; but during the War there was established at Nasik an officers' convalescent home. There was thus an ample and very pleasant society, and every evening the 'nineteenth hole' of the course was full. I had not, however, been more than a month in Nasik before I received a piteous appeal from Mr F. K. Boyd, I.C.S. He had been Judge of Nasik and I had displaced him. He had taken furlough; but, unable to go to England because of the War, he had decided to spend his leave at Ootacamand. He had hardly arrived at his

destination when he learnt that furlough pay in India was calculated at the old rate of two shillings to the pound, and that instead of drawing £1000 a year he would only receive Rs. 840 a month. He found it very hard to live on this meagre allowance, and begged me to get some job in the Secretariat and so let him return to Nasik as District Judge. I, very weakly, consented. I wrote to the Political Secretary and was appointed his temporary joint secretary, and, giving over charge to F. K. Boyd, joined my new post at Poona. I lived at the Club of Western India through November, and I sat at the same table as a number of distinguished men, among whom were Sir St John Gebbie and General Sir Michael Tighe. The former was the greatest living authority on irrigation in the Western Presidency. He knew Sindi like a native of Sind, and his quickness at repartee was unrivalled. Sir Michael Tighe was a dauntless Irishman, who commanded the 6th Division. He had at one time been in command of the British Field Force in German East Africa. He had the highest admiration for Forbeck von Lettow, the celebrated German general, against whom he had been matched. He was very bitter against the South African troops who had been brigaded with his command. On one occasion, so he said, he had ringed in General von Lettow and was counting on his surrender. The astute German struck with all his might at the weakest spot in Michael Tighe's army—namely, the South Africans. Badly officered and probably insufficiently trained, they broke and fled. "Until you have seen South Africans run, my dear Kincaid," said General

Tighe grimly, "you do not know what running is!" Sir Michael added that he sent the South Africans back to the Cape and that, when they marched through the streets of Capetown, the ladies emptied sacks of white feathers on their heads. I should, however, add that 'Micky' Tighe had a fine Irish imagination, and I should be very sorry to believe this tale without some confirmation.

One of the habitual diners at our table was Colonel Gamble, R.E. He was full of good stories. On one occasion, so he told us, a Gurkha regiment had been stationed at Malta. When they wished to cross from one island to another they were compelled to hire Maltese ferrymen. The Maltese sought to take advantage of the newcomers, and in mid-stream refused to go backwards or forwards unless paid an exorbitant fare. The Gurkhas dealt with the situation admirably. One of them, going up to the captain of the ferry-boat, slashed open his stomach with an upward cut of his *kukri* or heavy knife and threw his body into the sea. He then threatened to treat the other Maltese in similar fashion unless they took him and his comrades across to the opposite island for nothing. The terrified ferrymen rowed like fiends to the landing-place. They reported the crime to the police, and next day the Gurkhas were paraded for identification. The wretched Maltese saw standing in front of them row after row of very dark, thick-set little men who, with their forage caps at exactly the same angle, looked as like one another as a bagful of peas. The Maltese picked out three or four; but they were quite wrong, and the men picked out were able to prove an unassailable

alibi. Finally the Maltese were hunted off the parade ground in disgrace. Never afterwards did any Gurkha have any trouble with the ferrymen. He had only to finger his *kukri* and the men rowed him at top speed to the landing-stage without daring to ask for any fee.

On one occasion Colonel Gamble had been engaged in the construction of some barracks. Unfortunately one of the sappers at work on the scaffolding lost his balance and fell forty feet into the barrack square, breaking his neck. Next day the regimental chaplain expressed to a close friend of the dead man the fear that, having had no time for repentance, the dead man had not been saved. The R.E. private would not admit that his comrade was not up to salvation standard. This would have been to lower the dignity of the Royal Regiment of Engineers. He replied at once: "You think, sir, that pore Bill was not saved; why, of course 'e was saved." The parson asked in surprise: "How do you know?" The private rose to the occasion manfully. "Well, sir, I was on the scaffolding below that from which Bill fell, and as 'e passed I 'eard 'im say distinctly, 'Well, 'ere goes for the bloody bump!'"

For some time Colonel Gamble had been stationed at Alexandria, and one day, exploring the battlefield where Sir Ralph Abercrombie had defeated the French General Menou, he found a portion of a French revolutionary flag. It was badly weathered, but still the words '37 ième infanterie' were visible on it. He folded it up carefully and, finding out that the 37th Infantry were stationed at Nancy, sent it with his compliments to the Colonel. He received

in reply an enthusiastic letter of thanks, and a pressing invitation to visit Nancy and the officers of the regiment whenever he could make it convenient. Some months later Colonel and Mrs Gamble were in Paris. One day, feeling bored, Colonel Gamble remembered the invitation, and he wrote to the French Colonel that he and his wife proposed to call on the 37th Regiment at Nancy. The French Colonel begged them to come without delay. They set off one morning by train from Paris. As they neared their destination they noticed flags everywhere. "I am afraid we are clashing with a visit of the President," murmured Colonel Gamble. When, however, the train drew into the station he found the whole body of regimental officers present in full uniform. Outside, four thousand French infantrymen were drawn up in lines filling the station square and the streets of the town. At last Colonel and Mrs Gamble realised that the decorations were in their honour. For several hectic days function succeeded function, and at last two wearied but happy English visitors, kissed on both cheeks as 'camarades' by the French Colonel, found their way to the outgoing train. They had been shown in the most agreeable manner possible the high value that a French regiment puts on its flag.

At the beginning of December the Government went to Bombay. There I had a very trying time of it with the first volume of my 'History of the Maratha People.' The Oxford Press had accepted it, but were anxious that the Bombay Government should give it a helping hand by subscribing for a certain number of copies. I sent the typescript

to Lawrence Robertson, the Secretary of the Political Department, who advised Government to buy two hundred copies. He then sent the papers on an unofficial reference to the Chief Secretary. The latter was an old and valued friend of mine, yet he was so shocked at what he believed to be my excessive whitewashing of Shivaji that he recommended that, so far from receiving Government support, I should be forbidden to publish the book at all. He noted that its publication would create "disloyalty among the Hindus and cause grave unrest among the Musulmans." This was, of course, arrant nonsense. As I said to Lord Willingdon, to whom I had access as Joint Secretary, "A book that can do all that, is *some* book!" On the other hand, Sir Mahadev Chaulbal gave me his whole-hearted support, and eventually the work was sent to Mr Frank Bain, then Principal of the Deccan College, for opinion. He passed it on to Mr Thakor, the history professor. The latter was a Gujarati gentleman and might have been expected to be hostile to a history of his hereditary enemies. To his lasting honour he wrote a valuable critical note on it, and pressed that, at any rate, its publication should not be forbidden. After some delay the Government of Bombay overruled the Chief Secretary and gave me leave to publish the book; but I was informed that they would give it no support. Mr G. A. Thomas, the Secretary of the General Department, wrote: "If the book is a good book, it will sell without Government assistance. If it does not sell, this fact will prove it not to be a good book and therefore undeserving of Government assistance." As

my friend Dr Rushbrook Williams observed at the time, "The epigram was worthy of the Caliph Omar."¹ Then a strange thing happened. A rumour spread that I had written an anti-Government book, and there was a rush for copies. The result was that, when the first volume appeared in the autumn of 1918, its sale reached my highest expectations.

During my spare time in the Secretariat I wrote a translation of the 'Vetal Panchvishi.' Sir Richard Burton had made a fantastic version of it, which he called 'Vikram and the Vampire.' He translated eleven stories out of the original twenty-five, and made considerable additions to them. I thought I should be justified in writing a complete and more accurate translation. The Oxford University Press published it under the title of 'Tales of King Vikrama.' It is now in the second edition.

As I have said, my work brought me into direct contact with Lord Willingdon, and I should like here to say a word about him. He would probably be the first to admit that he had not the penetrating intellect of Lord Sydenham, nor his unrivalled powers of concentration. On the other hand, for charm of manner and knowledge of men, I have never met Lord Willingdon's equal. He never forgot a face, and the moment that he recognised its owner he always knew the right thing to say. Others can assume such a manner, but unless it is natural it drops off

¹ The Caliph Omar, after the capture of Alexandria, was asked to spare the library. He replied: "If the books in it are consistent with the Koran, they are superfluous and should be destroyed. If they are inconsistent with the Koran, they are harmful and must be destroyed."

on occasion and the real personage is unmasked. Lord Willingdon's manner was natural and never deserted him. Perfect kindness, courtliness and good breeding, united in one man, made him in turn Governor of Bombay, Governor of Madras, Governor-General of Canada, and Viceroy of India.

While I was in Bombay I joined an institution known as 'La Salle Française,' whose members gathered to speak French once a week. The salle was organised and presided over by M. Peltier, Professor of French at the Elphinstone College. It was delightful to leave the 'shop' of Anglo-India and to hear French literature and French politics discussed in the most pellucid of languages. I found that I could still speak French as fluently as I had ever done. At M. Peltier's request I gave a lecture in French on 'The Hindu Gods' (*Les dieux Hindous*). I induced my old friend, Sir Stanley Batchelor, acting at the time as Chief Justice, to take the chair. Sir John Heaton, another Judge of the High Court, was present, and so was Sir George Curtis, a member of the Executive Council. The hall was packed. Among the audience was a Hindu priest of some kind, who had evidently come prepared to make a contentious and interminable speech. He asked leave to address the audience. M. Peltier replied that he could do so, provided that he spoke in French; for that was the only tongue permitted in the 'Salle Française.' The Hindu divine was unable to deal with this situation. After ~~thus~~ ucu- lently walking up and down the back of the lecture hall, he disappeared, giving me as he went a look of deadly hatred.

Early in January I went to Delhi for the winter session of the Council. There I met Mr Edwin Montagu and several members of the Reforms Commission. I am afraid that had Mr Montagu been as beautiful as Apollo, I should still have found his face unpleasing ; for I believed then, as I believe now, that his proposed reforms would ruin the Indian Empire, which my ancestors had helped to create. As a matter of fact his appearance was frankly repulsive. When I first saw his bald head, his lack-lustre eyes, his heavy sensual lips, I recalled the saying of Henriette d'Orléans when she saw a particularly hard-featured gentleman at the Court of Louis XIV. : " Vraiment ce Monsieur exagère." Nor was Montagu intellectually fitted to assume the burden that he did. One has only to read ' An Indian Diary ' to see that he had no definite idea of what he wanted. He rambled through India, building up one imaginary constitution after another. Indeed all he claims is that he gave India six months' peace. The claim is unfounded, but, even if it were justified, what are six months in the history of India ? The Government of India Act that required a change of constitution every ten years was one of the silliest schemes that ever sprang from a legislator's head-piece. Mr Montagu seems to have thought that he could keep the provinces in order by a system of rewards and punishments. Those provinces that worked the new constitution well would after ten year get a further grant of democracy. Those provinces that misbehaved would lose some of what they had been given. But is it possible to recall a gift ? Would any province have submitted tamely to

the loss of its constitutional powers? As a matter of fact none of the provinces has behaved as Mr Montagu would have wished. Yet it is proposed now to extend to all of them full dominion status.

Had the Indian Civil Service been united, it could very possibly have saved the situation, but nothing shocked me more than the way in which many of the senior members rushed to sell themselves in the hope of obtaining high office. Some of them received their thirty pieces of silver, but the majority did not. He who sups with a professional politician needs a very long spoon! I was sick at heart with the whole thing, and every evening I used to go to the Kashmir Gate and walk round Nicholson's statue. The spirit of that great man seemed to cling to the stone, and every time I approached it I went away comforted. Nor was I alone in my experience. Indians have often told me that they have felt a divine presence whenever they went near the pedestal on which the hero stands.

During this session I made the acquaintance of Sir John Donald, the Commissioner of Peshawar. He represented in the Council the North-West Frontier Province. He enjoyed a great reputation for courage and good sense, and his career had been extraordinary. He had been brought up among the Afridi Afghans and spoke Pushtu like one of them. How he learned to speak and write English as well as he did, I do not know, for his upbringing had been unusual. As a special treat the Afridis used to take him out with them to watch for Mahsuds. This tribe of mixed Afghan and Baluch blood is probably the most turbulent and treacherous on the frontier.

Their habit is to lie in wait for Afridi and other Afghan caravans and ambush them as they wind in and out of the Himalayan passes. The Afridis prepare counter-ambushes, and it was in these that Sir John Donald, as a boy, took part. If the counter-ambush was successful, the Afridis would bury their Mahsud prisoners up to the neck in the ground and tent peg at their heads with spears. When Donald was still in his teens, Sir Robert Sandeman, Resident in Baluchistan, heard of him and appointed him to be extra Assistant Commissioner in the Government service. When the Durand mission went to Kabul, Donald went with it as a clerk. It numbered among its members several scholarly gentlemen, who had passed the Degree of Honour or the High Proficiency examination in Persian. Persian, however, was not the Amir Abdurrahman's mother tongue; and in any case it is pronounced in India quite incorrectly. The Amir could not make head or tail of the scholarly gentlemen's speeches. At last he asked impatiently whether no one in the mission could talk Pushtu. Young Donald was pushed forward, and the Amir was delighted with him, and would only transact business through him. This was the foundation of Donald's fortune. He received a C.I.E. and was promoted from a subordinate to a gazetted appointment. Eventually he rose to a commissionership and a knighthood; nor did anyone grudge him his success. He was perfectly modest and as brave as a lion. He was extremely popular both with Indians and Englishmen.

Before the session was over came the terrible

news of the German 'break-through' near Amiens, and it was with very sad hearts that we broke up the Council. I returned to Nasik, having with great difficulty displaced Boyd. He had promised to let me return to Nasik when I wanted to, but afterwards he took up the attitude of Marshal Macmahon—"J'y suis, j'y reste." However, I got him out in the end!

The previous hot weather I had spent at Mahabaleshwar, but Nasik was so cool that I decided to pass the summer there. I amused myself during the vacation by studying Sanskrit and by writing 'Tales of Pandharpur,' a collection of legends about the Maratha saints who lived and worked near the shrine of the god Vithoba at Pandharpur. It was published by the Oxford Press in the following year and has run into three editions.

At the head of the officers' convalescent home was a very remarkable character, the late Colonel Jay Gould, R.A.M.C., C.B.E. He had been a private in the Guards, but always pretended that he had been an officer. His relatives bought him out of the army and sent him to study as a medical student. He took a high degree in medicine and entered the Royal Army Medical Corps. His appearance was extraordinarily fierce. He was very tall and had gigantic curling moustaches. He would not wear mufti, and always appeared even on the golf course in riding breeches, top-boots and spurs. He drank beer as other men drink water. Nevertheless underneath his ferocious exterior he was one of the kindest of men. He was full of good stories, of which the following is an example. On one

occasion, so he narrated, the regimental chaplain complained to the sergeant-major that he could not get his choir to turn to the east in an orderly manner when the creed was being said. "I'll put that right, sir," said the sergeant-major. Next time the choir assembled he shouted in the voice Stentor: "Choir, 'Shun! When the 'oly man says 'I believe,' not a move, them words is cautionary only. When the 'oly man says 'God the Father'—columns! right and left turn!" From that moment the chaplain had no more trouble with his choir.

In August I returned to Simla for the autumn session of 1918. This time I engaged rooms in the Hotel Cecil. It was extremely comfortable, and much nearer the Council Chamber and Viceregal Lodge, and thus more convenient than the former house of Sir Reginald Craddock. This time the war news was far more cheering, and each day brought tidings of fresh successes. The work in the Council Chamber was not heavy, and Sir John Donald managed to get a panther near Government House and a tiger in the United Provinces. Nevertheless I contrived to flutter the Home Department by a speech that I made, opposing the Resolution of an Indian Member to abolish the Arms Act. I had received instructions from the Bombay Government to speak and vote against the Resolution. I told the Home Member of my orders, and he became rather agitated. "Anyway," he said, "dq not refer to the Mutiny, otherwise there will be an awful row." I, however, insisted that I must mention it, but I promised not to do so offensively. In the

course of my speech I pointed out that the Arms Act, so far from causing hurt, had proved a great boon to India. In 1857, the year of the Mutiny, there had been no risings where the Arms Act had already been introduced; whereas in Oudh and the United Provinces, where the inhabitants had not been disarmed, there had been not only a military revolt but a rebellion of the entire population, with all its deplorable consequences of misery and bloodshed. I next rebutted the suggestion that the Arms Act had emasculated the courage of the Indians by a eulogy of the admirable bravery displayed by the Maratha regiments in Irak. The Home Member was stricken with horror. Leaping to his feet, he disavowed all that I had said, and regretted that an official should have made such a speech. As a matter of fact no one's feelings had been hurt. The Marathi-speaking Members of the Council were pleased by my reference to Maratha valour, and the other Councillors were not such fools as to mind my mention of the Indian Mutiny. After all, it did happen !

Before the session was over I received a letter from the private secretary, informing me that I had been appointed to act as additional Judicial Commissioner of Sind, and begging me to join at Karachi directly the Council ceased to sit.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE COURT OF THE JUDICIAL COMMISSIONER
OF SIND.

