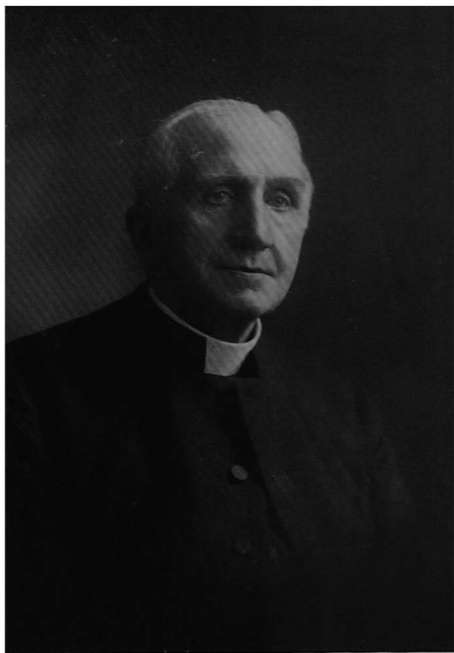


**FORTY-FIVE YEARS IN INDIA**



*Photo: Lafayette]*

VERY REV. D. MACKICHAN, D.D., LL.D.

*[Frontispiece*

# FORTY-FIVE YEARS IN INDIA

*Memoir and Reminiscences*

*of*

PRINCIPAL MACKICHAN,

D.D., LL.D., F.R.S.E.

*of Wilson College, Bombay, and four times Vice-Chancellor  
of the University of Bombay.*

EDITED BY

DAVID WILLIAMSON

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DEDICATED TO  
HIS GRANDCHILDREN  
GLADYS EDITH,  
HUGH BASIL,  
AND  
PHYLLIS MURIEL ELIZABETH WILLIAMSON

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# FORTY-FIVE YEARS IN INDIA

## CHAPTER I

### FROM GLASGOW TO BOMBAY

*Boyhood and School-Days—Successes at Glasgow University  
—First Sermon—Interest in Mechanics—Ordained and sent  
to Bombay—Marriage to Miss MacRitchie*

DUGALD MACKICHAN was born in Glasgow on May 27, 1851. He was the third son and fifth child of Alexander MacKichan and his wife, Jean MacCulloch, both of West Highland stock, belonging to the parish of Kilmore, a few miles out of Oban. His parents were people whose piety was of a humble and unobtrusive kind. Alexander MacKichan, having considered carefully all the different aspects of the struggle during the "Ten Years' Conflict," decided to become a member of the Free Church of Scotland in 1843. He was an office-bearer in Hope Street Gaelic Church, which had for its minister about that time the Rev. Duncan Macgregor, father of Principal William M. Macgregor, of Trinity College, Glasgow, and of Dr. Duncan C. Macgregor, both of whom held the Moderatorship in their respective Churches.

Dugald MacKichan received his education at the Free Church Normal Seminary, Glasgow, showing early the ability for which he became distinguished later in his career at the University and in the Free Church Divinity College. In 1864, when only thirteen

and-a-half years old, he was entered as an Undergraduate, his teacher at the school telling his mother that he had taught the boy all he knew. One of his class-mates, who was a year or two his senior, said he had to leave school as there was no one left to teach him when MacKichan was no longer there.

In those days the course in Arts lasted five years. Some of the classes assembled for study as early as 8 a.m. The University buildings were then in College Street in the East End, and transport in Glasgow was confined to horse-drawn omnibuses which only plied on a limited scale. For many pupils it meant a very early start on dark winter mornings, but no complaint was ever made by Dugald MacKichan, though he had a long walk, writes his sister Helen, who has provided the material in this chapter.

In April, 1869, he graduated M.A. with First Class Honours in Mathematics and Natural Philosophy, besides taking many prizes during his course and winning various bursaries. All this was accomplished before he had completed his eighteenth year. Natural philosophy had a wonderful fascination for him, which never left him all through his life, despite the multitude of other interests.

He gave very early proof of the old saying "The child is father of the man." When about eight years old, he chose for his pulpit a big stone at the southern end of Oban Bay, and preached his first sermon to a small audience of his brothers and sisters and the maid in charge. It had a very quick and somewhat unfortunate ending when the eloquence of the young orator, having warmed up to his subject and forgetful of the unsteady foundation of his standing-place, toppled over and received a nasty cut on his head necessitating some stitches inserted by the Oban doctor.

In his boyhood boating had a tremendous fascination for him, often to the consternation of his elders, who never could understand what a thorough grasp he had of handling a boat or guiding a sailing-boat. In travelling by steamer on the Clyde or among the islands of the western coast, he took a keen interest in the engines. He surprised those in charge by his accurate knowledge of their working, for it was rare in those days for a casual onlooker to be found as fully versed in their technicalities as the engineers were themselves.

Experiments of various kinds were a grand means of recreation to him in his student days, such as fitting up wires in his own home to control electric bells, or taking sun observations with a sextant in the open ground in front of the old parochial school in Oban. A small company of open-mouthed little boys would stand watching in amazement.

Business affairs found him quite keen, and on one occasion when one of the staff in his elder brother's office had to be absent for a few days he took his place. So well did he manage the work that the senior partner, a man of wide experience and exceptional business faculty, commended him highly for the quick way in which he had acquired the routine of the duties required of him.

Possessed of a splendid physique, he delighted in long walks, climbing mountains, and rambling in out-of-the-way corners in the Western Highlands and islands. He often recalled an expedition which he made with his elder brother and a friend up Glen Etive, the ascent of Ben Cruachan, and of their being compelled to stay the night in a lonely shepherd's hut at the head of the glen. Years after, a man made himself known to him and said he was the son of the man in whose dwelling these young wayfarers were

received so kindly. The boy had retained a clear recollection of Dr. MacKichan, who was most probably the leader and spokesman of the little party.

In the month of August, 1931, Dr. MacKichan, his only surviving brother, and two sisters, spent a very happy holiday at Oban. The brothers delighted in renewing their acquaintance with spots associated with their boyhood and recounting boating escapades. The seaplanes, which were daily operating from their base in Ardentrive Bay, were a source of great interest to him, for to the end of his long active life he had the outlook of a young man and could adjust himself easily to changing times.

In the Autumn of 1869 he entered the Free Church Divinity College, Glasgow, and in the Spring of 1873 he completed his studies, being first man of his year. Then followed a year at Leipzig, in Germany, with his intimate friend and class-fellow, Thomas Barclay, who went to Formosa in connection with the Mission of the Presbyterian Church in England. Dr. Barclay has completed a revised translation of the Scriptures at Shanghai. In December, 1874, Dugald MacKichan was ordained a missionary of the Free Church of Scotland, Bombay being the sphere of his work. The service took place in Free St. Matthew's Church, Glasgow, and was conducted by the Rev. Dr. John Forbes, of St. Paul's Church, of which MacKichan was a member and worker in a Mission Sunday School during his student days. On a dim, misty morning in February, 1875, he left his home for London to begin the journey overland via Brindisi for Bombay.

Dr. John Wilson, an eminent pioneer missionary in Bombay for upwards of forty years, was in declining health but still interested in the educational work of which he had laid the foundations. The building in which the College classes were then conducted is now

the High School for boys. Dr. Wilson died towards the end of the year, and the sole responsibility of the work was then laid on the youthful shoulders of Dugald MacKichan when he was little over twenty-four years of age. He was destined to devote forty-five years of his life to Wilson College, Bombay.

In 1877 Mr. MacKichan married Eliza, fifth daughter of Rev. Malcolm MacRitchie, a Free Church minister, who had charges in Lewis, Sutherlandshire, and Argyllshire. Belonging to Uig (Lewis), he was nineteen years of age when he first possessed a copy of the Bible of his own, and he travelled 200 miles by sea and land to procure it. Going on foot to Stornoway, he hired a boat in which he crossed the Minch, then walked the length of the Island of Skye, and hired another boat and crossed another island before he obtained his treasure—a Gaelic Bible.

Eliza MacRitchie was educated at a Boarding School in Stirling. When a native of that town presented Stirling with the Martyrs' Memorial, it was Eliza MacRitchie and an elder sister, Margaret, who were the models from whom the figures on the Memorial were sculptured.

Eliza went to Bombay as a missionary to the Free Church of Scotland Boarding School in 1875, and it was in Bombay that she was married to Mr. MacKichan. They had two daughters: Eliza Edith, who married, in 1903, Dr. John Rutter Williamson; and Marie Adelaide, who married Mr. George Service.

Mrs. MacKichan died in Newton-Stewart on Aug. 17, 1920. It has been truly said of her: "The word which comes to one's mind as one thinks of her is grace. She had grace of feature and form, and it was the outward sign of a gracious and beautiful soul."

## CHAPTER II

### LIFE AT WILSON COLLEGE, BOMBAY

*Swift Development of Wilson College—Member of Government Commissions—Academic Distinctions—Pen-portrait of life in Bombay—Memories by a Friend*

IN the long and interesting letters which Principal MacKichan sent home after his arrival in Bombay, he made it evident that a great task had been laid on his youthful shoulders. But he did not shrink from them. He raised the money for the College on his first furlough.

Wilson College was founded by Dr. John Wilson on lines laid down by Dr. Alexander Duff. Its steady growth was a tribute to the Principal's indefatigable labours. He began with 30 students in the College and 160 in the School. By the year 1917 there were 800 students in the College and 500 scholars in the School. The new buildings represented a cost of at least £50,000 on a site valued at £40,000.

On three Commissions he served as a member, being the only missionary on the Indian Universities Commission appointed by Lord Curzon in 1902. He found much pleasure in association with his colleagues on these Commissions, and was an excellent questioner of the witnesses who appeared before them.

It was in 1877 that the Government appointed him a Fellow of Bombay University, of which in later years he became Vice-Chancellor for four periods—a unique record. He was one of the very few Europeans who received the degree of LL.D. from the University. After the retirement of Principal Miller, he was, by general consent, the foremost educationist in India.

Dr. MacKichan received many academic distinctions. His Alma Mater, the University of Glasgow, conferred on him the Degrees of D.D. and LL.D. He was also F.R.S.E., an honorary Fellow of the Royal Astronomical Society (Bombay branch), and honorary Fellow of the Educational Institute of Scotland. He held for two years the post of Lecturer on Evangelistic Theology in the Edinburgh, Glasgow, and Aberdeen United Free Church Colleges.

No mention of Dr. MacKichan's work at Wilson College would be complete without a reference to Mr. V. Sohoni, who was for many years the Principal's right hand. He was a splendid book-keeper and accounted for every anna in the College accounts. He had been a pupil at the High School, and came to the College with a reverence for the Principal. His son became later a student at Wilson College. Dr. MacKichan maintained a correspondence with Mr. Sohoni after he left India and had a high regard for him.

Dr. A. R. Normand, who was a beloved colleague of Dr. MacKichan at Wilson College, Bombay, writes the following vivid account of his normal activities:

"A day of Dr. MacKichan's life in Bombay meant a crowded, busy day, but rarely he seemed to be 'rushed.' Before he came downstairs, he had put in a good morning's work preparing lectures and dealing with correspondence, free from interruptions. There were always people waiting to interview him, and these he saw, dealing with each visitor quickly, but without giving him the impression that there was any hurry. Then morning prayers and breakfast. More often than not, a guest was with Dr. and Mrs. MacKichan, for their hospitality was boundless, and Wilson College House was known to very many visitors who passed through Bombay.



