troops and the British was made as difficult and destructive as we have seen. The treaty was broken through on all hands. The Ameers had violated its commercial conditions; and now Lord Auckland brought his armament up the Indus. All pretence of cordial alliance was at an end, and a subsidiary force was to be stationed in Scinde, at the expense of the Ameers. The town of Bukkur was given up, and Upper Scinde was admitted by the princes to be a British dependency. The Calcutta Government promised to defend Scinde from foreign aggression, and to keep down internal feuds; and the princes engaged to support the necessary British force, and harbour their military stores; to restrain the Beloochee chiefs; to have no political dealings unknown to the British Resident, the same engagement being taken on the other side; to abolish the tolls on the Indus; to pay 200,000*l.*; and to furnish a contingent for the Affghan war, if required. In order to humble the Ameers sufficiently, this treaty was made in as many copies as there were Ameers, the copies slightly varying from each other, so that no acknowledgment was made of any head ruler in Scinde. This transaction happened in 1839. The misfortune of the case was that the policy of Lord Auckland left no option to his successor. It was too late now to restore Scinde to the Ameers; and no Governor-General who had been made aware of the vices of their rule, and the miseries of their people, could desire it: but the only alternative was between withdrawing from Scinde altogether and making it British territory. To Sir Charles Napier the work was assigned. As a military achievement, his conquest of Scinde was eminently brilliant; but his professional exploit was presently eclipsed by his own merits as an administrator. His advent and his rule were blessed at length by all Scindians, except the profligate and treacherous Ameers, who alone have been sufferers by the annexation of Scinde to the territories of the Company.

Sir Charles Napier was ordered to Scinde by Lord Ellenborough immediately on the new Governor-General's assumption of power. He was directed to assume entire control, civil and military, there and in Beloochistan. He did so in September, 1842. His first office seems to have been that of Censor-General, so clear were his own aims, and so far did he find all parties out of the way of them. After a grand reception by the Ameers, he let them know in writing that he was aware of their double dealing, and of the traitorous hopes which were at the bottom of their delays and pretences. He rebuked the mode of living of the British Political Residents, whose pomp could not be sustained but at heavy cost to the people of the country: and he discovered that, here as elsewhere, grievous tyranny was imputable to native officials, who cared less for the welfare of the inhabitants than for their own credit with their superiors. The change wrought in a short time was marvellous. The Ameers were compelled to a choice of policy without waiting to see what became of the returning bodies of our soldiery from Cabul. They must choose, as Napier told them, between an honest policy and our alliance, and a treacherous one with war. Their nominal choice was one way, and their real one another; and their defeat was entire. They broke faith in all directions, trusting to their sandy deserts, their rock fortresses, their wild Beloochees, their sun and their river to save them from retribution. They perhaps trusted also in the humanity of the British General who had given them every opportunity to preserve peace. When they had mustered 60,000 of their troops in the neighbourhood of the 3,000 who composed Napier's force, and when proofs were obtained of their intention to murder the British officials during a conference, and every European woman and child who could be found in Scinde; and when they had actually slaughtered many British on the Lower Indus, the die was cast. This happened early in February, 1843; and on the 15th the Residency was attacked, its inmates taking refuge on board a steamer in the river. Foreseeing what would happen, the General had, in the preceding month, destroyed the desert fortress and stores of Emaum Ghur, on which the Ameers relied for a retreat—an achievement which Wellington declared in Parliament to be one of the most remarkable military feats on record. It was now necessary to fight a pitched battle near the capital; and that conflict was the battle of Meeanee, fought on the 17th of February, 1843. The British were 2,400; the enemy 35,000—warriors by profession. Yet they lost 6,000 killed, all their ammunition and stores, their artillery and standards, and everything that their camp contained. The Ameers yielded up their swords, but ere long were again hoping "to Cabul the English." Within five weeks of the battle of Meeanee that of Hyderabad was fought, with equal honour to the British; and then Scinde was our own. The strong hand was necessary for some time longer in regard to the wandering forces of so desultory an enemy; but before Napier left Scinde, in 1846, the country was in a more peaceful and prosperous condition than ever before within the memory of man. The Ameers had plucked up or burned down villages by the score, to make hunting-grounds for their children; they had wrested from the people the earnings of industry, and all property that showed its head above water; no man was safe from their cruelty, and no woman from their profligacy. Under Napier's rule the tillage of the country so improved that the world was invited to buy grain where famines had been common occurrences; and robber bands settled down thankfully and peacefully as cultivators, leaving broad districts so secure that villages sprang up everywhere, almost within sight of each other.