I DID not return to Nasik, but I went straight from Simla to Karachi, which I had not seen for twenty-three years. I had expected great changes; but the reality far exceeded my expectations. Every house in the town had been rebuilt except the residence of the Commissioner. That, indeed, and the old church round whose tower General Nicholson had hopped thirty years before were the only buildings that I could identify. Even they had been altered. The church tower had been lowered and Government House had been greatly enlarged. The Commissioner in Sind was Mr (now Sir Henry) Lawrence. He was an old friend of mine, for we had been Assistant Collectors together. He came of a famous stock. His grandfather was Sir George Lawrence who during the Mutiny had been Agent Governor-General of Rajputana. His influence had been paramount with the great Rajput princes. One great-uncle, whose namesake my friend was, had been the famous Henry Lawrence who defended Lucknow and 'tried to do his duty.' A second great-uncle was the still more celebrated John

Lord Lawrence, who rose from the post of Assistant Collector to that of Viceroy. Henry Lawrence was in every way worthy of his distinguished relatives. He governed Sind sympathetically and firmly. He rose to be a member of the Bombay Government, and acted for some months as Governor.

On my arrival at Karachi I went to the Judicial Commissioner's house, which I shared with the Judicial Commissioner and his wife, Sir Charles and Lady Fawcett. I did not find the work as interesting as I had expected. The cases set down for my hearing were petty shipping disputes that dragged on interminably. At the time pneumonia was raging, and half the pleaders were in bed. In the end most of the disputes were amicably settled. On 11th November came the news of the Armistice, and everybody who had been speculating on the prices prevailing in war-time promptly went bankrupt. This brought a mass of uninteresting insolvency work. In December I took the sessions' work and found that much more attractive. The cases were mostly dacoities. I secured such verdicts as I wanted in all the trials but one. There had been a street fight and one of the combatants had been knifed. The counsel for the accused, Mr De Vertheuil, conducted the defence admirably, and the jury acquitted his clients. As in criminal trials the Judicial Commissioner's Court had then only the status of a District and Sessions Court, I had power to refer the jury's decision to a bench of two judges of the same court. They set aside the verdict and convicted the accused.

De Vertheuil was absolutely bilingual—a very

rare accomplishment. His grandfather, a French admiral, had settled in Trinidad. He and his family always spoke French. De Vertheuil thus was brought up to speak French in the home circle, while he learnt English at his English school, obtaining thus a complete mastery over both languages. He had then a large practice in Karachi; afterwards he went home to practise in London.

In January 1919 I returned to the Legislative Council at Delhi. My chief work this session was on the Committee to revise the Criminal Procedure Code. The labour was light, as the Government of India decided every question in conformity with the wishes of the barristers and pleaders on the Committee. The latter wished to give accused persons as many loopholes of escape as possible; and many of the present difficulties of the administration can be traced to the changes then made.

I took advantage of a long week-end to visit the field of Panipat, the great battle in which Ahmad Shah Durani, King of Afghanistan, defeated the Marathas. I had to describe the campaign in the third volume of my History, and a personal inspection of the scene was necessary. The Chief Commissioner of Delhi, Mr Baron, very kindly wrote to the Deputy Commissioner of Panipat, asking him to do his best for me. The latter, an Indian gentleman, unable to be present himself, deputed a very charming Indian engineer to look after me, which he did most excellently. The guest-house was put at my disposal; it was roomy and well furnished. It was said to be haunted by the ghost of John Lawrence, who had once lived there as Deputy Com-

missioner. I should dearly have loved to meet the spirit of the great man ; but, although I watched for him late into the night, he never came. Next morning I was driven to the scene of the battle, studied the ground carefully and saw the monument erected by the British Government to mark the spot where the Maratha General, Sadashivrao Bhat, was last seen. In the evening I visited the scene of the earlier battle in which the first Moghul emperor Babar won from the Afghan Ibrahim Lodi the throne of India. It was some miles from the field where Sadashivrao had fallen, and was well suited to the operations of Babar's Moghul horse. After the victory the conqueror erected a mosque. It fell into ruins, but the magnificent Lord Curzon restored it. The *mutawali* or guardian retained the warmest gratitude for Lord Curzon's action. In his eyes the two greatest men who had ever lived were Babar Badshah and Curzon Lat Sahib ; and he would probably have found it hard to say which was the greater.

After nearly two years of separation my wife was able to join me in February 1919. I had some difficulty in getting down to Bombay to meet her ; but through the kindness of Sir Verney Lovett, who gave up his short leave so as to let me pair with an unofficial member, I was able to welcome her to India. She had been through all the horrors of food-shortage in England, and had been none too well fed on board ship. The result was that her first breakfast at the Yacht Club roused the admiration of all beholders. Sir Maurice Hayward, who happened to be breakfasting at a neighbour-

ing table, asked leave to join us, so as to see what an English post-war appetite was really like !

After the session was over I was posted as District Judge of Belgaum, pending a vacancy in the Judicial Commissioner's Court. Belgaum is a lovely spot in the southern division and only forty miles from the edge of the Western Ghats. The one objection to it in my eyes was that the bulk of the witnesses gave their evidence in Canarese and not in Marathi. I could not understand a word of the former language, and it was not worth my while to study it, as I knew that in a few weeks' time I should be back again in Karachi. My wife and I spent the vacation at Mahableshwar and then we returned to Sind. I was appointed to fill the vacancy created by Sir Charles Fawcett, who went on leave. Sir Louis Crump was gazetted to act in Fawcett's place as Judicial Commissioner, and I acted in Crump's place as additional Judicial Commissioner. Then, as is so often the case in India, the unexpected happened. A temporary vacancy occurred in the Executive Council, and Crump was summoned to fill it. I took his place as Judicial Commissioner. It was a most pleasant and unexpected piece of luck. Mr De Souza, an Indian Christian, acted in my former post. There was only one drawback. I had for the time being to give up my post on the Viceroy's Council ; I could not go to Simla during August, but I was assured that I should be reappointed to the Council for the Delhi session.

As Judicial Commissioner I presided over the Court of Criminal Appeal, and two interesting cases came before me. In one of them a zamindar had

been convicted by the Sessions Judge of Haidarabad of instigating a riot, in which several cultivators from the estate of a neighbouring landowner had been killed. The zamindar had taken fright and ridden for life and death into Haidarabad. He was a good rider, and his horse was famous throughout Sind for its speed and endurance. On reaching Haidarabad the zamindar had shown himself to all the officials whom he knew, so as to create an alibi. Nevertheless he failed to convince the experienced Judge of the Sessions Court. He was convicted and sentenced to several years' imprisonment. On appeal he was represented by Mr Eardley Norton, a barrister who had at one time practised in Madras but had afterwards moved to Calcutta. He was of mixed blood and had all the faults of a half-caste. He gave himself tremendous airs, was a member of the National Congress and used to make seditious speeches to increase his practice. On one occasion he appeared for the Bengal Government in the famous Alipur case. He received a very large daily fee during the hearing, yet at its conclusion he had the audacity to demand from the Government a large sum by way of compensation for the practice that (as he alleged) he had lost by accepting a Government brief. I was, I must admit, prejudiced against the man before I saw him; when he appeared in court, I conceived the most violent dislike for him. His method of conducting the appeal was to abuse incessantly the unfortunate Judge of the Lower Court, who was a very old friend of mine. I protested several times, but to no purpose. Mr Eardley Norton met all

my protests with studied insolence, and interlarded his speech with sneers at the tribunal before which he was appearing. He could hardly have presented his client's case worse. My brother judge, Mr Raymond, and I confirmed the conviction, although we reduced the sentence. I was, however, determined to prevent the reappearance of Mr Eardley Norton if I could. I felt sure that he would be briefed again, because the Junior Bar were delighted at the way he had stood up to the judges. Sure enough about a month later, indeed at the next monthly session of the Court of Criminal Appeal, Mr Eardley Norton presented himself. Fortunately this time the enemy delivered himself into our hands. The court rules required that any barrister, not enrolled as an advocate of the Judicial Commissioner's Court, must make a formal application at least three days before the hearing. The object of this rule was to protect the court from having to give audience to undesirable barristers from other Presidencies. This rule was brought to the notice of Mr Eardley Norton by the pleader briefed with him. With his habitual insolence Mr Eardley Norton said that he would make the application the morning that he appeared in court, for no judge would dare to refuse him leave to appear. When he presented himself I asked him whether, as required by the court rules, he had applied three days before the case came on for leave to represent the appellant. He said with a haughty smile that he had not done so; he assumed that the rule could not apply to him. I replied courteously that the rule applied equally to everyone, and that the

court could make no distinctions. Then he apologised and asked that the omission should be overlooked. I regretted that I could make no exception. He then became purple with rage and exclaimed: "Am I to understand that I shall have to return to Calcutta without being permitted to address the court?" I expressed my great sorrow that this seemed to be the case. He was so stunned with my reply that he could make no further answer. He sat for a few minutes in court and then slunk out like a whipped hound. Never again was he briefed to appear before any Sind tribunal. No client desired a counsel who was so evidently out of favour with the Judicial Commissioner's Court.

The second case to which I have referred was one of sedition. The editor of a local 'rag' in Haidarabad had written a violent article against the administration. He had been prosecuted, convicted and imprisoned. Sir Chimanlal Setalwad, the well-known Bombay barrister, was briefed for the appeal, and his speech was most courteous and temperate—a great contrast to that of Mr Eardley Norton. His argument was twofold. First, the article was not seditious because it was not an attack on the Government, but merely a defence of civil disobedience. Secondly, the editor was only technically guilty, since he had been absent from Haidarabad when the article appeared. The first part of the argument presented little difficulty. The writing, although nominally a plea for civil disobedience, was really a seditious attack on the British Government. It suggested that, by their tyrannical acts, Government had made civil dis-

obedience morally obligatory on all Indians. The second part of the argument needed closer examination. It was true that the editor was absent from Haidarabad when the article appeared, but the contention of the Crown was that he had written the article and left the town purposely before its publication. The Crown could not show that the accused had with his own hand penned the writing ; but they were able to show that he was in the office of the newspaper at a time when the article might have been written. Looking to the accused's position as editor, and the unlikelihood of any subordinate writing anything so extreme in his chief's absence, my colleague and I confirmed the conviction and sentence. We might have saved ourselves the trouble. A few weeks later my wife and I found ourselves, after a short absence, returning to Karachi by the same train as the accused, just released from prison. Mr Montagu, anxious as usual to secure a 'sympathetic atmosphere,' had ordered the release of all persons imprisoned for political offences. At each station crowds garlanded the saintly and patriotic ex-convict. At the same time they pointed me out, with the finger of scorn and hatred, as the judge who had 'put him away.'

Late in December 1919 Sir Charles Fawcett returned from leave and resumed his work as Judicial Commissioner. Government kept their promise and gazetted me again as a member of the Viceroy's Council. My wife had had a serious operation, and our journey to Delhi early in January gave me great anxiety. It was intensely cold and there were changes and long waits in the middle of the

night at two stations on the way. However, I got her safely to Metcalfe House, the former home of the English Resident at Delhi at the outbreak of the Mutiny. Lord Curzon had had it restored, and it had been placed by the Government of India at the disposal of the Members of the Council. The atmosphere of Delhi was very disturbed because of the Rowlatt Bill. Sir Sydney Rowlatt, a judge of the King's Bench in London, had gone to India to preside over a Commission to inquire into the causes of and to prescribe remedies for the unrest in Bengal, which had grown during the War into formidable dimensions. Among the members of the Commission were my old friends Sir Basil Scott, the Chief Justice of Bombay, and Sir Verney Lovett, who had introduced me to Sir Charles Monro. The Commission had drawn up an excellent report, and the Home and Legal Departments had embodied a number of its suggestions in a Bill known as the Rowlatt Bill. It conferred on the Executive large powers to deal with anarchy, and it was at first only intended to apply to Bengal; but it contained a provision empowering the Government of India to extend it to any other Presidency, if necessary. This provision might well, I think, have been omitted, for it gave the opponents of the Government the chance to shout in chorus that all Indians, whether loyal or disloyal, were being treated alike. The non-official members attacked the Bill, clause by clause, and I was constantly required to make speeches in defence of the Government of India. Sir William Vincent, the Home Member, rose to the height of the occasion and conducted the Bill

through the House with consummate ability. One night we sat until 2 A.M., and by the device of a 'block' official majority, and by the greater endurance of the supporters of Government, the Rowlatt Bill was passed. Our trouble and our eloquence were wasted. Although the Rowlatt Bill became the Rowlatt Act, it was never applied and remained a dead letter. On the other hand, furious disturbances in Amritsar, Ahmadabad and other places, indicated the feelings aroused by this unlucky legislation.

In the spring of 1920 my wife's health necessitated her return to England. A fortunate shuffle among my seniors enabled me to return to Karachi as acting Judicial Commissioner. Sir Charles Fawcett and Sir Louis Crump both went to the High Court. The additional Judicial Commissioner was the gentleman known in literature as 'Al Carthill.'

'Al Carthill' was actually a misnomer. The author of the immortal 'Lost Dominion' intended to call himself 'The Slain,' of which the Arabic is 'Al Kätıl,' but by a slip he thought that it was Al Katıl (the slayer) and anglicised it as 'Al Carthill.' The slip was of little consequence. No one cared about the meaning of the title. Everyone read the book. Its vast learning, the Olympian majesty of its style, the sureness of its prophecies—all of which have been fulfilled—struck the public imagination. In spite of the high price of the book, its sale throughout the empire was prodigious, and it was translated into several European languages. The attitude of the India Office towards the book was amusing. So long as the name of the author was unknown, every high authority vied with

each other in referring to it as very clever, very able, &c., &c. When the India Office had by an accident penetrated the secret and ascertained that the writer was one of its own subordinates, its admiration gave place to hatred. Lord Birkenhead was pleased to refer to and describe it as "a foolish book, written by a very foolish person!" It would be well for the great lawyer's memory if he had ever published anything half as wise.

'Al Carthill' was not only a prose-writer of the first order, he was also a considerable poet. He was the author of "Meleager in Cos," a beautiful poem about Greece in the days of Pompey. He published it under the pseudonym of 'Bennett.' The source of his literary genius was noteworthy. He was the great-grandson of Wordsworth. 'Al Carthill's' health stood in his way. He had to retire before his time and refuse a seat in the High Court. He had amazing mental powers. His was one of those admirable brains that can brush aside all superfluous verbiage and argument and with unerring skill concentrate on the real legal issue. He was greatly liked by the Karachi Bar, but to hear his table-talk was the real privilege. Day after day he poured forth a stream of conversation that embraced every topic, and never touched a topic without adorning it.

The whole of this hot weather and monsoon I was collecting old legends of Sind that dated from before the Arab conquest. I contributed them, one after the other, to the 'Times of India.' Afterwards the Oxford Press published the collection under the title, 'Tales of Old Sind.'

In August I returned to Simla for the last time. I put up at the Cecil Hotel and met many old friends again. A shadow hung over the Council, for it was our last meeting. Our place was to be taken by the two houses created by the Montagu-Chelmsford scheme. Nevertheless the session interested me. I had, in virtue of my three years' representation of the Bombay Presidency, become one of the 'elder statesmen,' and I interested myself in the passage of a private Bill known as the 'Cutchi Memon's Bill.'

A large number of Hindus had in Western India been converted to Islam and had adopted the title of Memons—a corruption of Al Momenin or the Faithful. Some of them resided in Cutch and came to be known as Cutchi Memons. Others resided in the Hala or Jamnagar division of Kathiawar and came to be called Halai Memons. A considerable body of Cutchi Memons had emigrated to Sind and East Africa. These observed the usual Musulman laws of inheritance and succession. Another body had emigrated to Bombay. These unfortunates had become the sport of Hindu and Hinduising lawyers. One High Court decision after another had tied them up more and more securely in the meshes of Hindu law. At last it was laid down that in matters of inheritance and succession a Cutchi Memon's estate was indistinguishable from a Hindu's. The wags of the Bar library commented on this by saying that a Cutchi Musulman was a live Musulman, but a dead Hindu. The respectable section of the unfortunate community detested this course of judicial decision, but the disreputable section gloried

in it ; for they could always come forward when it suited them and claim that they were members of an undivided Cutchi Memon joint family. The lawyers, Hindu and English alike, loved the situation ; they hovered like vultures over the estate of a dead Cutchi Memon, and derived endless and unholy profit from the bewildered and helpless struggles of the lawful heirs. The first judge to cut through the net that legal chicane had woven round the Cutchi Memons was Sir F. Beaman. In a couple of admirable judgments he traced the long series of decisions to their source, and showed the fallacy that underlay the reasoning of the deciding judges. Encouraged by these judgments, one of the members of the Legislative Council—a Cutchi Memon from Bombay—brought in a private Bill to enable members of the community to declare themselves and their descendants governed by the Musulman law of inheritance and succession. He was faced with great opposition. The law member, Sir George Lowndes, a man of the highest integrity, was unwilling to admit that the legal decisions to which he had been accustomed were wrong, and he was vexed with Sir Frank Beaman for having troubled the placid waters of error in which he himself had dipped. The other members of the Legislative Council treated the unfortunate Cutchi Memon with contempt. “The representative of some obscure Musulman sect,” was the expressed opinion of Sir Malcolm Hailey. “An infernal bore and nuisance,” growled the Home member. This was also the view of the able Legal Secretary, Sir Alexander Muddiman. In despair the Cutchi Memon appealed to me

as the official representative of the Bombay Presidency. I had no work to do and was bored stiff in consequence. I was delighted to get occupation ; and besides, I genuinely admired Sir Frank Beaman. For several years he had been stone blind, yet he carried on the duties of a High Court Judge so admirably that no one even suggested his early retirement. I went into the case, and, agreeing with Sir Frank's views, I wrote a note on the Bill. I succeeded in convincing Sir William Vincent and Sir Alexander Muddiman, who after all had no real objections. They were busy men, but all they needed was a clear exposition of the case ; and that my poor friend, through his insufficient knowledge of the matter, had been unable to give them. Sir George Lowndes proved a more formidable obstacle. He never would admit that the Bombay High Court had been wrong, but at last he agreed not to oppose the enabling Bill. The latter was passed on the last day that the Legislative Council met. At the close of the debate Sir William Vincent thanked me, on behalf of the Government of India, for the help that I had given him, and for the knowledge and patience that I had displayed during the passage of the Bill. Cutchi Memons have taken full advantage of the enabling Act, and anyone assailed by a blackmailing relative has only to declare himself bound by Islamic law to get rid of his enemy.