"Fifteen minutes with the competent Mr. Sohoni, the College clerk, was usually sufficient to deal with College matters. Then the day's lectures started; the first lecture was always the Scripture period, followed by lectures in Physics, illustrated with experiments. As a teacher he was most clear and impressive.

"After lunch, came the members of the Marathi Bible Revision Committee. This work he regarded as one of his most important duties. Then tea, and at 5 o'clock his garri was waiting, and he went to the Fort to a University meeting or a committee.

"After dinner, one saw him either reading peacefully or talking with a visitor at a dinner-party or missionary conference. He was the centre of the gathering, for his experience was unique.

"To a junior colleague, Dr. MacKichan was in all respects a 'guru' (a teacher). One looked to him for advice, and never in vain. His knowledge was so great and so wide: he knew the students and the kind of homes they came from; the conditions of the villages, and the student tradition. He knew the leading men in Indian circles, and the leading European officials and business men. He knew the Christian community and entered into their hopes, joys, and sorrows. Then the system of higher education he understood thoroughly, for he had been responsible in part for the direction of that growth.

"He was not a mere 'quarry of information.' All his talk and reminiscences helped one to a better understanding of what the life of a missionary engaged in educational work might be. With all this knowledge there was a deep sympathy. When His Majesty King George embodied in his Message the word 'sympathy,' one felt that this was to him no empty appeal.

"The students liked him with a liking mixed with awe. They were sure of his fairness. But it was when as graduates seeking posts that he seemed to become a personal friend and well-wisher. They felt that nothing he could do to help them was too much; that warm personal feeling towards him and friendship for him seemed to grow as the years passed. With it all there was a reverence.

"In the University, as Vice-Chancellor or as Syndic, his rising to speak was a signal for immediate attention. What he said carried weight and often decided the course of a debate. In the chair at a large public gathering he was in his element.

"In missionary circles he was an acknowledged authority. To many it seemed inconceivable that the man whose work lay in higher educational work could have the close detailed knowledge of village work, and work among 'untouchables.' But it was as a missionary, and as a friend of the Indian Christians and the Indian Church in all its branches, that he regarded himself."

Mrs. Macomish sends these recollections of Principal and Mrs. MacKichan at Wilson College:

"Most of us have a picture-gallery in our memories—usually with a central figure in the picture. Of a certain group of such pictures, I have as the central figure that of Dr. MacKichan; sometimes alone, sometimes with Mrs. MacKichan, always so gracious and kind, by his side.

"My first picture is of Dr. MacKichan welcoming me as I arrived in Bombay, and taking me to his home, over-shadowed though it was at the time by sorrow and bereavement. Mrs. MacKichan had been summoned to Calcutta, but Dr. MacKichan gave me a warm welcome, and I had my first glimpse of the sweet home, with his two little daughters. I saw him

then at family prayers with the little ones, and that picture has remained with me always.

"Again, I see him putting aside his own big University and College problems, and listening with infinite patience and sympathy, to the little difficulties which I brought to him with regard to my work. He was never too busy to give his undivided attention, and his help.

"I see him preaching in Marathi to our Indian Christian congregation in our Mission Church. He knew each member individually, and shared the joys and sorrows of each family. One incident especially I remember. One of our Indian Christians was seriously ill, and Dr. MacKichan, having heard of his illness, went to see him. Finding him in great pain, he drove at once to our most eminent English surgeon, and brought him to the bedside of our Indian friend. In telling me of this, Dr. MacKichan said 'Colonel—— is a great man to do a thing like that,' and I thought that there was another great man, he who had arranged the English surgeon's visit.

"I see him and Mrs. MacKichan at their breakfast-table on a Sunday morning, after early Church, with a group of Indian Christian lads sharing their meal, their home life, and family prayers. It was a beautiful sight.

"And lastly, when my own life was stricken and I was left alone, Dr. MacKichan, who realised what loneliness meant, was the first to come with sympathy and comfort, speaking of the Home beyond, and the nearness of those who had entered into rest.

"The man whom I knew and esteemed so highly was not the Principal of a great College in Bombay, not the Vice-Chancellor of the University there, but the steadfast, sympathetic friend and the devoted Christian Missionary."

### CHAPTER III

#### RECOLLECTIONS BY A DAUGHTER (MARIE A. SERVICE)

*Childhood's Memories—Pleasure in Planning Journeys—  
—Love of Navigation—The Voyage Home—A busy Year  
as Moderator—The Peaceful Eventide*

“ I shall grow old, but never lose life's zest;  
Because the road's last turn will be the best.”

EARLIEST memories bring before us the evening hour when my father draws his two children to him and, with an arm round each, hears their prayers and leads in the singing of a hymn. Frequently, a request would follow that the door might be left open so that we could enjoy the playing and singing which would come later.

My father possessed a very musical voice, delightful to listen to, whether speaking or singing. In buildings, acknowledged to be difficult to speak in, he was generally well heard. When he assisted the late Dr. Alexander Whyte in Free St. George's, Edinburgh, during his first furlough, a member of the congregation told us that she used to listen eagerly for his voice joining in the psalms and hymns.

He took great delight in the planning of a journey, arranging the route, looking up time-tables, finding a still better way by which some purpose could be achieved. All this was sheer pleasure to him, and he would give himself whole-heartedly to such a task to help anyone who consulted him. He always liked to have a map of any new district in which he might find himself, and preferred to make his way by its

aid, rather than by asking. Indeed, he used to remark, that it was a comparatively rare experience to receive clear instructions under such circumstances.

The science of navigation always interested him, and he was delighted when, on one of his earliest voyages, the ship's captain invited him to the bridge. Once his friend of student days broke his journey home from China at Bombay, and the two friends decided to enjoy their favourite pastime,—yachting. They hired a sailing yacht and fared forth from Bombay harbour, but it was long past midnight when they returned, for they were becalmed and had to spend some hours on Cross Island.

My father was a delegate to the Pan-Presbyterian Council which met in Canada, and, while visiting the Falls of Niagara, saw a lady crossing by the bridge at the same time stumble and fall, hanging suspended over the raging torrent. Rescuers succeeded in effecting her release, but she succumbed not long afterwards to the effects of her terrible experience.

An Indian hill-station much loved by father was Mahableshtar, being easy of access and affording grand hill scenery and refreshing air. During the vacation it was his custom to spend a considerable portion of time on work. He continued the Marathi Bible Revision, and took services at Church or spoke at a meeting whenever required.

My father and mother visited Kashmir, and, on one of his visits, when crossing a river, the pony on which he was riding disappeared through the planks of the bridge!

On one of his furloughs, he decided to spend some time in Berlin in order to study Sanskrit. This resulted in three happy winter months being spent there by the family in the study of languages and music. There were other visits to the Continent, including

holidays in Holland, the Riviera, Switzerland, and Italy. Another much-loved tract of country was the Western Highlands of Scotland, and in his last years a part of each summer was spent in some place in that district.

He would throw himself heart and soul into anything that interested him and seemed worth while. He was an untiring worker, and appreciated enthusiasm in others, nothing giving him keener pleasure than the sight of a craftsman taking pains to make his work perfect. Not long before his death, he was deploring the fact that, with the importation of cheap watches and clocks from the Continent, watch-makers were not taking the same interest in their craft as those of an earlier generation had displayed. A clock or watch must keep accurate time, nothing else was to be tolerated. Mechanism always had a fascination for him—either machinery in larger examples, or a scientific instrument, a child's toy, or any perfect bit of mechanism.

This facility for becoming interested made many a journey an interesting experience, as he would take the opportunity of learning something from a fellow-traveller. Many a fascinating story he heard in this way, and sometimes even confessions and confidences. His life in Bombay was crowded with activities. There were many claims upon his time in connection with Mission work, University work, Bible revision, and other matters. Complete strangers would seek his advice. Europeans and Indians, finding themselves in a difficulty, would seek an interview with him, and no one came to him in vain. He had to preside frequently at functions, and take his turn in preaching in English and in Marathi. In the Indian cold weather there were numerous visitors from the West, and he would advise them as to how to make

the best of the time they had to spend in Bombay. There were many pleasant assemblies in our home—an evening gathering or a breakfast, when European and Indian would meet; and, before breaking up, all would unite in divine worship.

There were very few occasions, during his forty-five years of strenuous life in a trying climate, when he was laid aside by illness. One can recall one or two accidents that befel him, a few short attacks of fever, and one long spell of sleeplessness, but nothing that kept him long from his beloved work.

He made many happy friendships, and, of these, two were notable for they "made the perfection of friendship between an older and a younger man." In one instance it was the friendship between my father and one of the Free Church of Scotland's older missionaries in another station. The other instance was between my father and a Parsi Christian gentleman who studied theology in Edinburgh, and returned to Bombay as a missionary of the Free Church of Scotland.

In 1917 my parents left Bombay, my mother never to return; my father returned for a short time to be present at the opening of the extension to the College in January, 1920. In 1917 my father was Moderator of the then United Free Church of Scotland. The voyage home had proved very trying owing to my mother's illness and the war-time conditions then prevailing. When they arrived, both were ill and my father recovered only just in time to undertake his duties. The death of Dr. J. H. Moulton, whose visit to them in Bombay they had enjoyed greatly, was a grief to them. The ship on which Dr. Moulton was a passenger was torpedoed. The *Medina*, on which my parents came home, met with the same fate. They had left her at Marseilles, but near Plymouth the

*Medina* was lost. On the ship there had remained their heavy baggage, with many prized belongings, all lost.

My father enjoyed his year of Moderatorship, bringing him as it did into contact with ministers and congregations in many parts of Scotland. Conditions of life were abnormal owing to the War, and travelling was not always an entirely pleasant experience. One can recall a snowy morning, a crowded tram-car (open-topped) and my father standing on top as it was the only way of getting to the station in time to catch the train for a tour of churches in the south of Scotland. And this was after being up most of the night, owing to a burst pipe catastrophe!

He admired especially the ministers of working-class congregations, and enjoyed particularly taking a service in such churches. He settled down wonderfully well to life in the home-land, though it was lonelier than anything he had ever experienced before. He was fond of children, and some young relatives attending Edinburgh Academy would have tea with him on Sunday and write their letters to their parents in distant lands. Once, when waiting to cross at one of Edinburgh's busy corners, a little girl looked up at my father and exclaimed, "Gentleman, take care!"

He was always busy; there were committees and correspondence, and he kept up his studies in mathematics and Greek, and even wrote an article on "The Sovereignty of the Persians" for some Parsi friends in Bombay, work which involved study and research. There were visits to and from friends, and a friendship with his nearest neighbours which proved to be a constant source of delight to him.