Public works went on vigorously, and the world began to see what might be made of Kurachee as a port. With all, this, and after having sustained a season of pestilence, and fixed the payments of the people at a sum which they could easily afford, Sir Charles Napier had a surplus for the Company's treasury. The police systems which are so highly praised in the Punjaub, Madras, and Bombay, are adopted from that which he established in Scinde. The country which he found scantily peopled and lying desolate, he animated with a population of returned artisans and cultivators, who poured back from exile or from robber life, to swarm about his new canals, and rear his embankments, and raise harvests in the lands thus retrieved. For five years the old man sustained the climate and his excessive toils with the same high courage which had won the battles of Meeanee and Hyderabad; but in 1847 he resigned and came home. Lord Ellenborough, who had supported and approved his measures with steadiness and vigour, was recalled by the Directors, against the desire of Ministers, in April, 1844. This unprecedented exercise of the Directors' undisputed privilege deeply impressed the English nation with a sense of the dislike of conquest which prevailed in Leadenhall-street; and the sympathy felt by the English public in the Company's reluctance to enlarge our Indian dominions caused the merits of Napier's conquest and administration to be underrated at the time, and till very recently. It was not likely that a war which was "the tail of the Affghan storm" should not be more or less involved in the disgrace of that fearful mistake.

The other war consequent on the same error, that of the Punjaub, came to a head in 1845. Lord Ellenborough had been succeeded by Sir Henry (afterwards Lord) Hardinge, who, as a soldier, was supposed to be more aware of the evils of an aggressive policy than civilians have sometimes proved themselves, while his moderation, and his dignified conceptions of national duty and character, would ensure a sufficiently strong policy. It was an appointment which united all suffrages. And yet Lord Hardinge, like his predecessors, found himself obliged to go through a war immediately on his arrival.

There had always been an expectation that whenever Runjeet Singh died, there would be trouble with his soldiery; and it soon appeared that some incursion was in contemplation, for which the Sikh troops were prepared by an able European training under French officers. While the strife about the succession was going on in the Punjaub, the military element of society there became supreme; and the government at Calcutta considered it necessary to move troops to the frontier to preserve peace, and reassure the inhabitants of whole districts which dreaded the incursions of a haughty and lawless soldiery. The Sikhs were alarmed at the approach of English troops, and adopted the same course towards us that we had tried with their western neighbours—they crossed the frontier to forestal our doing it. Whether this move was a device of the Sikh chiefs, as some say it was, to get rid of the army, and perhaps to cause its destruction by the British, and thus to clear the field for their own factions; or whether war with the British was considered so inevitable that the invasion of our territory was intended as a measure of prudence, we need not here decide. The fact was that the Sikh soldiery gathered round the tomb of Runjeet Singh, preparing themselves for a great battle soon to happen; and that war was virtually declared at Lahore in November, 1845, and fairly begun by the troops crossing the Sutlej on the 11th of December, and taking up a position near Ferozepore. The old error prevailed in the British councils, the mistake denounced by Charles Metcalfe as fatal—that of undervaluing the enemy. The Sikhs had been considered unworthy to be opposed to the Affghans in Runjeet's time; and now we expected to drive them into the Sutlej at once; but we had never yet, in India, so nearly met with our match. The battle of Moodkee was fought under Sir Hugh Gough, on the 18th of December, and "the rabble" from the Punjaub astonished both Europeans and Sepoys by standing firm, manœuvring well, and rendering it no easy matter to close the day with honour to the

English arms. This ill-timed contempt was truly calamitous, as it had caused miscalculations about ammunition, carriage, hospital stores, and everything necessary for a campaign. All these things were left behind at Delhi or Agra; and the desperate necessity of winning a battle was only enough barely to save the day. The advantage was with the British in the battle of Moodkee, but not so decisively as all parties had expected. After a junction with reinforcements, the British fought the invaders again on the 21st and 22nd, at Ferozeshur. On the first night our troops were hardly masters of the ground they stood on, and had no reserve, while their gallant enemy had large reinforcements within reach. The next day might easily have been made fatal to the English army, at times when their ammunition fell short; but the Sikhs were badly commanded at a critical moment, then deserted by a traitorous leader, and finally driven back. For a month after this nothing was done by the British, and the Sikhs crossed the Sutlej at their ease. The valour of Gough and of Hardinge, who, while Governor-General, had put himself under the orders of the Commander-in-Chief, had saved the honour of the English; but their prestige was weakened among their own Sepoys, and even the European regiments; much more among the Sikhs; and most of all in the eyes of the vigilant surrounding states. It was a matter of life and death now to bring up guns, ammunition and treasure. A considerable portion fell into the enemy's hands on the 21st of January, on its way to the relief of Loodeeana; but the battle of Aliwal on the 28th was again a true British fight. The Sikhs were driven into the Sutlej; and as soon as they had collected in their stronghold of Sobraon on the other side, they were driven thence by a closing struggle, on the 10th of February. The Sikhs were beaten, with a slaughter of 5,000 (some say 8,000) men, against 320 killed and 2,000 wounded on our side. The Maharajah submitted, the road to Lahore lay open, and the Governor-General could make his own terms. He flattered himself that he had arranged a protectorate of the Punjaub which would render annexation unnecessary; and all who could believe in it rejoiced that means had been found to escape the necessity of adding new conquests to a territory already much too large. As the Punjaub could not pay its amount of tribute to the Company, Cashmere and some other territory was accepted instead, and given, as a kingdom, to Gholab Singh (whose death we have just heard of) on his paying a portion of the debt, thus reimbursing the Company, and lessening the overgrown power of the Punjaub rulers. When, at the close of 1846, the English troops should be withdrawing from Lahore, the Sikh chiefs begged that they might remain, and take care of the Punjaub till the young Maharajah should grow up to manhood. The subsequent events are fresh in all memories — the murder of Messrs. Agnew and Anderson, the siege of Mooltan, the difficulties and threatenings which made it necessary to send out a commander of the highest order from England, and the despatch of Sir Charles Napier to fill that function — Wellington saying, in reply to his plea of age and ill-health, "If you do not go, I must." Sir Charles Napier found the war at an end when he arrived; and none of us forget, and history will not forget, the kind of service he did render in reforming the Indian military service, and offering warnings of the very catastrophe under which we are now mourning. He was rebuked and compelled to resign, in consequence of his treatment of Sepoy mutiny occurring under his own eyes, and within the sphere of his command. Service of this kind we owe to his mission of 1849; but the annexation of the Punjaub was completed before his arrival, as the consequence of treacherous rebellion first, and, next, of the series of victories by which it was punished. The proclamation by which the Punjaub became annexed to the Company's territories was dated March 29, 1849.

