

The Patna Crisis

by W. Tayler, Late (1858)



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Sani H. Panhwar (2018)

**The Patna Crisis
or
Three Months at Patna
During the Insurrection of
1857**

**by W. Tayler, Late
Commissioner of Patna
1858.**

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Dedication

To all those my countrymen, and fellow Christians in the Province of Bihar, who, living at Patna, or in its neighborhood, were more or less personally cognizant of the events here briefly narrated; and specially, to all those who, living on the spot, and being eye-witnesses of all that occurred, so cheerfully supported me throughout the days of peril, and have since so kindly cheered me in the hour of affliction; to each and all I affectionately dedicate this little narrative, as a trifling memento of the eventful days, through which, by the great goodness of an over-ruling Power, we have all been mercifully preserved.

W. TAYLER.

Calcutta.

CONTENTS

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PREFACE

The following pages contain a brief, and unadorned account of the events which occurred at Patna between the 20th of May and the 11th of August.

The account is taken from a daily journal kept at the time, and the facts may thus be relied on.

The restrictions of official etiquette have prevented me from entering on many matters which would have added piquancy and interest to the narrative, but which it would be neither wise nor decorous for a public officer to discuss in a published work.

Such as it is, I give it to the world, believing that it will not be devoid of interest to many, and may afford an useful foundation for future and more enlarged narratives.

W. T.

Mr. Tayler and the Lieutenant Governor of Bengal (Reprinted from the "Mofussilite.")

The names of Mr. William Tayler, Mr. Samuells, Amir Ali, and Mr Halliday, have become household words in Patna politics. They suffused society at one time in Calcutta, and almost monopolized the newspapers. Letters from all parts of Bengal teemed with discussions upon various points of the case. Mr. Tayler was for a time the most conspicuous person in the public eye. The position is a trying one, and nothing could have saved his case from developing into a bore, but the singular popularity that he enjoyed, and the singular want of that advantage on the part of those opposed to him.

But though the newspapers were full of Mr. Tayler, we have never seen in one of them a fair analysis of his case. The writers usually confined their remarks to the particular points as they arose. The vigorous and energetic measures of the Commissioner of Patna received unbounded applause. The mission of Mr. Samuells was properly appreciated and generally condemned; and the appointment of Amir Ali was so steadily resented that the Mahomedan gentleman found it necessary to avail himself of change of air. Still we have never yet seen justice done to the case in the public journals; and indeed the facts concerning it are so many and various that we ourselves, though we see the want, can scarcely pretend to supply it. However, the subject is one of such importance, both to the members of the Civil Service and the public generally, that it should not be lightly dismissed for want of a little labor to bestow upon it. For ourselves, although we may be prevented by considerations of space from entering so fully into the matter as we could wish, we must claim to be considered some authority with regard to it, since we have read the great blue book published by Mr. Halliday, all Mr. Tayler's privately circulated pamphlets (for a sight of which we are indebted to a confiding friend) and have besides had opportunities of conversing with many persons intimately acquainted with the facts of the case.

Our readers are of course aware of the main features of the case that have been made public. At any rate they know that Mr. Tayler was Commissioner of Patna, and that he was suddenly deprived of his appointment, deprived of all employment for seven months, and then placed in a post of a lower grade. Such a proceeding is one which would naturally cause considerable surprise, occurring as it did at a most critical time; and speculation could not fail to fix some grave faults upon an officer whom it was found necessary to remove in so summary and unceremonious a manner. That he had been guilty of gross neglect – that he had been corrupt or incompetent – that he had lost the confidence of the public – that his measures had been impolitic – that he had failed in fact in the duties demanded of him; some of these conclusions would be the natural consequence of the proceeding in question. Public officers of twenty-eight years' service

are not turned out of their posts without some good cause, and a good cause could scarcely be found without the perpetration of some bad crime.

How far are these conclusions warranted by facts? A perusal of the documents connected with this case shows that so far from having been guilty of any neglect or misconduct, so far from the administration of the Province suffering in his hands, Mr. Tayler had displayed the greatest zeal and the greatest sagacity; and that if one thing was more remarkable than another, it was the signal and complete success of the measures which he adopted, as shown in the safety of the scene of his labors in the midst of the disasters raging around. There are some public servants, we believe, who look upon such a contingency as a mutiny or a rebellion as “an extra” which is not considered in their salaries, and upon this principle they justify the practice of any vagaries and the departure from all the usual considerations of duty, in troublous times. But Mr. Tayler was not one of these. He belongs to a class of men whose conduct is very frequently not estimated at its true value. Under ordinary circumstances such men are content to do their work without bustle or ostentation, to do nothing when there is nothing to do, and who come out upon great emergencies, masters of the situation, and evince a vigor and energy which superficial persons regard with surprise.

Mr. Tayler was certainly master of the situation in which he was placed at Patna; and one of the greatest signs of the success which he commanded was the confidence which he inspired – among all by whom he was surrounded, or who were in a position to form any opinion of his policy and proceedings. One of the pamphlets which have been shown us relating to this case, is entirely filled with letters bearing testimony, not only to the confidence of the writers in Mr. Tayler’s measures, but to their enthusiastic respect for and admiration of the abilities he displayed, to which they unequivocally attribute the safety of the district. It may be said that testimonials as a general rule are worthless, and the intelligent reader has probably already made that observation. Very true. They are worthless as a general rule. But this is a particular exception, so the intelligent reader must sit corrected. if he has been betrayed into the remark. These testimonials are valuable, because they come from so many different classes of persons, who could have had no previous agreement upon the point, no united tendency towards the laudation of Mr. Tayler, and who were influenced only by facts that no unprejudiced person could controvert.

Had these testimonials come from the non-official classes only, the generous inference would have been obvious. The non-official class were opposed to the Government, therefore they supported Mr. Tayler. Supposing that none but Civil Servants had been found to pen those pleasant missives, the support would be attributed to class interests, and a sneering allusion to “these fellows sticking to one another” would probably be the entire moral effect of their demonstration. Had the Clergymen and the Missionaries alone taken part in the movement, the cry would have been that it was a party one, and “Tayler and Religious Bigotry” would have been synonymous terms. And so on to the

end of the chapter. But so far from the demonstration being open to any objection of the kind, it is quite catholic in character, and indeed we never heard of so many persons of different positions, pursuits, and principles, agreeing together with such unanimity upon any one point.

The correspondence is very extensive, and it would be impossible in our limits to note the substance of a twentieth part of it. But two or three illustrations will show its varied nature.

Mr. Yule, the Commissioner of Bhagalpur, declares his opinion that "if the whole country from Patna to Malda is preserved from rising, it is due to Mr. Tayler and to him alone."

The Roman Catholic Bishop, writing in his own name and that of all his congregation, declares that to Mr. Tayler, and to him alone, (under Providence) they attributed the safety of their lives and property, and that therefore he would live forever in their hearts!

The Protestant Missionary, who has resided for a quarter of a century at Patna, and is known to be intimately acquainted with the natives, expresses identically the same sentiments, adding that he thanks God he does not serve such a master as the Lieut. Governor of Bengal.

Civilians, Military men, Chaplains, Missionaries, Merchants, Indigo Planters – all these classes give their written testimony, and express their belief that the preservation of Patna and Bihar belongs to Mr. Tayler, declaring, in most unqualified terms their concurrence with his past and their confidence in his future conduct.

It would surely be expected that one who had shown himself, upon evidence so unequivocal, to be so able an Administrator – who had preserved a province at a time of the greatest danger, by the exercise of a rare union of vigor and judgment, of calmness and determination – would be rewarded with honor and distinction, if not with more substantial benefits. It has not been apparent that such qualities as firmness and decision have been so common among the rulers of Bengal, during the crisis, as to have brought those virtues down in the market – to reduce them to the condition of mere drugs, with which the public service is too plentifully supplied. Nor is the saving of a province a matter of course, a mere piece of routine business, which a Civilian can knock off in the course of the morning by dictation to his *babu*, and a few discriminating clerical corrections. It must be a very distant and facetious province, certainly not in India, that would consent to be saved in such a manner. But granting that saving a province counts among the ordinary accomplishments of a Civilian, and does not call for special reward, the least that the person performing the operation has a right to expect, is that he will be allowed to do his work in peace and quietness. But Mr. Tayler

has not even had this advantage afforded him. He was harassed and bullied and thwarted throughout the performance of his delicate duties, and as a reward for the success of his exertions, he has been turned out of his appointment, kept without any appointment for seven months, and is now degraded from his proper position in the service.

And what is the crime of which he stands accused? It must surely be of a strange and unusual character to be compatible with so much wise judgment and vigorous action? His crime is, that at a time when Bihar was trembling in the balance between loyalty and rebellion, between order and anarchy, he directed, or suggested, the withdrawal of the Civil Officers and Christian residents from several out-stations, and the concentration at Patna of the scattered forces.

We have carefully considered the causes which might justify or condemn this measure, and our deliberate opinion is that it was the wisest and best measure that could have been taken under the peculiar circumstances of the case.

In order to form a fair estimate of the policy, we must consider what those circumstances were at the time of its adoption, and not view it by the light of subsequent events, which the most sanguine could not have anticipated, and which prudence and sagacity could not have counted on. This is not merely our own opinion, but we know it to be the opinion of all upon the spot, and of all elsewhere who are competent to form a judgment upon the matter. It so happened that the order was rendered unnecessary by an event which was little short of a miracle. We refer to Major Eyre's marvelous victory, which excited at the time even as much surprise as satisfaction. There can be no doubt that but for that happy event – had Major Eyre been defeated – Mr. Tayler must have gained the highest commendation for his energy and foresight. For without this precautionary measure, Major Eyre's failure could have had but one effect. Bihar must have gone, and all Bengal for a time – who shall say how long? – been lost to our rule. Kooer Singh's forces would have effected a junction with the 5th Cavalry, the 32nd. N.I., the Ramgarh Battalion, and probably the 68th N.I., at Ghazipur. They would have over-run the whole country, and if the contagion of activity had not extended to Barrackpur. the omission might be recorded as one of the most extraordinary events in history.

Supposing that matters had gone wrong, as they might so easily have done, and Mr. Tayler had not given the order in question, we should like to know what would have been the opinion expressed of that gentleman's conduct. All the abusive language which Mr. Halliday has (vide published and official documents) directed against Mr. Tayler for doing his duty, would be nothing to the torrent of Billingsgate which might have been expected under such circumstances. The evil would have been the greater of the two, for Mr. Tayler and for the country. What then is a man to do when he is placed in a position which brings upon him condemnation whichever way he turns, and how

hard it is that the conscientious performance of his duty should subject him to obloquy and degradation.

Mr. Tayler is blamed for a measure which has been condemned as too cautious. But will anybody venture to say that this gentleman's previous proceedings were marked by any error of this kind? When boldness was the true policy he was bold, and freely perilled his own life. When he found it necessary to be cautious, his caution was exercised in consideration for the lives of others – his own courage was equally conspicuous.

But even if the order was ill-judged, which one will suppose for the sake of argument it was – is it consistent with justice that a single error should be allowed to counter-balance so many services? Is no consideration to be allowed for human imperfection, which even Bengal Civilians share with the rest of us. If the principle is to be enforced that a public servant must never make a mistake, where are our public servants to come from? Who among the number ought not to be turned out of his post long ago? Who is safe in his post at the present time? Where would Mr. Halliday be now, had he been judged by the same standard by which Mr. Tayler has been condemned? Where would Lord Canning himself be, had he been tested in a similar manner? As the Friend of India well observed; – the question in fact is not whether that particular order was right or wrong, but whether Mr. Tayler, after such eminent services, ought, for one error of judgment, to have been turned out of his appointment.

We have now referred to the main features of Mr. Tayler's case, as officially stated, and stripped of all extraneous matter. Our readers have seen the nature of his reward. But if anything could be more vexatious than the wrong endured in the first instance, it was the persevering opposition which he encountered in his efforts to set himself right. We can scarcely venture to record our opinion of the judgment passed upon his appeal, and can only trust that the highest authority was misled in the matter. But the state of suspense in which he was kept for four months we cannot but consider as cruel, and his suspension from employment for seven months was a punishment which, involving as it did a loss of upwards of twenty-four thousand rupees, was one which can be best appreciated by the few who have ever experienced a similar penalty. And, as if the suspense in which Mr. Tayler had been kept was not enough, the answer of the Government of India was not communicated to him for five weeks after it had been transmitted to the Government of Bengal; and the condemnatory letter was then published in the newspapers, notwithstanding that it contained an important error upon which a censure was founded, and which error had been previously pointed out. Added to the pecuniary and other hardships which Mr. Tayler had already endured, was the fact that when at last appointed to a post of inferior grade, a station was selected at the farthest extremity of Bengal, six hundred miles from Patna, his embarrassments being thus augmented by heavy travelling expenses necessary for his family, who had remained at Patna pending the decision of the case. We will not now

do more than allude to the new and ex-post-facto charges raked up against him; of the secret reports to his prejudice, from both native and European sources, which were received and encouraged; of the pitiful back-biting which was at work to injure his reputation. The marvel is, not that the calumniators should have exercised their congenial vocation, but that their calumnies should have met with success, instead of exposing their authors to the usual penalties entailed by conduct unworthy the character of a gentleman.