He was looking forward to taking a service in a Glasgow church, on Sunday, March 20th, 1932, and could hardly be persuaded to give it up, although



symptoms of illness were then present. The strict orders of his doctor prevailed in the end. Throughout his illness, which was mercifully a short one, he kept up his interest in everything, but weakness and weariness became evident. On April 7th, 1932, he passed into rest and into the higher service to which he had looked forward. He chose himself the words which are engraved on the cross which marks the sacred place where lie the mortal remains of both my parents: "His servants shall serve him . . . they shall see His face."

CHAPTER IV  
THE LAST YEARS

*Arrival in London in Wartime—Living in Edinburgh—  
Many Interests—His Work as a Translator—Present at  
General Assemblies—Tribute in "The Times"—Memorials  
in Bombay—A Missionary's Tribute*

It was in war-time that Dr. MacKichan returned home to enable him to fulfil, in 1917, the duties of Moderator of the General Assembly of the United Free Church. He and Mrs. MacKichan arrived many hours late at Victoria Station, then darkened under war regulations, and it was some time before they could be discovered among the passengers who had travelled over-land from Marseilles. Characteristically, the Principal was found at last deep in conversation with an Indian gentleman on the platform, oblivious of the fact that it was long past midnight! The drive through London streets, with lamps extinguished and other war-time conditions, excited his alert interest. At 2 a.m. they reached the hotel, which was the twelfth hotel to be approached for rooms. Mrs. MacKichan's strength was obviously overstrained by the long journey, but Dr. MacKichan was eager to hear the latest news of the War and of life in London.

Next morning they joined the Flying Scotsman for Edinburgh, and soon Dr. MacKichan was immersed in preparations for the General Assembly and his visits to many parts of Scotland. Mention of these experiences is made elsewhere, but it may be stated here that, from beginning to end of his Moderator's

year, he was exceedingly happy, and Mrs. MacKichan was, as always, a gracious helpmeet.

On coming to spend the evening of his days in Edinburgh, Dr. MacKichan associated himself with St. Andrew's Church, Drumsheugh Gardens, and became an elder. By a coincidence it was to this church that Dr. William Miller came more than twenty years previously, so two men who had held an unchallenged position in education in India were both on the roll of St. Andrew's.

He attended special services in other Edinburgh churches, and one recalls seeing him taking a seat in an overcrowded mission church and his obvious enjoyment of the sincere earnestness of the service. Occasionally, he preached, and his clear diction added to the impressiveness of his prayers and sermon.

Dr. MacKichan never suffered from ennui, for every day brought him correspondence, reading, mathematical studies, and visits from and to friends. He became a familiar figure in Princes Street, for he was frequently in the University Club. In the evening there was his wireless set available to delight him with the variety of broadcasting programmes.

On his return home, the British and Foreign Bible Society made him a Vice-President and asked him to speak at the annual meeting in Queen's Hall. This was an appropriate compliment to Dr. MacKichan for his remarkable work in translating the Scriptures into Marathi. The Bible Society would have gladly availed themselves of Dr. MacKichan's services in 1907 as Editorial Superintendent, but as that would have involved his leaving Bombay, he declined the overture. In 1923 Dr. MacKichan delivered the Chalmers Lectures, taking Foreign Missions as his theme. After their delivery, they were published. The attitude of the Christian Church to Foreign Missions was also the

leading topic in the addresses he gave as Moderator. He could speak with the authority of a lifetime's work and observation.

He served on the Foreign Missions Committee of the Church of Scotland and made more than one passionate plea for generous support of the work in the last year of his life.

His stately figure was seen in the historic procession in Edinburgh on the day of the Union of the Church of Scotland with the United Free Church, and he was a regular attendant in the General Assembly, taking naturally a particular interest in the debates on Foreign Missions.

The memoir in *The Times* on the day following his death paid a fine tribute to his labours: "Few men have left so great a mark upon higher education in Western India. . . . A man robust in physical frame as well as in Christian character, Dr. MacKichan won the respect of the young Indian lads as readily as that of the cautious Government officials. To the end of his Indian service his advice, as that of an authority, not only on education, but of measuring the value and capacity of men, was constantly sought."

The *Glasgow Herald* recalled the long and distinguished career of one who had always been proud to claim Glasgow as the city of his birth.

To *The Scotsman* a splendid appreciation of Dr. MacKichan was contributed by Dr. Nicol MacNicol. After reviewing his work as an educationalist of first rank, Dr. MacNicol proceeded: "But Dr. MacKichan was much more than a framer of educational policy. He was always, first and last, a Christian missionary. The good of India that he sought was its highest good, and that, as it seemed to him, meant its Christian good. . . . No aspect of the missionary work of the Church was outside of his keen and vivid interest, and

in most of them he was ready and able in his own field to take his share. . . . Among those who will remember him and Mrs. MacKichan with special affection are the many visitors from all lands who, as they passed through the Gateway of India, experienced their generous Highland hospitality. Time marches on; the vesture of circumstance changes, and the demand comes for new methods, new ideas. But kindness and courage and all true Christian things remain unchanging, and in the midst of these, as we look back, stand these two noble figures, so closely knit to each other. For them both, and for their surrender of great and gracious gifts to the service of God and His Kingdom we give God thanks."

Following the news of Dr. MacKichan's death came scores of letters from those who had known him in India, and resolutions of regret from Institutions with which he had been associated. The University of Bombay paid a high tribute to one who had been its honoured Vice-Chancellor. "During a period of over forty years he placed the University under a deep debt of obligation and made a great contribution to the whole cause of education in the Presidency."

Principal John McKenzie referred at the meeting of the University Senate to Dr. MacKichan in glowing terms. "No one," he wrote, "in all the history of the University has had a bigger place or influence in it." From the K. R. Cama Oriental Institute, of which he had been the first President, came a resolution stating that, "in his passing away India had lost an esteemed scholar and a sincere well-wisher."

A leading Indian solicitor in Bombay wrote: "The words, 'Your ever-green Vice-Chancellor,' uttered by Lord Hardinge, the popular ex-Viceroy of India, are still ringing in our ears, and we took it that our dear Principal would yet be spared by God for many years

to guide and inspire us." A former student wrote: "He had always been a good friend to his past students. The poorest amongst them could count upon his advice, guidance and assistance." The Principal of Sir Parashurambhau College, Poona, said: "It was from him that I learnt what it was to be in earnest and to work for a cause." An ex-student wrote: "All my prosperity—whatever it is—is due to his sympathy and the education that I received at his feet. May the great dear soul rest in peace!" The Principal of Poona Law College alluded to Dr. MacKichan as "an ideal guru, sympathetic, very zealous about his students' interests, with a remarkable memory for names and places." The Ambroli Church in Bombay recalled gratefully his readiness to preach in Marathi, and his wise guidance and generosity.

As regards memorials, the fine marble bust sculptured by Mr. Pittendrigh McGillivray, R.S.A., King's Sculptor in Ordinary for Scotland, stands in Wilson College as a permanent reminder of Principal MacKichan. A portrait painted in his middle-age by Sir James Guthrie is another treasured memorial in the College. With regard to the bust, which is a most excellent likeness as well as a masterpiece of sculpture, it is interesting to mention that Mr. McGillivray delighted and surprised Principal MacKichan by robing him in the actual gown of Caird, one of his intellectual heroes.

When the portrait by Sir James Guthrie was unveiled, Dr. MacKichan summed up the ideals of his work. "We have come to this country to spend our lives amongst the young men of India, and it is amongst them that we desire to live and labour—their interests are our interests, and we have no other interests in the land than their good and their advancement."

From Jalna, Miss Jessie Paxton wrote, after Dr. MacKichan's death to his daughters: "My thoughts go back to a certain time at the beginning of the War when Miss Edwards had given me a commission to get something done to an electric machine. Dr. MacKichan told me where to go; indeed, he took me there, and finding the man out, interested himself in the workshop and seemed quite happy to be kept waiting. I felt unhappy, for I knew his time was precious, but he so entered into the bit of business that my anxiety was removed.

"Many years before that I was stranded in Cumballa Hotel at Christmas-time because of measles in the Girls' School. I had not finished dinner there when a messenger arrived to take me to your home for a most happy visit. . . . It was a great pleasure merely to listen to his voice whether singing or speaking. We would say of one we were praising, 'He reminds us of Dr. MacKichan.'"

## CHAPTER V

### DR. MACKICHAN'S RECOLLECTIONS OF SCHOOL-DAYS AND UNIVERSITY LIFE

*Famous Teachers in Glasgow—The old University Buildings—Sir William Thomson (afterwards Lord Kelvin)—Youthful Students—A College "Rag"—Elections of Lord Rectors*

THE following chapters of reminiscence are not intended to be either biographical or autobiographical, but only to present some pictures of men and of events which came within a long and varied experience. It is not necessary to go back to the days preceding School and University life, for it is in School and University that one meets with the persons who exercise one of the chief formative influences on life and character, so I begin with them.

It was my good fortune during my school days to have had among my masters men who were eminent as teachers or as scholars in their special department. In Scotland the Morrison family occupied a unique position as masters. One of these, Dr. Thomas Morrison, the father of the late Rev. Dr. Morrison, of Wellington Church, Glasgow, whose praise is in all the churches, was my first classical master. I have never met anyone who could rank above Dr. Thomas Morrison as a master of the teaching art. He seemed to exhale energy and vitality when he entered his class-room. His vivid power of illustration, which to this day I recall, gave a wonderful charm to his instruction. If there is such a thing as a genius for teaching, he possessed it in a high degree.



Another teacher in my High School was Dr. Mac-Birnie, a gentleman who obtained a good medical degree and would have won his place in the medical profession, but because of his love of the work, he devoted himself to teaching, and spent his life in tending the minds rather than the bodies of the rising generation. He was our English master, and his pupils will never forget the devotion of this master to his work.

Most distinguished of all was our mathematical master, Dr. John Kerr, a man of the highest scientific attainments, whose name is found in every handbook on Physics in England and over the Continent of Europe in connection with a phenomenon in light which he investigated. It is known as the Kerr effect. This great mathematician, whom Lord Kelvin held in high esteem, initiated us into the elements of Euclid and inspired us with a love for the subject which makes me wonder to this day why the subject of mathematics is so often the bugbear of the schoolboy of to-day. I recall a conversation on this subject which I had with an eminent man, who had been Senior Wrangler a good many years ago. I asked him whether it should not be possible for the boy of average intelligence to cope with his mathematical studies, and whether the prejudice against the subject was due to an inherent incapacity or to bad teaching. He replied at once that it was due to bad teaching. I am inclined to believe that he was right, and that his answer was not due to the fact that his exceptional ability in this department made it impossible for him to understand the difficulties experienced by the multitude.

I recall my first approach to these studies under the guidance of this eminent teacher. He had all the modesty of the really great. His mode of life was peculiar, and must have been inconvenient for others.

He used the dark hours of night for his experiments on light, and always carried about with him a peculiarity of manner due in some measure to this way of life. Yet he was a teacher to be remembered, not only with reverence for his attainments, but also for the gentle kindness with which he introduced us to the study of his own subject.