The Governor-General who issued this proclamation was Lord Dalhousie, who succeeded Lord Hardinge in 1847. In this case, he merely completed Lord Hardinge's work; but before he returned, in 1855, he achieved an annexation which is inseparably connected with his name. We need do little more than insert the annexation of Oude in its connection with the history of the English in India, while the mother of the deposed King is in London, and her son in imprisonment at Calcutta, on suspicion of a participation in the existing revolt. 'Our readers must know, as well as we could tell them, why he was deposed; and recent newspapers must have told them what it is that his representatives in London allege and desire.' It is enough, therefore, to notice a few facts of a prior date.

We have seen how early some relations of a subsidiary kind existed between Oude and the rulers of British India. Above half a century ago, some portions of territory, the Doab and others, were ceded to the Company in lieu of omitted payments; and the whole transaction was repeatedly discussed in Parliament, at the instigation of Lord Wellesley's enemies, and other critics of Indian proceedings. It was understood to be established by those discussions that the military defence of Oude could at no time since the English ruled in Bengal have been maintained otherwise than by British aid; that the princes of Oude were kept on the throne by British assistance alone; that the misgovernment of those princes rendered the payment of their dues to us impossible; and that no resource remained against external invasion and internal ruin but the support afforded by the English, their intervention in ruling, and their obtaining the means by taking territory in payment of debts. From time to time since, there have been disclosures, the truth of which seems to be undisputed, of a kind and degree of corruption existing in the administration of Oude which could never have been exceeded in any age, and under any rule. There is no question of the fatuity and monstrous vice of the sovereigns, nor of the degradation and misery of the people, nor of the gradual extinction of all the means of social virtue and happiness within the territory. Our readers have probably seen various recent works of travel which show something of what the Court of Oude long ago became, and of the contrast its territory has presented with the prosperity of far less fertile lands under the Company's control. Before that territory was released from the tyranny of its native ruler, the people were escaping from it with every opportunity of absconding. Within a single generation, districts which had bloomed like a garden had become unable to support a twentieth part of the human life which had subsisted there; and when the starving people strove to escape into the Company's territories, it was at the risk of being pursued and hunted like slaves. Of the 200,000 Sepoys recently serving in the Company's forces, 40,000 were from Oude alone, refugees from the oppression at home. When the Sovereign had become inextricably involved in debt, and wholly incapable of discharging his obligations to the Company, and when, at the same, time the whole kingdom was sunk in discontent and wretchedness, Lord Dalhousie caused the King's deposition, gave him wealth sufficient to gratify his desires and accord with his habits, and placed the country under British administration. It was done without bloodshed, without apparent resistance, and evidently to the prodigious relief of the people. If there was anything wrong about it, the public will soon know it; but the act has been and will be abundantly discussed in connection with the existing revolt, of which some consider the annexation of Oude the proximate cause. As so many of the Sepoys come from Oude, there may be some such connection between the facts; but, as far as we know, no evidence has been brought forward to show that the people of Oude desire their Sovereign back again, or express any wish to fall again under the pressure of his extortions, or be presented again with the spectacle of his corrupt court. The truth will be ascertained, speedily and certainly; and meanwhile we have only to fit that territory into the map of our Indian possessions as it is now drawn on our interior conceptions. It is a splendid country for its natural advantages and its traditional grandeur. Its capital, on which our eyes now wait so anxiously for the coming forth of a thousand of our countrymen and countrywomen, vies with the capitals of Europe in numbers and splendour. As it is the last, so it is about the richest of our acquisitions; and its recent condition is as fair a warning as we could have of what must become of India, in the most peaceful times, if our civilizing and dispassionate rule were withdrawn.