At the close of this last session of the Legislative Council I took a year's leave to England. I joined my wife in Cheshire, and there I worked hard at the second volume of my ' History of the Maratha People.'

I was not destined to enjoy my full leave. Sir Maurice Hayward, one of the Judges of the High Court, was nominated Home Member of the Government of Bombay. Sir Charles Fawcett was appointed to succeed him in the High Court. I was promoted to be substantive Judicial Commissioner. As Sir Louis Crump, the additional Judge of the High Court, was going on leave during the monsoon, the Bombay Government asked me whether I would give up the rest of my furlough and officiate for Sir Louis Crump. I accepted the offer. My wife stayed at home.



CHAPTER XIV.

THE HIGH COURT, 1921 TO 1925.

THE Bombay High Court is an amalgam of the old Supreme Court, which had original civil and criminal jurisdiction in the town and island of Bombay; and of the Sadar Adalat or Company's Court, which exercised appellate civil and criminal jurisdiction over all other courts in the Bombay Presidency. On taking my seat on the Bench I was detailed to sit on the original civil side.

On the whole I liked the work greatly, but I found the climate very trying. Accustomed as I was to the dry climates of Poona, Satara and Rajkot, the perpetual rain of the Bombay monsoon got on my nerves and affected my health. I found the Bar very pleasant and courteous. I remember especially my agreeable relations with Mr Munshi, a Gujarati advocate. Since then he has, unfortunately, become an extremist. In one civil dispute I had the advantage of my old friend Mr Binning's co-operation. The case was a curious one. A petty Parsi railway official had handed over his wife for value received—she was a very pretty woman—to the protection of a Musulman millionaire. The Parsi husband died, and the widow was kept in affluence by the Musul-

man, much to the indignation of the latter's wife and children. Next, the Musulman died, and the Parsi woman was left with nothing but eight thousand or nine thousand rupees that she had saved from her lover's allowance. She conceived the idea of forging a deed of gift in her own favour. It purported to have been executed by her lover before his death for Rs. 100,000, and was witnessed by a country-bred European woman and duly stamped. The European woman gave her evidence with the utmost aplomb and completely took me in. Then the document was produced for her to prove. She identified it on oath. Mr Binning and his junior looked at the paper and said nothing. When the cross-examination opened, Mr Binning asked the witness to explain why, when the document was dated during the reign of Edward VII., the stamp on it bore the head of George V. The witness, of course, could not explain; and there was an end of the case. The forgers, who in every other respect had done their work adequately, had entirely overlooked this point.

At the beginning of the cold weather of 1921 His Royal Highness, the Prince of Wales, came to India. It had been hoped that his visit would have the same calming effect on Indian agitation as that of the King-Emperor. Unhappily the times had completely changed. The reform schemes of Mr Montagu had upset the organisation of the country, and the 'righteous discontent' that he had hoped to rouse had burst into an all-devouring flame. Anti-English feeling had grown far beyond the healing power of royal visits. The Hindu agitators had managed to secure the adhesion of the Musulman

politicians, and both parties decided to boycott the Prince's visit. To their eternal honour the Parsis remained loyal, and the crowd that assembled near the gateway of India to cheer His Royal Highness were almost all Parsis or Europeans. The Muslims, who do not like Parsis, resented bitterly their loyalty and resolved to revenge themselves. They waited, armed with butchers' knives, for the return of the loyal Parsi spectators. Near Grant Road Station they examined all the passing carriages, dragged out the Parsi men, stabbed them and stripped their women. This done they tried to burst into the Byculla Club grounds. The steward, a pensioned English soldier, with the aid of the Club servants, defended most gallantly the entrance, but he suffered severely from *lathi* blows on the head and face. Fortunately, before he was overpowered, a body of Englishmen returning from the Apollo Bandar came to the steward's rescue and the cowardly mob retreated. They did not, however, go home. They came across several Englishmen, including the steward's son. They killed the latter and one or two of the others. They also attacked a European girls' school, and beat and maltreated the older girls. The teachers fled to the Byculla Club, and a rescue party of Englishmen went back with them. The mob again retired, and for several hours the rescue party were engaged in picking up small girls who, half-dead with terror, had taken shelter behind pillars in deserted warehouses or Indian shops.

That evening I had the honour of dining at Government House to meet the Prince. He looked extra-

ordinarily young and handsome ; but as I drove home I saw the eastern sky ablaze. The mob had seized a number of motor-cars belonging to Englishmen, and having stacked them in a pile, set fire to them. The volume of flame was terrific.

The mob dispersed during the night, but re-assembled next morning. Two unfortunate white men—of whom one was a Mr Doherty, an extremely able and talented American engineer working at Salsette—were attacked as they were going to entrain at Grant Road Station. The American was battered to death and his eyes gouged out. The Englishman was knocked senseless and left for dead. Mrs Doherty complained to the U.S.A. Consul, and he took the matter up officially. The leaders of the movement got alarmed and sent for the widow, and assured her that the mob had been roused, not by them, but by the British Government. They offered her a bribe—which they never would have paid—to withdraw her complaint. They then asked her what she thought of their offer. The spirited lady replied : “ Until now I thought you were just murderers ; now I see that you are not only murderers but liars as well ! ” The United States Consul, who told me this story, added : “ You can’t hand out hogwash like that to an intelligent American woman.” She was awarded some compensation, I believe, by the Bombay Municipality, but nothing commensurate with her loss.

A friend of mine, Colonel Carter, C.B., I.M.S., owed his escape to his own undaunted courage. As he was driving to his work from his house on Cumballa Hill he met the same bloodthirsty crowd

that had just murdered Mr Doherty. They surrounded his car, but he kept perfectly cool and said in Hindustani, "Why do you want to hurt me? I am the doctor Sahib, and when you are hurt it is I who treat and cure you." Talking in this soothing way and holding the mob with his eyes, he motioned with his hand to the driver to go on. Slowly the car moved off on first speed. The mob, puzzled and uncertain, made way for it to pass, and Colonel Carter escaped as he deserved to.

That afternoon His Royal Highness visited the Gymkhana cricket ground whereon the Parsi Presidency match was in full swing. He shook hands with the two teams, and then, borrowing a bat, played one or two balls tossed up by a Parsi bowler. I am afraid the Prince's style of play was not that as favoured in our larger public schools!

The rioting that began with the Prince's visit did not abate for many days after his departure. There were faction fights all over the north of the island, and the more cautious inhabitants provided themselves with white caps—the emblems of Gandhism—when in danger of meeting Hindu mobs, and with topis when likely to meet groups of Parsis, Marathas or Japanese. In this way many passed safely through the city to their work. Nevertheless the device did not always succeed. I heard of one wretched man who, thinking he was approaching a Gandhi-ite mob, donned a white cap. The mob, who were really Marathas and Parsis, beat him well. He then put on his topi, only to meet a Gandhi-ite mob, and they half-killed him!

On occasion the Parsis made effective use of

their rifles. The Deputy Commissioner of Police told me that, shortly after His Royal Highness' visit, he was motoring through an unfrequented part of Bombay. He saw a dead man propped up against a wall, and a dying man lying on the pavement in his last agonies. He got out of his car and looked about, but he could see no one else. Then he saw a bearded face peeping round a corner, and then another. Finally a group of Musulmans walked towards him and said, "Come with us." He followed them to a shed. Looking inside, he saw about twenty dead men laid out neatly in rows. He exclaimed, "What is the meaning of this?" One of the Musulmans replied: "Sahib, there is a vile Parsi who three times a day drives through this quarter at full speed. As he passes in his car he fires his rifle at any Musulman whom he sees. As his rifle is double barrelled and he is a dead shot, he gets two of us every time! Will the Sahib take steps to save us from this murderous Kafir?" My friend posted police in the neighbourhood; but the Parsi evidently came to hear of the trap laid for him, for he never 'shot up' that part of the town again.

I remained Judge of the High Court until Christmas, 1921; and I was able, before I left, to hand over to the Oxford University Press the completed typescript of the second volume of my 'History of the Maratha People.' It did not, however, make its bow to the public until the following year.

On the 1st of January 1922 I reached Karachi, and the contrast between the climate of that town and Bombay was extraordinary. Bombay was hot,

'sticky,' breathless. Karachi was bright, clear and cold. I was very glad indeed to return to my old post as Judicial Commissioner of Sind. A few days after my arrival I went on tour, and while in the districts I worked hard at a book called 'Our Parsi Friends.' The previous year I had published, at the suggestion of Sir Charles and Lady Fawcett, a brief sketch of the Hindu theogony under the title of 'The Hindu gods and how to recognise them.' The book had a great success and has run through several editions. Greatly admiring the loyalty of the Parsi community during the Bombay riots, I decided to write a companion work explaining their peculiar customs and beliefs. My old friend, Dr Modi, C.I.E., of Bombay, helped me, and the following monsoon the 'Times of India' Press published it under the title of 'Our Parsi Friends.' It is now in its third edition. It caused great pleasure to the Parsi community, but annoyed intensely the 'Bombay Chronicle,' a paper at that time very anti-English and pro-Musulman. No copy of my book was sent to it for review; but the editor bought a copy, and examined it with eyes sharpened by fury and hatred. As bad luck would have it, he came across an absurd printer's error. I had written of a Parsi festival, "On this day the stricter Parsis abstain from animal food." The printer's devil had changed 'animal' into 'human,' so that the sentence ran, "On this day the stricter Parsis abstain from human food." With unholy joy the editor not only wrote a scathing critique of my book, but in the posters of his paper there was a question printed in enormous capitals: "Are Parsis canni-

bals ? ” I rushed off to the ‘ Times of India ’ Press and had the page reprinted ; but, as may be imagined, I had to stand a good deal of chaff from my friends.

His Royal Highness, after touring India and visiting several great feudatories, came in March 1922 to Karachi to embark for England. I had to return from my tour to be present at his departure. I was on the platform on the morning when the Prince arrived at Karachi cantonment station. He looked tired and worn as he stepped from the train ; nor was this to be wondered at. In every town visited by him there had been riots and firing by the police, and a trail of human blood had marked his progress through India. He had also slept badly in the train. However, he performed his appointed tasks with unabated energy. He shook hands with all those presented to him at the station, and, driving to the Frere Hall Gardens, he unveiled the local War Memorial. I then returned to my bungalow. I had been asked by the Commissioner, Sir Louis Rieu, to meet the Prince at lunch. When I reached Government House two hours later I found that H.R.H. had tubbed, changed his dress and, such was his extraordinary vitality, he had recovered the same youthful, handsome appearance that I had seen in Bombay. The same afternoon we assembled at the quay to see the last of His Royal Highness. I was close to him when Sir Partab Sing, the famous regent of Jodhpur, came up. With tears in his eyes he bade good-bye to the Prince and begged with the utmost deference to be remembered to Their Majesties—“ For you know, Sir,” he added, “ I shall never see them again.” The

gallant old Rajput, whom I had known as Maharaja of Idar, seemed to have a foreboding of his approaching end, for he died not long afterwards. The Prince said some kindly words, and made Sir Partab Sing stay by him as he bade the other gentlemen presented to him good-bye. His Royal Highness embarked and, going to the upper deck, stood at the salute in acknowledgment of the farewell cheers of the crowd. After the ship had left the quayside the crowd dispersed and I entered my car. On the way I passed Sir Partab Sing marooned by the wayside. His car had developed engine trouble. I offered him a lift, which he accepted, and I drove him to his camp outside Karachi. I never met him again.

The Prince's visit to Karachi was an unqualified success. Nowhere was there the slightest disturbance. The credit of this was chiefly due to the Commissioner's tact and popularity. Sir Louis Rieu was a remarkable personality. He had not a drop of English blood in his veins. His grandfather was a Swiss gentleman who served in Napoleon's army, rose to the rank of colonel and was decorated with the cross of the Legion of Honour by the Emperor on the field of Bautzen. Wounded at Leipzig by a Cossack lance, he was taken prisoner and marched to Siberia. On the Emperor's abdication he was marched back again with his wound still unhealed. After 1815 he entered Swiss politics and became President of the Geneva Republic. One of his sons, the father of Sir Louis Rieu, was a famous Oriental scholar and had been Professor of Arabic both in Cambridge and London.

He married a Dutch Lady, the mother of Sir Louis. The latter, born in England, was, of course, English, but he combined the exquisite manners of the Geneva aristocrat with an English outlook. He was a Government servant of the highest merit, and rose to be a member of the Executive Council of the Governor of Bombay.

That hot weather I spent at Mahableshwar, as I had already been warned that I should have again to act as a Judge of the High Court in place of Sir Charles Fawcett, who was going on leave. I busied myself in writing the series of studies published under the title of 'Shri Krishna of Dwarka.' Early in June I again took my seat on the Bench in Bombay. Nearly the whole of the monsoon of 1922 I spent as a Judge of Sessions, and I presided at a number of interesting cases. In one of them I had the unusual experience of trying a personal friend for murder.

On my list of cases was one entitled 'King-Emperor v. Ardeshir Mirza.' Since Mirza is quite a common name among both Musulmans and Parsis, it did not attract my attention. When the case was called on I glanced at the dock. There, to my surprise and horror, I saw a Mr Mirza, formerly Chief Engineer of the Nawanagar State. He was a friend of several years' standing and I had a great regard for him. I looked at the papers and was much relieved to find that there was really no case against him. He had left the Nawanagar State service to become the manager of a Bombay mill. During the riots when the Prince was in Bombay a mob had invaded his mill to enforce the stoppage of

all work. Very bravely Mr Mirza, shot-gun in hand, went alone to meet them. He talked with them for some time, trying to persuade them to go away, but the more he talked, the more violent they became. They started to throw stones, and then a huge rough aimed a *lathi* blow at Mr Mirza's head. Had the blow got home, it would have ended Mr Mirza's existence, but he skilfully jumped on one side and fired into the rough's chest. The latter fell dead and the cowardly mob scattered. It was clearly a case of legitimate self-defence. The police arrested Mr Mirza and took him before the Presidency Magistrate. The latter should have discharged him, but, unwilling to take the responsibility of doing so where a death had occurred, he committed Mr Mirza to take his trial in the High Court. I mentioned to the Advocate-General my opinion that there was no case against the accused. He, however, did not see his way to withdraw the prosecution. He led the Crown evidence. The defence counsel, knowing my views, cross-examined very briefly. I summed up in the prisoner's favour, and an hour after the case had begun Mr Mirza had been acquitted and discharged.

Another Parsi was put on trial for attempted murder, and his case was still more remarkable. He lived on the same floor as a middle-aged couple. The man and wife did not get on too well together and there were constant quarrels. One day the wife roused the neighbours by her screams. They came and found her lying on the stairs with a large knife in her shoulder. Close to her stood the prisoner, whom she charged with having stabbed her. The

prisoner protested that he had heard the woman scream and had gone to her help. He added that he hardly knew the woman at all. The latter developed her story and alleged that the prisoner had assaulted her. As she had resisted he had lost his temper and stabbed her. Just then the husband came up and supported his wife's account. He told the neighbours that the prisoner had been soliciting and annoying her for several weeks previously. The neighbours called in the police, and the Parsi was arrested. The first strange thing about the case was the age of the parties. The woman was between forty-five and fifty and very plain. The prisoner must have been sixty. Neither of them looked in the least likely to be the hero or the heroine of a romance. The case, moreover, rested on the evidence of the married couple, and they did not come too well out of cross-examination. It soon became clear to my mind that the prisoner's story was true. What seemed to have happened was that the husband and wife had had a more than usually violent quarrel. The wife so exasperated her husband that he stabbed her and left her on the staircase. On hearing her scream the prisoner came out of his room, as he told the court. The wife, who apparently was still fond of her husband, tried to save him by pointing out the neighbour as the assailant. The jury found the prisoner not guilty without retiring to consider their verdict. He was acquitted and discharged; but he must often have wished that his quarrelsome neighbours had left him out of their quarrels.

In Bombay when juries are being selected every

effort is made by the defence to eliminate Englishmen from the jury, as they are supposed to be readier than Indians to convict. The prosecution, on the other hand, try to exclude the merchant class known as banias. They are Jains and have a religious objection to taking life, and are generally disposed to give verdicts of 'Not Guilty.' Each side can challenge a fixed number without giving reasons. Thereafter they must submit to the chances of the ballot-box, or show by definite proof that the juror challenged is prejudiced. In one case there came from the ballot-box the names of six Englishmen out of nine—for jurors in India then numbered nine and not twelve, and a majority of six to three was sufficient to acquit or convict. The defence counsel, Mr O'Gorman, looked disgusted, but actually the presence of the six Englishmen on the jury saved his client. The accused was a young Goanese, and the Crown alleged that he had broken into a garage, where he had formerly worked and whence he had been dismissed, for the purpose of stealing tools and spare parts. The Indian watchman had tried to seize the accused, but had received a spanner blow on the head that had killed him. For the defence it was contended that the Goanese had been pursued by a mob and had taken refuge in the garage, that the watchman had joined the mob, and that in self-defence the accused had struck his leading assailant. There was nothing on the record to support the defence, and Mr O'Gorman told me afterwards that he had lost all hope of acquittal. The six Englishmen, however, retained a lively recollection of the state of Bombay during the riots,

and believed the prisoner's story. He was acquitted, six to three.