The University of Glasgow, at the period at which I passed within its portals, was still located in its ancient buildings in the High Street in the centre of a congested district of the city. Five years later it migrated to the magnificent and commanding site on which it stands in the western part of the city. During my undergraduate course it occupied its ancient site; but I spent nearly as many years of a post-graduate course in the new University. In its new quarters it has undergone an enormous expansion, and it has been enriched by the addition from time to time of handsome buildings providing modern, well-equipped laboratories. In later days a University Chapel has been erected in memory of the *alumni* of the University who fell in the Great War—constructed externally and internally in a manner worthy of its high purpose. There still remains one great blot on the new home of the University. The Chemistry Laboratory stuck on to one corner, one of the earliest of the subsidiary buildings, is a disfiguring eye-sore which, it is hoped, the University will be induced to remove.

While the old building was humble in comparison with the new, it had a flavour of antiquity about it which is completely wanting in the present buildings. There are those who still think that the University has lost much by this removal to its present site. If it had secured the removal of slum dwellings in its immediate vicinity, annexing their sites for the expansion of the University, it could have preserved its old

associations with the ancient centre of the city and beautified that region of the city which still holds the ancient Cathedral.

However, the glory of the old University did not lie in its buildings but in the men who adorned its Chairs. In all its faculties it had men of distinction, whose names will never be forgotten, together with some who contributed little to its academic life. I will speak only of the Faculty of Arts as I knew it then. It contained three men of distinction who at that time lent lustre to this seat of learning: Sir William Thomson (afterwards Lord Kelvin), Edmund Law Lushington, Professor of Greek, and Edward Caird, afterwards Master of Balliol. To these might be added John Nichol, who made for himself a name in literature.

Lushington, whom Tennyson in "In Memoriam" describes so fitly when he alludes to his forthcoming marriage with the sister of the poet as "wearing his learning lightly like a flower," was the very embodiment of accuracy and elegance in classical scholarship. Of him it might be said, "He touched nothing that he did not adorn." When he turned his pen to English his touch was of the finest. I know nothing which excels in literary elegance his introduction to the volume of Ferrier's "Remains," in which Professor Ferrier, of St. Andrew's, is seen at his best in his discourse on the history of Greek philosophy. His threadbare and somewhat tattered professor's gown could not hide the dignity which invested his personality as he entered his class-room and passed to his chair. He maintained the most perfect discipline in the largest classes without any apparent sign of the exercise of authority. Every student was made to feel the justice and the impartiality of the man to whom they yielded unqualified and reverent obedience.

Unfortunately, he selected Edinburgh as his permanent abode, and, while he spent five days of the week in the University, he never identified himself with the life of the great city of Glasgow in which he exercised his professorial functions. Glasgow naturally found it hard to forgive anyone who appeared to show a preference for the eastern capital, and Lushington, while revered in the University, was practically unknown in the city.

The coming of Edward Caird marked an epoch in the history of the cultivation of philosophy in the University, the revival of an interest in studies for which the University had in former times enjoyed very marked distinction. We knew him in the first year of his professorship, and from the beginning of his Glasgow career he laid firm hold on many of the thoughtful minds to which his lectures brought a new stimulus. Soon after he began his lectures he received from his class a written request, in the form of a "round robin," to favour it with a further exposition of a subject on which he had delivered a lecture that had whetted its appetite and had created a desire for more. Constitutionally shy and reserved, he was known intimately only to a few, and even in his intercourse with them he seemed to find difficulty in giving expression to his friendship in wonted fashion. Occasionally he invited a student to accompany him on a walk, but while the professor and student no doubt both enjoyed the exhilarating country air, few words passed between them as they covered the miles of their journey. It was in the college life of Balliol that Edward Caird, as Master of that famous College, found his true niche.

John Nichol was a brilliant lecturer, and although at that time, strangely enough, English literature was not included among the subjects of the examination

for the degree, his class was very full and his lectures drew most appreciative audiences. He deserves to be included among the professors who gave distinction to the University.

I reserve for another chapter my appreciation of Sir William Thomson, the greatest of them all.

Meanwhile I add to this description of the University of that day a brief notice of the students of the time. The average age of the students of this period was considerably lower than it is now. There were in our year a number of students who entered at the age of 13 and 14, and, while this early entrance on a university course has manifest disadvantages, my recollection is that so far as the prize and graduation lists were concerned this early entrance was no bar to distinction.

But whatever be the age at which University life began, the psychology of the University student presented the same features as it does to-day. Mass psychology offers many perplexing phenomena. The most startling fact which marks every age is that students in their corporate capacity are ready to participate in proceedings which seem to be alien to all the previous traditions of their individual life. The "rags" which they perpetrate periodically are examples of this. Some of them are harmless and amusing, but they develop occasionally a very different type. Snowballing is generally a harmless piece of horseplay, but it may degenerate into something approaching a riot which brings them finally into the criminal courts. There was a snowball riot in the early 'sixties of which I have a very distinct recollection. A heavy snowfall which whitened the city supplied the opportunity. A group of students standing at the main entrance to the University which abuts on the High Street of Glasgow began to pelt the passing citizens with the ammunition thus abundantly supplied. This rather



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wanton aggression, for there was no standing feud between town and gown, developed into a street battle limited to a small area. The spirit of mischief now awakened spread over the University precincts, and at one part of the College green, which was flanked by another street, a number of students transferred their attentions to the pedestrians who passed along this less frequented thoroughfare. This did not furnish sufficient scope for their energies, but they seemed to find it in the buildings which lined the opposite side of the street. One of these was a church which soon had nearly all its windows smashed by the vigorous volleys of snowballs that came from the inner side of the college rails. This was clearly a case for police interference, and a body of police, finding their way into the enclosure, put the students to flight.

These college grounds were shut off from the third college quadrangle by a strong railing with an iron gate. The students retired within this barrier, and shut the gate against the further entrance of the officers of the law. The gate was not locked, but one student of gigantic build held the gate and prevented it from being opened by main force. The police drew their batons and with them struck the hands which grasped the bars of the gate. The stalwart for some time held the gate, notwithstanding the fierceness of the attack and the excruciating pain which he must have been suffering from the strokes of the hard wood which continued to batter his fingers. At last his power of endurance was exhausted, and the gate was forced.

The police were now inside the University, some arrests of the ringleaders were made, and the disturbance was quelled speedily. In the meantime the professors had been remonstrating with the riotous students in the second quadrangle. While one of the

professors was addressing a group of them, a student, with a well-aimed stroke, landed a snowball in the opened mouth of the professor. The police had now entered, and the groups were dispersed. The next day found a number of the rioters before the magistrate, who inflicted upon them heavy fines, which to my unprejudiced mind would seem to have been well-merited.

There were, however, some legally-minded among the students who, resenting the entrance of the police into the University, called to mind the ancient constitution of the University, according to which the city municipality had no jurisdiction over the inmates of the University. They hastened to interview the Professor of Law on this point of jurisdiction. No more was heard of this plea. The professor must have shown them that the old constitution was no longer in force and that in any case to take advantage of it for the purpose of wantonly assailing the outside world was a procedure which no constitution, ancient or modern, could tolerate. Yet there was a day in which that ancient constitution proved to be of inestimable benefit to the world. When James Watt came to Glasgow to open business in the city as an instrument-maker, the City Guild of his trade was able to prevent him. Then he found refuge within the University, over whose internal affairs the city authorities had no control. Thus to Glasgow University came the honour of being the seat of the great invention which revolutionised the industry and commerce of the world.

In the old building, in the Natural Philosophy section, was the room, now demolished, in which James Watt practised his craft. The old lathe which was there in our day was said to be that at which James Watt had worked, and in the Hunterian Museum of the University is the Newcomen boiler sent



to him for repair, in dealing with which he hit upon his brilliant device of the separate condenser. The device of opening and closing the valves connecting the boiler with the cylinder of the Newcomen engine, used for pumping at mines by means of an eccentric rod, was a development Lord Kelvin used to tell his class of the ingenious plan of the boy, George Humphreys, whose duty it was to open and close a valve at each stroke of the piston. Wishing to combine amusement with duty, he found that by attaching a cord to the piston-rod and to the valve he could pursue the game of marbles undisturbed, leaving the piston-rod to perform automatically the duty assigned to him. I do not think the moral was pointed by Lord Kelvin.

The election by the students of their Lord Rector was then, as it is still, a stirring episode in academic life. Then, as now, it supplied a serious interruption of University work, to the delight but not to the benefit of the undergraduate. Students were divided into four nations, according to the districts of Scotland to which they belonged. The result depended not on a majority of voters but on a majority of nations, and when a tie occurred as between the nations the casting vote was given by the Chancellor, or by the Vice-Chancellor when the Chancellor deputed the former to exercise this discretion on his behalf. The election was run on strong political lines, and I am afraid the number of voters generally exceeded the number of bona-fide students. The voter had to present his matriculation ticket and one class ticket. It was not difficult to create a voter if the funds were available. The matriculation fee was £1, the usual fee for the session paid to each Professor was £3 3s. But there was one class, that of Astronomy, for which the fee was only two guineas. This class very seldom enrolled students. But in election years, we were told, a sudden

interest in astronomical research seemed to be awakened, to the surprise of the lonely observer on Dowanhill, where the Observatory was situated. A vote could be secured through this medium for one guinea less than by registration in any other department! I took part in two elections, in one of which Gladstone's candidature was defeated by that of Lord President Inglis; and the other was when the Conservative candidate (Lord Stanley) was successful. In the former election, the vote being taken by nations, after the analogy of the ancient Roman Comitia in which the vote was decided by *Centuriae*, it was found that two nations were secured by both candidates, although Gladstone, who had won in the Nation Glottiana—much the largest of the four nations—had an absolute majority of votes. The casting vote was given in favour of the Conservatives, and the Lord President was elected. I believe that this relic of antiquity, like many others, has now been shed, and the election takes place without any reference to the nations—a much truer if less picturesque method. I remember that when the vote in the case I have instanced was declared, the President of the Liberal Committee displayed before us a blackboard with the legend, "Gladstone is the Students' Rector."

An incident in the second election was recalled to my mind when I visited on my first furlough the abandoned ancient buildings, or rather what remained of them. They had entered into the possession of the railway, and had become the College Station of the line which now runs from Hyndland through the city and by way of Airdrie and Bathgate to Edinburgh. These elections produced numberless squibs in which the rival committees freely lampooned each other. I can only remember a couplet of one of those issued by the Conservative Committee. The Liberal Committee

had its headquarters in a dark corner of the buildings, which the enemy described as the "Coal Hole." So the Conservatives gave vent to their contempt for their opponents in the lines: "They'll cram with bags instead of brains that ancient place, the Coal Hole."

When, more than ten years later, I re-visited these ancient haunts, I found the prophecy fulfilled, for the Railway Company had turned this room to this "vile use." I witnessed still sadder proof of their vandalism, for I found the Greek class-room, in which some of the greatest Greek scholars such as Sandford and Lushington, had declaimed the masterpieces of the literature of ancient Greece, transformed into a booking-office resounding with the names of railway stations and the clink of money exchanged for railway tickets—a temple become "a place of merchandise."

Part of the second quadrangle still stood, and when I arrived at the entrance to the Moral Philosophy class-room I felt that insult had been added to injury when I read the legend over the door of the place in which Edward Caird began his career as a teacher of philosophy, "Left Luggage."