We have now traversed the areas of space and time which lay before us when we began to survey the compass of our Indian history. We have seen the first trader at his landing, and have now witnessed the entrance into fellow-citizenship with us of the multitude whom the rulers of Oude have driven from their own allegiance to ours. It is a strange and unparalleled history, and will utter its own moral. We shall only unfurl the scroll once more, just to see what the various inhabitants of this mighty country were doing—how they were living—at the moment when the present revolt broke up the whole order of society.

CHAPTER XXI.

MODERN LIFE IN INDIA.

1857.

"The torrent's smoothness ere it dash below."—CAMPBELL.

"In the evening one may praise the day."—*German Proverb.*

"Regardless of the sweeping whirlwind's sway,
That, hushed in grim repose, expects his evening prey."—GRAY.

IT would require a volume to exhibit the modes of living of the inhabitants of Hindostan in their wonderful variety; but a few pages may suffice to supply outlines which may be better than a blank.

There are many sequestered places in India—even in the Deccan at this day—where the inhabitants have never seen a European. They have heard of the British, of course; and in every hamlet there is somebody whose father or grandfather was engaged in some war prosecuted by the English, or had stood by the wayside to see the white-faced strangers go by. On the strength of what they have heard, they have made public games and dances in imitation of British manners, about as faithful as the representation of an English lady's dancing which Charles Metcalfe saw in the Ghauts. We have near our own shores (in Ireland) an Island where the people clothe and worship a stone, and pray to it for wrecks; and their notion of "the Saxon" is somewhat unlike the Saxon's own: and in the same way, in the hollows of the Ghauts, and in the wilds of Malwa, and the swamps of Eastern Bengal, and the hill-passes leading into Nepaul, there are whole settlements in which a white face has never been seen, and where the Saxon's mind and manners are wholly misapprehended. Here the people are living as they can, with always plenty to complain of, like the rest of the world, but with this marked feature, that there is always most to complain of where the Europeans have not been. In one place there is tyranny and corruption among the village officials, and the poor cultivator protests against extortion, while the hereditary office-holders appeal in their turn against the hard hand of the native collector, or the encroachments of some neighbour. On the whole, tillage improves, probably, and old men tell of land being won from the jungle; and there are strange rumours afloat that ere long there will be no more famines, because there will be water within everybody's reach, and also ways of bringing the surplus grain of one place to the empty granaries of another. The dread is, that when the poverty is lessened the security will be lessened too. Will not the hill-robbers come down, and roast the people's feet, or otherwise torture them, till they have got all the wealth of the place, or satisfied themselves that there is none? Thus is the native rural life passed between hope and fear, alternate hunger and fulness, with strifes and amusements to pass the time.

Elsewhere there are wide barren plains where the sight of Englishmen is common enough; but always as travellers. Within the vast horizon there are innumerable groups of ruins, showing that this sandy desert was once covered with cities. The existing race live in huts built in among these ruins, and in their daily business pass through marble colonnades, seeing pillar after pillar crumble and fall; or they thread a labyrinth of tanks full of dust, and unroofed mosques. Here and there some gilding glitters under the sun, and snowy cupolas or parapets seem to cut clear into the deep blue sky, while only the birds go in and out, and wild creatures harbour among the rubbish. Here the Europeans come, either to explore, or on their way to some native court, or their own Residency. Their presence is very imposing, from the length and obsequiousness of their train of followers. Sometimes the stranger attends to the sick; and at all events the sick try the experiment whether he will or not. Sometimes he will hear their complaints, and may be going his rounds to observe the state of affairs, and redress abuses. But occasionally he comes only to explore the ancient buildings; and then it is a lucky day for the oldest inhabitant, or the one with the best memory, who can tell what race built here first, and what became of the Hindoos when the Moguls came upon them, and which mosques were built by this, and which by that Mohammedan ruler. In some of these ruined cities there has been such a jumble of faiths up to our own time, that Mussulman inhabitants have offered up flowers and other sacrificial articles forbidden in the Kurán, while the poor Hindoos worshipped in the mosques, supposing it to be all right to do homage in any sacred place. Elsewhere the desecration is from ignorance on the other side. It is naturally impossible for the superior race, in such cases, to begin ruling with any adequate knowledge of the minds and circumstances they are dealing with. Above all, this mischief must exist when the subordinate race has been surprised in that stage of civilization in which the religious, political, and social institutions are mutually incorporated. There is a period in the progress of every race and people when the priests are, *ex officio*, rulers, warriors, legislators, physicians, and scholars; and it is then impossible to touch any part of the polity under which they live without affecting all the rest. In such cases, the most benevolent arrangements, and the best-intended reforms, may make eternal enemies of the subject people, or break their hearts. Passing over the dreadful instances of injury caused by mere levity, as that of some giddy soldiers compelling a Brahmin to swallow one drop of beef broth, when all the powers of ecclesiastical and civil Government were inadequate to retrieve the sufferer from perdition, there is worse behind, in the shifting of inheritances, and other arrangements of the British, which seem good, and just, and benevolent to them, but are absolutely fatal to those whom they affect. The wisest know little yet of the political and social operation of the worship of ancestors among the Hindoos at this day. In a general way, the English see that the bachelors among themselves are regarded with a disgust and contempt barely covered by respect for their power; and that married men without sons are objects of compassion. They see this, and they inquire about those observances which they must never witness—the oblations to ancestors—and then, not dreaming of any connection among such things, they decree changes in hereditary rights and customs, alter successions, deprive heirs and set up new ones, try to abolish infanticide, and so on. They explain the principles of justice on which they proceed, and trust they are gaining confidence and reputation, while they are cursed by victims whom they have unconsciously doomed to excommunication here and perdition hereafter. No small amount of Mahratta hate has been brought upon us in this way; and there have always been by-places where Brahmins have been fomenting discontent, and reciting curses against the Christians, while their other conquerors, the Mohammedans, have been uttering daily prayers, for a hundred years, that the Delhi race of sovereigns might be restored, and the Europeans driven from the country. But a few months ago, while our rule in India was apparently unassailed, and even unquestioned, it was a subject of nightly talk—from under the eaves of English bungalows to the deepest recesses of Hindoo temples—that our impiety must overthrow us; that the first of religious truths was the Family being the basis of the State, ancestors being an eternal race of gods, and sonship an eternal institution; whereas the British do not take care of their ancestors, nor religiously provide heirs, while they impiously meddle with succession, even making changes in royal families, and among groups of princes like that of the Mahratta chiefs. Thus has the Brahminical mind been seething and boiling under that external homage which was, to the last moment, paid to British superiority and power.