We believe we may safely state that all these new charges, of which Mr. Tayler was kept in entire ignorance for months past, have been triumphantly refuted by him in the memorial which he has sent or is sending home upon his case. The document, we hear, contains revelations which are calculated to cause no little astonishment, and under the favorable circumstances of the new regime, there is no longer any room to doubt that justice will be done.

The Patna Crisis

Chapter 1

Patna is an ancient city, possessing all the defects, and very few of the charms of antiquity. Its houses, are generally mean, and slovenly, its streets narrow, irregular and choked with dirt; an Imambarah and one or two rather handsome mosques, are the only native buildings of importance, and the place is celebrated, for nothing so much as for the brutal massacre of 200 Europeans by Meer Kasim, in 1763.

In commemoration of those who suffered by this foul deed, there is, in the city, a tomb, worthy memento of a race, which, now, after a century of professed allegiance, has striven to emulate the fame of this treacherous and blood-thirsty ruler.

The city, including the suburbs, is about six miles in length, and skirts the Ganges. The breadth, in no place, exceeds half a mile.

The houses of the principal English residents, are all at the west-end, called "Bankipur," where there is also the "Gola," a wondrous bell-shaped building, one hundred feet high, with a winding outer stair-case leading to the top, and a small entrance-door at the base.

This monstrous mass of brick-work, was intended for a granary, to be filled when there was the expectation of famine, but the plan was found to be, both politically and materially, impracticable.

The schools objected to the proposed interference with the natural course of events, believing it best to let those starve who must, and the chemists pronounced that so vast a mass of farinaceous substance would inevitably ferment.

So the building has ever since remained empty, and now goes by the name of "Garstin's Folly," from the old gentleman who projected it, a warning to all other such speculators, to study political economy, and the "chemistry of common life" before they put their designs into execution.

With a view to the better understanding of parts of the following narrative, I may as well mention, that the greater part of the English residences are on the banks of the river, many of them being on the northern side of an open square, which forms the parade ground, and race-course. My own house is somewhat separated from the rest, and lies at the south-west corner of the square, enclosed in spacious grounds, and about a quarter of a mile from the jail.

At a distance of about four miles east of Bankipur, in the heart of the city, is the Opium Godown, a large building enclosed within high and strong walls, where all the opium of the district is stored and manufactured for transmission to Calcutta.

The population of Patna is estimated at about 400,000 souls – of whom about one-fourth are Mahomedans. For some years past, this city has been considered a very sink of disaffection and intrigue.

In 1846, a dangerous plot was detected, in which many of the Mahomedans of Patna, and the neighboring districts, were concerned, and in which attempts had been made to tamper with the Sepoys. There are many Mahomedan families which were formerly distinguished for station and opulence, now reduced to poverty; some in a state of distress that is painful to witness, and yet impossible to alleviate, as pride prevents the members of the aristocracy from accepting private charity, or working for their own support.

That the conspiracy of 1846, was but a branch of a more general plot, is the opinion of many who are well acquainted with the country, and that the object of that conspiracy was the destruction of the English, the overthrow of the British Government, and the re-establishment of a Mahomedan dynasty, is, I imagine, beyond all doubt.

From the time this plot was detected, Bihar has been the “*Bête noire*” of Indian statesmen; every successive Mohurram has been the signal for alarm among the Christian residents of Patna, and, when the late disturbances first commenced, I believe there was no one in the province, whose apprehensions were not principally directed to this city, as the centre and focus of disloyalty.

More than two years before the first appearance of an insurrectionary spirit, I had, myself, publicly reported to Government, that the minds of the Bihar people, and especially of the Mahomedans, were greatly disturbed, in consequence of reports that had been circulated of an intention on the part of Government to interfere with their religious observances, and social customs; I pointed out the dangerous effects of certain measures in progress and contemplation, the misconception which had arisen from the late orders, regarding the messing and drinking-vessels of the prisoners, the sudden establishment of an expensive educational machinery, and other matters of the kind, of which the object was either unintelligible, or misunderstood by a people, who are profoundly ignorant, and profoundly sensitive, on all points connected with their faith, customs and caste.

This representation, the only notice, I believe, that has ever been given to the Government of the popular discontent, was found, on enquiry, to be correct, and was followed by a proclamation from the Lieut. Governor, explaining the matters which had

been misunderstood, and re-assuring the people, on the points on which their fears had been excited.

It will be seen hereafter, when I touch upon the correspondence found in the house of the Patna traitors, how accurate was the information I had obtained, and that the very subjects mentioned by me, as those which had caused irritation and alarm, are also specially referred to by the correspondent of the chief rebel of the city, Peer Ali Khan.

Chapter 2

For the benefit of English readers, it may be as well, before I commence the narrative of events, to give some idea of the duties and responsibilities of a Commissioner under the Indian Government, as the word itself is apt to suggest ideas very different from the reality. A Commissioner of Revenue and Circuit exercises supreme control over several districts, subject in matters of revenue administration to the Sadder Board of Revenue, and in general matters to the Local Government.

The districts comprising the division of the Patna Commissionership, are six in number, viz.:

District	Capital
Patna	Patna
Bihar	Gaya
Sarun	Chapra
Shahabad	Arah
Tirhut	Muzaffarpur
Champaran	Motihari

These districts contain about 24,000 square miles, and comprise a population of upwards of five millions.

The extreme length, north and south, is about 224 miles. The breadth 154 miles.

All the Civil Functionaries, excepting only those of the Judicial department, are under the orders and superintendence of the Commissioner, who is also superintendent of Police, and is held generally answerable for everything that occurs. His office has been not infrequently compared to that of a Proconsul under the Roman Empire.

In cases of emergency, like those which have lately passed over us, the Commissioner's authority, appears, by general consent, to have been considered paramount, extending even to the Judges of the several districts.

Thus, during the late appalling events, I had the responsibility of providing for the safety of all public property, the protection of the several districts, and the preservation of every Christian life in the province. In every crisis, in each emergency as it arose, all looked to me for instruction and counsel, any symptoms of causeless panic exhibited by me,, would, under such circumstances, communicate itself to the entire province; any serious mismanagement might raise a district, or involve the inhabitants in destruction.

Well might frail mortal ask, "Who is equal to these things?" and deeply, I may truly say, did I feel the solemn obligation which rested upon me.

Unfortunately for me, there were other causes, which rendered my responsibility still more oppressive, than it otherwise would have been, and immeasurably enhanced the difficulties of my position; throughout the entire period which this narrative embraces, I have had to contend, not only with the dangers of a treacherous and disaffected city, turbulent districts, and a disorganized province, but with the covert antagonism of unmanly opponents, the secret machinations of an envious clique, and the undisguised disfavor of the Government, whose support and countenance was, at such a time, almost indispensable to success.

I have already disclosed the painful circumstances of this embarrassing opposition, in a narrative printed for private circulation among my friends, and as this little history is intended for the world, I will not intrude upon the public, what official propriety renders it more decorous to suppress, and general readers would not care to know.

Chapter 3

The report of the mutinous spirit exhibited at Barrackpur and Barhampur, and the account of the terrible mutinies at Meerut and Delhi, had been received at Patna with the feelings of anxiety and horror which such unexpected and startling events must everywhere leave excited, and I had, in my own mind, already foreseen the probability of the contagion spreading to Bihar; but no step towards the adoption of any precautionary arrangements had been taken before the 20th of May.

On the afternoon of that day, the Judge, Mr. R. N. Farquharson, wrote to inform me, that Major Nation, the Commandant of the Bihar Station Guards, had just returned from Danapur, and reported a very unsatisfactory state of affairs. In the same letter, Mr. Farquharson proposed that the Government treasure should at once be sent up to Danapur, and that “we should all be prepared to rendezvous there, on the first real alarm, under the protection of H.M.’s 10th Regiment and guns.”

A meeting was, that evening, held at Major Nation’s house, at my request, to consider the best plan to be adopted for protection of the place.

The Judge’s proposal, which, if acted upon, would have involved, at that early stage, the abandonment of Patna, and thus have produced a general, and probably, a fatal panic, was not of course to be entertained for a moment, and I mentioned at the meeting the idea which I had already formed in my own mind, and which was, eventually, adopted – viz. to stand our ground at Patna, whatever happened, and prepare my own house, as a place of general rendezvous. This house, being situated in open ground, at a distance from the Bazaars, and having a very extensive fiat roof, capable of holding all who were likely to resort to it, appeared, on all accounts, to be best adapted for the purpose of protection and defence.

Several other plans were suggested, and discussed, during the next few days. The occupation of the Collector’s Cutcherry, and the Opium Godown, as a general rendezvous, was successively proposed, approved for a time, and abandoned, and, while conflicting opinions were still causing a division of council, events drove us to a decision.

On the evening of the 7th of June, while driving on the race-course, we received intimation from Danapur, that the Regiments were in a state of excitement, and that a rise was apprehended that very night, by the military authorities.

All was new excitement and alarm; there was no time to be lost in argument or discussion; every one referred to me for decision, and I declared at once, for the plan originally proposed by me, viz. the occupation of my own house; my wife and myself were in a curricule when we received the news; we drove off at once to the houses of the nearest residents, and informed them quietly of the plan decided upon, begging them to come over without delay, bag and baggage, to the rendezvous; messengers were at the same time dispatched to warn the more distant residents; in less than an hour almost every man, woman and child, (excepting some few who lived close to the Opium Godown, and found refuge there) were hurrying helter skelter to our house, followed by a heavy phalanx of beds, clothes, pillows, mattresses and other domestic "impedimenta."

The intimation sent was imminent, and from the best authority; no one knew at what moment the mutiny might break out, whether the Sepoys would bear down at once on Patna, whether they would be joined and supported by the towns-people, or by our only defenders, the men of the local Police.

Danapur is eight miles from Bankipur, but long-legged pandies travel marvelously quick, and would have done the distance in less than two hours, if they chose; every minute therefore was of importance, and I confess to no little anxiety, until all the fugitives were fairly within the house, and the gentlemen, on whom we could rely, at hand with their revolvers and double-barreled guns.

It was a lovely night, and by the time that all were assembled, the moon had risen, and the grounds and garden were light almost as day; every room in the house was filled with occupants; in one a bevy of children of every size, age and disposition, the sleepy, the cross, the silent and the squalling, were stretched in every conceivable attitude on the floor. In another a group of nervous ladies scarcely knowing what to apprehend! Strange ayahs were stealing to and fro with noiseless step, and bearing unintelligible bundles, agitated gentlemen, cool gentlemen, and fussy gentlemen, gentlemen with guns and swords, and gentlemen without guns and swords, were holding consultation in groups; outside the house, a body of the Najibs, or local Police Battalion were assembled, under the command of Major Nation, while a small party of Holmes's Troopers, were ready mounted near the door; the rattling of carriages, the screaming of children, men's hoarse voices, servant's shouting – formed, on the entrance side of the house, a babel of confusion: on the garden side, our daughters, with some other girls and the juveniles among the gentlemen, in spite of the hubbub, and ignorant of the real extent of danger, were enjoying the open walks and moonlit grass of the garden, and somewhat scandalized the more nervous portion of the assemblage by their laughter and merriment.

My wife was, as is her wont, engaged in ministering to the comfort of all who had taken shelter in the house.

The scene was one not easily to be forgotten; the Najibs with their dark green dresses, the picturesque and dashing troopers, with the motley tribe of servants on one side, the figures wandering over the garden in the clear light of the moon, on the other, the heads appearing over the parapet on the roof, and the forms passing up and down the ladder which led to the top of the house, all was strange, unusual and exciting.

While we were thus assembled, and just as I was persuading some of the mammas to send their living treasures to the roof, to prevent the inconvenience and danger of a general rush to the ladder, in the event of alarm, I was called out, and found Major Nation, who Ma received from one of his Najibs, two letters, which had been brought from Danapur by a coolie; these letters, were from Sepoys of one of the Danapur Regiments, they informed the addressees that all were "*ek-dil*," (of one heart) that they were about to rise and come down upon Patna, and directed the Najibs to seize the Treasury and meet them.