It was a relief to injured memories when on my next visit, during my succeeding furlough, I found everything that belonged to the olden days swept away. Not one stone was left upon another.

## CHAPTER VI

### LORD KELVIN

*His Teaching Powers—A Prophecy Fulfilled—Methods of Lecturing on Higher Mathematics—Why he Missed the Senior Wranglership—His Humility—Unsuspected Humour—The Mariner's Compass.*

IN the days of which I am now writing Sir William Thomson (better known to the world as Lord Kelvin in later days) was already the glory of the University. The record of his life and achievements in the domain of physical science has been published in an elaborate biography; in this notice I shall only attempt to add to the portrait some touches that came from personal contact with a great teacher.

By many the word which I have used, *teacher*, will doubtless be questioned, but I think I shall be able to vindicate its application in the highest sense to Sir William. I have heard it said that while he was a great master in science, he was a failure as a professor. I admit that if by professor we are to understand simply one who imparts instruction in a given subject, who prepares students for examination on a definite syllabus, Lord Kelvin did not answer to these requirements. But if we understand by it one who is a master of his science and aims at inspiring his students with the spirit that has led to progress and achievement, he was in this sense one of the greatest of teachers.

Many know the story that relates how, during a temporary absence at the time when he was knighted for his achievements in connection with the Atlantic cable enterprise, his place had been taken by an able

and competent teacher named Day; a facetious student, when the Professor's return was expected, wrote on the blackboard of the class-room, "Work while it is Day, for the Knight cometh, when no man can work."

It must be admitted that as a mere instructor in the elementary foundations of his science Kelvin was not a successful University professor. These "beggarly elements" he left to be assimilated by the student through other channels. He offered stronger meat which could be digested only by minds already trained and prepared to follow him in his higher flights.

He began his course annually with an introductory lecture of a general kind that did duty for many years, but no other manuscript was visible in his subsequent prelections. He met his class with a mind brimful of his subject, and soon launched out into the wider sea which surrounded it, and presented it in relation to some general physical principle which exhibited it in its relation to a general principle. He left the details of the subject to be culled from other sources, occasionally warning his hearers against the teaching found in some familiar textbook with the words, "Draw your pen through it."

It is true that he did not supply the systematic instruction which students looked for, and, in the absence of such preparedness on the part of his hearers, they were left untaught and unenlightened. He did not always realize that things that to his trained mathematical intelligence were almost axiomatic could be mastered by his pupils only after a long process of inference, the steps of which were to him so familiar and so obvious that he did not feel it necessary to unfold them. The untrained student could only listen and wonder.

I believe he did ultimately realize his students' need, and the steps he took to obtain assistants, who

could supply what they needed, were due to this as well as to the demands made upon him by the various lines of special research which occupied him continually. In the year in which I entered his class he lectured to us eight hours every week, five hours in the general class and three hours in the Higher Mathematics class. Attendance at the latter was optional, and provided him with half-a-dozen hearers out of a class which numbered over a hundred. A few years later, when he was able to entrust much of the elementary work to his assistants, he lectured only two or three times a week. The majority of his students were deficient in mathematical preparation, and more elementary and systematic instruction, such as he had never contemplated, was needed by them. For this some provision, as I have indicated, was made, and he was allowed full scope for higher efforts.

In his Higher Mathematical class he was seen at his best. It was a privilege never to be forgotten to listen to him as he discussed, from the standpoint of advanced mathematics, some of the more recondite problems, and to be in contact with a mind of rich originality, facing with confidence problems hitherto unattempted. I can remember one lecture in which he proceeded to attack a difficult problem on hydro-dynamics. He started to work it out on the blackboard. The solution was arrived at by a long process. Differential equation after differential equation was set down until the board was covered. He passed on to a second board, and the solution appeared ultimately. He turned to us, as if to apologize for the long drawn-out process, and said that he had never attempted this investigation before, but he felt certain that it would come out right. We were filled with admiration, not merely of the result at which he arrived, but still more of the unerring confidence with which he advanced to it. Yet I

have seen this same confident mind perplexed over a simple sum in subtraction, turning from the black-board to ask his secretary, as he went on with his subtraction, what 15 from 22 was, or some such simple step in common arithmetic!

Everyone knows how he missed the Senior Wranglership through spending time on the working out the most difficult of the problems set, instead of dashing off rapidly the more easy ones. When in the examination for the Smith Prize he outdistanced his rival in papers that demanded original work, and not simply the reproduction of what had been learned, it was manifest who was the greatest mathematician in that Cambridge Tripos.

This great mathematical physicist could look with reverence on the work of men who made no pretensions to mathematical knowledge. With such reverence was he wont to speak of the great Faraday, of whom he often said: "It was Faraday who taught us the meaning of equations."

All this greatness was accompanied in Kelvin by a gracious humility. No professor of the University was more accessible to his students, and, when he entered the laboratory and guided them in their work, they felt that he carried with him an atmosphere of graciousness which scorned to efface the distance between the great scientist and the humble beginner. He made the students feel that he and they were fellow-workers in the same quest.

There has sometimes been jealousy and animosity between scientific men; but the truly great are incapable of jealousy, and Kelvin showed that he was one of this nobler type. He had to encounter some rivalry and jealousy on the part of others; but he returned it by seeking to protect them when their incompetence exposed them to danger. His soul was stirred to

indignation when men descended to anything dishonest and dishonourable. His horror of anything approaching thereto, even in things inanimate, was remarkable. Entering along with him one day into the old University buildings, as we approached the Laboratory, he saw that the controlled clock, the dial of which showed through one of the windows, was away from the true line, he said to me: "Tell Mr. M. to cover that dial with a sheet of paper, and not to permit it to tell lies." The clock professed to be controlled from the Observatory. Hence his vexation and the moral indignation which it seemed to evoke.

In him the pursuit of truth in science seemed to have intensified his love of truth in its widest relations. The work done in the Physics Laboratory under his direction by his students he acknowledged generously by having their papers embodied in the "Proceedings of the Royal Society," and under their own names. The laboratory which he created was one of the first university laboratories of this period in our country. In this department of university work he was a pioneer. With an introduction from him, some of us visited the laboratory of the University of Berlin of that time, and we had no reason to feel ashamed of the laboratory in which we had worked under Sir William Thomson. To-day these all would appear insignificant in comparison with the great laboratories of all our English and Scottish Universities and the Institute which Helmholtz erected in Berlin. But it was our privilege in those earlier days to see in the achievements of Kelvin how fine things could be achieved in unpretending surroundings. The principal instruments which it contained were his own inventions, and the stamp of originality was everywhere present. These humble rooms in the old University building saw the beginnings of great inventions. In



one of the rooms James Watt had evolved his great conceptions, and in others Kelvin worked out most of the typical instruments associated with his name.

Perhaps the most striking of Kelvin's spiritual qualities was the simplicity of his heart. His was a mind which harboured no suspicions. He remained blind to manifest failings because he could think no evil.

Lecturing one day on the elevation of temperature which takes place through the mixing of certain liquids, he said: "Mr. X. obtained an elevation of nine degrees by mixing alcohol and water"! The individual whose experiments were thus mentioned was regarded by the students as somewhat inclined to conviviality, and the statement was received with some hilarious demonstrations on their part. Sir William, not knowing what this meant but suspecting that his words had been applied in another sense, seemed pained, but proceeded with his lecture. Many years afterwards I asked him whether he recollected the occurrence. He said he had no recollection of it, and besides that he had never suspected the person he had referred to of bibulousness. He had been in close contact with this man for years, yet never saw what was fairly evident to everyone else and was common knowledge among the body of his students.

This inability to think evil of others, this rare singleness of heart, was one of the finest features in his character. Associated with it was that gentleness which drew to him the affection of his students, even more than his scientific pre-eminence excited their admiration.

"A gentler Knight ne'er broke a lance," was said of him on a further occasion by one of his fellow-scientists with whom he had often been in scientific conflict, and it was a true and generous tribute.

In one thing he did seem to be deficient—a sense of humour. I was somewhat surprised to read in Professor Sylvanus Thomson's biography of Lord Kelvin an account of a joke with which he was credited. His biographer tells us how, when he was showing to some of his friends his deep-sea sounding apparatus, in which the sounding line is a pianoforte wire, he asked them what note it sounded. He himself gave the answer—"Deep C."

May I give the true story of the incident, which I have from Mr. James White, his instrument-maker, whose business developed ultimately into that of the firm of Kelvin and White, Glasgow. Among those present was Mr. Varley, a gentleman who played a considerable part in the Atlantic cable enterprise. It was this Mr. Varley who asked Lord Kelvin what note his wire sounded. Lord Kelvin did not recognise the humour that lay behind the question; but Varley himself gave the answer "Deep C." The humorist was Varley, not Kelvin; such witticisms were not in his line. Not that he was indifferent to the recreative side of life. He was an enthusiastic lover of music, and in his student days he was a performer; he was an athlete before an accident on the skating-field which left him slightly lame for life; and he distinguished himself on the river.

His amusement in his later years was yachting, and his schooner *Lallah Rookh* was often his home. But out of this amusement came important contributions to science. The Kelvin Compass, used in all ships of the Navy and in all great liners, was one of these. His yachting experiences had shown him the defects of the old compass, which would swing round in a gale. He set himself to improve it. He detected one of the main defects of the old compass, the massiveness of the magnet and the cord to which it was attached.

This he remedied by substituting for one heavy magnet some small magnets about the size of a small sewing-needle, held in position by silk threads attached to a light paper ring, on which the points of the compass were printed.

Other improvements were his arrangements for eliminating the effects of the magnetism of the vessel itself. The result of these improvements was a mariner's compass which has achieved a world-wide popularity. His deep-sea sounding apparatus was an equal, if not an even greater, boon to the mariner. I have often heard ship's captains bless his name for this, thankful for the sense of security which it gave them in navigating near dangerous coast-lines in thick weather, when they had to be guided largely by their soundings. They were able to steam along at good speed, sounding as they went, for in this instrument the depth is recorded not by the length of the line paid out but by the pressure at the sea bottom, as registered on an inverted tube attached to the lead. Thus they did not need to slacken speed in order to find the depth of that part of the ocean over which they were passing.

Long before this, in his galvanometers and electrometers, Kelvin had supplied the most delicate means of measuring electric potential and electric currents. These made possible cable-laying and the reception of messages through cables, and his delicate recording instrument made these messages automatically register themselves. The mathematical theory of electricity, which owes so much to him, lay at the foundation of them all, and in the minute details of construction (mathematical theory) guided him to success. He used to say, "Stiff and loose, like all opticians' work," when he spoke of the clumsy way in which tubes were made to slide within each other. He devised for these a more excellent way.

Out of this rapid succession of improvements in instrument-construction grew the firm of Kelvin and White. White, the instrument-maker to the University, was unable to cope with the stream of invention without financial aid, and Kelvin, in supplying this, became practically a partner in the firm which ministered to its demands.