Elsewhere there has been an opposite state of mind growing up, under the irresistible influence of material improvement. Low down in the Madras Presidency, there was misery, a quarter of a century ago, which could scarcely be surpassed. The rivers had long been neglected, and they were emptying or choking one another; swamping good land in one place, and drying it up into mere desert in another. The inhabitants dwindled away in numbers and resources, and when a famine occurred they lay down and died. Then came in British knowledge and capital—deepening a stream here, embanking another there; regulating and distributing the waters with scientific foresight, so that they improved their own channels from year to year. Then crops sprang up over scores of square miles, and the revenue was greater than it had ever been, and the cost was repaid, and land sold for rising prices, and inhabitants covered the country, till the whole region was as populous as Belgium or Lombardy. Such were the results of the British works on the Cauvery and other rivers of the Deccan, where the ancient apparatus of irrigation had fallen into ruin. Analogous improvements in the west and north have as yet been too new to attach the inhabitants to us so readily as by an immediate benefit like that of irrigation. Under the western Ghauts the villagers come out at the sound of the steam whistle, and the babies gasp and cry as the train rushes by; and nobody denies that the railway is a wonderful thing: but the question is whether it is right; and very few are aware of the bearings of the invention. In Hindostan Proper, we know, there has been a controversy for years as to how far the accommodation of the rail will lessen the merit of pilgrimages: and this is symbolical of the whole contest between the two degrees of civilization which have come into open conflict. The great fundamental condition of goodness of every sort—patient slowness—seems to the Hindoo to be overthrown by our inventions. Immutability, patience, indolence, stagnation, have been the venerable things which the Hindoo mind hated the Mussulmans for invading with their superior energy; and now what is Mussulman energy in comparison with ours, judged by our methods of steaming by sea and land, and flashing our thoughts over 1,000 miles in a second! For many months past the priest class had filled all others with fear of the new *régime* of the arts, before any English ear caught a word of anything but admiration and amazement. Still, wherever land became more valuable, and crops more abundant, and new markets were opened, and the oppressions of native rulers were checked, and any way was opened to new knowledge, and higher social consideration, our rule was valued, and our continued presence desired, whatever might be said by Brahmin or Mussulman. We have seen something of this lately in the succours which have been given in the villages to our helpless fugitives; and we shall see it more when the people are disabused of their notion that our rule is over. Perhaps they do not know so well as we do how wretched their condition would presently be if the English were really to withdraw; but they have a sufficient share of human reason to perceive how much better their fortunes are than those of their fathers; how far they have recovered already from the consequences of internal warfare, and what they may expect from such a permanent condition of peace as can be secured only by English rule.