The last case of interest that session was one in which an Irish family was involved. A Mr Scott, a superintending engineer on the Bombay, Baroda and Central Indian Railway, had occasion to dismiss the father of an Irish family for slackness and inefficiency. Then, as ill-luck had it, the eldest son got into trouble and Mr Scott found it necessary to dismiss him too. In consequence the Irish family harboured a most violent grudge against Mr Scott. Probably the latter did not connect the two cases at all, but dealt with each as it came before him. Nevertheless the family, men and women agreeing, decided to kill the tyrant, as they called him. They were bitterest about the son's dismissal; but since the son had a better chance of getting another job and of supporting his mother and sister, it was resolved that the father should be the instrument of vengeance. He called on Mr Scott and was received. Going close to his enemy he emptied into him five out of six chambers of his revolver. The peons rushed in and disarmed him. By some miracle the bullets touched no vital spot and Mr Scott recovered. For the defence it was argued by the prisoner's counsel, Mr Kemp, that his client's mind had been turned by the family misfortunes, among which was the murder of his daughter's fiancé by a Musulman mob during the riots. The jury found the accused guilty, but recommended him to mercy. I sentenced him to six years' rigorous imprisonment. The court clerk had been so affected by the eloquence of the defence counsel that he reproached

me in private for my harsh sentence. Some months afterwards Mr Kemp told me that he had warned his client that he would be lucky if he got off with ten years !

My term as officiating judge expired in November. Just before I left Bombay my wife joined me, and we proceeded together by coasting steamer to rejoin my post as Judicial Commissioner of Sind. Not long before I left Bombay my book, 'The Anchorite,' appeared. It was a collection of short stories contributed to Blackwood and other magazines. A month after my arrival in Karachi appeared the second volume of my 'History of the Maratha People.'

My wife and I toured two months through Upper Sind. I saw for the first time the Manchar Lake, the vast reservoir into which flows the Western Nara Canal. The waters of the lake are held up by the 'Bagatoro' or 'Shaven Hills,' so called because of their treeless nudity. Owing to the extreme summer heat neither grass nor plants grow on these mountains. Indeed, the Sindis call the pass through the Bagatoro Mountains 'The Gates of Hell.' Sehwan, the nearest town to the Manchar Lake, ranks with Sibi in Baluchistan as one of the warmest places in India, and a Persian couplet inquires plaintively of God, what was the use of making hell after he had made Sehwan and Sibi.¹

During this tour I had some excellent partridge shooting. When I had first been stationed in Sind

¹ The Persian words are :

"Siristan O Sibi sakhti
Dozakh chira pardakhti."

we had always walked up our birds. Since then some sporting soldier or civilian had shown the zamindars how to drive them, and the zamindars proved exceedingly apt pupils. Some of them became indeed brilliant shots; but a young policeman, a Mr Butler, was the best hand at the game that I have ever seen. I got on to the driven partridge after a bit; but at first I waited for them far too long. The secret of success was, I found, to fire at the leader of the covey when it was eighty yards off, and to pull down the second bird when it was forty yards off. We usually invited the zamindar, who had given us the shooting, to dinner. Many of them used to make their servants carry with them numerous bottles of champagne and brandy. As Musulmans they would not themselves touch the forbidden liquor—at least, not in public. They knew that we were not heavy drinkers; and, indeed, in any case we could hardly drink our guest's liquor. It was just camouflage. Unopened the bottles came; unopened they went away. They reappeared the next time a Sahib asked the zamindar to dinner.

In the spring we went to England on a city liner, and instead of taking the usual route the ship coasted Northern Algeria, stopping one night at Oran—a town conquered by the Moors from the Spaniards, and reconquered by the French from the Moors. During my stay in England I had the great pleasure of receiving, from the French Consul at Bombay, a telegram informing me that the French Government had conferred on me the decoration of 'Officier de l'instruction publique.' During my service in Bombay I had done a great deal of pro-French

propaganda. This was my reward. After the telegram came the following letter :—

BOMBAY, *le 6 juin 1923.*

CHER MONSIEUR,—Je suis heureux de vous annoncer que le gouvernement de la République par arrêté en date du 7 avril a bien voulu vous nommer officier de l'instruction publique, vous conférant ainsi la plus haute distinction académique française. Il a voulu témoigner par là de sa haute appréciation des services que vous avez rendus à la cause de la culture et de la langue française en cette région. Il a également pris en considération les travaux éminents que vous avez accomplis dans le domaine des lettres et des recherches historiques et religieuses.

Je ne manquerai pas de vous envoyer le brevet de cette décoration, dès qu'il me sera parvenu. Vous avez dès ce jour droit au port des insignes : palmes d'or et ruban violet, chargé d'une rosette.

Je désire vous exprimer ici mes très vives félicitations pour cette haute distinction si bien méritée. Veuillez agréer, Monsieur, l'assurance de ma considération distinguée.

DANIEL LÉVI.

During my furlough we had the good fortune to be invited to an historic 'At Home' given by Lord Birkenhead, as Secretary of State for India, in honour of Lord Reading as Viceroy. The 'At Home' was given at the India Office and Lords Birkenhead and Reading stood side by side to greet and shake hands with their guests. In India the Viceroy would have had precedence, but in England

the Secretary of State had it. The cards of invitation mentioned that decorations were to be worn. This gave rise to some acrid criticism in one section of the London Press. The argument was that decorations should not have been worn because Royalty was not present. The obvious answer was that the Viceroy of India was present and at all Viceregal functions decorations are worn. Whatever the rights and wrongs of the matter were, the decision produced the most brilliant scene imaginable. Every official present wore his orders; all the foreign ambassadors, soldiers and consuls wore their uniforms and stars. I sincerely trust that on all future occasions the precedent of 1925 will be followed, and that the gloomy corridors of the India Office will again be lit up by the rich colours of uniforms and the flash of stars and crosses, as well as by the colours of ladies' dresses and the sparkle of their diamonds.

In November 1924 my wife and I returned to Karachi for the cold weather, and during our tour I worked hard at the third and last volume of my 'Maratha History.' I had collected and studied my materials while on leave, and the tour gave me the chance of weaving them into my story. I had been warned that I was again to act in the High Court during the monsoon, so we decided that my wife should go back to England before the hot weather and that I should spend it at Mahableshwar. There I re-read the Odyssey most of the time, so as to be able to help my son, who was at Balliol and preparing for 'Mods.'

When the High Court reopened I rejoined as a

puisne judge, and for the second time I shared house with Sir Charles and Lady Fawcett. I was not at all happy. Most of the time I was ill from one cause or another, and the doctor who attended me warned me that I had had enough of India. The bulk of my work was on the appellate side and very wearisome. Fortunately my colleague, Mr Justice Shah, the acting Chief Justice, was the most charming of men, and this made the unpleasant task much lighter. In October I was appointed, much to my joy, Inspecting Judge of the High Court, and was required to tour during the cold weather and visit the various judicial headquarters. In this way I went to Dharwar, where I stayed with a remarkable personality, a Mr Ferrers. He had been senior classic at Cambridge and afterwards had become a great shikari. He had killed innumerable panthers and had in his house many trophies won on a shooting trip in Central Africa. He was full of shooting yarns, but his tale of the Dharwar elephant was his best. In the neighbouring forests there are still a good many wild elephants, and sometimes the old males turn 'rogues' and do any amount of damage. There was one brute that took to stalking villagers. When it caught one it took its victim to a certain point, swung him round its head with its trunk and then flung him as far as it could. It would then, so said the forest folk, pace out the distance, comparing the throw with its previous performances. Ferrers naturally treated this story with some scepticism. Nevertheless he went after the elephant. The 'rogue' charged him on sight, but he fortunately dropped it with his high-velocity

rifle. He cut out its tusks and took them home in triumph, leaving the carcase behind. Some days afterwards he got an official letter from the assistant engineer of the subdivision, together with a bill for Rs. 500. The engineer had the honour to inform Mr Ferrers that the carcase of the dead elephant had been poisoning the village water supply. The engineer had, therefore, buried it at the cost of Rs. 500, which Mr Ferrers would please remit without delay.

I also visited Bijapur, Dhulia and Belgaum, places I had not seen before. The Judge of Belgaum was a very old friend, a Mr Palmer, I.C.S. He told me two tiger stories, which illustrate how differently tigers behave. On one occasion he and a friend were walking through the Canarese Forest. Suddenly and without any provocation a tiger sprang out of the jungle and rushed at them. Both fired and killed the beast, but it managed to knock over Palmer's companion without, however, hurting him very seriously. On another occasion he was driving with the same friend in a motor-car along a forest road. They passed a tiger coming from the opposite direction. They were unarmed, but the tiger took no notice of them. A mile farther on they met three or four Maratha women gathering sticks. They shouted to them to get into the car because of the tiger. To their utter confusion the women laughed in their faces. "Pooh," they said, "that old tiger; why, we see him every day and he never thinks of doing us any harm."

The tour was a delightful one, for India was still quite quiet. Mr Gandhi had not yet started his

Bardoli agitation. The Bombay Government were anxious that I should stay on tour the whole cold weather and visit Surat and Broach and the Panch Mahals. Unfortunately the Chief Justice, Sir Norman Macleod, ordered me back to Bombay to preside over another Criminal Sessions. I was very disgusted ; but, of course, I had to obey orders, and I held the sessions during the month of March. The case list was not a very long one, and I only remember three cases of any interest. In the first the victim was an unfortunate American who had just arrived by the mail-boat from England. Finding the Taj Mahal Hotel rather hot he thought that, before going to bed, he would stroll down the neighbouring streets and take a breath of air. It was about 11 P.M., and it proved a most unfortunate decision. A band of Musulman roughs noticed him, guessed from his appearance that he was a new arrival and followed him. Barefooted, they crept close to him unobserved, until the ringleader was able to strike the American a terrific blow with a stone wrapped in a duster. The American fell unconscious with a broken jaw ; the roughs went through his pockets and left him for dead on the pavement. There he lay until the next morning, when he recovered consciousness and staggered back to the hotel. By the outgoing mail he left India, of which his recollections must have been few and evil. Fortunately the police were able to trace and arrest the roughs. The jury found them guilty, and I gave them severe sentences.

The second case was one in which the accused was a Rohilla Afghan—that tribe dear above all

others to Macaulay.¹ The Afghans are extraordinarily turbulent and troublesome in Bombay. An Afghan from beyond the frontier will come to Bombay so as to find work as a stoker on some outgoing liner. He will see a Marwadi's house with a nice verandah, and he will form the opinion that it will do excellently as a resting-place for him while he looks for a job. He will carry his mattress and his tin trunk to the verandah and establish himself there. If the Marwadi objects, a threat to cut his throat will usually silence him. After a day or two the Afghan will write to his brothers in the hills and advise them to come to Bombay, too, and stay with the Marwadi. In a few days the unwilling host will find his house invaded by six or seven immense frontiersmen and all his rooms occupied. He will be lucky if his wife and daughters are not forced to share his guests' beds. Such is the fear of the timid trader that he will not dare to complain or even send a signed letter to the police. If he is very brave he will write an anonymous letter to the nearest sub-inspector, telling him about the Afghan invasion, and sign it, 'A friend of Government,' or a 'Supporter of law and order.' The police then arrive and throw out the Afghans. In 1925 these foreigners had become so aggressive that the Commissioner of Police ordered his Maratha police sepoy—the only persons in Bombay besides Europeans unafraid of Afghans—to strike without warning any Afghan whom they saw behaving suspiciously,

¹ Essay on Warren Hastings. Macaulay describes the Rohillas as the only gentlemen in India. They are really bloodthirsty, cowardly ruffians.

a blow on the head with a truncheon and then inquire. Otherwise the burly ruffian would draw his knife and silence his questioner with a dagger-thrust. One night a Maratha policeman was patrolling the northern part of Bombay when he saw a Rohilla carrying a big sack on his back. The Maratha suspected the bag to contain stolen property, and, agreeably to the Commissioner's orders, he struck the Rohilla a violent blow on the head with his truncheon, knocking him senseless. The Maratha opened the sack and found that it contained the pieces of what had once been a Hindu woman. He whistled for help. Other policemen came up and took the Rohilla to the police station, and the inquiry began. It transpired that he kept a house of ill-fame. One of the wretched girls whom he forced to work for his benefit had a sister, respectably married to a Maratha cultivator. The sister was so unwise as to visit her unfortunate kinswoman. The Afghan promptly seized her and compelled her also to work for him as a prostitute. She tried several times to escape, but she was retaken and beaten. At last the Rohilla lost his temper and beat his victim so severely that she died. He then cut up the body, and was taking the pieces in a sack to throw them into the sea, when he was struck and arrested by the Maratha policeman. He was found guilty; and I never felt less reluctance in sentencing an accused person to be hanged.

The third case was a 'gangster' case rather on Chicago lines. There had been a number of burglaries in the suburban villas between Bombay and Salsette, and the police could not divine who

the culprits were. They at first thought that criminal tribesmen from the Thana hills were to blame; but there was no evidence against them. At last similar burglaries began to occur in Bombay town itself, and in the course of one of them a young Prabhu, who was trying to organise a resistance, was shot dead. The inmates of the house said that the robbers were Baluchis and Afghans. The police got the Home Department to offer a big reward for any information leading to the arrest and conviction of the murderers. One day a Baluchi appeared at a Bombay police station and said that he could earn the reward. The inspector took his statement. The Baluchi came, he said, from Las Bela, a small independent state in Baluchistan. His name was Hayat Khan, and he had had to leave his village because of an intrigue with a girl, and had fled to Karachi. There he had worked in the docks for some time. One day he and his friends had gone on a trip to Magar Pir, a sacred pool twelve miles from the town. Some pretty Hindu girls had also gone there. The audacious overtures that Hayat Khan and his companions made to the girls caused their husbands and brothers to complain to the police. The latter bade Hayat's party be off; but they refused. A fight ensued. Hayat Khan, struck by a truncheon, knifed his assailant, who fell dead. The Baluchis fled back to Karachi, but the hunt was up. Hayat Khan left the same night in a cargo boat for Kathiawar, and disembarking at Porbandar made his way to Baroda. There he had some relatives in the service of His Highness, the Gaikwar. They added to their small salaries

by acting as receivers, and they introduced Hayat Khan to an Afghan called Mahomed Khan, who kept a tobacco shop near the cantonment station. The shop was merely a pretence. Mahomed Khan was really the leader of a gang of robbers. For two or three years previously he had been organising robberies and dacoities in British territories, but wisely refrained from crime in the Baroda State. He thus never aroused the suspicions of the Gaikwar's police. He governed his band of dacoits with cruel severity, and anyone who defied his orders was promptly 'put on the spot' and vanished. Mahomed Khan offered, and Hayat Khan accepted, membership of the gang. The work suited the latter so well that he rapidly won Mahomed Khan's confidence and became his second in command. One day Mahomed Khan sent Hayat Khan to operate in Bombay and the suburbs. The plunder that he collected he was to send to Mahomed Khan for distribution. Hayat Khan kept the agreement for a month or two and sent all his 'profits' to Baroda. At last he made such big hauls that he lost his head and refused to consider himself a mere subaltern, but the chief of an independent band. Mahomed Khan was not a man to be trifled with. He came by train to Bombay. Directly he appeared, the robbers abandoned Hayat Khan and returned to their old leader. Hayat Khan was now in mortal danger, so he fled to the police and turned King's evidence. With his help the police organised an admirable 'round up,' and secured fifteen or sixteen of the band. The accused were sentenced to transportation for life by Sir Charles Fawcett.

A supplementary lot of eight or nine were afterwards tracked down and arrested. These were the men whom I tried. Hayat Khan gave evidence as an approver, and his bearing in court was so undaunted that the cross-examining counsel seemed completely cowed. The defence was very feebly conducted, and the jury unanimously found all the prisoners guilty. I sentenced them also to transportation for life.

The climate of Bombay affected my health so much during these sessions that I applied for leave to England. I received in reply a letter from the private secretary, offering me a permanent post on the High Court Bench in place of Mr Justice Pratt. To accept the offer I should have had to give up my leave. After most anxious consideration I found myself constrained to refuse it. My decision was completely justified; for I had no sooner completed the criminal work than I had to go to hospital for an operation, and a week later I was carried on board ship on an ambulance stretcher. I obtained six months' leave and was allowed to return to my old post as Judicial Commissioner.

I had intended to retire in the spring. I had had more than thirty-four years' service; but one's wishes are not always realised. Government begged me to stay on until the very end of my thirty-five years' service, offering me special concessions of leave if I did so. Such a request could not well be refused. I agreed to stay until October, and sent my wife to England at the beginning of April.

During the hot weather vacation I stayed in

Karachi and occupied myself by writing a book, called 'Teachers of India.' I had long wished to write a series of short biographies of the most popular Indian religious teachers, and this was a favourable opportunity. The 'Times of India Weekly Illustrated' published each biography as I wrote it, and eventually the Oxford Press published the collection in book form.