I have referred to the athletic pursuits of his earlier years. Advancing years did not end them. He was an expert swimmer, and, when yachting, did not hesitate to plunge over the side for his morning swim. I remember how on a cold October morning, when the yacht was anchored in one of the bays in the Firth of Clyde, he called to some of us young men whom he was entertaining on a short cruise—"Any of you going overboard?" and plunged over the side, leaving us deservedly put to shame by his more courageous example.

In concluding this sketch, I would note the spirit of religious reverence which was so essential a part of his character. One recognised it alike in his public utterances on the great problems of human existence and human destiny and in his own personal life. When we lay at anchor on a Sunday, his great concern was that we should have every facility for engaging in public worship ashore, in which he joined us. He closed the day by reading the Sacred Word.

Kelvin lived to see the beginning of a new era in physical discovery, which has revealed much that has modified some of his generalisations.

The first steps towards the conceptions on which the modern "wireless" is based were taken by Thomson many years ago and by his friend Clerk-Maxwell, who did so much for the development of electromagnetic theory. Clerk-Maxwell was a member of that chosen band of which Thomson was the leader along

with Tait, of Edinburgh. Clerk-Maxwell was a frequent visitor to Kelvin's laboratory, and to us who worked in it his visits were a great delight. In temperament he was unlike Thomson. He seemed always to be beaming with fun and humour. He took special delight in humorous sallies with Professor James Thomson, Sir William's brother, who received in solemn earnest all that Clerk-Maxwell said in pure fun.

Clerk-Maxwell was then busy with the plans for the Cavendish Laboratory in Cambridge. He had the plans with him, and showed them to us with evident delight in the prospect which they opened up to his enthusiasm. He had a separate room for each class of experiment, even one for each section of each department. I asked him whether in practice this subdivision would be necessary. The answer, which he gave with a shrewd smile, was, "If we don't set down the subjects, we shall not get the rooms." Anyone who visits the Laboratory to-day will acknowledge that his scheme of the Laboratory's requirements was not exaggerated. He was interested in a research on which I was engaged at the time on determining the ratio between the electrostatic and electro-magnetic units, which ratio has the dimensions of a velocity. When I told him our latest measurements, which were in the neighbourhood of the velocity of light, he said with a look of intense satisfaction: "You are getting near it." His mathematical theory had convinced him that the ratio in question must be the velocity of light. This identity as bound up is the universally accepted doctrine regarding the light waves.

This brilliant genius, whom Sir Oliver Lodge has declared to be, "the greatest of the physicists of his time," whom he is disposed to place even above Lord Kelvin, was soon to pass from us. In his early death physical science lost one of its greatest leaders.

Helmholtz, at the time Germany's greatest name in the field of physical science, was also among Kelvin's visitors. I remember him, as he went through the Laboratory interested in all the work that was being carried on, and how, with his own skilled hand, he adjusted one of the instruments which was being employed in our experiments.

In these later years new fields of investigation have been opened up; new conceptions of the constitution of matter have revolutionised the world of the physicist. Einstein, with his theory of relativity, has shaken the foundations of age-long ideas of space and the accepted doctrines of gravitational forces.

One can picture the enthusiasm with which Kelvin, if he could return to the present age, would have thrown himself into this new world in which his chosen science still plays a leading part.

## CHAPTER VII

### EXAMINATIONS IN INDIA

*Importance attached to Examinations—Opening the Doors to Government Service—"The failed B.A."—Questions in a Journal—A Composer's Coat of Print—Assigning the Marks*

I NEED not stress the extraordinary importance which in India is attached to university examinations. However inadequate as a test of fitness they have proved themselves to be in many countries, in India, where they have been long practically the only road to any official career, their importance has been out of all proportion to that which they bear in any other land.

This is especially true in regard to examinations conducted by institutions founded for the purpose of diffusing a knowledge of the English language and culture imparted along Western lines. One of the professed aims of the Government of India, when it addressed itself seriously to the higher education of the people and elected English to be the medium of instruction, was to train men for official service, and it has carried out consistently this undertaking by attaching to success in university education the reward of eligibility to certain departments of Government service. The number of men who have been thus attracted to the universities is considerably in excess of the available openings, and there can be no doubt that a good deal of the discontent that arose amongst this class has been due to the disappointed hopes of educated men.

When some years ago, under the so-called Minto-Morley reforms, certain high offices in the Councils of the Governors were allotted to a few favoured individuals, the boon thus offered awakened little enthusiasm and had no effect on the many who found no avenue to fitting employment. Many of them drifted into the legal profession, which offers an extensive field amongst a people rather inordinately fond of litigation, and pleased to have a "guid gaeing plea." Hence the disproportionate number of *vakhils*, well able, if discontented, to make their discontent known. It matters little to these many that a select few had received a great advancement. The conciliatory action of Government under so circumscribed an area evoked naturally little gratitude. The opening-up of other grades of service to India's aspirant youth would have exercised a beneficial political influence. This had to come later, and the process of Indianizing the services has made a remarkable advance under the later reform. All this by the way, simply to explain the significance in India of a university degree. Even "the failed B.A." considered himself to have a certain modified value, and in travelling on a University Commission I encountered a new type—"the under-consideration B.A.," one who was near the passing line, whose case was still under consideration by the University authorities. It can therefore be understood easily why the Indian youth attach all this importance to success in a university examination, and sometimes are tempted to avail themselves of dishonest means to compass this success.

Some forty years ago, while the matriculation examination was in progress at Bombay, the daily newspaper appeared with an examination paper in Geometry, professing to be the paper in that subject which was to be set a few hours later in the day.



My recollection is that it was not a complete reproduction of the paper, but the examiners and the University officials at once saw that it was so nearly complete as to shew that it had been obtained surreptitiously, and at once the examination was quashed at all the centres at which it was being held within the Presidency. Investigations as to the source of the leakage were set on foot. It was the practice of the University to have its papers printed at the Government Central Press, and naturally suspicion was turned in that direction. The Press was under an absolutely reliable superintendent, and the compositors were under strict control. The problem remained mysterious. In the course of the inquiries some statements were offered. The Principal of one of the Bombay High Schools informed me that two of his pupils desired to make a statement before me as Vice-Chancellor. I heard their statement, and it amounted to this: that some Parsi boys had got hold of the Deputy-Superintendent, and, by pecuniary inducement, had obtained from him the information as to the paper in question they were eager to obtain. The Superintendent was indignant when he learned that his deputy was under suspicion. In the ultimate result, no action was taken against any individual, no evidence sufficient to bring home the charge being available.

The only definite result was that the University resolved to adopt measures which would render the leakage of papers in future impossible. It was decided that no papers should leave the printing office till within a brief interval preceding the setting of them, and that the compositors should be under lock and key until the papers had been set. This meant also that examinations would be held in future only in such centres as could offer a reliable printing press

capable of working under the same conditions as the Government Press at the University Seat. The compositors began their work early in the morning; about 8 a.m. the examiners entered the Press to examine and correct proofs. They were admitted by a responsible authority, who opened the locked doors and, after their entrance, the doors were again locked until their work was completed. The printing-off of the corrected proofs then began, and the compositors remained under lock and key till the time of the examination. During the years succeeding the introduction of this severe surveillance there has not been a single case of leakage.

The method followed by the University of Calcutta was different. This University had its papers printed in England at a selected press known only to the University authorities, and they sent out in registered packets by post. Before they adopted this method, they had learned the risks attending the employment of a local press. The head of one of the Calcutta Colleges told me that on one occasion a compositor, when he was standing by, feigned an accidental fall over the type case in which the paper had been set up. On his white coat a beautiful impression of the paper set up was obtained. Whereupon he cut out immediately the portion of his garment that contained this stolen impression. There may be exaggeration in the story of the compositor who took the impression on his own body!

The statement that University Examinations enjoy a unique importance in the eyes of the Indian student and that the method of approach to them on the part of the anxious aspirant to success is to say the least unique also. Students of this type study their examiners as they seem to be studied nowhere else. They watch anxiously for the announcement

of the names of the enemies they will have to face. One of these informed me on one occasion that he had been "studying my principles." This meant that he had been looking over all the papers I had set previously in order to forecast the questions against which to prepare himself. But sometimes this study is thrown away. I remember one unfortunate telling me that, on learning the names of his two examiners, he had guided his preparations on the supposition that one of them would take the Algebra paper, the other the paper on Geometry. He added, "But alas! they interchanged papers, and I was ruined!"

I would only add that it is generally in regard to Mathematics that these precautions are considered so imperative. Yet many an Indian student revels in Mathematics. Cambridge has had several Indians amongst its Senior Wranglers, or the modern equivalent of this distinction. When one hears in this country Mathematics called "Maths.," one feels that this is no term of endearment, but the reverse.

An examiner has sometimes strange experiences. I have had answer books returned which contained nothing but the questions reproduced carefully and spread over the book to give it the appearance of a well-filled book of answers. Others write touching appeals for mercy addressed to the examiner. I believe that in some cases these desperate methods are resorted to by candidates who cherish certain superstitions regarding the ways of examiners. They have been led to believe that examiners do not take the trouble to examine carefully the student's performances and judge them simply by the outward appearance and the bulk of the written matter. I remember that we were told of an aged and uninspiring professor in one of our Scottish Universities that his habit in valuing essays was to put them in the scales

and measure them by their weight! If there was a grain of truth in this ancient fable, we need not wonder at these strange vagaries on the part of the Indian student.

Something approaching the above state of things I can recall on an experience in which three of us were colleague examiners. A candidate who had failed egregiously in the papers which two of us had examined (and all the papers were on closely allied subjects), had received from our colleague such marks that would almost ensure his success on the whole examination. We wrote to our rather aged colleague, pointing out this inexplicable discrepancy. The reply was brief and drastic: "Take off 50 (or some such large number) from the marks I have assigned, and he will fail!" This examiner was a man of superior attainments, but one must suppose that he had discovered some easier way of valuing a paper than a detailed examination of the answers it contained. That was in the olden days. To-day such things, let us hope, "are not done."

## CHAPTER VIII

### LORD CURZON—THE MAN AND HIS VICEROYSHIP

*Lord Ronaldshay's fair Judgment of Lord Curzon—His Ambitions—A Masterful Governor-General—The Partition of Bengal—New Delhi—Chancellor of the University—Waning Popularity—Conflict with Lord Kitchener*

REGARDING the career and character of this statesman the most contrary opinions have been expressed. With Europeans, and also with Indians, it was his lot to see overflowing popularity succeeded by an unpopularity equally conspicuous.

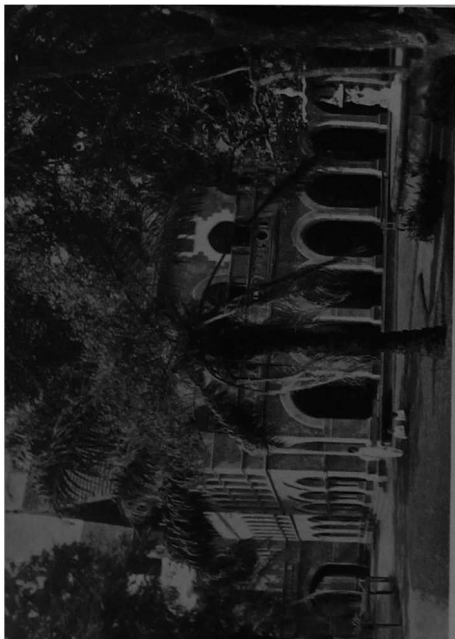
Lord Ronaldshay, who has published his biography of the Marquis Curzon, was faced with a difficult task when he undertook to present a picture of the man whose career had been estimated so variously by his own countrymen and by the great Asiatic people over whom he was called to rule.