While the grain fields, and the poppy, indigo, flax and cotton cultivation were going on of late so cheerily, what was doing in the towns? In Bombay, more than half the commerce is in the hands of Parsee merchants, while natives fill the chief professions with respectable ability and learning. These classes of natives throughout the country have nothing to learn of us in regard to the pursuits and enjoyments of life. They have among them men of piety, of philosophy, of science, and of patriotism and benevolence. Throughout the interior such men distinguish all the great towns as much as the Presidential ports. The grand difficulty is, as it has always been:—what relations are these superior natives and the British to bear to each other in time to come? Are they to be always apart, as men of such different races, minds, faiths, and customs, must apparently be? and if so, which is to rule? The leading men of all the native races declare that, notwithstanding our beneficent reforms and our good institutions, we know them less, and care for them less, than our predecessors did; and the more they appreciate and share our enlightenment, the less can they perceive any prospect of partaking our social advantages. They are fully aware, no doubt, of the benefit of our new native schools, and of every effort made by Anglo-Indian statesmen to promote study, preparation for office, freedom of the press, and literary enterprise; and yet they assert that the English know and care less about their affairs, value their friendship less, and discourage approximation more than was the case in the days of their and our grandfathers. Whether this impression is more or less true, it exists; and how to deal with it will be the most important question of all when we are again free to plan for the social amelioration of India.

It is impossible to do more than glance at the religious world of Hindostan. The monstrous and frivolous rites and decorations of the Hindoo temples still look like a burlesque on the ancient heathen idolatries of Europe; and Mussulman worship is pretty much the same everywhere. There are the mosques, with their simple observances veiling an impassioned fanaticism; and the Moslem schools, where a whole generation of boys spend long years and a world of energy on words—a gabble of formulæ which does little more than prepare them for a further future study of words. However, they were taught something remarkable a few months ago—that they were living in a great and glorious age when the Prophet's true princes would be restored, and the "damned Christian infidels" would be victimised for the honour of Islam. It seems as if the Mussulman boys of India had been inspired recently with much the same feeling as animated the little daughters of Judah at the time when the expectation of the Messiah was most intense; and in this case the expectation has been sustained by the most magnificent fictions about the decline and fall of Britain under the hostility of the Sultan of the Porte, the head of their religion. When the British indigo-planter, or merchant, or military or civil officer, passed near the school whence issued the unique vociferation of Mohammedan schoolboys, and saw them balancing themselves on their haunches, with their tablets before them, he little imagined how he was regarded by these young zealots, as the victim about to meet his doom. The same might be said of the way in which the wise and bold English were regarded wherever the higher orders of Hindoos were collected. If the British discovered their approaching misfortune anywhere it was in the army. It is a good many years now since Sir Charles Napier, and other officers who had courage to speak out, gave warning of the changed temper of the sepoys; and it will probably appear hereafter that the disclosures were not neglected, but that the disaffection was seen to be so wide-spread, and felt to be so unmanageable, that the whole case was left to fate. Time may reveal what were the anticipations of the outgoing and the incoming Governor-General, when Lord Dalhousie gave place to Lord Canning in 1856.

As to the apparent features of the disaffection, a few months since, we have all heard so much that we need say but little. The Bengal sepoys had long been growing unmannerly; and a more significant symptom could not be in high-bred Asiatics. They treated their European officers with disrespect; they objected to orders, and actually refused some kinds of service, and made conditions about others; and in all cases they were indulged. It is no part of our business here to judge or censure; but only to present the phenomena of the Indian case. A few months since the soldiery were in a loose and infirm state of mind as a body; now suspicious of their officers, and now devoted to them, as the idea of personal danger arose. One hour they admitted the cartridges to be harmless; and the next they were suspicious of every movement of every Christian. Meantime, running messengers were carrying the mysterious little cakes from village to village, from barrack to barrack; and where they had passed no confidence grew up again. Sometimes an order came from the ex-King of Oude, or, what was the same thing—in his name. Sometimes it was the Emperor at Delhi whose commands they received. And thus, vigilant by day, and conspiring at night, went on the Mohammedan soldiery.

As for the Hindoos, they were perhaps more deeply alienated still. They had a double conquest to avenge; and there can be little doubt that such men as the Rajpoots were convinced that, once having expelled the British by Mussulman aid, they could soon get rid of Mogul rule too—considering that the Mohammedans are computed to form only one-eighth of the population of India at this day. We can have no inclination to dwell on what these men were doing and thinking within the present year, after the way in which they have acted out their thoughts and their will. Our readers can imagine them for themselves, on the parade ground, with their passions well-buttoned down under their uniform, or in their secret conclaves, when they whispered their disgust at Christian immoralities (as they are pleased to call celibacy and the position of our ladies), and their horror at the number of souls that these Christians had, with the best intentions, sent to perdition hereafter through the purgatory of excommunication here.