Pleasant intelligence for us, who had the Najibs only for our protection!

However laudable the act of the men who brought these letters to their commanding officer, we could not help feeling that the letters themselves bore internal and unmistakable evidence of a previous understanding between the Najibs and the Sepoys! Such a proposal would never have been made off-hand, and without previous concert; the delivery of the letter to Major Nation might have been caused by mistake, by the exceptional loyalty of a single man, by individual fear, or hopelessness caused by our preparations for defence, by any one of a hundred such causes; still the unpleasant sensation was left, communication had taken place with the Najibs! their support and co-operation was evidently expected by the mutineers! our lives were in their hands.

The body consisted at that time of several hundred men, they were armed with percussion muskets, they supplied the guard at the Treasury, the Jail, (which was close to my house) and at the private houses of almost all the officials.

Had they turned against us, our destruction would have been inevitable. My feelings at this moment, as the officer to whom all looked for safety, and on whose measures, as the highest authority, the preservation, under God, of the whole community, depended, may be easily conceived.

Several days before, as the sense of danger became more palpable and pressing, I had dispatched urgent expresses to hasten on Captain Rattray's Sikhs; I knew them to be within a distance of some thirty or forty miles, and had, that very evening, again sent off messengers in *ekkas*¹ to urge their advance.

¹ Ekkas, light cars drawn by a single horse.

The interval between the discovery of this gunpowder missive from the Regiments and the arrival of the Sikhs was one of intense anxiety, and it is difficult to describe the relief and gratitude I felt when, at about four in the morning, Captain Rattray's fine figure, in his picturesque costume and long boots, appeared at the door.

It was by God's mercy that the purpose of the Regiments was not, that night, put into execution.

It struck me at the time, and I think so still, that the object of the Sepoys was to rise before the Sikhs arrived; and, although it would be unfair now to cast any imputation on the Najibs then at Patna, (who have undoubtedly behaved well) there can be little doubt that their fidelity would have been too severely tested if the three Regiments had come down upon Patna, and a popular rising in the city had simultaneously taken place.

Their conduct at Arah and Gaya corroborates this view.

Few, I believe, knew at the time, what urgent requisitions I had sent to Captain Rattray, and how much depended on his timely arrival.

When day dawned, the residents left our house and sought their own homes.

For that night, at least, the danger had been averted.

Chapter 4

The events of this memorable night served to open my eyes to the dangers with which we were surrounded, and all that subsequently occurred confirmed the suspicions which the interception of these treasonable letters excited in our minds. It was impossible to reflect on what might have happened, had the three Regiments marched down on Patna, and been joined by the Najibs, the prisoners and the city mob, without a keen sensation of danger mercifully averted, and a lively conviction of the importance of active measures to check and baffle any evil designs that might be in contemplation.

It is true that the Sepoys would have been pursued by the English soldiers, who would have followed close upon their heels, as soon as it was known that any large body had gone to Patna, but the Regiment then only numbered 650 bayonets, the General might have been unable or unwilling to spare an effective detachment, unless the whole of the mutineers had evacuated Dina-pore, and a single hour would have been sufficient, if the Najibs had joined the Sepoys, to break the Jail, secure the Treasure, and raise the town, so that although, as I had always calculated, we might have made good our defence from the roof until the English soldiers reached Patna, it is impossible to say what scenes of anarchy, massacre, and pillage, might not have taken place.

Up to this time, though far from feeling confident in the loyalty and good feeling of the citizens of Patna, I had, in my brief communications with the Government, generally expressed a hope that we should weather the storm, and that no popular outbreak would occur at Patna, but from this night, my confidence, such as it was, was shaken; and the account which Captain Rat-tray gave me next day of the treatment which the Sikhs had met with in their way showed clearly how general was the feeling of disaffection around us.

From what he told me, it appeared, that the Sikhs were constantly reviled on their march towards Patna, and taunted with the part they were taking, accused of being renegades to their faith, and asked whether they intended to fight for the “kafir,” or for their “din.” As they entered the town, a wild-looking fakir rushed forward into the road, and with savage menaces and threatening gestures, reviled them as traitors and accursed.

The Guru, or High Priest, of the Sikh Temple in the town, refused to admit the soldiers to the sacred shrine – and wherever they were seen, the most palpable evidences of contempt and hatred were openly shewn.

On the morning of the 8th, I drove down with Captain Rattray, to see the Regiment which was encamped close to the Collector's Cutcherry, and from what Hidayat Ali, the subahdar, told us of the observations that he had overheard – and the overtures that even in that short space of time had been already made – we agreed that it was of the utmost importance to remove the men, as far as possible, from all communication with the towns-folk, and the loiterers of the court purlieus. They were accordingly brought up to the “west end” of the station, and lodged in the grounds of the circuit house, on the bank of the river.

The expediency of this move was soon shewn – and there is little doubt that much dangerous tampering was thereby obviated.

But these were not the only indications of a hostile spirit among the people; the subahdar of the Sikh Regiment, who will be more particularly mentioned hereafter – reported to Captain Rattray and myself – that he had heard several men of apparent respectability exulting that the Company's Raj was about to expire, and that of the true king to be re-established; many of the European residents perceived an unusually insolent, what, in the saxon slang of the day, is called a “cheeky” bearing among the natives, which had never been observed before. Mr. Vincent, the able Deputy Magistrate of Barh, (an out-station about fifty miles to the East of Patna, on the river side, and half way to Monghyr) mentioned in a letter that the common coolies on the road were heard to talk of the “Padshah of Delhi,” and several instances of open insolence towards the Sikhs, were brought publicly to notice.

The private enquiries that about this time I instituted, united to these outward and visible signs of disaffection, convinced me that, under an apparently unruffled surface, mischief of some sort was brewing – anonymous petitions began to pour in – some directed to the General, who forwarded them to me – some to myself, some to other functionaries; I was informed that conferences were held at night, both in mosques, and private houses, though with such secrecy and cunning that proof or capture was impossible.

Particular individuals were named again and again by different parties, who concealed their names, but uttered emphatic warnings; the Judge, Mr. Farquharson, the Opium Agent, Mr. Garrett, and some others left their houses, and took refuge with their families within the walls of the Opium Godown; Mr. Garrett, and his principal assistant, the unfortunate Dr. Lyell, were incessant in their representations of the danger anticipated; distrust, and apprehension, not distinctly defined, but unmistakably felt, prevailed throughout the city, and neighborhood.

On the 11th of June, I accompanied Captain Rattray and Hidayat Ali to Danapur – to consult with General Lloyd, and Colonel Rowcroft. It was agreed while we were at the house of the latter – that I should be allowed an opportunity of talking with the Native

Officers of the 8th Regiment, as I was not without some hope, that advantage might arise from such conversation.

For several years past, I had made the language, the customs, and even the superstitions of the natives, a subject of study and research; I had been in the habit of frequently conversing with the higher classes – and hoped at least, by familiar converse, to gain some insight into the mind of these men, if I made no impression on their feelings.

I was vain enough to flatter myself that I had to some extent produced an effect upon these veterans, but I now feel how completely I was duped.

If language is given to men for the purpose of disguising their thoughts, the inhabitants of India pre-eminently have profited by the gift; there are few more consummate adepts at deception than the wily Brahmin, or the self-possessed Mahomedan – and subtle must be the diplomatist, who, in a battle of the wits, would gain the mastery over them.

On our return from Danapur, I found letters from Mr. Wake, the active and high-spirited Magistrate of Arah, informing me that many of the Railway employees – and other Europeans – had bolted from Shababad in a panic, and come in to Danapur.

Absurd stories were circulated about some of these gentlemen having reached Danapur in women's clothes, some said that, on an ekka being stopped and challenged with the question, "*Quon hie,*" (who's there) a voice replied "*Hum Aurut hie,*" (we are women) – when the sentry, not having heard so gruff a voice before issuing from fair female's lips, lifted up the curtain, and found a burly red-faced Englishman.

These stories were not fully authenticated, but were current, and caused much amusement at the time.

As no overt act of rebellion or hostility had taken place at that time in the district, this exodus was unjustifiable – and likely- to cause serious mischief by spreading premature alarm; I therefore issued a notice to the runaways, which was promulgated by the General at Danapur, and they returned to the district.

Meanwhile enquiries had been instituted into the case of the intercepted letters.

Some were for a time inclined to believe it was a hoax. Others that it had been got up by the Najibs to obtain credit for a fictitious loyalty – but we soon had reason to credit the fact.

I ought here to mention that on the night of the 7th, just after the letters had been read – Major Nation, ascertained that a man in undress, but evidently, from the description, a

Sepoy – had entered the Najib Hospital, and sitting down on the charpoy² on which a sick man was stretched, asked carelessly what was the news.

He was told that a letter had just been brought by a coolie from the lines – and had been taken to the Major Sahib, and the coolie seized.

On hearing this, the man jumped up – and hurried off.

This circumstance, when related by Major Nation at the time, was considered to afford strong presumptive evidence that the story was a fact – and not a sham; the subsequent events proved its reality beyond a doubt.

The writer and his accomplices were distinctly identified – six Sepoys were found to have had a direct share in the writing and dispatch of the letter, three men of the 8th Regiment deserted that same night – when they found that the missive had been intercepted.

As soon as the fact had been placed beyond all doubt by these discoveries, I determined on, at once, bestowing a handsome reward upon the three Najibs whose fidelity had been displayed; orders were therefore issued for the whole corps to be assembled on the Parade, with the Sikhs and the Police. On the evening of the 12th three bags, containing 200 rupees each, were prepared, and a little before sunset, I rode out to address the assemblage on the parade ground.

The three bodies of men were drawn up in square – the Najibs in front, the Sikhs on the left, and the Police on the right, spectators on horseback and in carriages, formed the fourth line. As I entered the square, Major Nation and Captain Rattray rode forward to tell me, that a Najib had been discovered, endeavoring to tamper with the Sikhs, and shake their allegiance.

As the treason of one man, in no way affected the loyalty and good service of those who were about to be rewarded, I would not allow this intelligence to interfere with the ceremony; I therefore begged that no notice might be taken of the circumstance, till after the parade – and I then addressed the men – in Urdu – pointing out briefly the traitorous revolt of soldiers, who had so long eaten the salt of the Company, dilating on the degrading and brutal acts committed by men, who had formerly fought and bled in great battles with the English – the delusion under which they had acted in imagining that the British Government had any intention to interfere with their religion – or that Hindus or Mahomedans could be made Christians – because they admitted forbidden grease into their mouths.

² Charpoy – a bed, or stretcher.

The three men were then called out of the ranks, I narrated the service they had performed, and delivered a bag of money to each.

No sooner was the parade over – than the culprit, (who had shirked the muster) was seized in the lines, and marched off between two stalwart Sikhs to my house, where preliminary enquiries were conducted by the Magistrate, and he was carried to jail.

It was proved that this fellow had entered the Sikh lines, related to some of the Mahomedans of the Regiment a half true, half false, story of a parade at Dina-pore, at which the Sepoys had been compelled to bite the abominable cartridges – and ended by reminding his auditors – that this was a question of “din” – and that “din” was above all things precious!

I telegraphed next morning to Government for a Commission under the new act, that sentence might be passed on the offender.

Chapter 5

The next day, June 13th, I went with Captain Rattray again to Danapur, to consult the General as to the disposal of the traitorous Najib, thinking that he might try him by court martial, and hang him. The General fully agreed as to the fate the scoundrel merited, but declined to take the responsibility of his execution. Excitement among the Regiments was said to have partially subsided – and several of the officers, especially in the 40th N.I. expressed their belief that they might be preserved from revolt, – if properly managed.

From this time to the 20th nothing of any moment, deserving of detailed or special notice, occurred. The Chapra and Arah treasures were brought to Patna, and lodged safely in the Collector's Treasury. At one time this treasure amounted to upwards of 30 lacs – and, knowing what a temptation such a large sum must offer, I directed its removal to the Opium Godown. The agent – Mr. Garrett, refused to admit it – as he said it would increase the danger of those who had taken refuge there. I fully intended to have my orders enforced at the point of the bayonet; but hearing he was seriously ill, and excitement might be dangerous, I forebore to do so. It was reported in Calcutta and indeed stated by some lover of truth – to a Government Secretary – that I refused to have the treasure placed within the walls!

The notes from which this narrative is taken exhibit a gradual increase of distrust and disaffection in all the neighboring districts, during the next seven days. Letters from Chapra, Arah, Gaya and Tirhut, were all more or less of the same character. Some of the Chapra Officials left their Station under a conviction of an impending attack, but were persuaded to return the following day; the districts bordering on Sarun were reported to be in revolt; at Arah much apprehension was entertained in regard to Kooer Singh, a powerful Rajput landholder, and the martial population of the district.