In the performance of this task, I consider that Lord Ronaldshay achieved a notable success, for, while not blind to the manifest defects in the manner and natural bearing of the subject of his memoir, he revealed the inward greatness of one whose outward manner seemed often to belie it. The Oxford undergraduates' rhyme of the "superior person," seemed to haunt its victim all through his career, with perhaps the exception of its latest period when sorrow had softened the manners of his earlier days. I suppose that in the first instance it was a real superiority which explained the superior air. In his undergraduate days he manifested a real intellectual superiority of

which he could not fail to be conscious, and was unable to hide from himself and from others. Unfortunately, this consciousness developed into a dictatorial disposition which many resented.

That Curzon was ambitious no one would attempt to deny; but ambition is not a defect of character when it is directed towards great achievement. It becomes not only a defect, but a positive vice, when it degenerates into a desire to achieve dominance over one's fellows. It seems to me that this was the real character of Curzon's ambition, and his biographer has shewn clearly this while he depicts the ideals which Curzon cherished and his unflinching devotion to them.

His brave struggle against bodily suffering and weakness in carrying out efficiently his own official duties was the best illustration of the ideal to which he sought to bring up the administration over which he presided. This brought him into collision with many traditions. When he arrived in Calcutta he found that the heads of certain departments of the Administration were in the habit of transacting their daily business in the comfort of their own homes, between which and the secretariat documents were in constant transit in their well-known red boxes. The new Viceroy ordered that this tradition should continue no longer, and that these officers should attend daily at the Secretariat in order that they might be accessible to all who might desire to interview them on important matters. Not only did he issue these instructions, but went himself to the Secretariat to see that they were carried out. These high officials had not been accustomed to such masterful treatment, and no doubt resented it inwardly. I have been informed that when a new master arrived on the field the old tradition was reverted to. A more



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tactful way of securing the efficiency aimed at might possibly have been found. The masterful method did not increase the popularity of the powerful viceroys with European offices.

On one occasion he pointed out that to come in a rickshaw was not a dignified mode of approach to a meeting of the Executive Council of the Governor-General. One of his colleagues, in consequence, had to provide himself with a quiet old pony for such journeys.

The Viceroy had organised an Educational Conference at which representatives from the various provinces had assembled. The Viceroy himself presided in the forenoon and afternoon over long sessions. One of his colleagues was wont, when the afternoon session assembled after the lunch interval, to relapse into a somnolent condition. This the President allowed to pass; but when one forenoon Mr. X. succumbed prematurely, he was speedily called to order with the terse and cutting rebuke, "*Already, Mr. X.*" These are small matters; but they are revealing, and explain how a Viceroy, whom they could not fail to admire, was not likely to enjoy excessive popularity amongst those who served India under him.

Then later came his clash with the military, when a celebrated Lancer regiment had to be called to order by the Viceroy for its inadequate handling of a case of discipline in connection with an offence in which a poor Indian woman was concerned. This interference was resented, and the regiment in question came under the Viceroy's marked disfavour.

Up to this point, Lord Curzon's popularity with the people of India had been steadily on the increase; but his popularity with the European section, at least in military areas, was undergoing a considerable



decline. His strenuous work in combating a grass famine, in the course of which, at the hottest season of the year, he tramped on foot through the parched and barren village fields; and his unique efforts to preserve the ancient monuments of Indian architecture, and to mark in some more or less permanent manner the places that were associated with important events in their ancient history, revealed to India his deep interest in its people and drew them to him. Thus while his popularity with the Indian was growing there were indications that the enthusiasm of his countrymen was waning.

Then came the partition of Bengal. Here again the reasons which moved Lord Curzon to the decision to separate the northerly sections of this immense province, and to form a new provincial government, was that, in the interests of efficiency, this partition was desirable. In this view, he had the support of experienced officers who were noted for their long-established friendship with the Bengali people. But it was soon discovered that he was up against a vehement opposition arising from the suspicions of the Bengalis. In the undivided province the Bengalis had an enormous preponderance; the Muhammadans were a small minority. But in the parts of Bengal which were left to form the new province the Muhammadans had a decided majority, and thus in one of the two provinces the conditions which had formerly obtained were reversed. It is true that the Bengalis in the other province, of which Calcutta was the centre, still retained their preponderating majority, but as some of them had their ancestral homes in the other region they felt that their influence there was impaired, and the relations between the Bengali and the Government were embittered, and a continuous agitation against the partition was inaugurated. This

breach remained unhealed until the visit of the King-Emperor and the proclamation which included the re-integration of Bengal. It included also the removal of the capital to Delhi, a change of seat which was not palatable to the Bengali of Calcutta. Still this cause for dissatisfaction was swallowed up in the general satisfaction which was created by the revocation of the Act of Partition.

Delhi was chosen mainly, it is supposed, for sentimental reasons arising out of the history of preceding empires which ruled from Delhi. The change has resulted in the creation of a new Delhi at the cost of many millions. The glory of any new Delhi which modern art and expenditure can produce cannot outshine the glory of the former days, which has left memorials of a magnificence to which no modern Government can aspire. It has, moreover, placed the Government in a somewhat isolated position, with no important section of Indian life surrounding it. In Calcutta it had its seat in a great centre of Indian life and of world-wide commerce,—perhaps, after all, a healthier and more appropriate atmosphere for a modern capital. The decree must now stand fast, and Delhi must be accepted and made the most of as the central seat of empire.

To return to the partition days. Soon after the partition, Curzon turned his attention to the question of higher education and appointed a Commission to survey the entire field of the Indian Universities. This Commission began its labours in February, 1902, and within six months presented its report and recommendations to the Government. Here again Lord Curzon's aim was efficiency, and the recommendations accepted by the Government were all along this line. Lord Curzon's university ideals were drawn from his own experience, and his aim was to raise the level

of the Indian Universities in teaching and administration towards the standard set by the ancient Universities of Great Britain. The steps proposed did not, it is true, aim very high; but even the limited improvements awakened dire suspicions. It was sought to make the degrees more reliable as an evidence of mental culture, and to restrict the administration to bodies identified more closely with the interests of education. In preceding periods the Fellows who constituted the Senate held office for life and were drawn from all classes, and included many who were quite unqualified to deal with University courses or define the conditions to be fulfilled in order to gain a University degree. A Fellowship in an Indian University had come to be regarded simply as a mere honour, and yearly the Chancellor and Vice-Chancellor had to deal with scores of applicants for the distinction.

I can remember a list which in one year amounted to over 100 applicants. This was now to cease; the numbers were to be restricted, the tenure to be limited to five years; and a proportion of them were to be elected by each of the faculties, and the rest to be nominated by the Governor acting as Chancellor.

The value which was attached to a degree has been indicated in another connection, and it can be easily understood that the changes recommended were not palatable to a large section even of the educated classes. An agitation against these provisions arose among those who imagined the Government was endeavouring to limit the numbers of the educated classes and to bring the Universities more under the direct control of the Government. Notwithstanding this opposition, the University Act of 1904 was duly passed, and the Universities constituted on this new basis. The Government of India was asked in the Report to vote additional sums for University education, and

it gave proof of the sincerity of its aims by sanctioning an annual grant of 5 lakhs of rupees to be distributed among the Universities to enable them to meet the new demands that would arise.

Then came the Convocation of the Calcutta University in which Lord Curzon made a fatal step,—a step that sealed the fate of his popularity with the educated classes of India, when, as Chancellor, addressing the graduates and students of Calcutta University he warned them against the two vices to which Orientals are peculiarly prone, "lying and flattery." This unwise utterance was never forgotten or forgiven.

In a conversation which I had with Lord Morley, some time after this, he asked me why Lord Curzon had lost his popularity so suddenly with the people of India. I reminded him of Lord Salisbury's unfortunate phrase, "black man," when a Parsi gentleman, the first Indian to sit in the Parliament of Great Britain, was contesting Finsbury. The Marquis of Salisbury addressed a letter to the electors in which he expressed the hope that they would never allow themselves to be represented by a "black man." This utterance created a most bitter feeling throughout India. Accordingly, I remarked, in answering Lord Morley's question, that this was the only thing by which Lord Salisbury would be remembered in India. I knew how the wound rankled. It was also peculiarly inept, for the "black man" referred to was a gentleman of fair complexion with fresh, ruddy cheeks, as I noted when I presented him at a University Convocation some years later to receive the honorary degree of LL.D. He had long borne the title of "G.O.M."—India's "grand old man." I explained to Lord Morley that Lord Curzon's warning to Indian youth against "lying and flattery" had had precisely the same effect on the general mind. It did infinitely more

than the partition of Bengal to alienate him irrevocably from India's goodwill. Lord Curzon's evil genius had again betrayed him.

During the early part of Lord Curzon's Viceroyship he had won extreme popularity. At a meeting held in the Town Hall of Bombay he had been extolled by the political leaders, who afterwards became his bitterest foes. This transformation may have been due to the general line of his policy as it revealed itself; but it was these rash words to the students that changed the current and lost him the heart of India. Indians are a sensitive people, and a single act or word which wounds their self-respect will consign to oblivion a lifetime of generous benevolence. In no other way can the failure of our Government of India, one of the most benevolent specimens of human rule, to win the heart of India be explained. Three centuries of beneficent association between the British and the Indian races have left us to-day not only with the gulf between the peoples unbridged, but with an antagonism that is threatening revolution continually.

Putting aside particular unpopular acts of his administration, and the indiscretions which he allowed himself in public utterances, an impartial judgment must pronounce in favour of his claim to be a friend of India and a lover of its peoples. India was the horizon of a long-cherished ambition. He tells us that in the days of his early youth he had often heard of the striking resemblance between Kedleston, the mansion in which he had his first home, and Government House at Calcutta. He formed the resolve to pass from the Kedleston of Derbyshire to the Kedleston of Bengal. When one notes how in his journeyings his steps seemed always to turn to the East, and his explorations were largely in countries closely associated

with India, one can see that he was under the guidance of that early resolve. An unswerving pursuit of the purposes he had formed was an outstanding feature of his character. The word "efficiency" is written over not merely the part which he played in particular episodes of his career, but over his career as a whole. Even his love of the spectacular, which found its culminating expression in the great Durbar at Delhi, did not spring from a mere fondness for display, but from the desire to see ceremonial occasions honoured worthily. At his dinner parties at Vice-regal Lodge, Simla, he was equally punctilious in his duties as a host. He took care to see that every guest had an opportunity for conversation with himself and with Lady Curzon,—a feature in such entertainments which must have been appreciated by those who recognised in this characteristic touch the evidence of a real geniality, hidden behind the veil of his outward ceremonious life.