When the vacation was over I resumed my work as President of the appellate side. Every month my colleague and I heard appeals from the Sessions Courts. One appeal disclosed the strangest set of facts that I ever came across. They were briefly as follows :—

One July morning the English Civil Surgeon of Haidarabad rode to Ghoribandar, a little port on the Indus, so as to see the river in flood. Close to where he pulled up his horse was a whirlpool. In it he saw revolving the corpse of a man. He called to some fishermen who lived close by, and induced them to go into the water and drag out the body. The task was not easy; but the Indus fishermen are unrivalled swimmers, and they succeeded. The corpse was taken to the civil hospital, and it bore marks of violence. The civil surgeon reported the matter to the Haidarabad police, who at once became very interested. They had received some days earlier an official report that a Panjabi mechanic, who had fled with a girl from a village near Jallandar, had been murdered. The girl, whose name was Chandbai, had returned alone and had complained that her lover had been assassinated in Haidarabad. A message sped along the wires to the Panjab police that a corpse wearing

Panjabi clothes had been fished out of the Indus. Two days later a Panjabi sub-inspector came with the girl to Haidarabad. The girl led the police to a garage, wherein lived a Musulman mechanic and his mistress, a Hindu prostitute. The girl Chandbai pointed these two out as concerned in the murder. The woman's trunks were searched, and hidden in the bottom were jewels and clothes, which the girl claimed as hers.

The mechanic and his mistress were arrested, and each hastened to inculpate the other. Their statements and Chandbai's complaint enabled the police to piece together the tale of her adventures. She was the young wife of a common labourer in her village, and every day her husband went to work in Jallandar. Somehow she made the acquaintance of a Musulman mechanic, and the two resolved to run away together. One night she stole her jewels from her husband's box and fled to the station, whence the mechanic took her to Haidarabad in Sind. He was afraid that, unless he left the Panjab, the provincial police would catch him and take away the girl. In Haidarabad he looked for work, and found it in the garage pointed out by Chandbai to the police. He worked under the mechanic, who also acted as chauffeur to a wealthy resident of the city. The Hindu courtesan's cupidity was aroused by the clothes and the jewels that the girl foolishly showed her. The harlot conceived a perfectly diabolical plot. She would make overtures to the Panjabi man, while her Sindi lover courted the girl. In this way the two strangers would be separated and would more easily fall

victims. The Panjabi, flattered by the courtesan's attention, was soon seduced, and she contrived to be seen in his embraces by Chandbai. The latter was furious and at once threw herself into the arms of the Sindi mechanic. The harlot next induced the Panjabi to give her all Chandbai's jewels and clothes. Once they were in her possession, there was no longer any need for pretence; so the two Sindis resolved to murder the Panjabi and sell the girl to a brothel-keeper. One evening they locked up Chandbai in the garage and took the unlucky Panjabi for a drive in the car of their employer, the rich city merchant. With them came a young Afghan of sixteen, who was working as an apprentice close by. He had fallen in love with the girl and, in his case, the bribe was the temporary possession of her. They gave the Panjabi a dinner and doped his drink. He became unconscious and they drove him to the riverside, intending to throw him into the Indus, then in spate, and so drown him. When the car reached the water's edge at Ghoribandar, the Panjabi woke up. This was a nuisance, but the young Afghan put him to sleep again with a blow on the head from a spanner. They tied round the unconscious man his long white shawl, which they loaded with a heavy stone. Then they threw him into the water. The murderers expected that the stone would sink the body and hold it to the bottom, or if the stone broke loose, that the body would be washed down-stream and eaten by crocodiles or fish. The stone did slip out of the shawl, but, unfortunately for the two Sindis,

the corpse was caught in the whirlpool, and revolved in it until the English doctor saw it.

After the murder the courtesan and the mechanic went home; next morning they went to a brothel to arrange for the sale of Chandbai. In their absence the young Afghan opened the garage and told Chandbai what had happened and what fate lay in store for her. He promised that, if she yielded to him, he would rescue her and take her back to the Panjab. Her wits sharpened by despair, she became his mistress and ran away with him to the railway station. Before she reached her destination she outwitted the Afghan by slipping out of his compartment and getting into the one reserved for women. Feeling it dangerous to accompany her farther, he left the train at the next station and disappeared. Chandbai reached her village, and alighting from her carriage, tried to return unobserved to her father's house. Unfortunately a Musulman butcher saw her. For some reason or another Indian butchers are dreadful busybodies; perhaps it is because everyone looks down on them because of their trade. He began to shout at the top of his voice that Chandbai had returned alone. What had she done with her lover the mechanic? She must have poisoned him, &c., &c. In fact, he raised such an outcry that a policeman took her to the police station. There she told how she had been robbed and the mechanic murdered. The complaint led to the inquiry already described. On Chandbai's evidence and their own statements the two Sindis were convicted of murder. The

sessions judge sentenced the man to be hanged and the woman to undergo transportation for life. My colleague and I confirmed the sentences; my only regret was that the courtesan had not been sentenced to death also. I have often wondered since what became of Chandbai. She was only seventeen, and she had gone through as many adventures as Helen of Troy. Let us hope that she found in her husband or someone else some big-hearted Menelaus, generous enough to forgive her past and to provide for her later years.

In August 1926 I was present at a most interesting ceremonial in the municipal gardens of Karachi. Raza Khan, the Dictator of Persia, had declared himself Emperor with the title of Raza Shah. The Parsi community, whom the autocrat favoured and whose friendship he courted, held a meeting in the municipal gardens in honour of the new Shah-in-Shah and offered prayers for his happy and prosperous reign—prayers that so far have certainly been answered. The priest who recited the prayers was my old and very learned friend Dr Dthala, the Parsi High Priest of Sind. They were not, however, the ordinary Parsi supplications. They were old Persian prayers that Dr Dthala had unearthed, and they had been recited at the coronation of Darius Hystaspes, the King, the Achæmenian.

In October the day came when I had to retire from the active list and leave India and the Civil Service. All my friends, from Hudson, the Commissioner, downwards, came to see me off; and it was with a heavy heart that I saw the harbour recede in the distance. On the voyage through the

Indian Ocean I saw a school of whales, just such a school as that which terrified Nearchus and his fleet. In front of the whales I saw a giant octopus dash through the water at the speed of a motor launch. Suddenly an arm more than twenty feet long rose and the tip bent over. Had I not seen the arm quite straight I should have sworn that the cephalopod's tentacle was a sea serpent. Then as suddenly as it had emerged the arm dropped and the monster disappeared. One of its enemies, the whales from which it fled, must have swallowed it.

My wife had arranged to meet me at Alexandria. She took the Messageries Maritimes and reached the famous Eunostos Harbour the same day as I reached Port Said. She went to the National Hotel and waited for me, as I traversed the Delta by train. We met at the National Hotel the same evening. We spent three or four days at Alexandria, visited the Museum, the so-called Pompey's Column and the sites of the battles of Aboukir. Unfortunately Alexandria was full of mosquitoes and my wife had a sharp attack of malaria. From Alexandria we went to Cairo and rejoiced in the antiquities of the Museum wherein the spoils of Tutankhamen's tomb were displayed. We went by train to Luxor, saw Thebes and the tombs of the Amenhoteps, the singing Memnon and the temples of Carnac. On a visit to Sakkara we met Mr Frith, the head of the Egyptian Archæological Department. He very kindly showed us over the recent excavations. At one spot he pointed out some demotic writing, and translated it somewhat to this effect: "I, X, went with Rameses II. on his Syrian campaign and I alone

out of my company have returned." Mr Frith continued: "Some weeks ago I passed an ancient temple. On it an Australian had written, 'I, Bill Thompson, went with Allenby on his Syrian campaign and I alone out of my company have returned.'" Three thousand years make little difference in a soldier's mentality.

We returned to England in December to see our children and also to obtain, if I could, an official job. I was offered one or two; but I wanted to get, as my friend Sir George Curtis had done, a vice-consulate in France. I loved the French. I knew their language well, and France had for me an irresistible attraction. By good luck the Vice-Consulate of Cherbourg was vacant. The previous occupant had died of a shooting accident. My friend Colonel Proes, who knew Mr Gye, C.M.G., the head of the Consular Department in the Foreign Office, gave me a letter of introduction. Mr Gye gave me an interview and very kindly offered me the Vice-Consulate. I made, however, a condition of acceptance that I should be allowed not to take over charge until the spring. Mr Gye very kindly gave me the concession, and in January my wife and I toured Italy, visiting the Gulf of Spezzia (where Shelley was drowned), Rome, Florence and Venice. On the 20th March we reached Paris. On the 28th March we arrived at Cherbourg. On the 1st April I took over charge of my new post from the Secretary and acting Vice-Consul, M. André Buhot.

CHAPTER XV.

CHERBOURG

It was with intense curiosity that I entered on the duties of my new office. I was soaked in French literature. I had read all about French officials in Guy de Maupassant and Alphonse Daudet; and now I should meet sous préfets, gardes champêtres, &c., in the flesh. Fortunately I had M. Buhot to tell me what I should do both officially and socially, otherwise I should have committed many and grave errors.

As Vice-Consul I had to call on the préfet maritime, the maire, the sous préfet and the other consuls. The préfet maritime is the Governor of the Cherbourg fortress, and is always a Vice-Admiral in the French Navy. That is the highest rank available, for France has no Admirals. He lives in the Préfecture, or, as we should say in India, Government House. He has A.D.C.'s, orderlies and a book in which visitors write their names. As English Vice-Consul I had the right to be received by the préfet maritime. After the usual long wait in the A.D.C.'s room, that callers on Governors or Lieutenant-Governors have to endure, the interview began. The Vice-Admiral had the courtesy common to

all French gentlemen and to naval officers all the world over. He had been present at the landing at Suvla Bay, and had watched with approval the dash and courage of the British and Australian troops.

The maire, a M. de la Bretonnière, was a retired naval captain. He was an old bachelor, who had gone into politics for something to do. Although he professed to be an extreme Radical, he was at heart a violent reactionary; and if any Communists tried to make mischief, he dealt with them as if he had been on the quarter-deck of a battle cruiser. I saw a great deal of M. le Maire. It fell to his lot now and again to receive the visits of corporations of English towns. On such occasions I played a big part as interpreter.

The Président du Tribunal, M. Walley, was a charming gentleman, and when he learned that I also had been a judge, he was cordiality itself. He introduced me to the Procureur de la République or Public Prosecutor. The latter is a salaried public servant. He has a seat on the Bench alongside the judges, and an insult to him is as much a contempt of court as an insult to them. In important civil cases he is present to give his opinion on the points of law, even if the French Government is not a party. He can become the President of the Court in which he has practised. In fact, the present head of the Cherbourg Judiciary is the gentleman whom I first knew as Public Prosecutor.

The sous préfet, M. Grégoire, was a well-born Parisian, and spoke French as only a well-born Parisian can. His manners and charms were inimit-

able. He lived at the sous préfecture, a building kept up at State expense, not far from the official house of the préfet. As the préfet maritime was first and foremost a sailor, and devoted himself almost entirely to naval matters, the sous préfet had all the civil administration in his hands. He had great power and his office resembled that of the First Assistant Political Agent of Aden, when the Governor of the Fortress was a distinguished soldier. At first sight the position of the sous préfet would seem most enviable, but actually it was pitiable. His pay was extremely low—*la misère dorée*, as one Frenchman described it to me. In the second place, he and his chief belonged to two different sections of the nation. Had M. Grégoire been an ordinary sous préfet, under the préfet of an ordinary department, his 'boss' would have been in the same service as himself and they would have shown a united front. At Cherbourg the sous préfet was a Republican official, whereas the préfet maritime was a Breton gentleman, and therefore a Royalist. His relations with his subordinate were correct but never cordial; and the naval officers under him, and the aristocratic military officers stationed at Cherbourg, refused to know the sous préfet. The grandfathers and great-uncles of the naval officers whom we knew had been out with de la Roche Jaquelin in the Vendée. They had died for their King round Nantes and in the 'bocage' or woods of Brittany. They would not know the representative of a Republic that they hated. One M. d'E., to whose family Louis XV. had given the right that the eldest son should in his father's

lifetime also have the title of Comte, snubbed me severely when I asked him if he knew the sous préfet.

"Monsieur," he said, "I do not even know his name; and what is more I do not want to."

The attitude of the services was mimicked by the business people. They spoke slightly of M. Grégoire as a 'mouchard' or Government spy. Indeed the only acquaintances whom M. and Mme. Grégoire could make were the other Government officials and ourselves. Since then he has been promoted, and is very happy as préfet of High Savoy, the land of which his wife is a native.

So far my calls had been only official; but since the widow of my predecessor was leaving Cherbourg and was anxious to let her house, we took it and were able to become members of the local society. In England if a new-comer takes a house in a country town, the vicar calls and reports his impressions to his friends. If they are favourable, the friends call too, and all is well. In France the custom is different. Each lady has 'un jour de réception,' or 'At Home' day. The principal bookseller in the town publishes a little book styled 'Le carnet des jours.' This gives the day of the week and month when each lady receives. Mme. E., for instance, receives on the first Tuesday of the month. Mme. A. receives on the second Thursday and so forth. Armed with this information the new-comer awaits Mme. E.'s day, and both husband and wife call together. The husband's presence at the first call is indispensable, and it is well to go early in the afternoon. Otherwise there will be so many other

persons that the new-comers may be overlooked. Mme. E. will be perfectly charming, but will not necessarily offer tea. The old-fashioned French families do not take afternoon tea. If Mme. E. has reacted favourably to the new-comers' personalities, she will ask when her new friends' 'jour' is. Otherwise she will say nothing and wait to make further inquiries. Possibly she will not return the call at all; but this omission has not the same significance as in England. There it means that the good lady does not wish to know her callers; but in France it only means that the lady does not wish to be intimate with them. She will always bow to the new-comer in the street, and may even stop her and speak to her. She will not bow to the strange gentleman, because in France the gentleman must bow first; and here one of the chief difficulties of an Englishman arises. He will see walking towards him a lady whom he knows quite well, but who seems to have completely forgotten him. Her face is as expressionless as stone and her eyes look straight ahead. She does not, however, want to cut him. She is simply waiting for him to take his hat off. Directly he has done so, her face lights up and she gives him a delightful smile and bow. If, misled by her seeming indifference, the Englishman were not to take off his hat—and in France hats are lifted right off the head—she would be furious. She would complain to her husband that that 'mal élevé' foreigner had cut her dead.

As British Vice-Consul I had an official position, and my predecessor and his wife had been very popular. Once, therefore, we had installed our-

selves in our new house, all the ladies on whom we had called asked my wife when her 'jour' was. She had chosen the last Friday of every month; and directly this was known, there was a rush of people to return our calls. My wife was rather miserable at first, because she had never previously spoken French, although she could read it fluently. It was, however, wonderful how quickly she picked it up and learnt to do housekeeping, marketing, and to talk small talk in the drawing-room. The result was that she soon made visitors quite at home. One tremendous afternoon we had no less than eighty callers; as my wife gave them excellent tea and cakes, our callers were most reluctant to leave. Only the absence of space in our overcrowded room drove our earlier visitors out.

After a time they split up into groups. The business people came about 3 P.M. and stayed until 4 P.M. The civil officials came about 4 P.M. and stayed till 5 P.M. After 5 P.M. came the naval officers, the soldiers and their wives. On one occasion there came with the last group a splendid young Frenchman, who might have stepped straight out of one of Dumas' novels. I rose to greet him, and as I shook his hand he said, "Je suis le vicomte de Bragelonne." I looked at him speechless, for I seemed to see flitting about the room the ghosts of Athos, Porthos, Aramis and D'Artagnan. Surprised at my silence, he repeated with a smile, "Oui, Monsieur, je suis le vicomte de Bragelonne." He was a southerner from near Bordeaux. His grandfather was le marquis de Bragelonne, his father le comte, and he, the grandson, le vicomte. Dumas

must have heard the name and borrowed it for the son of Athos and Mme. de Chevreuse.

Titles in France are not recognised by the Republic, nevertheless they are much commoner than in England. This is chiefly due to the fact that every younger son inherits a title and hands it down to his children. In other words, if a marquis has three sons the eldest will become on his father's death a marquis, the second son a count and the third a vicomte. These titles are again handed on by the count and the viscount to their children. In our country town we had four counts or earls and several viscounts and barons. This would certainly be an excessive number in England. I learnt in connection with French titles one thing that may be useful to my readers. Just as only servants or official correspondents address an English peer as "My Lord," so in France only servants say "Monsieur le comte," "Monsieur le marquis" or "Monsieur le vicomte." On the other hand, everyone says "Monsieur le Duc" and "Monsieur le Prince."

I have already mentioned the unwillingness of our guests to go. When my daughter, a pretty fair girl of seventeen, arrived for her holidays, this unwillingness became still more marked. Our tea-parties degenerated into *thés dansants* and there was no speeding our callers home. However, they were so charming and light-hearted and gay that we soon fell in with their customs and became indifferent when we had dinner. Indeed, it sometimes became a matter of doubt whether we should ever get to bed. The American Consul's wife once gave a

tea-party, followed by a dance. The guests arrived at 4 P.M. and left at 6 A.M.! We profited by this experience, and when we gave dances, as we did in the Easter and Christmas holidays, we had cards printed, "Dancing from 8 P.M. to 12 midnight." Once our French friends grasped that we really wanted them to go at midnight, they left punctually; what kept them was chiefly the wish to show their pleasure at our entertainment. No party is ever a failure with French guests. If the dancing flags, all the young people go about saying to each other, "*C'est charmant, n'est-ce pas?*" (It's lovely, isn't it?), "*Comme c'est réussi!*" (What a successful show!) Thus they create a mass feeling that the party is a huge success.