The Deputy Magistrate of Barh reported that he had discovered a plot to burn his bungalow, and murder himself. The authorities at Gaya expressed their belief, that a rising was being concerted by the Patna towns-people, and that any disturbance at Patna would be followed by a rising in that city.

From Muzaffarpur, it was reported, that the Najibs had been actually overheard planning an outbreak, – and a round-robin was sent in by the planters, applying to the General for an European guard, which could not be granted.

At Patna itself every day my suspicions of the town were strengthened, anonymous petitions and letters became more frequent, private information was conveyed to me

from sundry quarters, that active communication was kept up between the towns-folk and the Sepoys at Danapur, and that money was being secretly distributed in large sums among the latter, for the furtherance of some traitorous design.

The general impression among all the Christian residents, with perhaps two or three exceptions, was – that under an appearance of tranquility and peace, some evil purposes were being silently hatched. That the Danapur Regiments were bent on mutiny, and only bided their time, was the almost universal belief. Here and there, an infatuated officer or two, whose heart was bound up in the associations of the past, who had prided himself on the fidelity of his men and the reputation of his Regiment, refused, with feelings in which all can sympathize, to distrust those whom he had led in battle, and cherished, perhaps loved, in times of peace – but these were exceptions, and but few in number.

Captain Rattray and myself paid constant visits to Danapur, in hopes of hearing that the General commanding the division had made up his mind to disarm, which we all heartily longed for; but the question, being a purely military one, and the General being, as we knew, in daily communication with the Government, we could do nothing more than enquire and suggest; and, when it became evident that his intention was to “carry them through,” as he expressed it, my only duty and anxiety was to keep Patna down, and prevent, as far as possible, all communication between the Sepoys and the evil-disposed of the city.

The conviction of all intelligent residents in the province, the common, nay, the daily saying was, that the safety of all the division, depended upon Patna – that if Patna fell, every other district would be involved in ruin. It may, therefore, be imagined, that with all these symptoms of disaffection around us, three Regiments on the eve of revolt, an immense Mahomedan population on all sides of us, whose loyalty and good-feeling it was impossible not to distrust, a treasury amounting at one time to more than thirty lacs of rupees, opium to the value of several crores, a large Christian population, and a noble province in my hands, my own name, and all that was dearest to me in this life in my keeping, and all looking up to me for protection and safety; at such a crisis, it may well be imagined, how intense was my anxiety, what a burden of responsibility weighed upon my mind.

After long and careful consideration, feeling an irresistible conviction that mischief was brewing, notwithstanding the assurances of the Police, and the continued outward appearance of safety, reflecting deeply upon the awful consequences of an outbreak at Patna, and of the smallest advantage gained by the insurgents or conspirators of the town, knowing well that the people with whom we had to deal, are as cowardly, as they are ferocious, I came to the determination in my own mind, to take the initiative against the town, and deprive the disaffected, as far as I might, of all power of mischief.

The great, the disastrous error, from which so many irremediable evils spring in times like these, is comprised in those little words "too late." In all enterprises of moment, the "time and the hour" are the essential ingredients of success, and more especially, in dealing with Asiatics, the first blow, the timely stroke, which intimidates, before that fictitious courage arises, which is supplied by fanaticism, and strengthened by despair, that blow is usually the winning stroke of the game.

Under these reflections, which I kept within my own mind until the moment of action arrived, I laid the plan for my campaign against an unknown enemy.

Chapter 6

The quarters from which as it appeared to me, immediate danger was to be apprehended, were three. First, from the Wahabis of the city and the neighborhood.

Secondly, from the Lucknow immigrants and partisans, either permanently residing, or sojourning for a time in the city. Thirdly, from the thieves and scoundrels of the city, known by the term "Budmashes." It was against these three parties, that my measures were adopted. The Wahabis are a set of Mahomedans, taking their name from Abdel Wahab, who was born in 1691, and became celebrated in after years, as an earnest and energetic reformer.

The tenets originally professed by the Wahabis, have been described as a "Mahomedan Puritanism," joined to a Bedouin Phylarchy, in which the great chief is both the political and religious leader of the nation. The unity of God, is the fundamental principle of their faith. They regard the Prophet, as a man, though gifted with a divine mission, reject the fables and false glosses of the Koran, but recognize and adopt the traditions of the Sunnis.

They hold that all men are equal in the sight of God, and therefore condemn the custom of invoking departed saints, or paying honour to their remains. To swear by Mahomed is considered a crime. They affect great purity of morals, abstain, or, at least, profess to abstain, from spirituous liquors, and all sensual indulgences.

With the Sunnis the Wahabis are on terms of tolerable agreement, though differing in certain points, lint from the Shias, they differ radically, and their hatred, like all religious hatred, is bitter and intolerant.

But the most striking characteristic of the Wahabi sect, and that which principally concerns this narrative, is the entire subservience which they yield to the "*Peer*," or spiritual guide, a subservience, which, if rumor lies not, compensates, at least among the Patna puritans, for many prohibited indulgences and besetting sins.

The ceremony of initiation is curious. The pupil, ("*Mureed*") placing his right hand on the left palm of the "*Peer*," (who again, covers the pupil's left with his own right), repeats after him sundry formularies of faith and practice, and thenceforward abandons himself, mind and body, to a state of utter and unreflecting slavery, to his saintly superior, whose influence is not infrequently strengthened by a conviction on the part of the credulous neophyte, that by the aid of the "*Peer*" he may be admitted to the ecstasy of a beatific interview with the prophet, admire his bodily form, and venerate

his sacred beard. This conviction, in some cases sincere, in others simulated, heightens the fanatical subservience of the "*Mureed*," who after having once, with closed eyes and downcast head, enjoyed, or pretended to enjoy, the ecstatic interview, is bound heart and hand to him, through whose holy intervention he has been admitted to the privilege.

The sect in Bihar is daily increasing in numbers, and, although the converts are principally obtained from the lowest classes, and are contemptible as a body, if openly opposed to the Government, they are dangerous in consequence of their union, their subservience to their leaders, and their extended communications.

Without writing a line, a Wahabi Maulavi, or leader, could, it is said, convey a confidential message from Patna to Lahore, in an incredibly short space of time, and an order, however difficult to execute, would probably meet with unquestioning acquiescence.

There were in the city of Patna, several well-known Maulavis of this sect, little, shrivelled, skin-dried men, of contemptible appearance, and plain manners, but holding undisputed sway over a crowd of tailors, butchers, and low-born followers of every description, who would sacrifice everything at their beck.

From private information, obtained from many sources, I had reason to believe that these saintly gentlemen were busying themselves to a very unusual extent, and what rendered their conduct peculiarly suspicious, was, that an intimacy appeared to have suddenly sprung up between them and one Lutf Ali Khan, the rich banker of the city, who being a Shia, was an unnatural subject for such connection, and who was very generally believed to be secretly engaged in traitorous designs.

These men I determined at once to arrest, and place under trustworthy surveillance.

I felt sure that, with their necks at my disposal, and their persons under the drawn sabres of the Sikhs, not one genuine Wahabi in the district, dare stir a finger.

When I had resolved on this step, I formed a plan for carrying it out without delay, and, wishing to do all as quietly as possible, and, more especially, to avoid all chance of resistance, (which might have been offered if the arrest had been made in the town,) I issued a circular letter to all the respectable natives, inviting them to my house the next day for consultation on the state of affairs.

The next morning, in compliance with the summons, the principal men of the city presented themselves, and among them the three Puritan Maulavis, Shah Mahomed Hossein, Maulavi Ahmed Ullah, and Maulavi Waiz-ool-Huq.

Seats were placed for all round my long dining table, and, when they were assembled, I entered the room, accompanied by the Collector, Major Nation, Commandant of the Bihar Guards, Captain Rattray commanding the Sikh corps, Mr. Lindsay the Assistant, Mr. Lockwood an unpassed Civilian, and Hidayat Ali, Subahdar of the Sikhs.

Before entering the room, I had explained my tactics to Major Nation and Captain Rattray, and it had been agreed, that, when the assembly was dismissed, our three little friends should be taken quiet possession of, and marched off to the Sikh lines.

We entered upon the supposed consultation, and it was inexpressibly amusing to observe the demeanor of the victims, who, I have some reason to believe, had a strong suspicion that something was about to happen.

All three of the Maulavis were perfect types of the class, all short, shriveled, mean-looking, and demure.

Mahomed Hossein is The "*Peer*," or spiritual chief to whom the entire body of converts of the last generation owe their admission into the fraternity.

Ahmed Ullah is the principal "*Mureed*," or disciple, and is said to possess greater influence than his superior. On the present occasion, he entered, with much volubility, and apparent nonchalance, into the discussion, made several very sensible proposals for the protection of the city, and appeared quite to appreciate the supposed objects of the meeting.

The other two men were silent, or only occasionally muttered assent, and altogether looked uncomfortable, especially when Captain Rattray and Hidayat Ali, entered the room, with their swords clanking on the floor, and took their places in unpleasant proximity to them.

The contrast between the little shrinking forms of the sacred men, with their dried faces, scanty beards, and side-long looks, their little legs, tucked uncomfortably up under the chair, and their crimped petticoats tucked in between their legs, with the dashing appearance of Capt. R. and the resolute bearing of Hidayat Ali, was very striking, and would have formed an excellent subject for the painter.

Now that I know the little men suspected something wrong, I can pity their state of alarm, and admire their fortitude. When I pronounced the word of dismissal, all rose from their seats, the Maulavis were politely requested to remain, and, after all the rest had driven away, I entered the room again, acquainted them with my purpose, saying that the present was a time of turbulence, disaffection, and intrigue, that I had received several letters and petitions, accusing the Wahabis of complicity in evil designs, and though I had no positive proof of guilty connivance, I still thought it my duty to take

precautions against the possibility of surprise, and had therefore resolved, as a precautionary measure, to keep them, as leading men of the sect, in safe keeping, until matters had settled down, and all cause for such precaution should have ceased.

With wonderful presence of mind, and a politeness of manner worthy of all admiration, Ahmed Ullah placed his hands together, and said, "Great is your Excellency's kindness, great your wisdom, what you order is the best for your slaves, so shall our enemies be unable to bring false charges against us."

To which I replied, "What is pleasing to you, is agreeable to me," and smiles and salutations were exchanged. One word of warning and advice, however, I added to Ahmed Ullah, and it was to this effect. His father, Maulavi Ilahi Bakhsh, a very aged man, stone blind, and much venerated by the sect, was living in the city; I purposely refrained from arresting him, though his influence was as great, if not greater, than Ahmed Ullah's, for several reasons. First, because I did not wish, if it could be helped, to subject so old and infirm a man, to unnecessary inconvenience, and secondly, because, I thought that by keeping him in the city, while his son was under the guard, they might both be used as checks to each other, and so, the more effectually subserve my purpose. It will be seen hereafter, how strikingly my expectations were realized. Before, therefore, our final parting, I said to Ahmed Ullah. "Remember, I have not arrested your father; but his life is in your hands, yours in his."

The peculiar look and twinkle of the wary little eye, with which this hint was received, convinced me that it had been fully understood; then the three Maulavis entered their palanquins, and with Sikhs on either side, were safely and quietly escorted to their temporary residence in the circuit house, where suitable accommodation was provided for them.

To this day I look at the detention of these men as one of the most successful strokes of policy which I was able to carry into execution. It was grounded on my intimate acquaintance with the character and feelings of the sect, whose almost superstitious attachment towards their leaders, would, I felt sure, effectually prevent their entering upon any deeds which would bring the necks of their beloved into danger, while, at the same time, my pledge, that, without proof of guilt, they would be neither maltreated nor dishonored, would I knew, be implicitly believed, and unreservedly relied on.

The success of the measure, however, was not left to conjecture only, but received singular attestation, from a very curious circumstance, which, though not in the order of the narrative, I may here relate.

Two days before the émeute at Patna, which will be described in a subsequent chapter, Ahmed Ullah's father, Ilahi Bakhsh, the blind old man, whom I have above mentioned, sent a message to apprise me, that the leader of the Rebels, Peer Ali Khan, was

collecting arms and men. Being closely occupied at the time the man came, and unable to receive him, I sent him with a note to the Magistrate, requesting him to listen to his story, and act on it, if it appeared reliable. The magistrate, unfortunately, not thinking it of importance, the warning was disregarded.

But the information was correct and valuable! It is worthy of special notice, because it shews that fear is the most effective instrument, wherewith to work upon such men.