That country, like every other, is peopled mainly by an ignorant industrial class, whose movements are the most important while the least attended to. They may be best observed, perhaps, outside the gates of great towns, on market days, when the country people are pouring into the city. Above, the minarets and shining cupolas are seen rising from a mass of foliage—of sycamores, acacias, palms, tamarinds, and banyan trees; below runs a broad river, between grassy banks, or sandy shoals; and midway are crowds of people crossing the bridge, or hurrying along the bank, with their piles of fruit and loads of grain, while the bazaars within are so thronged that horsemen cannot get through without risk of manslaughter. In the private dwellings, servants abound to an extent unknown in Europe, every office having its own functionary. There is, therefore, a vast amount of lounging. In the bazaars there is a rapidly increasing variety of commodities, introduced by the freer trade of modern times; and this extension of industry has been supposed to have attached the lower classes to our rule by improving their condition and prospects. In the rural districts many more than formerly are busy in the fields; and a great number were plying their tools on the railways but a few months ago. This picture of hopeful industry we may trust to see restored. At the other end of the social scale, there was lately, as in all former time, a spectacle which no civilized man can look at with pleasure; that of the courts of the native princes. Within the white walls of those old palaces, there are scenes transacting which are too disgusting for description, or for conception by untravelled Europeans. A prince, half-idiotic through corrupt descent, corrupt rearing, corrupt ideas, habits, and examples, reigns within, indulging all the humours of tyranny and licentiousness; his domestic apartments are crowded with wives and concubines, abject to him and ferocious towards each other; his state officers are merely nominal, serving only as means of extorting money from his helpless subjects, without giving them any of the benefits of government; and his household offices are filled by adventurers, intent only on their own convenience at everybody's expense. The alternative is probably between a rapid fortune of 100,000*l.* and loss of the head at any moment. The one certainty is of a catastrophe, sooner or later, in which the whole concern collapses. Debt, embarrassment, dependence, are the mildest forms of the issue; and treason within the palace, and rebellion outside, are always impending; while everybody knows that the English will be called in, as sure as fate, when the state of affairs is too bad to be longer endured. This scene, so often repeated, was last enacted in Oude, where the revenue had long been collected only within cannon range; where only one-third of the amount ever reached the sovereign; where millions of acres of fertile country were lapsing into jungle; and where tens of thousands of strong men entered the British army, while their families escaped to regions where no imbecile tyrant would have power over them. A few months ago there were insane exultations going forward in such palaces—an emperor here, and a king there being assured that their old power was coming back to them, and that soon no troublesome Englishman would interpose between them and their subjects, or prevent their gathering all the wealth of the country into their own laps. Now, we may fairly hope, there is terror and anguish in those palace-chambers, when the truth cannot be concealed that the *raj* of the British is not over, and that traitorous princes are not permitted even to make terms of surrender.

What were the Europeans doing a few months ago? First, there were the settlers; planters of indigo, sugar, and cotton; merchants collecting and selling the native products; managers of public works, from the superintendents of the Ganges Canal, near the base of "the verdurous wall" of the Himalaya, to the engineers of the Cauvery works at the other extremity of the Peninsula. Some lived in isolated abodes, cottages deeply thatched, with wide eaves and broad verandahs, amidst gardens shady with tropical verdure, gay with blossoms, and fragrant with such English flowers as can be coaxed to grow there. Far north there are tea plantations, divided by hedges of Persian roses. Amidst the young rivers which are to be bridged, or joined by canals, the Englishman lived in woods tangled with vines, noisy with monkeys, gay with parrots and giant butterflies, and harbouring the tiger and other rude neighbours. These English, whether civil or military, were regarded as a sort of natural princes. On their journey their bearers cried out, "Make way, for we have a great lord within;" or, if they travelled by the humblest cart, the Sepoys they met faced about and gave the military salute, while the peasants almost prostrated themselves in the roads. In the town the way was cleared for them, in the thick of the market; and in the country all yielded to their convenience. No doubt, every European of them all would have gladly exchanged all this obeisance for a better quality of industry and improved truthfulness and fidelity; but we are telling what things were, and not what they were wished to be. The mode of life of the civil servants of the Company was externally much the same, with the added features of social companionship and institutions, and especially a church, where there were Europeans enough to constitute anything like a public. But there was a probation of solitary up-country life usually to be gone through first. The young Englishman lived alone, collecting revenue, administering justice in small matters, and bearing the *ennui* and the climate as well as he could. If he was wise, he used his opportunities for studying the people, their language, mind, character, and interests, and for improving his knowledge in all collateral ways, as a preparation for higher office. If he was high-couraged, he made himself a benefactor to multitudes, and a terror to wrong-doers. If he was weak, he pined. If he was vulgar, he smoked and drank, and gave the climate every advantage over him. If he was sentimental, he wrote his autobiography or reams of poetry. If he was frivolous, he frittered away his time and opportunities, his health and his small means.