One peculiarity of a French tea-party is delightful from a man's point of view. It is the girls and not the young men who hand round tea and cakes. No need for a man, even though he be a curate, to leap from his chair and busy himself with the distribution of delicacies. He rests in his seat with Olympian calm until a pretty French girl—and Norman girls can be very pretty—brings him all that his jaded constitution needs.

A French hostess does not often give dinner-parties, but if she is popular she has frequently to submit to 'surprise parties' in her own house. Suddenly just before dinner there will descend on her a band of her friends armed with dainties and provide her and her family with a full meal. Then they will play the piano and dance until breakfast-time! The hostess is not supposed to know beforehand, but actually she is sounded whether she has

any objection. We never had a surprise party foisted on us, but once we were asked to take part in one. We motored on a summer evening some twenty miles to a distant chateau, bringing with us cold meats and champagne. There we were greeted by the proprietor, who evidently expected us, although he affected surprise. As the guests alighted he shouted in a voice that Stentor would have envied, "Messieurs à droite," "Mesdames à gauche." With his logical Latin mind he assumed that we should probably wish to retire after a long motor drive, and so he indicated without false modesty whither we should go!

It is a very common belief among stay-at-home Englishmen that the French are a profoundly immoral race, and that every husband among them keeps a mistress and that every wife has a lover. As a matter of fact, nothing could be more devastatingly respectable than French provincial society. The Cherbourg ladies used often to give parties for 'ladies only.' Each guest was invited to bring her 'ouvrage,' and guests and hostess would sit, work and gossip together the whole afternoon. My wife, who was often asked, took on one occasion a pale blue silk petticoat as her work. The other ladies were soon eyeing it disapprovingly. At last one lady, determined not to condemn my wife unheard, said pointedly, "C'est sans doute, Madame, pour votre fille?" To this my wife replied gaily and in all innocence, "Mais non, Madame, c'est pour moi-même." A shocked silence fell on all the company. The profligate Cherbourgeoises still wore woollen combinations and red flannel petticoats!

In matters of hygiene provincial France lags certainly behind provincial England. Very few of the Cherbourg houses—ours, owned by an Englishman, was an exception—had bathrooms. Some of the young people had cold tubs, such as I had when I was a boy. The others and the elder people used to go at intervals to the excellent public baths; but their visits were, I fancy, of the angelic type—few and far between. On the other hand, all Cherbourg during the summer bathed in the sea. Those who had cars went some way out. Those who had not, bathed in the splendid harbour. Our young people enjoyed many ‘piqueniques’ on the endless beaches to the west of Cherbourg. The sea was warmer than on the English coast, for the Gulf Stream runs strongly round Lower Normandy; and after bathing, girls and boys would play cricket in their bathing dresses. The French had never heard of the game, but were delighted with it. The boys picked it up quickly. The girls were even keener, but not so quick to learn. One pretty Norman girl complained to me with tears in her eyes that it was useless to try. The boys stayed in all the time, whereas the poor girls were only allowed to get two or three balls. I could, however, suggest no remedy; for if one is bowled second or third ball, one gets no practice, and without practice one is bowled second or third ball.

Although they genuinely like flowers, the French are poor gardeners. Above all, they are firmly convinced that ‘pelouses’ or lawns cannot be produced in France. Wherever there is a patch of grass in a French garden, it is never less than nine inches

long. One Frenchman gave me a long scientific explanation of the absence of lawns. 'Pelouses,' he said, could only be produced in certain very peculiar atmospheric conditions, such as exist in England and nowhere else in the world. To support his thesis he pointed at my lawn. I had just taken over the house, and the grass was about a foot long. I was impressed, but not convinced. I bought a mowing machine, and after a fortnight's hard work I had an English lawn. The following month, when my wife's reception day returned, I showed it with pride to my French friend. He gazed at it in utter astonishment; then he murmured, "The 'pelouse' does not exist in France. An Englishman comes and, lo and behold, there is at once a 'pelouse'!" He evidently regarded the lawn no longer as due to English air, but as some strange product of 'white man's magic' that the Englishman took with him wherever he went.

Besides the coteries with whom my wife and I were on calling terms, there were others with whom we did not exchange calls, but with whom I was exceedingly friendly. These were the Société des Conférences, the Academy group and the Rotary Club.

The Société des Conférences was composed of educated men—lawyers, schoolmasters, doctors, &c., who undertook to give lectures throughout the winter. Their work was unpaid and admission was free, and the maire lent the largest hall in the mairie for the lectures. Their quality naturally varied. Some were exceedingly interesting, some were less so; but all were the result of long and careful study.

Here I should mention that there is nothing a Frenchman dislikes more than impromptu oratory. 'Improvisation,' as he calls it, is, in his judgment, an insult to the audience. What he likes is 'un discours bien travaillé'—a speech or lecture that bears the marks of obvious toil and preparation. To many Englishmen such a production would, like some of Demosthenes' orations, seem 'to smell of the lamp.'

The President of the Society was M. Favier. He was the 'bâtonnier' or leader of the Cherbourg Bar. One day he asked me whether I would give a lecture on India. I was at first very unwilling, because I knew how unpopular such a theme would be in England. There an Anglo-Indian has but to talk about India, and doctors and lawyers, deans and dowagers bound from their seats and, their features drawn with anguish, gallop towards the door. M. Favier assured me that this was not the case in France, and I found him to be right. To the Englishman India is the country whence come dreary Anglo-Indian bores or such wholly unintelligible phenomena as Mr Gandhi and his goats. To the Frenchman India is still l'Inde mystérieuse, the land of rajas and elephants, nabobs and begums, the scene of Dupleix's incredible dreams and De Bussy's unbelievable victories; and many a gallant French captain, fingering his sword-hilt, has visions of the day when, after the departure of the English, France will revive her claim to the Northern Sarkars.¹

¹ The Northern Sarkars comprise the rich coast lands to the east of the Haidarabad State. They were ceded to the French by the Nizam, and again ceded to the East India Company by the French. If the English abandon India, the French claim that their title to the

I agreed to give a lecture on "India, her customs and her gods." On the appointed day, half an hour before the advertised time, every seat in the lecture hall was full, while a vast crowd outside were trying to force their way in and get standing room. Ten minutes before my arrival all the doors had been closed.

I felt rather forlorn as I stood up to address a foreign audience in a foreign tongue ; but I had taken great pains with my lecture and carefully committed it to memory. The applause that greeted me, and the clapping with which I was often interrupted, gave me assurance, and I carried on successfully to the end. I sketched first an outline of Hindu beliefs, then the life of an ordinary high-caste Hindu, and finally gave a short account of the Hindu pantheon. A French friend said afterwards in my hearing, " M. Kincaid gave a lecture in French before a French audience and obtained 'un succès formidable.' " This was to overstate the case. Still, I think I can claim that I interested and held the attention of my audience throughout.

The second coterie was the Académie Nationale de Cherbourg. In the reign of Louis XV. a body of local gentlemen founded a literary society on the lines of the famous Institut de Paris, usually called in English the French Academy. Louis XVI. gave the society a charter with the title of Académie Royale de Cherbourg. The charter conferred all sorts of quaint privileges and imposed strange conditions.

Northern Sarkars will revive. Whether this claim is good in law, I cannot say ; but, backed by a French army 100,000 strong, it would certainly be good in fact.

One of the latter required that no member should, under pain of expulsion, speak ill of the King. The Académie survived the monarchy and, changing its name, became the Académie Nationale de Cherbourg. General Dumouriez had been a director. Sainte Beuve had been proud to become a corresponding member. The Cherbourg Academy, like that of Paris, consisted of forty members. Directly one died or resigned, his fauteuil was at once filled up, and all members were expected to read at least one paper after their election. This distinguished body invited me first to be a corresponding member, an honour that I gratefully accepted. Still more gratefully did I accept the subsequent offer of a permanent membership. This honour had never in the history of the Academy been previously conferred on a foreigner. I was selected, it appeared, because of my books on India. The Director of the Academy, M. Legrain, had held office for thirty years. He and the other members always addressed each other during a session in somewhat quaint old-fashioned French. They used the *passé défini* instead of the colloquial perfect indicative, and the imperfect subjunctive where the ordinary conversationalist would have used the present.

Of my colleagues I liked and admired most Vice-Admiral Le Cannelier. He had held the highest posts in the French Navy, and then, retiring to his ancestral home in Cherbourg, took a prominent part in the intellectual and municipal life of the town. He was very fond of the English, and I shall give his reasons, so far as a translation permits, in his own words, which for natural eloquence are hard

to beat. "Yes," he said, "I am Anglophil, and I shall tell you why. When the Great War broke out I was in command of a battleship at Brest, and the orders of our Government were that we should steam to the Straits of Dover and there inflict, with submarines and gunfire, such damage as would enable our Mediterranean fleet to fight them on fairly equal terms. Of course, it meant that we should be sacrificed. We steamed up the Channel, and one day, when I had gone on board the admiral's flagship, we saw on the skyline the German fleet. It was a moment of intense emotion, for it was as if we had read our own death warrants. I was about to leave the admiral and rejoin my ship, when we saw coming from the north an English destroyer. She raced towards us. In the August sunlight the foam played about her bows; at her stern fluttered the ensign of England. She came alongside. The commander climbed on board and, saluting the admiral, said: 'Admiral, I am directed to inform you that England has declared war on Germany and that we shall hold the Straits.' It was the English and not the German fleet that we had seen. We were saved. From that moment to this, M. le Consul, I have never let anyone say a word in my presence against England."

Gallant old Norman sea-dog, I shall love you to the end of time!

On the hundredth anniversary of the conquest of Algeria, Admiral Le Cannelier read a very interesting paper on the French landing and the fall of Algiers. I read as my paper an account of Le Comte de Boigne, a French adventurer, who was in

turn an ensign in the Irish brigade, a major in the Russian Army, a lover of the Empress Catharine II., a Turkish slave in Constantinople, a lieutenant in the Company's army and Commander-in-Chief of Sindia's forces. On his return to France he settled at Chambéry, married a marquis' daughter, and was created a count by the King of Piedmont and an officer of the Legion of Honour by Louis XVIII. The career of de Boigne is well known in India, but is little known in France ; and the fantastic achievements of their distinguished compatriot pleased and amused the Cherbourg Academy.

The third coterie was the Rotary Club of Cherbourg. It was very exclusive and its members did not exceed twenty-five. I was invited to become a charter member, and I attended regularly the fortnightly club breakfasts. I enjoyed them very much, for the members soon forgot that I was a foreigner, and across the breakfast table talked as freely before me as if I had not been there. In this way I heard any number of interesting anecdotes and reminiscences. One of my fellow Rotarians had been an airman in the Great War and had won the Cross of the Legion of Honour in an unusual manner. His flying base was at Guernsey. Scouting down the Channel he saw a submarine rise to the surface. Thinking it was English he dived down to hail it. Coming closer he found it was German. He promptly dropped a bomb on it and destroyed it. "What happened to the crew?" I asked. "Were they drowned?" "Probablement," he answered grimly.

Another Rotarian had been in Paris when the

franc fell to 250 to the £1. He was among the crowd who assembled outside the House of Deputies and shouted, "À mort Herriot!" I said, "I take it that you, a Norman, kept quiet. What did you do?" He answered defiantly, "I shouted, 'À mort Herriot!'" The Paris air had fired even his northern blood.

My greatest difficulty was to avoid 'chaffing' my French friends. English people are so in the habit of chaffing each other that they are always tempted to 'chaff' foreigners. With some foreigners this may be all right, but never, never 'chaff' a Frenchman. They never tease each other in that way, and they have no idea how to reply. They look at one first in surprise and then in anger, and if one wishes to remain friendly one has instantly to apologise. If one desires to show one's kindly feelings, one should pay compliments, or better still, speak well of France. The Frenchman so loves his beautiful land that he never tires of hearing its praises. Here are some of my own efforts. A French lady said to me once: "You English travel so much more than we do; we poor French are such 'stay-at-homes.'"

I answered: "Madame, when one has such a beautiful homeland as France, one is right never to leave it." You should have seen the smile she gave me.

Another day a French officer asked me: "M. le Consul, how do you find our French literature?"

"Monsieur," I said, "I love it, just as I love the French and as I love France." I had made a friend for life!

On a third occasion I very nearly fell into error, but by great good fortune I saved myself in time. A gentleman asked me in our drawing-room, "Which European capital do you like best?"

Without thinking I answered, "Rome." Suddenly the faces of all my listeners clouded, and they looked vexed and disillusioned. At once I added, "That is to say, from the historical point of view." My friends' faces became less gloomy, and they murmured indulgently, "Naturellement." Then I ended up with a great flourish, "But for beauty there is no capital like Paris." Not a soul present but vowed that I deserved to have been born a Frenchman!

The two great days in Cherbourg were the 1st January and the 14th July. On the morning of New Year's Day the Vice-Consul was expected to put on a top-hat and a morning coat, and leave cards on the préfet maritime, the maire and the other important functionaries. Then he went back to his office and sent by post to his absent friends not New Year cards but visiting cards, on which he had written, "M. le Consul and Mme. Kincaid wish Mme. and M. Blank a good New Year." It is interesting to note that when a married couple are referred to, madame has precedence of monsieur. In the afternoon my wife and I left cards on our friends. We also used to give a tea and a dance, and then my wife and the French ladies exchanged delightful compliments and often embraced.

The 14th July is supposed to be the anniversary of the taking of the Bastille, and Gambetta chose it for that reason as a national festival. But its

success is really due to its date. It marks the real advent of summer. The schools close down on the 12th or 13th, and the 14th July is thus the beginning of the holidays. Early in the morning bugles are heard sounding all over the town. At 9 A.M. a parade is held, to which the foreign consuls are invited. It is again a case for a top-hat and a morning coat. The parade is held very suitably in the Place Napoléon, and on one side of it is a row of tents. I go to the principal one and find there not only all my consular colleagues, but also the préfet maritime in full naval uniform, the sous préfet in full civil uniform, the maire and deputy with their 'tricolour' scarves of office tied across their chests. I note with interest that the scarf of the maire is broader than the deputy's. In France His Worship ranks above an M.P. The proceedings open with the distribution of decorations.

The préfet goes up to the recipients of the Legion of Honour, who await him drawn up in a line. Of this order there are five classes: (1) chevalier, (2) officier, (3) commandeur, (4) grand officier, (5) grande croix. The last two are usually given by the President himself, but the other three I have seen distributed. The procedure is in all cases the same. The préfet announces that the President, in virtue of his powers, has directed him to confer such and such a grade of the Legion of Honour. He takes a sword from his A.D.C., touches with it each shoulder of the recipient, fastens the cross on his chest, embraces him on both cheeks and then shakes his hand and congratulates him.

After the Legion of Honour the préfet distributes

the Médailles Militaires. This is a less important order, and is awarded rather for long and faithful service than for any brilliant action. The préfet fastens the medal on the recipient's chest, and shaking his hand, congratulates him. He does not embrace the recipient, nor does he give him the accolade with his sword.

Afterwards the band crashes out the "Marseillaise," as only a French band can, and the march past begins. When we first went to Cherbourg there was only a colonial regiment there, and French colonial regiments, although excellent fighters, refuse point-blank to march properly. Their appearance was very disappointing. After the evacuation of the Rhineland the 8th Regiment of French Infantry was posted to Cherbourg. It had been in the occupied territories, and officers and men had vied with each other in maintaining a standard of drill such as would impress the Germans. They marched past splendidly, and everyone saluted their colours with right goodwill.

My jurisdiction was not confined to Cherbourg, but extended over the whole of Lower Normandy and included the University town of Caen; but before I pass on to the countryside I should like to say a word about the dogs of Cherbourg. The French like dogs, but they are quite indifferent to their ancestry. Cherbourg dogs may be divided into three classes: 'le petit fox' (something like a fox-terrier), 'le boule' (something like a bulldog), 'le vieux toutou' (something like nothing on earth). The cross-breeding of Cherbourg dogs has had a lamentable effect on their courage. In an

English town, when a dog enters a street, every cat in it sidles towards the nearest wall. When a cat enters a Cherbourg street all the 'petits fox' and 'boules' and 'vieux toutous,' who till then have been growling and back-chatting at each other, give a short sharp bark of 'safety first' and vanish into the nearest 'funkhole.' From the centre all round to the sea the Cherbourg cat is, even more than Alexander Selkirk, the lord of the fowl and the brute.

Directly one goes into the country one sees the real Norman. He is a tremendous fellow of huge girth and gigantic appetite. At the Hotel Moderne in the neighbouring town of Barfleur I have seen Normans spend five hours over their breakfast, washing down innumerable meat courses with countless bottles of cheap wine. Nor do these Gargantuan meals do them any harm. In the course of a vast life they are seldom if ever ill—at most they have once or twice 'une petite indigestion.' Somewhere near a hundred they get a 'congestion' and crumple up. When one sees the Normans at their work, and still more at their meals, one is no longer surprised that Harold lost Hastings. One only wonders that he put up any fight at all!

Many of the great English families came from Lower Normandy; and it is noteworthy that, when Duke William built Battle Abbey, he dedicated it to St Martin, the Saint of Lower Normandy.¹

¹ "Sainte Marie et Saint Martin
Se partagent le Cotentin."

(Cotentin—Terra Constantinia or land of Constantine the Great—is the old name for Lower Normandy.)