When it is remembered that this is the only instance of information having been supplied, and that it was supplied by a blind old man, who had never been in the habit of communicating with the authorities; when these facts are considered, and then connected with my warning speech to Ahmed Ullah, his son, at the time of his arrest, it can scarcely be doubted, what the motive was, which led to this very singular, this unprecedented disclosure.

Nobody, I feel sure, regretted the disregard of the intelligence more than the Magistrate himself. It would be ungenerous to enquire too closely, how the old gentleman (Ilahi Bakhsh) knew the fact at all! Three more Maulavis of the sect were subsequently apprehended: two at Patna, and one at Danapur.

Chapter 7

When the Maulavis were fairly in custody, the Magistrate, with Major Nation and Captain Rattray, proceeded into the city, to search several houses where we had reason to believe that arms would be discovered. I was never sanguine of the result, as, whatever are the precautions of Englishmen, in these matters, natives are usually too cunning to be over-reached. The visit was evidently expected, the houses swept and garnished, and nothing found. My own plan for disarming the city, which was one of the measures I had resolved upon, was put into force the next day.

Meanwhile I had given orders to bring to my house, Maulavi Mehdi, the Kote-gusht or Patrolling Darogah, whom I suspected of connivance with the Lucknow adherents, and who had been treated with much consideration by the Lucknow Minister, Ali Nukee Khan, when on his visit to Patna, en route to Calcutta, immediately after the annexation of Oude.

This man was, personally, a great favorite of mine, for his former good services, his respectful behavior, and his intellectual acquirements, but I could not divest myself of suspicion, – and I felt, if my suspicions were correct, his influence would effectually bailie all attempts at discovering the designs of the disaffected.

Several days before this, when I intimated to the Magistrate, my wish to remove him from his situation, because I imagined from his intimacy with the Wahabi Maulavis and Lutf Ali Khan, and other circumstances, that he was not dealing faithfully with us, the Magistrate entreated me not to do so, saying that his influence was so great, that any such step would probably cause a disturbance.

As he urged this strongly, and added that it was Mr. Elliott's opinion, I consented to postpone his removal for a time, but all such scruples were set at rest when I had once resolved on a distinct course of action. The argument used by the Magistrate, was, in fact, a strong reason for displacing a man, who had such power for evil. It was not the time for English officers to truckle to a Darogah.

This man was subsequently released by Mr. Samuells, and, is said, to have taken an active part against us at Azimgarh and elsewhere.

I, therefore, called him to my room, and, while explaining to him my grounds for the arrest, Mr. E. Woodcock, the Collector, kindly regardful of my safety, came forward and relieved him of two formidable pistols which were in his belt, and a handsome sword and dagger, which he always wore.

The next day I issued a proclamation, calling on all the citizens to deliver their arms, within twenty-four hours, on pain of being proceeded against, and another order, forbidding all, (but such as might be specially excepted) from leaving their houses after nine o'clock.

The first order was partially obeyed, several thousand arms being brought in and delivered up, while lists of many more, were, by permission, received from those who were held to be well affected.

Many more, were, of course, withheld, but I have good reason to believe, that they were so disposed of, as to be unserviceable, at any short or sudden notice, which was the great object. Some were thrown down wells, others into the rivers, others buried. For the time, the city was, so to speak, without arms, a few subsequent discoveries and punishments, would have done the rest.

It will thus be seen, that, by these measures, hard blows had been effectually struck in the three quarters of danger. The entire sect of the Wahabis was checkmated, and unable, or at least, afraid, to move.

Maulavi Mehdi, the man whom we all suspected to be in the Oude interest, and who, from his sudden intimacy with Lutf Ali, the rich banker, and the Wahabis, we had reason to believe was engaged in mischief, was rendered powerless. The great body of the turbulent, the evil and the disloyal, were either without arms, or at least deprived of them for immediate and sudden use.

Nightly meetings and consultations, whether in Patna itself, or between Patna and Danapur, were effectually stopped; every man found out of his house after nine, was liable to seizure and punishment, and all that could well be done, in such a state of ignorance, mistrust, and danger, was done.

Two days after these occurrences, the gentlemen, who had taken refuge at the Opium Godown, returned to their houses.

Chapter 8

The events detailed in the last chapter occurred on the 20th of June; on the 21st, the Benares steamer arrived at Danapur. I drove up before breakfast and went on board, and heard, for the first time, from eyewitnesses, some details of the atrocities that had occurred in the north-western provinces.

On the 22nd, the Magistrate and myself proceeded, under the new Commission, to try the Najib, whose arrest and confinement, on a charge of tampering with the Sikhs, has been above described.

His guilt was clearly established, and he was sentenced to death. Three fakirs, who had been found in the camp, and could give no satisfactory explanation, were at the same time imprisoned.

About this time I had the gratification of hearing from Danapur, from several parties, that the measures taken at Patna on the 20th had caused great satisfaction; a letter was sent to me by General Lloyd, containing a detailed description, which had been given him by one of the public officers, of a plot for the murder of all the Europeans at Chapra, by some of the principal Mahomedans of the district. I did not consider it sufficiently tangible to act upon, and there were names of men in the list, in whom I had, as I believed, good reason to trust.

Throughout the whole period, between May and August, constant accusations were put into my hands against different people, indeed there was scarcely a Mahomedan of any station, in the province, who was not, at one time or another, accused.

The most difficult part of my duty was to discriminate between these charges, and observe the happy medium between credulity and undue suspicion. As it was, I never moved against a soul, except in the way of precaution, until suspicion was corroborated by many concurrent circumstances.

At dawn on the morning of the 23rd, while I was yet in bed, a letter from Mr. Richardson, the Magistrate of Tirhut, was put into my hand, intimating the arrest, in that district, of a police jemadar, a Mahomedan, under circumstances of serious suspicion. A bundle of letters, seized at the same time upon his person, was enclosed in Mr. Richardson's letter, a mere glance at which shewed they were of a seditious character.

They were all written by Ali Karim, a Mahomedan of some notoriety, who had been for many years a resident in the Gaya district, and at this time was living about nine miles from Patna, on the Gaya road.

The first object evidently was to lay this fellow by the heels as speedily as possible. I therefore sent off at once for the Magistrate, Mr. Lowis, and Moula Bakhsh, the native deputy Magistrate, a man who, from the commencement of the troublous times, had exhibited the greatest zeal, and on whom I placed implicit reliance.

Captain Rattray was living in my house; it was arranged that he and Mr. Lowis, with ten mounted troopers and fifty Sikhs, should start off, at once, to Ali Karim's house, surround it and seize him. They set off in the buggy followed by the troopers, they reached the house, and found that the culprit had just started on an elephant with two or three armed attendants, some friendly voice having evidently warned him!

As the Magistrate's Nazir was the only native who was aware of the proposed expedition (besides Dewan Moula Bakhsh, who had remained in my room, and whose character raised him above all mistrust,) general suspicion fell upon him, and this suspicion was rendered almost a certainty, by the man's subsequent conduct.

When Mr. Lowis found that the bird had flown, he started after him immediately in an ekka.³

Had he taken the troopers with him, he must have caught the traitor, but, in an unlucky moment, he listened to his Nazir's advice, who strongly urged him not to let the troopers accompany them.

Mr. Lowis, eager and excited in the pursuit, fell into the snare, and the consequence was exactly what might have been expected.

When they came in sight of Ali Karim, he turned off the road, and crossed the fields; the ekka could not follow! Mr. Lowis continued the pursuit on foot, but without success, – the villagers not only gave him no assistance, but actually removed a Tattoo that he had secured, and otherwise thwarted him. He returned, the next day, wearied and disheartened.

The Nazir, who was left in pursuit, remained out for several days, hunted his game down to a particular village, and there, as he says, lost sight of him. If report is true, his vision was darkened, like Danae's, by a shower of gold.

³ Ekka, small country carriage drawn by a single horse.

I will here briefly mention, the further doings of this faithful Nazir. Some days after his return, the Magistrate received information that Ali Karim had doubled back upon Patna, and was concealed in a house in the town. The Magistrate again informed the Nazir, told him to remain in the verandah while he completed his toilet, looked through the venetians, and saw the man walking off! He called him back, again strictly enjoined him to remain where he was, and not to move, intending to take him with himself in the buggy; when he again came out, he found that the Nazir had gone off to the Cutcherry! The Magistrate himself informed me of this, and added that, in consequence, he had not thought it of any use to search the house, feeling that he had been betrayed. After all these acts of palpable treachery, I thought it my duty to place the Nazir in confinement, and commit him for trial. He was acquitted by the judge, and, since my removal, has been restored to his former appointment, by the present Commissioner.

Ali Karim's house and property were attached and a reward of 2000 rupees, afterwards raised to 5000, was offered for his head.

The Najib was hanged on the evening of the 23rd at 6 P. M. He had, during his confinement, simulated madness, but met his death, as most Mahomedans do, with calmness and fortitude.

From this day to the 3rd of July, no occurrence of any importance took place in any of the districts, but the minds of all were disturbed by the successive reports of murder and outrage up-the-country.

Each day appeared to make our situation more dangerous, the massacre at Shahjahanpur, the fall of Cawnpore, and Futtehpoore, the flight from Faizabad, all were reported during the interval: several Sepoys were caught and hanged; the ladies were sent away from Bhagalpur, in consequence of the 5th cavalry being distrusted; the Danapur Regiments were for some days said to be staunch, than suddenly pronounced "shaky;" no one in the division trusted them, and all, with perhaps two or three exceptions, felt convinced that they were only waiting for a convenient season.

During all this period, our house was the place of general resort. I had begged everybody in the station to consider it, on all occasions of danger, their home, and their asylum, and gave carte blanche to all, to take possession of any portion they might find unoccupied.

The majority of the Christians had, some time before, at my request, formed themselves into a volunteer corps under the command of Major Nation, and kept up with great zeal and cheerfulness, a regular nightly patrol during all weathers, both in the city and its environs.

The roof of our house had been prepared for a siege, sand-bags being placed in the intervals of the balustrades, a thatch erected to give cover in case of rain, and a stand of arms placed in readiness, under charge of the volunteers, who were told off for the duty, – a wooden ladder, which led to the roof, was strengthened and protected, and other subsidiary precautions taken. Several ladies with their children, slept almost every night on the roof, the volunteers, after their rounds, occupied the outer verandahs.

The city of Patna, from the date of the coercive measures adopted on the 20th was, to all appearance, in a state of profound tranquility, and the people, generally, more submissive and respectful than before.

This, however, was not destined to continue. – On the 3rd of July, just as we were sitting down to dinner, the Magistrate rushed into the house, and, calling me out, informed me that the news had just been brought of a party of several hundred men having attacked the house of a Roman Catholic priest in the heart of the town.

I immediately directed Captain Rattray to march down, with the Magistrate and 150 Sikhs, to the scene of the disturbance, dispatched messages to all the residents, and rode round myself to the nearest houses, to warn the occupants, as well as to make arrangements for posting other parties of the Sikhs at different points.

After my return we all remained outside the house, anxiously looking for the return of the messengers, who had been successively dispatched, on horseback or in ekkas, to bring tidings from the city.

While thus assembled, a horseman dashed up the avenue, with a drawn sword in his hand, and called out in a loud and excited voice, “Mr. Tayler! where’s Mr. Tayler?” On receiving an answer, he said, “Dr. Lyell is shot, the city is up, we were too few, and have been obliged to retreat.” He then hurriedly related all he knew about this melancholy catastrophe, and galloped away again.

On hearing this account, thinking the affair, from this gentleman’s statement, more serious than I had at first imagined, I dispatched one of my servants, on my fastest horse to Danapur, and requested the General to send us fifty Europeans.

The requisition was promptly complied with, and the detachment marched into our grounds, between two and three o’clock a.m. Before they arrived, however, we had received intelligence that the insurgents had been dispersed, one man having been killed, and another wounded. The soldiers, therefore, returned at about three o’clock to Danapur, and we went to bed at about four a.m.

For the next fifteen days my time was principally employed in unravelling the facts of this outbreak, and, as I consider that the circumstances connected with it, are of the utmost importance, and that the correspondence discovered in the house of the chief conspirator is calculated to throw light upon the origin and objects of the insurrection generally, I will offer some remarks on the event, as disclosed by the enquiries, which occupied me with scarcely any intermission, from the 3rd to the 20th of July.

I must first, however, notice another occurrence, which took place on the 18th of this month.

On the evening of that day, the indefatigable Hidayat Ali informed Captain Rattray, that one of his troopers, (ten of whom were at Patna,) had been playing the traitor, having received a large sum of money from Ali Karim, on the day of the pursuit, which he had since divided with several of his comrades. This information had been given to Hidayat Ali by one of the other troopers, and was by Hidayat Ali at once brought to his commanding officer.