As for the military European settlements, they are so prominent a feature in all sketches of the country, by pen or pencil, that little could be told which is not already known. The cantonments at Agra, consisting of civil and military lines, occupy the space of a large city—five miles by two—with broad, smooth roads, a park, a church, and large edifices for Government and commercial purposes. At Meerut there were all the usual advantages, with remarkably luxuriant gardens, from the abundance of good water. At Cawnpore, the broad Ganges rolled in front of the British residences, for five miles of scattered houses and gardens lining the steep river bank. From under the shade of spreading trees, and amidst the gorgeous flowers of the region, the residents looked across the muddy river, alive with traffic, to the low white beach beyond, and the wide-spreading plain, all green with springing crops, or hazy with heat. Here, as we too well know, lived ladies and children; and at most of these principal settlements were missionaries, American or European. There were Christian schools and services; there was duty, civil or military, for the gentlemen; and the ladies visited one another, and took evening drives and early morning rides; and all were hospitable to travellers. No one doubted the faithful attachment of the people generally, however painful might be the occasional suspicion of the soldiery. As to the missions, every diversity of opinion seems to exist about their influence and success. They were private enterprises, one and all. The Government afforded Christian institutions to its Christian servants, and to all who desired to make use of them; but all proselytism was absolutely forbidden to the Company's agents. The one thing about which honest people can have no doubt is, that such being one of the conditions of the Company's service, no Government officer, civil or military, was at liberty to attempt the conversion of natives, either himself or through any of his family. On all other points more evidence is required before any trustworthy decision can be arrived at in England. Some believe the conversion of a great number of natives to be genuine, and of a permanent character; others declare that it is a matter of imitation and deference—sincere on the part of the convert, as an act of duty, but without any notion of conviction of the judgment or renovation of the heart; while others again believe the whole process to be one of self-interest. Some agreement must be arrived at, and a new, definite, and firmly-grounded policy must be chosen as the very basis of our government of India henceforth. Meantime, while our cantonments still existed, as the homes of the British in India, the schools were open on week-days, and the church on Sunday; and the residents felt, so far, as if at home.

Among the interests of those residents were sectional jealousies which cannot be altogether passed over in any sketch of Indian life. The British of the Three Presidencies have always sparred at each other, like the adherents of rival political parties, rival churches, rival industries, rival public services all over the world. The mutual repulsion has not been anything like that of the northern and southern states of America, or that of Mohammedans and Hindoos, and both these and the Sikhs in Hindostan: but it has been enough to give some of its colour to life in India. The Madras officer quizzes the *Qui-hi*—the Bengal officer—caricatured as dependent on his servants, whom he summons with his "*Qui-hi?*" ("who is there?") all day long. The retort is by calling the Madras men *mulls*—the caricature being, in that case, of a perpetual feeder on mulligatawny. Both assume airs towards the Bombay service, which has its own reasons for valuing itself. In an hour of peril, no doubt all such strifes give way; but the mutual contempt or dislike of the three services must be taken into the account, both in the conception of life in India, and in forming judgments at home on Indian affairs from the testimony of witnesses who know most about them as matters of fact.

There remains the capital. By all accounts, there are few things finer than the approach to Calcutta by the Hooghly from below. The spaces, both of land and water, are so grand—the woods below and the edifices higher up so magnificent, and the character of the residences so unique, as to bewitch the stranger at first sight. There are drawbacks, in the shape of mud huts or bamboo hovels, or mere wigwams set up under the shelter of palace walls; contrasts symbolical of life in India altogether. But it is a gay scene,—life in Calcutta,—and very striking to those who consider that it is the centre of the most prodigious administration existing in the world. Under the direct dominion of the Governor-General there are above 23,000,000 of people, living on 240,000 square miles of territory; while under the British rule in the three Presidencies there are no less than 132,000,000 of people, occupying 837,000 square miles. These are exclusive of the native states, which are more or less under our influence and control, and the small foreign colonies, French and Portuguese, which must pursue a policy a good deal like our own. The serious business of such an empire is carried on within the imposing public buildings which glare in the Indian sun; and the recreation of the English in Calcutta is according to the old established fashion — of mighty dinners, where the tables groan under the weight of food; of brilliant balls, where the wonder is that the whole body of guests does not evaporate; and of excursions by land and water, where amusement and sport are pursued amidst the comments of crowds of native observers. What those comments are like, the native papers show; and it is wondered at by Europeans who see them that the insecurity of our rule in India has not been very clearly conveyed by these papers to those whom it most concerned. There is a better public, however, watching us from the outside—the educated natives, who have parted with their old ignorance, their old superstitions, their old pride of race and dominion, without finding themselves adopted into that of the ruling nation. If we knew more of life in India as it is to these people, we might better understand our past, and foresee our future, and might have perhaps escaped the dismal present. They must be the special study of the wisest men among us when our strenuous military action shall have enabled us to resume, in a regenerated form, our civil rule.

At this point our survey of British life in India closes, brief and superficial as it is. The filling-in of our bare outline would be found full of wonder and of interest; and it has been no easy matter to abstain from all presentment of it. The main events were, however, quite enough for our space; and it was a matter of necessity to leave them standing alone, as resting-places for the attention and the memory. The reader now sees how the English entered India, what they found, and what they did there; and, in some degree, what their life was like till it was broken up by the forces of disaffection like ice in spring. He may thus be enabled the better to understand the meaning and the bearings of the measures which will be taken for the re-affirmation of our empire.

THE END.

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