The house of Northumberland came from Villedieu les Poeles, and its commune is still known as La Commune des Percy. When the French Revolution broke out the Comte de Percy fled to England, and was for long the guest of his kinsman at Alnwick Castle. The Bruces came from Brix, a small town about seven miles from Cherbourg. Their original name was De Brius, which in England degenerated into Bruce and in France into Brix. The French king, Philip Augustus, conferred the family's French estates on a younger branch. The latter, however, has never forgotten its connection with the royal house of England. When Queen Victoria used to pass through Cherbourg on her way to Cannes or St Rémo, the Baron de Brix would always appear at the station in a tall hat and evening dress. He came, he would explain, to see off 'sa cousine.' He never asked to be presented to her. He was too well-bred to intrude where he might not be wanted. At the same time he thought he would be lacking in courtesy to his illustrious kinswoman if he was not present. Of such are the gentlemen of Normandy.

I have mentioned that Caen was within my jurisdiction, and once I wished to call on the juge d'instruction (the stipendiary magistrate) and thank him personally for his kindness to an unfortunate Englishman. He was courtesy itself, and begged me to let him present me to the Judges of the Caen Court of Civil and Criminal Appeal. Naturally I consented with eagerness, and the following morning I presented myself at his court, dressed for the first and only time of my life in a 'bowler' and a

black morning coat. When I told my tailor what I had done he muttered, "'Orrible! 'Orrible!" Yet there was no other attire that I could have worn. It would have been ridiculous to walk through Caen, save on a national festival, in a top-hat; yet the judges would have been deeply offended had I not called on them in a black morning coat. The French habitually wear on semi-state occasions a 'melon' or 'bowler' with a black tail coat, so I followed their example. Great was my reward! The whole body of judges received me, as a former Judge of the Bombay High Court, in gowns and square caps. The President, after a few amiable remarks, offered me a seat on the Bench. I asked that my wife should be given one also; but the old-fashioned French gentleman thinks still that a woman's seat should be in the nursery and not on the Bench. The President politely but firmly refused my request, but he gave us excellent places in the gallery.

We sat through a Sessions case, and I listened to the trial with the greatest interest. Every rule of English procedure was trampled underfoot. All the past history—good or bad—of the prisoner was read to the jury before the case began. There were three judges instead of one. The Public Prosecutor sat on the Bench with the judges and openly discussed the case with the tribunal. Nevertheless I am bound to say that the work of the court was, in the highest degree, efficient and expeditious. One remarkable feature was the absence of cross-examination. I, who had for thirty years been

forced to listen to endless cross-examinations in India, was overjoyed to find that counsel were not allowed to address a single word to any witness either by way of examination in chief, cross-examination, or re-examination. The most he could do was to suggest a question to the President. The latter could ask it or not, as he pleased. After the evidence, counsel addressed the jury. These numbered twelve, and they disagreed as to the prisoner's guilt. In England this would have meant a new trial. It did not in France. There was not even a majority verdict. The jury were divided, six and six. That, however, made no difference. The judges gave a casting vote (*voix prépondérante*), and the accused was duly convicted and sentenced.

There is an old German saying that better is the enemy of good, and the truth of it was shown in my case. The Foreign Office offered me a transfer to Berne, with promotion to a consulate. I was attracted by the offer and accepted it.

When they heard that we were leaving, the kindness of the warm-hearted Cherbourgeois was unbounded. The National Academy begged me to remain a corresponding member all my life. The Rotary Club made me an honorary member also for life, gave me a banquet and presented me with a beautiful book full of engravings of the castles of Normandy. In fact, my four years in Cherbourg were a great and happy experience. If the work done in my office had no special value, I think that my wife and I succeeded in making the name of England a little more popular—and that, after all,

was, I venture to think, no mean achievement. On the other hand, we were amply repaid by the affection of our French friends, and by the certainty that, in the years to come, we should look back with unmixed pleasure on the time spent in Lower Normandy.



CHAPTER XVI.

BERNE AND MY RETIREMENT.

ONE of the chief reasons for my acceptance of a transfer to Berne was the wish both of my wife and myself to relearn German. We—she especially—had known it well when young, but we had forgotten most of it. We had also learnt in the nursery that in German Switzerland the population spoke German, and in French Switzerland, French. Like most information acquired in the nursery it was incorrect. The French Swiss do talk a language sufficiently like French to be intelligible—*le français fédéral*; but the German Swiss have a language of their own. This is especially true of the Bernese, who, no matter what their social rank, all talk Bern Deutsch or Bernese. It is unintelligible to Germans and it resembles Dutch and Flemish far more than German. There is probably no European capital where German is so little talked as in Berne. There are few resident Germans, and the inhabitants never talk Hoch Deutsch if they can help it. If they do not know English, they prefer to talk with an Englishman in French rather than in German. As a Swiss put it to me: “*Monsieur, nous n'aimons pas parler le Prussien.*”

In Berne my duties extended over the canton only. I was therefore neither required nor expected to call on the Federal authorities, but it was my pleasant duty to make the acquaintance of the cantonal officials. Local Government is pushed further in Switzerland than elsewhere, and the canton of Berne, proud with the pride of Lucifer, regards itself as little short of independent. I had also to call on the Legation. Here I was so fortunate as to find as Minister, Sir Claud Russell, who had been an undergraduate with me at Balliol ; and he and Lady Russell gave my wife and myself a most cordial welcome.

So much for the official side of our new appointment. The social side was more difficult. In the first place, it was impossible to get a suitable house, and, without a house, it is hard to find admission into any local society. Secondly, the language presented a most formidable barrier. It is impossible to mix freely among people who talk a tongue that one does not understand. Nor is it possible to learn Bernese by ordinary methods. It has neither grammar nor literature. On the other hand, we made some very pleasant acquaintances among the few resident French and the staff of our own Legation.

The town of Berne is full of romantic interest. On the city's arms is a bear ; and the tale runs that in 1191 A.D., when the Duke of Zerringen was overlord of this part of Switzerland, he wished to found a new town. He went hunting in the neighbouring forests, and vowed that he would call his new foundation after the first beast that he killed. He came upon a bear (Bär), slew it and called his town

Baerenstadt or Beartown; the name became, in the course of years, telescoped into Berne or Bern. As a matter of fact, the connection of the Swiss with bears is much older than the twelfth century. Several hundred years before the Duke's days, Saint Gallus accompanied Saint Columban, who was passing through Switzerland with twelve converts on his way from Ireland to Italy. In Switzerland Gallus fell ill, and Saint Columban left him behind in a cave. There a friendly bear came and nursed him back to health. He recovered and converted the Swiss to Christianity.

Just outside the town there is a pit full of bears, very dear to the Bernese. If one inquires their origin, one will probably receive the answer that they are descended from the bear killed by the Duke of Zerringen. This is absurd, for the bear was killed, and dead bears leave no descendants. Another story—and I believe it to be the true one—runs that in 1513 the French king, Louis XII., wished to recover Milan, which he had occupied for many years with the aid of Bernese mercenaries. These he was unwise enough to dismiss; they turned against him and put forward another claimant to the Duchy, Maximilian il Moro. Louis XII. sent an army, under M. de la Trémouille, to win back the Milanese. The town of Lucerne, then as always, friendly to the French, sent to their commander a couple of Swiss bears as mascots. In spite of the mascots the Bernese and their allies attacked the French and defeated them at Novara. Among the booty were the Lucerne bears; they were first kept in what is now the Baerenplatz, wherein

their stay is commemorated by a charming fountain with sculptured bears above it. Afterwards the animals were moved to the Kornplatz, and finally outside the town. The bears became, in course of time, owners of large property left them by admiring Swiss; and they remained in possession of it until the French revolutionary general, Brune, overran Switzerland and together with other plunder sent the bears to Paris. From the conquest of Switzerland to 1814 there were no such animals in Berne; but on Napoleon's abdication the town bought some Hungarian bears, and it is their descendants who now live in the pits outside the city limits. They are sometimes taken in procession through the town amid the wildest enthusiasm. While in the procession the bears rise to the occasion and behave like gentlefolk. In their pits, however, they are very fierce, and devour readily any visitor so unlucky as to fall among them. Once an Englishman wagered that he would walk along the top of one of the partition walls between the pits. He lost his bet, for a large animal swept him off the wall with a stroke of its paw and promptly devoured him. Another time five Englishmen, who had dined over-well, went after dinner to see the bears. Sitting on the surrounding parapet, they began to push each other about for fun. One more drunk than the others fell over backwards. The bears attacked their visitor. The man who had pushed him in jumped after him. The bears attacked him too. Then the remaining three revellers leaped into the pit, but the bears ate up all five. Elisha's she-bears could hardly have done better! The Bernese treat

such accidents to foreigners with great tolerance. "The naughty bears!" they murmur, with an indulgent smile. One day, however, a Swiss boy, the brakes of whose bicycle had broken, came down the neighbouring hill at a great pace and, unable to control his machine, crashed into the pit. He was at once eaten up. The wrath of the Bernese against the bears was terrible. Any bear might be tempted to eat a foreigner; but for a Bernese bear to eat a Bernese—this was beyond all pardon! The biggest animal was promptly shot, and, as is customary in cases when bears are shot because of illness or old age, the flesh was distributed among the deserving poor.

If the Bernese lower classes are sometimes rough, those of the upper classes are charming. Their manners are polished and they have a high standard of beauty. The boys are tall and well set up. The girls are often very pretty, with the fair hair and blue eyes of Switzerland. They are divided into three groups. At the head stand the Patriciate, the descendants of the nobles, who ruled Berne and its dependencies until the conquest of Switzerland by Brune, and again between 1815 and 1848. The Patricians have no longer any political power, but they are immensely respected. A man may be a lawyer or even a wood merchant or a house agent; but he will still be esteemed as before if his name be on the roll of the Patricians. If a lady outside the Patriciate marries a member, she naturally enters his class. If a Patrician lady marries a non-Patrician she adds her name to his—*e.g.*, if Fraulein von Waterwyl marries a Herr Braun, she will call herself Frau Braun von Waterwyl.

After the Patricians come the Buergers or Burghers. They correspond to our ancient 'freemen.' They belong to one or other of the city guilds or *zunfts*, and each member gets a certain share of the guild income derived from immovable property.

Below the Buergers come the Burgers or ordinary Swiss residents. Below them again come the *ignotum vulgus* of foreigners—English, Americans and such-like.

The list of Patricians is very carefully kept and is published in all Berne directories. Until the Reformation the list was headed by the name of Jesus Christ—surely an unique distinction. How the latter came to be selected is interesting. In 1339 an Austrian army, twenty thousand strong, besieged the town of Laupen that, after the manner of Swiss towns, had rebelled against the emperor. It was defended by Johann von Bubenbergh with only six hundred men; but Von Erlach, a Berne noble, marched to its relief with nine thousand Bernese troops. A great battle was fought outside Laupen on the 21st of June 1339. The Austrians were, in spite of the odds, so completely defeated that Von Erlach vowed that Jesus Christ must have been fighting on his side as a common soldier. Jesus Christ was therefore enrolled as a Patrician; and, still greater honour, Berne adopted his arms as theirs. Thus to-day we have as the Swiss national flag the white cross of Christ on a field red with Austrian blood. This flag had a further development. When the Swiss Dunant saw the battlefield of Solferino covered with wounded and dying men, he was so filled with generous pity that he founded

a society for giving relief to those injured in battle. That it might have a special symbol he turned inside out his country's flag and created a banner on which a red cross stood on a white ground; and so the Red Cross Movement came into being.

I have mentioned the victory of Novara in 1513; but the Bernese did not long enjoy its fruits. In 1515 Francis the First, the nephew and successor of Louis XII., invaded Italy, defeated the Swiss in the hard fought battle of Marignan and retook Milan. The French king was so struck with the fighting qualities and firmness of the Swiss that he made a perpetual treaty with them, which was not broken until 1793. The Bernese gave up their dreams of expansion and became the mercenaries of Europe. They were the backbone of Louis XIV.'s armies. At Malplaquet there were no less than twenty thousand Swiss under Villars. At the same time other Swiss fought for Marlborough and the Prince Eugene.

Louis XIV. was very fond of his Swiss soldiers, and especially of M. D'Erlach or Von Erlach, the captain of his Swiss guard, a descendant of the conqueror of Laupen. Many are the stories told of D'Erlach's ready wit. On one occasion a swaggering young French officer said to him, "You Swiss, Monsieur, fight only for money; we French fight for honour." "Parbleu, Monsieur," came the instant retort; "people usually fight for what they have not got!" A duel inevitably followed; but the Swiss veteran was as expert with his sword as with his tongue. He disarmed the young Frenchman, and picking up his sword, returned it to him with so charming a compliment that the seconds stopped the duel.

M. D'Erlach was not afraid to loose his tongue even in the presence of the Grand Monarque. Once he asked the king for some extra pay for his Swiss guards. The king, who, after the manner of rulers, never had any money, answered petulantly: "M. D'Erlach, if I had all the money that I have spent on you Swiss, I could make a golden road from Paris to Berne." "Sire," retorted the Swiss captain, "if I had all the blood that we Swiss have shed for you, I could make a river of gore from Berne to Paris." M. D'Erlach got his extra pay.

M. D'Erlach was supposed closely to resemble Louis XIV. One day the king stopped him and said: "M. D'Erlach, we are said to be very like; was your mother ever at Paris?" "No, Sire," said D'Erlach, pretending to reflect for a moment, "I do not think she ever was; but my father was often." A Swiss artist has drawn a picture of this incident. M. D'Erlach is speaking with an expression of angelic innocence. The courtiers are listening with horror. Louis XIV. is trying in vain to keep back a smile at his officer's audacious answer. The king could never be angry with his favourite, whose ancestors, as he said, had led armies in the days of Saint Louis.

I have myself had an experience of the mordant wit of the Bernese. Dining once with the Rotary Club of Berne, I asked my neighbour in French to define what Bernese was: "Is it a patois or a separate language?" "Monsieur," he replied, "it is a mediæval form of German. It is what English will be a hundred years hence." "What exactly do you mean by that?" I asked incautiously.

"A hundred years hence," my friend answered with twinkling eyes, "English will be a mediæval form of American."

Two other great families exist in the Berne canton, the Von Roedings and the Von Bubenbergs. The greatest is perhaps Von Roeding. One of the Von Roedings achieved the most notable victory ever won by a Swiss captain—namely, the capture of the French army under Dupont at Baylen. When Louis' grandson, Philip, became the first Bourbon king of Spain, he very wisely engaged a body of Swiss guards. When Napoleon dethroned Philip's descendant, the Swiss guards, commanded by Von Roeding, joined the revolutionaries. Napoleon sent Dupont with a French force to clear Andalusia of Spanish rebels. It has been customary for French historians to abuse Dupont as a worthless officer and a coward. He was nothing of the kind. He was a very capable soldier and had covered himself with glory at Ulm; indeed he was down on Napoleon's list as the next general to be created a marshal. Had he been opposed by the usual Spanish infantry, he would have found no difficulty in beating them; but the Swiss guards gave the innumerable Spanish 'catch-'em-alive-O's' the stiffening that they needed. They caught Dupont in a trap, and whenever he tried to cut his way out he was blocked by Von Roeding and his gallant Swiss. At last he surrendered. The effect of this capitulation was unbounded. It proved that the French were not invincible. The Spanish rebellion that until then had only been local spread like wild-fire, and even without English aid the Spanish would never have submitted to a

French sovereign. The Von Roedings still have great possessions. A tale is told that a Protestant pastor once begged a dying peasant just to call on the name of the Most High before he passed away. The sick man made a supreme effort, called out "Von Roeding" and expired.

The second great family, the Von Bubenbergs, are closely connected with Swiss history. I have already mentioned the Von Bubenbergs who commanded the garrison of Laupen. More distinguished still was Adrian von Bubenbergs, whose striking statue may be seen in the Bubenbergs Platz. He defeated Charles the Bold at the battle of Morat in the Burgundian War of 1474-1478. Yet another Bubenbergs has a fountain in his honour in the Spital Gasse. On the top is a gaily coloured statue of a man carrying a monkey and a goose and playing on a bagpipe. The statue recalls the adventure of an earlier Adrian von Bubenbergs, a kinsman of the great soldier. The Bernese sent him as an envoy to the court of Louis XI., then an ally of the Swiss against Charles the Bold. The wily French king would have killed Von Bubenbergs, because he wished to break his treaty with the Swiss. The envoy disguised himself as a wandering minstrel with bagpipe, goose and monkey and thus contrived to return safe to Berne. Bernese parents, however, tell their children a pious fable about this statue. They assert that the wandering minstrel is a good-for-nothing youth, who has won the heart of the goose-like maiden by playing on the bagpipes and by the attraction of his monkey-like lust. There is a cat's head shown on the minstrel's wallet, and this

is pointed out as a symbol of the *katzenjammer* or satiety that follows the gratification of unhallowed love.

Another interesting fountain is the 'Kindlifresser' in the Kornhausplatz. On the top of a column stands an ogre devouring children. Its history is worth recalling. In the thirteenth century Berne passed into the possession of Rudolf von Hapsburg, the founder of the Austrian Imperial family. Like most conquerors he was in want of ready cash and therefore favoured the Jews. The Bernese merchants, who found the latter getting the better of them in business, stirred up the mob to persecute and drive them out. They appealed to Rudolf; he ordered the Bernese to leave the Jews alone. When the Bernese refused he besieged their city. They made a gallant defence, but were forced in the end to yield. They agreed to take back the Jews, but they revenged themselves by erecting the Kindlifresser fountain. The ogre is supposed to be a Hebrew devouring Christian children. Round the column are carved little bears with arms and musical instruments. They stand for the Berne garrison who fought so bravely. With their love of moral stories, the Bernese have invented the tale that the ogre stands for the Aar River, which eats up little children who, venturing too near the edge, tumble in.