The troopers were then bivouacked in my grounds, and, after a short consultation, Rattray and myself agreed to go to the little bungalow in which they slept, seize the delinquents ourselves, and search the premises on the spot.

We therefore took our revolvers and sallied out, the man was seized, and the house searched, nothing was discovered in it, but in the waist-band of a grass-cutter, the servant of the principal man suspected, we found twenty-five rupees. The man confessed that it was part of a larger sum received from his master, and the fact strongly corroborated the statement made, especially as the trooper himself could give no satisfactory account of the way in which he had obtained the money.

This man had been sent by the Magistrate with a letter to Gaya, immediately after Ali Karim's escape, had overtaken the arch-conspirator himself on the road, and had there sold himself; he received the money on his arrival at Gaya, and, after his return to Patna, divided it among his friends.

The fellow's guilt being clearly established, he was hanged and his accomplices imprisoned.

Chapter 9

I have before mentioned that in the street-fight of the 3rd one of the rebels was severely wounded. The importance of securing this man, and separating him from all communion or intercourse with others, immediately struck me, and I had him brought up to my house early on the morning of the 4th. His wounds were fearful, his arm had been nearly severed from the shoulder, he had a severe cut on his head, and the air was actually whistling through his lungs.

On my first questioning him he would disclose nothing, and I had him removed to the Sikh Hospital, where he was most ably and carefully treated by Drs. Sutherland and Coates.

He was here kept for some time, and, when partially recovered, he entered into frequent conversation with Hidayat Ali, the Subahdar of the Sikh corps, an officer whom I have before mentioned, and who rendered, throughout the period of our troubles, the most cordial and effective service to the state.

His intimate knowledge of the native character, admirable tact, penetration, and temper, peculiarly qualified him for sounding the purposes of the people with whom he came in contact, and eliciting, by judicious cross-questioning, the information he wanted.

After several conversations with Hidayat Ali, the wounded man was induced to give very important information, and, finding that he was kindly treated, his wounds cared for, and hopes of exemption from capital punishment held out, he made a clean breast of it and disclosed all he knew⁴.

His statements we invariably found to be correct, or, at least, strongly corroborated by circumstantial evidence and the testimony or confessions of others, who seldom denied what he stated, when confronted with him.

Somewhat later in the day, the deputy Magistrate, Moula Bakhsh, to whom the Magistrate had entrusted the investigation of the case, came to me in great triumph with some murderous looking arms and implements (among which was an English fencing mask,) and a large packet of letters, all of which had been found in the house of Peer Ali Khan, the leader of the outbreak and captain of the rebels; numerous

⁴ This man made no scruple of admitting, as indeed many others confessed in conversation with me, that their object was to murder all the Europeans – and set up a Ruler at Patna.

accomplices were seized during the next few days, and, among them, after a short resistance, in which he was wounded, Peer Ali himself; ample evidence was, by the exertions of Moula Bakhsh, obtained, convicting these men of active participation in the outrage, twenty-one were hanged, twenty-three imprisoned.

Peer Ali himself was a model of the desperate and determined fanatic; repulsive in appearance, with a brutal and sullen countenance, he was calm, self-possessed, and almost dignified, in language and demeanor.

After capital sentence had been pronounced upon him, I sent for him (as I generally did with such criminals) and questioned him in my private room, in hopes of eliciting some further information regarding the plot.

Heavily fettered, his soiled garments stained deeply with blood from a wound in his side, confronted with myself and several other English gentlemen, the last hope of life departed, not for a moment did he betray agitation, despondency, or fear.

On being asked whether he could do anything to make it worthwhile to spare his life, he answered with supreme coolness and some contempt: "There are some cases in which it is good to save life, others in which it is better to lose it." He then taunted me with the oppression I had exercised, and concluded his speech by saying, "You may hang me, or such as me, every day, but thousands will rise in my place, and your object will never be gained."

After this defiance, he joined his manacled hands, and said, with the utmost politeness, as if he was on the best of terms with himself, the world, and me, "I have something to ask." - "Well, what is it? Speak," "My house?" - "It will be razed to the ground," "My property?" - "It will be confiscated." - "My children," and here for the first time, his voice faltered and his tone betrayed emotion. - On my asking him where his children were, he said they were in Oude, and all I could tell him was, that, under the circumstances of that country, it was impossible to make either guess or promise in regard to them.

He then salaamed, respectfully rose, on the order being given, and walked out unmoved, and, to all appearance, unconcerned.

I have dwelt at some length on the description of this man, because he is the type of a class, with many of whom we have in this country to deal, men, whose unconquerable fanaticism renders them dangerous enemies, and whose stern resolution entitles them, in some measure, to admiration and respect.

Peer Ali was a native of Lucknow, but had resided for many years at Patna; he was, by trade, a Bookseller, and I strongly suspect that he may have originally established

himself here, for the express purpose of carrying on the intrigues which issued in this abortive outbreak.

The letters discovered in his house serve to shew, that, for several years past, he had been in correspondence with different parties, principally with one "Musee-ool-zuman," a Lucknow man, who followed the same trade, and that he had, in communication with these parties, deliberately discussed and matured seditious plans against the British Government.

It was proved, that, during the few months prior to his capture, he had, assisted by Lutf Ali Khan's Jemadar, "Guseeta" a notorious and consummate villain, engaged numerous men and kept them in pay, with instructions, as some of the accomplices themselves described to me, that they should be ready, when called upon, to fight for their "din and the emperor of Delhi."

The letters of "Musee-ool-zuman" appear to me to afford a most instructive and interesting commentary upon the late disastrous events, and they prove, beyond a doubt, the following important facts.

First. That an anti-Christian crusade (if I may use such an expression) has been, for some time past, deliberately contemplated, the great object being described as, "Futteh ooper Nasara." Victory over the Nazarenes.

Secondly. That for the accomplishment of this object, it was understood and enjoined that all sects and classes, Hindus, Wahabis and even Rafzees, were to combine with the orthodox Mahomedans.

Thirdly. That the arguments employed to excite the conspirators to action, are all based on the assumption, whether sincere or pretended, that the covert purpose of the British government has been, for some years past, secretly to undermine and destroy the religion of the natives, whether Mahomedan or Hindu, and thus, many of the late orders, rules and regulations, the abolition of oaths, the new rules regarding the prisoners' food, the shaving of their beards, each and all of these matters were taken advantage of, and employed by the instigators of the insurrection, to exasperate the people, and seduce the army from its allegiance.

It must be remembered that these letters were all found in one man's house, and only accidentally discovered; they cannot, therefore, be regarded as anything like a complete or full exposure of the secret designs of the conspirators, but a mere example, as a stray mineral, on the mountain top, indicates the vein beneath the surface.

The conclusion obviously suggested by common sense, is, that, if one accidental seizure has disclosed so much, even in the house of a single individual, much more must remain behind.

Peer Ali Khan would never have kept men in pay for months together, appointed Darogahs, and distributed hard money for the mere purpose of a street row, and the inference from what was discovered, especially when confirmed, as it is, by the confessions of the conspirators themselves, the testimony of witness, and the collateral evidence of facts, is, that this scheme, which failed in the execution, was part and parcel of a more general and extensive plot, which, but for the measures taken to anticipate and baffle it, would have issued in disastrous consequences.

Take again the case of Ali Karim; the unfortunate escape of this traitor, prevented us from obtaining papers which might have afforded an important clue to his designs, but the few letters found in the possession of Waris Ali, the Police Jemadar, were quite sufficient to shew what extended plans of mischief he had formed.

In one of his letters to his confederate, he talks of a large commercial enterprise “(*Tijarut*)” which he had established, of partners of respectability who had joined it from the east and the west, of a secure place of rendezvous, which robbers could not enter, of the extensive profits to be derived by the shareholders! Under another more familiar figure, he describes the savory “*Pilau*” which he had been cooking, which was now ready for eating, and to the enjoyment of which, he urgently summons his friend, even though he sacrifice everything for that end!

Then we find this Waris Ali, after in vain applying to the Magistrate for leave of absence, preparing to abandon his appointment and his salary, and cast himself at all risks into this “commercial enterprise,” and enter upon the deglutition of the well-seasoned dish.

He was caught by Mr. Robertson, the assistant Magistrate, and some Indigo planters, with his horse saddled, his goods packed, and in the act of writing to tell Ali Karim that he had resolved to join him at once.

Can any man of sense or wisdom doubt that these disclosures, accidental as they were, and made under all the difficulties which have prevented such discoveries elsewhere, are palpable indications of a more extensive conspiracy?

Will anyone be so hardy as to assert, or so blind as to believe, that Waris Ali, a man who had been for years in the district, and knew well what he was about, himself of high family, connected, as is said, with the royal family of Delhi, and possessed of considerable property, that such a man was prepared to leave a lucrative situation, in a way which would effectually preclude his future employment without knowing well,

that Ali Karim's "commercial enterprise, was at least plausibly planned, and reasonably supported?" that he was about to throw away all his prospects in the Government service, for a chimera or a pretence? Or will anyone believe that when Ali Karim described these undertakings to Waris Ali, told him all was ready, and urged him, at all risks, to come at once, that this was all imagination or a myth?

Musee-ool-zuman sends through Peer Ali a message to the Wahabi Waiz-ool-Huq and refers to what he had written to him, "which though obscure and under a metaphor, the Maulavi being a wise man, would understand!"

Will anyone say, that such a message from such a man as Musee-ool-zuman, communicated through such a man as Peer Ali, to a chief of a fanatic sect, had no sinister or secret meaning?

To my mind, these disclosures, when taken in conjunction with all the other circumstances, afford convincing proof of the existence of extensive and deadly plots, similar in character and purpose to those, which have been carried out, with such incidents of horror and atrocity, and made India for months like a vast Christian Charnel-house.

That the outbreak, which led to these disclosures, was not more successful, was simply because the measures I had adopted, had cowed and disheartened the conspirators before the attempt was made. The imprisonment of the Maulavi leaders effectually prevented their devoted followers from joining in the riot, the seizure of arms had deprived the citizens generally of the means of fighting, Many of the turbulent and disaffected had fled from the city, and the stoppage of communication with Danapur had prevented concert with the Regiments.

This émeute, therefore, was both premature and ill-concerted, several of the conspirators themselves confessed this to me, and the tenor of Peer Ali's own remarks was, that he had been hurried on by what he called my oppression, the greatest compliment he could have paid me, This fact led to the complete frustration of the scheme, the condign punishment of the conspirators.

And here I must take occasion to bear my testimony to the valuable services of Dewan Moula Bakhsh, – the Deputy Magistrate, through whose zealous co-operation, unremitting zeal, and unimpeachable integrity, the successful development of this conspiracy, the capture and conviction of the criminals, and the discovery of the correspondence above described, is mainly owing.

From the first, and throughout the whole period, this fine old man, who has served the Government for thirty-five years, labored night and day, at the peril of his life, in the discharge of the most arduous duties, in which he received but little assistance, either

from the Police, or any other subordinate functionary. It is a fact, that, with one exception, not a single Police officer, of any grade, ever gave the slightest information, either in regard to the collection of arms, the employment of bravos, or the distribution of money.

Almost all the information I did obtain, was supplied by Christian residents, by three or four respectable native gentlemen, whose loyalty was unquestioned (and one of whom will deserve special mention) by Hidayat Ali, and by this faithful and zealous old officer, Abula Bakhsh, whose services will yet, I trust, be duly rewarded.

The other individual of whom justice compels me to make prominent mention is Syud Wilayut Ali Khan.

This very respectable gentleman, who, from his straightforward character is more like an European than a native, when first the rumors of danger were heard, presented a petition to Government and myself, stating that he was ready to devote both property and life to the service of the State.

From that day he was in constant attendance whenever assistance was required, he supplied me with arms, he helped to patrol the city, he furnished valuable information, and subjected himself to abuse, ridicule and hatred, from many of the towns-people.

Professions of loyalty are valuable in proportion as they are voluntary and timely, and their sincerity is tested by acts.

The proffer of Wilayut Ali's service, was made, not as that of others, when the tide had turned, and the British bayonets were gleaming over the country, but in our darkest and most dangerous crisis, and the proffer throughout was supported by deeds.

I brought his voluntary service to the notice of Government, by whom it will doubtless be duly recognized.

Chapter 10

I have already mentioned Lutf Ali Khan the wealthy banker, whose intimacy with Maulavi Mehdi, the darogah, and the Wahabi leaders, had given rise to suspicion. One day, a report was presented by Meer Anjan, one of the town darogahs, to the effect that a Sepoy of the 37th N.I. which had lately mutinied at Benares, had been seen on Lutf Ali's premises, and had been engaged by him as a servant, though the wretch had been heard by several persons to describe the Benares mutiny, and boast of his exploits against the English.

Lutf Ali and the mutineer were arrested, and committed to the Judge to be tried under the late acts, the former, for harboring a mutineer, the latter for mutiny.

The Sepoy was hanged, the evidence was not considered by the Judge to be sufficient against Lutf Ali, and he was acquitted, to the great disappointment of the Christian public, who all felt a moral conviction of his guilt, not only of this special crime, but of complicity, generally, in treasonous designs.

The previous character of this man, which was notorious in the district, and the many suspicious circumstances, which had come to the notice of the public in the course of the disturbances, had tended to raise a strong feeling against him, but, what served above everything to excite indignation, was, that one of his household servants had been convicted and hanged for active participation in the murder of our lamented countryman, Dr. Lyell, a deed, which had been accompanied with the revolting atrocities, which have eternally disgraced the murderous ruffians of India.

Poor Lyell's face was so mutilated, after he fell, that he could scarcely be identified.

That this man escaped punishment, was a disappointment, that he was afterwards admitted to the house of some public officers, excited general indignation.

Subsequent occurrences, which will be detailed in the second part of this narrative, greatly increased this feeling. Knowing the terms of intimacy which always exist between natives and their domestic servants, it was generally felt, that the active participation of Lutf Ali's Jemadar, not only in the actual riot, but also in the previous preparations, could not well have taken place, without his master's privity, and would not have been attempted, if the servant had known that his master was well affected and loyal.

At all events, it was believed, that, until he fully cleared himself before the public, he was not a fitting subject for the society of English gentlemen.

Chapter 11

On the 25th of this month, the event, to which all had been so long looking, at last took place. A little after noon on that day, Hidayat Ali came to me in a state of some excitement, and told me that a mutinous spirit had been unmistakably shewn by the native Regiments at Danapur, and that they might be expected to rise at any moment.

I was just sitting down to communicate the intelligence to the authorities at Danapur, when a short note came from Major Lydiard, telling me that the Regiments were mutinous, and an outbreak was expected.

This note arrived at one p.m., at a little after two p.m., the mutiny broke out.

I had barely time to summon the different residents to our house, and make all the necessary arrangements for protection and defence, before the three signal guns were heard, and we knew that the ball had commenced.

It does not fall within my purpose to describe what I did not witness, and the occurrences at Danapur, on that eventful day, have been already narrated by others.

As we listened to the firing, which could be plainly heard from Patna, we were calculating how many mutineers would be destroyed. Some said six hundred, others eight hundred, some perhaps not more than five hundred!

One man only was killed.

That evening there was a general meeting at our house; it was not then known, nor could it be ascertained for some time, what the plans of the mutineers were, whether they had gone off in a body to the west or whether, as some said, they were meditating an attack upon Patna, or were still hovering in the neighborhood of Danapur. We had heard that the English soldiers could not follow them over the fields into which they at first fled, and, thinking it possible that some stragglers might be intercepted, we planned a night movement from Patna, to be carried out under the guidance of Mr. Lindsay, the Assistant Magistrate, Mr. H. Whitcombe the resident Railway Engineer, and Mr. V. Taylor, a young civilian, who was studying at Patna. These volunteers, with fifty Sikhs, fifty Najibs, and some few troopers newly raised, went off to Phoolwaree, a place some eight miles distant from Patna, where they were to bivouac for the night, and it was my purpose to proceed at dawn of day to Danapur to induce the General to send a detachment of H.M.'s 10th to co-operate with them, if we should have reason to believe any of the Sepoys had taken that route.

While it was yet scarcely daylight, a note was brought to my bedside; by the imperfect light, I could just distinguish the words "Major Holmes and his wife," I felt at once what it was, and shall never forget the sensation of pain and horror, with which I read the announcement of this gallant and chivalrous officer's murder.

Nothing that has occurred throughout these days of horror, so deeply penetrated the feelings, not only of myself but all around us; the bold and prominent part which poor Holmes had taken from the commencement, the confidence he had felt and expressed in his men, the attachment which they professed for him, the good service the regiment had performed, and the constant and cheering communications I had received from him, all served to prevent the least apprehension of danger to him personally. It is strange how, throughout this foul rebellion, the bravest and the best have been selected for suffering or destruction. – I immediately recalled our volunteer detachment, the revolt of poor Holmes's regiment gave a serious turn to affairs, and I did not know what call there might be for our men, or what danger for straggling parties.

That afternoon the General wrote to tell me he proposed entrenching Danapur, it was ascertained that the mutineers had gone off in a body towards Arah, and it was apprehended by him, that they might be joined by Kooer Singh and return to attack Danapur.

I deprecated the measure, and strongly urged an immediate and active pursuit of the rebels.

Two hundred men of H. M. 37th were dispatched in the Horungutta steamer, but the vessel stuck on a sand bank, as some supposed, through a trick of the native pilot. The General then proposed to recall them; but, as he consulted me, I took the liberty of again urging the dispatch of a larger force, and, on the General's consent being obtained, I went up to Danapur on the evening of the 29th with Mr. McDonell, the Magistrate of Chapra, who had expressed an earnest desire to accompany the relieving force, and young Mangles, the assistant at Patna, who had a similar longing.

We first went to see Messrs. E. Macdonell and Lynch, who had just reached Danapur, after an almost miraculous escape from the pursuit of the blood-thirsty troopers of Holmes's Regiment, who tracked them for miles, in hopes of murdering them. They were footsore and exhausted, but heartily thankful for their escape.

Mangles and myself slept that night in the carriage, at Danapur, as I was anxious to witness the departure of the relieving force which was to take place at dawn of the next day.

We went down before the day broke to the banks of the river. The soldiers of H.M.'s 10th were just marching to the ghat, the General was already there, but unexpected difficulties arose: the passengers, instead of having been warned out of the vessel (which had been stopped on her downward trip) were still comfortably sleeping, men, women and children, in the steamer.

The Captain remonstrated against their ejection at so unseemly an hour, forgetting that English lives were at stake, and every minute was of consequence!

Col. Fenwick appealed to the General for authority to have the sleepers turned out, which was promptly given, the word was passed on to the non-commissioned officers, and from them to some of the privates. In another minute, it was discovered, that the steamer could not tow her own flat, as well as that of the Horungutta, which it was arranged she was to take on, and consequently, only half the force told off could go. Col. Fenwick retired in disgust, and the command was delegated to Captain Dunbar. From that moment, all was confusion. No progress was made, no one took upon himself to disturb the happy sleepers. As Civil Commissioner, I had no authority in matters purely military, but I could not quite refrain from interference. I saw the man, apparently a sergeant, to whom the order for turning out the passengers was given, but who, after Colonel Fenwick's departure, had done nothing in the matter. I went up to him and suggested that if he would send three or four hard-hearted men to turn the passengers out, "neck and crop," if necessary, it would be a beneficial move, and they would never get off, if he didn't; he had just said, "All right, sir," with much alacrity, and was telling off the men to set to work, when somebody called out to him, "Hallo! you may knock off, you're not to go!" The man, a splendid specimen of a soldier, turned short off, muttering, and with several others, went away in no good humor. Several hours elapsed before the final start was made, and the steamer did not get clear away till about half-past nine

Fatal delay! who shall say of what importance were those four hours, lost in talking, hustling, and do nothingness!

It was a cheering sight, however, when they did start. The gallant appearance of the men, the eager countenances of the officers, the anticipation of certain success in the enterprise, gave the expedition a character of bright and buoyant hopefulness, too soon, alas! to be changed for the bitterness of disaster and defeat.

The force consisted of about 200 men⁵ of H.M.'s 10th foot, with several officers and a small body of Sikhs under Captain Ingelby of the 7th N.I., a gallant and high-spirited officer, who volunteered for the service, and was killed in the expedition. Messrs.

⁵ Two hundred men of H.M.'s 37th were a short distance ahead in the flat of the Horungutta which had stuck on a sand-bank.

McDonell, Magistrate of Chapra, and Ross Mangles, the assistant Magistrate of Patna, also accompanied them.

Between the 26th and the day on which this detachment started, we had received positive intelligence, that the three Regiments had marched in a body to the station of Arah, destroying, in their road, the houses and other property belonging to the Railway Company, on both banks of the Soane; we had heard that the Civil Functionaries and other Christian residents, under the guidance of Mr. Wake, the Magistrate, with their escort of fifty Sikhs (whom I had sent to the station with treasure, a few days before, and who had been detained at the request of the Magistrate) had taken possession of a small house, skillfully prepared for the purpose by Mr. Boyle, and were then besieged by the whole body of mutineers, amounting to about 2,000, and some 7,000 or 8,000 more men, the followers of Kooer Singh.

The intense anxiety for the deliverance and rescue of this brave little band may easily be conceived, and the feelings which swelled the hearts of all who saw the relieving force depart, full of hope and confidence, with smiling faces, and cheers of anticipated triumph, may perhaps be imagined, but can scarcely be described.

The last account had represented the little garrison, as safe inside the house, and repelling all attacks with spirit and resolution under the brave guidance of Mr. Wake, the Magistrate, but we had also heard that two guns had been brought against them, and who could say how long they could hold out?

Still, no one doubted that the brave band, which steamed off on the 29th under the animating cheers of the spectators, would do their work, as English soldiers ever do, and bring back the besieged in safety.

Accordingly, the next day, I went up with my wife and daughters to welcome the victorious force, with the rescued garrison. After several hours of anxious expectation, the steamer hove in sight; as she neared the shore, every breath was held in excitement; an unusual stillness first attracted the notice of the spectators; no waving hats, no cheers, no sign of exultation. Down they came, steamer and flat, dull, quiet and ominous; all seemed to feel the weight of some heavy disaster, and, when the vessel made for the Hospital, instead of coming onwards to the usual moorings, the feeling became certainty.

Never had I witnessed, God grant I never may witness, so harrowing a scene, too dreadful to forget, far too dreadful to attempt to describe, with any minuteness.

Of that gallant band of 400 men which had left the shore in bright array, and in assurance of victory, but a few hours before, 180 had been left dead on the field, several officers were no more, almost all the survivors were wounded!

The scene that ensued was heart-rending, the soldiers' wives rushed down, screaming, to the edge of the water, beating their breasts and tearing their hair, despondency and despair were depicted on every countenance.

It was with unfeigned delight and thankfulness, that I recognized the faces of McDonell and young Mangles, who had escaped with only slight injuries, though both, as I afterwards learned, had exposed themselves to the greatest danger, and were conspicuous for their bravery and daring.

McDonell's anxiety to go was chiefly dictated by an honorable anxiety to aid in the rescue of his friend Mr. Wake, the Magistrate of Arah, whose high qualities, bravery, and energetic service, rendered him well worthy of such friendship, but he also went in the capacity of guide to the force, and there was, therefore, good cause to justify my compliance with his wishes.

But I had no such excuse for permitting young Mangles to go, and felt a heavy responsibility in having done so. The fact is, that, almost at the last moment, and when all our hearts (at least I can answer for my own) were beating with excitement at the preparations for departure, he had suddenly made his request, and with such evident earnestness, that I could not find it in my heart to refuse.⁶

When the first act in this painful tragedy had passed, which, for the time absorbed every other thought, there then came the fearful conviction that the Arah garrison was lost, hopelessly, irremediably lost!

Not a chance, as it appeared to us, remained; and, with this terrible conviction on our minds, we all returned to Patna, taking with us McDonell and Mangles, and the wife, (then believed to be the widow) of Mr. Boyle, one of the principal defenders of the Arah garrison.

⁶ N.B. – I cannot now regret that he went, as it gave opportunity for the performance of one of those great and noble deeds which constitute true heroism and live forever in history; finding a poor soldier wounded and unable to move, Ross Mangles, at the imminent risk of his own life, raised him from the ground, and carried him through the fire of the rebels for five miles, and thus saved his life.

Chapter 12

The crisis, as far as Bihar was concerned, had now evidently arrived. The body of mutineers, with the outsiders who had joined them, and who were chiefly men of the martial population of Shahabad, under Kooer Singh, were said to amount to 9,000, or 10,000 men. They were flushed with victory, such as never before had been obtained over an English force. The destruction of the Civil Functionaries, and the other Christians within the Arah garrison, with their escort of fifty Sikhs, was considered as inevitable.