The Swiss are mighty onion-eaters before the Lord. A Bernese lady once told me that on a visit to England the things she missed most were snow mountains in the landscape and onions in the cookery. I sympathised with her regret for the snow mountains,

but I could not appreciate her tears for the missing onions. There is no fear that the Bernese will ever lack onions. The last Monday in November is the 'Zwiebelmarit' or the Onion Market. Peasants bring in from the surrounding districts onions in thousands on the preceding Saturday and they lie all Sunday, covered with tarpaulins. The Bernese used formerly to lay in a supply for the whole winter. Now, owing to easier means of transport, this is not necessary. The 'Zwiebelmarit' is now more of a fair than a market. Children buy strings of onions and wear them round their necks. The same evening vast quantities are eaten for supper, and in many houses dances are given. If a foreigner is invited to one, he will do well to eat some onions himself, for the air of the ballroom will be heavy with the scent of the odorous vegetable. Great numbers of farmers and farm hands come into Berne for the 'Zwiebelmarit'; the 'lads of the village' used to take advantage of this and push the crowds of 'hayseeds' in the lauben or arcades through the windows of the shops. The police now clear the arcades and force the foot traffic to walk along the road.

On the Tuesday week following the onion market comes the 'Meitschi Marit.' Boys and girls come in from the countryside to get jobs for the winter. The same evening there are parties in cafés, and not only do they get engagements with employers, but they also get frequently engaged themselves—to marry. Once betrothed the fiancés buy themselves glass and crockery in the 'Chacheli Marit' or China

Market. It is held for fourteen days after the Onion Market in a corner close to the Kornhaus bridge and opposite the Municipal Theatre.

The chief political festival is the 1st of August. It is said that on that day the Eidgenossenschaft or Swiss Confederation was founded. The story runs that Arnold of Melchthal in Unterwalden was the son of a rich Swiss landowner, Heinrich an der Halden of Melchthal. The Landvogt or Austrian official wished to humble him. He sent his servants to seize Halden's plough oxen, saying that if Swiss oxen wanted to plough their lands they should pull their ploughs themselves. The high-spirited Arnold struck one of the Landvogt's men with his staff and broke his arm. Terrified at what he had done, he hid himself in the house of his cousin, Walter Fuerst of Uri. There he was joined by one Stauffacher, whose house had been confiscated by Gessler, afterwards shot by William Tell. On the 1st of August 1291 the three men, Stauffacher, Arnold von Melchthal and Walter Fuerst, founded the Confederacy. At first it comprised only three cantons, Unterwalden, Schwyz and Uri. In course of time the other cantons joined.

The Swiss have no regular army but a very efficient militia. Everyone must pass through the ranks. Switzerland has neither a Sandhurst nor a Saint Cyr. Every healthy Swiss is called upon to do military service at the age of twenty. No distinction is made between social grades. After a few weeks the more intelligent recruits are picked to be non-commissioned officers and are sent to the school for under-officers. There a further selection is made and the best of

the 'non-coms' are made officers. The Bernese Patricians, with their natural aptitude and inherited traditions, form a large percentage of both sections of the officer corps.

Two years before the outbreak of the Great War the Kaiser invited himself and his military staff to Berne to watch the Swiss manœuvres. The question which the uninvited and unwelcome guests wished to decide was whether, in the approaching war with France, they should send the German army through Belgium or Switzerland. To go through Belgium was easy, but such a violation of treaties would probably involve England. The German Staff carefully noted the skill with which the Swiss moved among their mountains and held their passes. They decided that, since time was all-important, it would be better to force a passage through Belgium and bring in England than waste several weeks struggling through Switzerland. After their stay the Kaiser made the Federal Parliament in Berne a present of a handsome clock. He then went back home, made his final preparations for the invasion of Belgium and lost the War.

Strange as it may seem, there was once a Swiss fleet. For nearly two hundred years the town of Zurich maintained a fleet of small gunboats on its lake. During the Franco-Russian War of 1799, Suvaroff, having driven the French army out of Italy, tried to invade France through Switzerland. Zurich sided with the Russians. In view of the English reputation as seamen, the town appointed an Englishman, Captain Williams, to be their admiral. Unfortunately he was a captain in the English

army and not the English navy, and his conduct shows that he knew nothing at all about naval warfare. When Suvaroff approached Zurich he was opposed by Masséna. The Russian general tried to turn Masséna's flanks. This the latter purposely let him do, so that he might himself break through the Russian centre. Williams watched the battle, and had he cannonaded the French flank as it retreated along the shores of the lake he might have materially assisted his allies. Thinking, however, that they were winning, he got so excited that he did not fire a single shot, but kept shouting at the top of his voice: "Go it, Suvaroff! Hurrah for Russia!" and other warlike cries. As the day advanced, Masséna flung his massed reserves on the depleted Russian centre and broke it. Suvaroff's attack ended in a disastrous retreat. Admiral Williams, furious at his own inaction, discharged his crews, sank his ships and running away was never heard of again. Since then the Swiss have had no fleet, and if they did build one, it is not likely that they would appoint another admiral from England.

I have already mentioned the Federal Parliament. It is housed in a magnificent building in the Bundesplatz, overlooking the Aar River. The Lower House consists of one hundred and eighty-nine deputies, of whom each one represents twenty-two thousand inhabitants. The chamber in which the deputies sit is a magnificent hall about twice the size of the House of Commons. In the latter the architect assumed for no very clear reason that over six hundred members could sit in some three hundred and fifty seats. This brilliant idea did not occur to the archi-

tect of the Swiss Parliament Palace. There each deputy has his own seat and desk. In another part of the same building is the Staendesrath or Senate. It consists of forty-four members, two from each canton. The Cabinet or Bundesrath has seven members, of whom one is both President and Premier. The President is elected for one year only and cannot be re-elected two years in succession. Both houses are elected for three years, and their first task is to choose a cabinet. It lasts for the duration of the Parliament. There are thus never any 'crises ministérielles.' A still more remarkable feature is that, once a man is a member of a cabinet, he always remains one, provided he wants to. The same members are always re-elected, and the President for the year is always chosen from the senior members of the Cabinet. Perhaps what most strikes visitors is the linguistic attainments of the two houses. Any member can address the house in French, German or Italian. A deputy will deliver a closely reasoned speech in German, and will at once be answered point by point in an equally well reasoned speech in French. Yet in most cases the mother tongue of the deputy is not one of these three languages. At home he usually speaks some patois of German or perhaps some quite distinct tongue, such as Lateinisch or Romanche; and most likely he will be able to talk fluently to the English or American tourist in excellent Anglo-Saxon. In the Lower House speeches are, I found, usually made in German and in the Upper House in French.

If I were asked what were the two characteristics of the Bernese I should say cleanliness and honesty.

The abundance of the water supply and the central heating render it easy for most people to have hot baths in the winter; while in the summer there is the Aar River, 'unsere Aare,' as the Bernese affectionately call it. It runs from the glaciers through Berne to join the Rhine on the Swiss frontier. The water is very cold and the stream rushes past the banks at ten miles an hour. In the hot summer days hundreds of Bernese may be seen diving into the river or tanning themselves on the banks. It is impossible to swim against the current, for no one can swim ten miles an hour, so the practice is to walk a mile or so up-stream and then dive off one of the bridges. Instantly one is caught by the current and bobbed about like a cork. Before one realises it, one has reached the landing-stage. Here one must be careful, for, if the swimmer is swept past it, he may be drawn through a sluice and drowned. Boatmen are on the look-out to catch him as he goes by, but this is not always possible. Nevertheless, provided one can swim fairly well and exercises ordinary caution, there is no real danger.

The other quality—namely, that of honesty, is the common heritage of the Swiss people. Switzerland is the one country I know where one can leave a handful of silver on the dressing-table of one's hotel room and always find it again on one's return. No wonder that the unhappy heroine of a 'Marriage to India' found its dirt and dishonesty an unpleasant contrast. During my two years' stay in Berne all I ever had stolen were two cheap walking-sticks. All nations have their weaknesses. I have heard it said that no negro deacon, however pure his life or

unwavering his belief, can resist misappropriating a stray chicken. It may be that the Swiss in the same way cannot resist pinching cheap walking-sticks. Anyway, if they are at times irresistibly tempted to steal these worthless objects, it is certain that they never steal anything else.

I have not described in any detail my work in the consular service; for compared with that of an Indian judge it was somewhat monotonous and very light. Nevertheless it had its interesting side. Part of my labours consisted in giving Bills of Health to English vessels touching at Cherbourg. This duty brought me into contact with the representatives of the Cunard and White Star Lines in Southampton and France. The heads of the Cherbourg Agencies of these two great lines—M. Rose and M. Hébert respectively—were charming persons. Of the English representatives at Southampton I naturally saw less; but whenever I met them I found them most courteous and obliging gentlemen.

Another part of my work in France was to give visas to Americans about to visit England. In all cases they should have obtained their visas before leaving the United States, but the fee of ten dollars was more than a good many could bring themselves to pay. They therefore got visas for France and Italy—which were cheaper—but refused to pay ten dollars at the British consulate. Once on board their ocean liner, they were usually rash enough to tell some compatriot how they had saved big money by giving the United Kingdom the miss. From that moment they had no peace. One American after another would edge up to them and exclaim:

"What! not going to see little ole England? Why, I guess you will be sorry for this jest once and that will be jest all your life!" "Yessir! You're making a big mistake. If your ancestors were a hundred per cent British, it's jest unholy on your part not to visit their island; but, of course, if your forbears were Irish or Italians or Jews or suchlike folk, then I reckon it's different. My ancestors came over with the *Mayflower* and no later. Sure!"

Since no American will admit that his ancestors were not a hundred per cent British or did not come over with the *Mayflower*, the Yankee tourist would soon decide to land at Cherbourg and get a visa from the English vice-consulate there. Unfortunately he would seldom or never tell the truth. It had been too hot, he would say, in New York to venture as far as the English consulate. When I asked how he had been able to get to the French and Italian consulates, he just guessed they were a sight nearer his hotel. The thought, however, of paying ten dollars for his visa still rankled. Could he not have a transit visa for one dollar? When I explained that a transit visa could only be given that he might catch a steamer from England to New York within twenty-four hours, my American friend generally became very cross. "I do not see why I should have to pay ten dollars for seeing Great Britain, anyway," he would say, thumping the table defiantly. I tried to explain that the British Government only charged ten dollars for the visa because the U.S.A. Government did; but that was never in the American's opinion a satisfactory answer. "You bet anyone would be glad to pay ten dollars for entering God's

own country ; but to pay ten dollars jest to set foot on one doggoned, measly little island, &c., &c. ! ”

At this point I usually begged my visitor either to put down his ten dollars or leave the office.

A more serious difficulty was the tourist traffic. A certain company ran a tourist boat from Southampton to Lower Normandy through the summer months. By arrangement with various railway companies and an active propaganda, it induced men and women from all parts of England to make the trip to Cherbourg and back for fourteen shillings. The boats were packed. The passengers had a bare three hours, if that, in the French port. The tourists wandered about the sleepy old town and the vast majority returned to their ships in ample time ; but nearly every boat left one or two passengers stranded in Cherbourg. They had drunk too much heady French wine or they had lost their way ; they had stayed too long in the society of some ‘petite demoiselle,’ or they had fallen ill or gone for a taxi-drive and had had a breakdown. In every case they had to stop at a hotel for the night ; next morning they reported to me that they had no money either to settle their hotel bill or their passage back to England. They were astonished when I told them that consular officers had no fund from which to make them an advance. If they had friends in England, they telegraphed for money ; but sometimes they had not. Then a dilemma arose. If the unwilling and unwanted visitors stayed in Cherbourg they would soon be arrested as vagabonds, imprisoned, let out again and reimprisoned, and so on *ad infinitum*. The only alter-

native was for me to lend the stranded tourists the necessary money out of my own pocket with but mediocre prospects of getting it back.

One picturesque young Englishman had gone from England to Spain to organise a revolution; his mother was, it appeared, Spanish. His rebellion was a failure and he fled to France. On reaching Cherbourg he spent what remained of his funds *en faisant la noce*, instead of returning to England. Turned out of his hotel, he camped on the beach. There a garde champêtre picked him up and brought him to the consulate. I could do nothing for him, as he would not promise to stay in England, and so he went to jail for a fortnight as a vagrant. Directly he was released he started off to Paris in the hope of getting back to Spain. As he had no money he travelled without a ticket. Arrested at Caen he was brought before the stipendiary magistrate (juge d'instruction). The latter might well have treated the vagabond's case as serious, but the kind-hearted Frenchman had in the War fought alongside English troops and loved them. He not only treated the Englishman as a first offender, but paid out of his own pocket for his ticket back to Cherbourg. Thence I managed to ship him on a cargo boat to England.

The Foreign Office had large and noble ideas about leave. In the year 1929-1930 they gave me six months' furlough that I might visit India. My son Dennis was in the Indian Civil Service and we were anxious to see him and learn how he was getting on. While I was in India I wrote two books. One was an account of a Deccan Brahman's religious and ceremonial life. It was called 'Our Hindu Friends'

and was a companion work to 'Our Parsi Friends.' The other was a short History of the Nawanagar State, the principality of my honoured friend the Jam Sahib. It was published by Messrs Blackwood and Sons under the title of 'The Land of "Ranji" and "Duleep."' It has reached a second edition.

In Berne I had no shipping to deal with, but I had a far greater number of English visitors—generally ladies, who wanted their passports to be extended or renewed. A certain number were commercial travellers, representing well-known West End tailors. For these gentlemen my Swiss staff had a profound contempt. They had been for years coming to Switzerland, yet had never learnt to speak anything but English. I, on the other hand, felt nothing but admiration for them. Ignorant of every foreign language, they penetrated everywhere with imperturbable coolness. Backed by the excellence of the goods they marketed and the high reputation of their firms, they did a thriving business.

I did not often have English waifs and strays in Berne; but I remember well a picturesque Irishman, who induced me to part with twenty Swiss francs. He had fought through the War, he said, and afterwards had become a Franciscan monk in southern France. He had at first been happy enough in his French monastery; then the old abbot had died and a new superior had succeeded him. With him my vagabond quarrelled. He asserted that the French abbot hated the English; but it is hard to believe that a Catholic Irishman would quarrel with anyone because he hated the English. One

day, when officiating as doorkeeper, the Irishman walked out of his monastery and tramped all the way to Berne. He wore his Franciscan robe—indeed he had no other clothes—and by means of his monastic garb succeeded in begging throughout southern France enough food to keep him. In Protestant Switzerland it was not so easy; but he was so jovial a rogue that the Swiss gave him alms not as a monk but as a man. He presented himself at the consulate and said that he was trying to walk to Rome: "Sure, I'll see the Holy Father himself, and it's he will give me justice against the durrtty spalpeen of a French abbot." His appeal was irresistible and so I gave him money to help him on his road. Afterwards I learnt that he had wheedled similar sums out of several other persons. His pockets bulging with loot, he left Berne by a night train; but whether he ever got as far as Rome may be doubted.

Just before I left Berne there began in Germany the Nazi persecution of the Jews. There was a rush of Hebrew exiles to the consulate, and they all wanted visas for Palestine. Until one has seen the Jewish victims of Hitlerism, it is difficult to realise the awful fate of individuals. One charming Jewish doctor had taken the highest possible degrees in medicine and had been appointed Health Officer in Stuttgart. He had a comely wife and three children. Suddenly he was dismissed from his post because he was a Jew. He tried to set up in private practice; his house was picketed by Nazis to prevent patients going to him. He and his wife left Germany, but they could not take their money with them. They had

to start afresh in a foreign land. Fortunately I was able to give them visas for Palestine, where I hope they had better luck than they had in Germany.

The most admirable thing about these exiled Jews was their stoic dignity. They never complained nor abused the German Government. They were grateful for sympathy, but they shrugged their shoulders, as much as to say: "Nous avons déjà passé par là. For many centuries we have been the victims of Gentile cruelty and Gentile stupidity."

Sometimes the exiles were as good Christians as I was. One of their grandparents had been a Jew, and that had been enough to justify an order of expulsion. It is difficult to imagine the consequences of similar state action in England. One grandmother of the great Lord Curzon was, I have seen it stated, a practising Jewess. The mother of a well-known racing peer was a Rothschild. The ancestor of the first Lord Goschen was, I believe, a Jewish publisher in Leipzig and brought out Goethe's works. Under Nazi rule all these eminent persons would have had to leave the country. Fortunately in England Disraeli's *mot* still holds good—

"The Jew is like the lobster; he is quite all right if well digested."

We might have stayed indefinitely in Berne, but for the exchange. In October 1931 the English Government decided to abandon the gold standard. The pound sterling sank to under seventeen francs instead of twenty-five; and with the best will in the world it became impossible for me to remain consul in Berne. I hung on for eighteen months, always hoping that the gold standard would be

restored. Early in July 1933 it became certain that it would not be restored within any measurable time. Very reluctantly I sent in my resignation. On the 25th July, exactly forty-four years after I had passed into the Indian Civil Service, my resignation was accepted. The Foreign Office letter contained the following passage :—

“ The Secretary of State regrets that you are unable to continue in your post at Berne and in accepting your resignation I am to convey to you, on his behalf, an expression of warm thanks for the efficient manner in which you have carried out your duties during your service under this department.”

It was very nice to end my public career on such a pleasant note.



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