The rebel army was said to be in possession of guns, and a great portion of the population, as far as could be seen, were aiding their arms. All intelligence from the district was stopped, but general rumor gave out that the Domraon Rajah, whose estates extended along the whole line of road, from Arah to Buxar, had also joined the rebels. The effective strength of the force at Danapur was reduced by this defeat to about 400 bayonets, the Najibs, or local Police battalion, were mistrusted, the Sikhs were employed in the different guards at Patna, and only a few men were available. It appeared to me evident, that no out-station was in a position to protect itself against the force, which, at any moment, might be sent against it.

A few hours would have taken a thousand men across to the districts of Chapra and Tirhut, a few more would have taken a similar force to Gaya.

At the two former stations, there was no reliable force at all, at the latter there were, as before mentioned, only one hundred Sikhs and forty-five European soldiers.

The crisis called for immediate decision. If Kooer Singh had taken it into his head to send a force by the cross road to Gaya, the first we should have heard of the movement would probably have been of their arrival, the small force, then at that station, would have been inevitably destroyed, and another European massacre would have horrified the world, and afforded fresh triumph to our blood-thirsty enemies.

All that had occurred in other parts of the country, proved, beyond dispute, that the extermination of the Christian race, root and branch, was the one great object sought for; the murder of Dr. Lyell, and of the noble Holmes, the supposed destruction of the Civil Functionaries at Arah, then regarded as inevitable, if not already past, appeared to me, to be, at least, a sufficient sacrifice of Christian life; the interests of the state, the calls of humanity, and the dictates of prudence, alike appeared to call for the withdrawal of small bodies of English, insufficiently protected, from a danger which they could not

resist, while, at the same time, the concentration of the scattered forces, in one central position, appeared highly desirable.

I, accordingly, sent an order to the Magistrates of Tirhut and Gaya to come in to Patna. The Arah officials were, as has been above mentioned, in a state of siege, the Chapra Functionaries, had, of their own accord, come in several days before⁷.

This order was carried out, and, at no station, excepting Gaya, was any ill-consequence produced; on the contrary, the effects were beneficial; the district of Chapra was kept in order by Cazee Ramzan Ali, a Mahomedan, whom I believed I had reason to trust as an individual, and whose energy, talent and decision I knew would render him equal to the task, if he chose to act with good faith towards us.

His foresight and shrewdness appeared to me to render this probable, I accordingly vested him, on my own responsibility, with the powers of a Magistrate, and frankly told him that I left everything in his hands.

He discharged the obligation, faithfully and well, and delivered over charge of the district and public property intact to the authorities, when they returned.

At Muzaffarpur, a slight attempt at a disturbance was caused by twelve men of Major Holmes's Regiment who ran off with the Collector's horses and a pair of boots, and would have helped themselves to the Treasure, but the Najibs, who had been distrusted by all, and whom the Magistrate reported as sure to rise, being well-paid by the wealthy merchants of the town, and encouraged by letters from myself, after the withdrawal of the officials, resisted the attempt, and the dozen troopers retreated.

In both these stations, therefore, the withdrawal of the Christian residents, while it fully answered the purpose of rescuing many valuable lives from danger, and removing the temptation, which has generally been the great inducement to assault and outrage, entailed no corresponding evil consequence whatever, while, at the same time, our central stations Danapur and Patna, were strengthened by the accession of many stout English hearts, who, though almost helpless, when scattered, would have been of material assistance as a body, in case of an attack on either station.

The case of Gaya is different, and as it has caused no little discussion, I will here dwell, somewhat more at length, upon the facts.

⁷ I do not mention Champaran, – on the revolt of Holmes's Regiment the Magistrate had of his own accord retired; I afterwards authorized his withdrawal, but meanwhile the danger had passed, and no abandonment took place.

Gaya is distant about sixty miles from Patna, and about forty from the Soane near Urwal; with which it is connected by a central road, passing through Tikari, the village and dwelling-place of Babu Modenerain Sing, generally styled the Tikarie Rajah.

The district of Shahabad, where the great body of the rebels was, is on the other or western side of the Soane. If the rebels had made an attack upon Gaya, after the defeat of the Danapur relieving force, they would have marched down this road, crossing the Soane at Urwal; that they would make this attack, was the belief of every one acquainted with the circumstances. It was expected by the Magistrate of Gaya himself, the reports I received of their movements, of the preparation at that ghat of rafts and boats, confirmed the impression, and, above all, the poverty of Kooer Singh and his followers, and the fact that eight lacs of treasure invited their cupidity at Gaya, all these circumstances rendered this movement, almost a matter of certainty. While this imminent danger threatened them from the west, it was confidently believed that the Ramghur Battalion, and two companies of the 8th Regiment (which had already mutinied at Danapur) the 32nd N.I. and 5th cavalry (all of which have since revolted,) were on the eve of mutiny, and that all or most would come through Gaya.

At the same time I had good reason for knowing that the district of Bihar (of which Gaya is the principal station) was filled with traitors; the expressions used in the letters of Ali Karim, who was a Gaya man, indicated the existence of extensive combinations, the principal landholder, Modenerain, was known to have lately prepared and cleaned guns, which had been hitherto concealed, and to have taken men into his pay; even the Rajah of Benares was suspected by the Magistrate to be in league with Kooer Singh. and Modenerain against us.

It had been proved at Arah that the Najibs, whether loyal or disloyal, were of no account in the event of an attack from numbers, the jail at Gaya contained 800 prisoners, the town was full of scoundrels.

Under this appalling combination of dangers, feeling that the lives of my fellow-countrymen, and the honor of my country were in my hands, I directed the withdrawal, and instructed the Magistrate to come to Patna as quickly as possible, with the troops and Christian residents, bringing the treasure with them, unless, by so doing their personal safety was endangered.

The meaning of this order, given to sensible and experienced men, was obvious. The danger apprehended was, as they knew, an attack from an overwhelming body which their small force would have been unable to cope with. This condition, therefore, was added to relieve them, and take upon myself, the responsibility of abandoning the money, if the attack should have already taken place, or should be so imminent as not to admit of the usual means of removing treasure, without involving the party in a

danger, which they could neither resist nor escape; in short, to avoid the shame and horror of massacre, in an unavailing defence of money bags.

To my mind, the slaughter of small bodies of troops, the murder of Englishmen, and, especially, public officers, is the greatest blow, the most deadly wound, which our power and our honor can sustain.

The abandonment of a station is, of course, an evil in itself, and only to be admitted as the means of escaping a still greater evil.

In the present instance, there were the strongest grounds for apprehending this greater evil, and on careful consideration, with a full appreciation of all the circumstances, deeply impressed with the awful responsibility that rested upon me, and hoping that I should meet with a generous support and sympathy from the Government, whose interest I had endeavored, at no little risk or sacrifice, to secure, I followed the path, which to my judgment and conscience seemed the wisest and the best.

Had Major Eyre's marvelous victory not taken place, the wisdom of the withdrawal, and the importance of concentration would have been recognized by all.

To return, the Magistrate of Gaya, Mr. A. Money, on receiving these instructions, summoned the other officers; they determined⁸ (for what reasons, I am to this day not fully informed) not to bring away the treasure, and all left the station within a few hours from the receipt of my letter. After proceeding a few miles, the Magistrate, persuaded, as it is said, by Mr. Hollings, the Sub-Deputy Opium Agent, suddenly changed his mind, left the rest of the party and returned, with Mr. Hollings, to Gaya.

At midnight of the 2nd, I received a letter from the Judge, Mr. Trotter, intimating to me these circumstances, representing the dilemma in which Mr. Money's "vacillation" had left him and the other officers, and asking whether I adhered to my former order.

My reply was, that, although Mr. Money's conduct had enhanced my embarrassment, it had not altered the principle on which I had sanctioned the withdrawal, and I, therefore, still adhered to my instructions.

Meanwhile Mr. A. Money, with Mr. Hollings, had returned, and had procured a fresh escort from the Trunk Road, consisting of eighty men of H.M.'s 64th Regiment, but, instead of remaining and holding his own, as his return would have led one to suppose he would, he took the treasure, and marched down three hundred miles to Calcutta! protected by the English troops.

⁸ It has since been stated that conveyance could not be procured in time, but this has been contradicted by others.

The departure of the officials had not given rise to any outbreak; no movement had been made towards Gaya by the rebel army, and what was the immediate cause of Mr. Money's second exodus, I have never yet been able precisely to discover.

Whatever it was, he was not allowed to remove the treasure unopposed. The Najibs themselves, who guarded both the Treasury and the Jail, rose against him, liberated the prisoners and attacked the escort! Mr. Money and his party bravely repelled them, several Najibs were shot, and the escort made good its way to the Presidency.

Chapter 13

While the occurrences, described in the last Chapter, were in progress, the providential event took place which saved the province of Bihar. On the very evening of the day, on which the relieving force, which marched from Danapur for the relief of the Arah Garrison, was driven back with such fearful slaughter, intimation was received that Major Eyre was about to advance from Buxar with 150 men and three guns. It was the opinion of all, that this small force would have but little chance of success against so large a body as was then under the command of Kooer Singh, flushed as they were with their victory over so large and effective a detachment as had been sent against them.

It was, therefore, thought advisable to intimate to him what had happened, and recommend him to postpone his advance, until another force could be sent to cooperate with him from Danapur, or he could receive some accession of strength from other quarters.

This was thought the more important, because, at that time, report was rife, that the Domraon Rajah had joined Kooer Singh, and as Major Eyre's march lay through his estates along a road lined with groves, there was every reason to apprehend that his small number would be destroyed by ambuscades, before he could reach Arah, distant forty miles from Buxar. I accordingly expressed this opinion in a letter which I wrote to Mr. Bag, the civil officer deputed to accompany Major Eyre's force, in reply to a letter received from him, and I sent this letter, open, to the General, to be forwarded with such instructions as he should think fit to give.

The General forwarded my letter, with a memorandum and letter from himself, to Major Eyre. What orders he gave I do not precisely know, and it is of little consequence⁹. Both the letters miscarried for a time. It was ordained that Major Eyre should have the glory of rescuing the garrison, redeeming the honor of the British name, and saving the whole province of Bihar. A brilliant action decisive in its results, though, at one time doubtful in the issue, and hardly won by a desperate charge of British soldiers, changed in one hour the entire face of things. The devoted garrison and the brave Sikhs were rescued from the little house, in which, for a week, they had braved, without loss or injury, the fury of 9000 men, the cowardly rebels were dispersed, Kooer Singh fled to his stronghold, the hearts of all traitors in the province were dismayed, the critical turn in the tide of our disasters had taken place.

⁹ I believe at the time that General Lloyd sent positive orders not to advance; but there is some doubt now on this point.

The Gaya officials, who had been once before on their return to the station, but had been prevented by the outbreak, which occurred on Mr. Money's attempt to remove the treasure, were now strengthened by 100 Sikhs and reoccupied the station.

The Chapra and Muzaffarpur Functionaries, each with a guard of fifty Sikhs, returned to their stations, a second victory over Kooer Singh's force, and the destruction of Judispore, his stronghold, completed the discomfiture of the rebels, and cleared the districts. During all these convulsions, Patna remained quiet, peaceful and submissive.

At the critical moment when it was thought probable that an attack might be made on the city, the only change in our own arrangements which I assented to, was to send my wife and daughters to Danapur, that they might be in safety, and I, myself, unencumbered to meet such active duties as might arise; but, through the worst, I still upheld the reign of stern, uncompromising supremacy. I had the gallows placed in the centre of the race-course, in view of all, tried, condemned and executed some more prisoners, disarmed the Najibs at Patna, and commenced measures for the undermining of the Jail, which it was, however, found impracticable to effect.

After Eyre's great victory, my friends were congratulating me that the crisis had passed, that success had at length crowned my exertions, and repaid my anxieties; notwithstanding the fears and prognostications of the entire province, notwithstanding the successful revolt of the three Regiments, the destruction of the Danapur detachment, the weakness of our escort; though plots were proved to have been planned in the city, and our destruction had been contemplated, still, Patna had passed through the fiery ordeal, and was safe; the great work, on which, all said, so much depended, had been accomplished; one life only among the many under my protection had been sacrificed, not a rupee of treasure, save a small sum at Arah, had been lost.

In the midst of these congratulations, and, at the moment when I thought, that, without presumption, I might look, if not for reward, at least for acknowledgment, I was dismissed from the Commissionership; by a singular coincidence, the appointment was made over, for a time, to the officer who had suggested the abandonment of Patna, "on the first real alarm," in May, and a few days afterwards, my permanent successor, Mr. E. A. Samuells, arrived, bringing with him, as counselor, coadjutor and assistant, Amir Ali, a Mahomedan lawyer, the intimate friend and professional adviser of Lutf Ali Khan.

"FINIS CORONAT OPUS."

The End.