An administration of such vigour and such efficiency could not fail to leave its mark on India. Into the controversy which clouded the last period of his rule I do not presume to enter. Two great minds clashed, and, after the conflict with Lord Kitchener, Lord Curzon retired from a Viceroyship which had been specially extended in appreciation of his eminent services. He left India unpopular with the Indian, and scarcely popular with his European countrymen. Was this a proof of success or of failure? I am disposed rather to regard it as a witness to his success, when success is judged by the highest standards—by the spirit which dominated the career that is being estimated.

Lord Curzon framed his policy out of ideals to which he remained steadfastly loyal. Convinced that the course on which he decided to embark was in

accordance with his highest ideals of duty towards India and the nation to which its rule had been entrusted, he went forward, unmoved by the unpopularity which his action threatened to obtain for him, whether from the side of his own countrymen or the people of India. This I consider to be the highest quality which marked his rule. Such a policy may not always prove successful, but the spirit which lies behind it is entitled to the highest admiration. The result may prove, as it did to a certain extent in Lord Curzon's case, that such a ruler may become unpopular with both communities. This we must ascribe to his courage, his fearlessness, and his commanding sense of duty. These qualities belong to real greatness, and when the heat of controversy and the mists which it generates have passed away, and things begin to be seen in the clearer perspective of history, the name of Lord Curzon will stand forth conspicuous among the great Viceroys of our Eastern Empire.

## CHAPTER IX

### MEMORIES OF LORD REAY.

*His Scottish Ancestry—Governor of Bombay—Regard for Native Susceptibilities—Incidents of Travel—Dinner Parties at Government House—His definitely Christian Attitude—A Chaplain's Emergency—H.R.H. The Duke of Clarence's Visit.*

NEAR the shore of the Pentland Firth there is a quiet Sutherlandshire village which bears the name of Reay. A small plantation adjoining this village is pointed out as the remnant of the large estates of the Baron of that ilk, the Chief of the Clan Mackay, whose ancient seat was Tongue, now in the possession of the Duke of Sutherland. The explanation of the reduction of this ancient estate to its present exiguous dimensions, which meant practically its disappearance as the land of the Mackay family, though every second man you meet bears that name, takes us back to the time of the wars of Gustavus Adolphus. The Chief of the Mackays of that day raised a regiment from among his clansmen, and fought with his followers throughout that long campaign. The expense which he incurred in the maintenance of his regiment had to be met by the sale of his landed possessions, to which the Chief did not return. He settled on the Continent and made Holland his home. There he and his descendants became absorbed into the population of their adopted country, entered into its life, and rose to eminence in its service. The fifth in the succession, Donald Æneas, transferred himself to Great Britain in the days of Gladstone, was naturalised as a citizen of Great Britain, entered into its political life as a Liberal,



and received through Mr. Gladstone a peerage of Great Britain. He took the title of Lord Reay from the little plot of ground in our northern land. The rest of the family retained their connection with their adopted country, and Baron Mackay, who held office for a number of years as the Prime Minister of Holland, was a cousin of the Lord Reay to whom this narrative refers.

Mr. Gladstone's Government appointed Lord Reay to the Governorship of Bombay in 1885, and he held this office till 1890. He came to Bombay with a great reputation as a man of wide culture and learning, accompanied by Lady Reay, a lady well-known in political circles of London, whom he had married after he had made his home in England. Lord Reay was a scholar and a thinker; Lady Reay was a lady eminently fitted by her social experience to make Government House the centre of the social life of the Presidency. On their staff were men who rose to high distinction in their subsequent careers. H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught was in command of the Bombay Army, and the high standard of domestic life which he and the Duchess maintained made itself felt throughout all classes of society in the Bombay province. Bombay was indeed most fortunate in this conjunction of influence, which did so much to raise and purify the general life. Government House during those years was in its greatest glory, for while outward ceremonial had little attraction for a Governor whose mind seemed absorbed by things of more serious moment, Lady Reay, with her excellent taste and skill, supplied all that was needed to secure for Government House the dignity and the distinction to which it was entitled. At no period, during the fifty years from 1875 to 1925, was the home of the Governor more beautiful and attractive.

Lord Reay came upon the scene at a time when the presence of a Governor of wide and generous sympathy was demanded. That national consciousness of which we hear so much to-day had already been awakened, and the indications of the presence of a gulf between the races had begun to manifest themselves. The first symptoms shewed themselves not so much in political as in personal and social demands. It came out, for example, in little troubles on the railways when Indians had to suffer the indignity of being refused admission to compartments in which Europeans were travelling. Subalterns and junior officers were generally the offenders; and, to the credit of the Government, it should be made known that in every case it showed marked condemnation of such offences.

I remember how on one occasion an Indian Judge of the High Court of Bombay was refused admission to a 1st Class Carriage at a station in Gujerat by a junior civilian who had taken his place in the compartment. The Judge was plainly dressed and perhaps of a rather unprepossessing appearance. The civilian was not aware of the high position which he held in the service of His Majesty. He was soon to discover the gravity of his offence, for when, on his arrival in Bombay, the Indian gentleman reported the matter to Government, the civilian found himself put back three years in the scale of promotion. In all such cases Government has acted with conspicuous impartiality, and if we have to regret the existence of alienation between the races the blame does not rest upon the Government, but on the action of individuals, most of them inexperienced and insignificant juniors.

I have noted that the higher men rose in position and responsibility under the Government, the more marked became their courtesy towards the people of

India. It is also my conviction that, down beneath all the political ferment of to-day, there lies this rankling sore of their wounded self-respect. One never hears the word "nigger" employed to-day—a designation of the Indian as ethnologically false as it is morally repulsive; but there are many who forget that the deepest insult to our fellowmen is not conveyed in arrogant assertion of superiority, but in taking it for granted as something that requires no assertion.

I can never forget an illustration of this that came within my own experience. About the time now under review, I observed at Poona railway station a group of Parsis approaching the carriage in which we were seated. They had attempted to secure a seat for one of their party in the adjoining section of the carriage in which a couple of military officers were in possession; but they had been repulsed. They came to us and, introducing the old gentleman as Hon. Mr. So-and-So, they asked to be admitted to our compartment. We at once invited them to take a place for their friend. They were profuse in their gratitude. We knew that the old gentleman was not an "Honourable," and it pained us to think that they had thought it necessary to have recourse to a fictitious title to secure for this old gentleman that to which he had as good a right as any of us.

Instances of this kind continued to recur. A good many years later, an Indian gentleman returning from a meeting of the Legislative Council of the Viceroy—in this case, a real, not a fictitious "Honourable," and a man held in honour throughout India, encountered a similar experience at the hands of a young subaltern. He, however, asserted his rights, and took his place in the compartment. When later the young offender discovered that he had insulted a man of high position he offered a belated apology.

the value of which must have been sadly discounted by the fact that it was elicited by the discovery of the rank of the person whom he had treated so scornfully.

I recall another example which shews how such discrimination between the races is resented. I had occasion to travel across India with an Indian Judge of the Calcutta High Court, in connection with a Commission of which we were both members. A special carriage was attached to the mail train which was to be detached at an important junction and detained there for two nights, in order that we might perform part of our duties during this halt. The Bengali gentleman was an orthodox Brahman who observed rigidly the rules of his caste, and it was considered expedient that he should have a section of the carriage reserved for his own use, and that I should occupy the other half. When after our halt we arrived at the station, we found that, through some mistake of the station-master, our carriage had disappeared, and that we must find accommodation in the ordinary mail train. One compartment was available, but unfortunately it was a composite carriage, one half being first class, and the other half, second. The station-master suggested to my Indian friend that he might take the Second Class section of the carriage. This roused my friend to immediate indignation. He replied, "I decline as a Judge of His Majesty's High Court to travel in that Second Class compartment." This settled the matter, and the station-master, with that mysterious magic which station-masters seem to possess, discovered a First Class compartment which was assigned to my irate friend. In this he travelled to Calcutta, subsisting entirely on some fruit which he carried with him,—cooked food being forbidden by the caste rules which he observed religiously. At various halts I went to

his carriage to inquire for him. He never forgot these little acts of attention, and remained for years a most attached friend. I was touched greatly by the letters I received subsequently from him.

I have narrated these incidents in this connection because Lord Reay struck that note of sympathy which India needed to hear from its rulers.

I know that many of our countrymen seek to justify this opposition to mixed travelling by reference to a difference between the ways of the two peoples. It may be true that separate travelling may be more comfortable for both by reason of these differences; but it is impossible, with any justice, to insist upon this. My own experience of Indian fellow-travellers has taught me that they are sometimes much more interesting fellow-travellers than some of our own people. I have travelled for a whole day with an Englishman who remained silent and apart through all the hours; I have travelled rarely with Indians without receiving pleasure and instruction from their companionship. It is true that you may also experience some inconvenience. I travelled once with a Mohammedan gentleman whom I found to be one of the many noblemen who swarm in Hyderabad, the Nizam's capital. He was grandly dressed and took delight in exhibiting his grandeur. He produced a richly-jewelled gold watch and told me exactly how many pounds it had cost in London. He was entertaining and amusing, and certainly not instructive. The inconvenience was to follow. He drew out from among his impedimenta an earthenware vessel full of water, and when he began to refresh himself from it he distributed the water so abundantly over the floor of the carriage that soon it was impossible to put one's feet down. I had to sit or lie hunched up on the seat of the carriage to protect myself against

this inundation. Evidently, some persons, however high their rank, have to learn how to travel. This was an exceptional case. Indians have learned to adapt themselves to the exigencies of railway transit, and have found that the railway carriage is not just their own domestic retreat.

From the time of his arrival, Lord Reay set himself to the task of bringing the Europeans and Indians into closer relations. The functions at Government House, for example, assumed a new aspect. Among the guests, whether at dinner-parties or at crowded receptions, were larger numbers of Indians, and this tradition has been maintained by all his successors. Such assemblages become not only more picturesque but in many ways more useful, for members of both communities became better acquainted with each other through meeting on equal terms on this common ground. It is not to be supposed that this was something entirely new; it had been witnessed in preceding years, but on a much more limited scale. Now the list of Indians considered entitled to such invitations was greatly enlarged, and no doubt, through the imperfect acquaintance on the part of those who managed these affairs with the social position of the members of the Indian community, numbers were included who, if they had been Europeans, would not have had a place in this favoured circle.

This was only an outward symbol of the new spirit. The reality was in the accessibility of the Governor to the people of all classes. The salutary effect of this attitude was felt in the relations between Government and the various communities under its rule,—especially because it was so manifestly no mere gesture or bid for popularity, but came from one whose ambition did not travel along such sordid lines and was concerned entirely with the peoples' good. Sincerity and

earnestness were stamped on the countenance of this man, and these drew to him the trust of the Indian people.

There were those, of course, who were disposed to question the wisdom of this accessibility of the new Governor, and who spoke of him as being under the influence of men who were taking advantage of his liberal attitude and friendliness. But only those who were ignorant of the strength and discernment of Lord Reay could cherish such a suspicion. He possessed remarkable skill in the judgment of character, and he would permit no man to use him for his own personal ends. A high sense of personal duty not only excludes selfish aims from the mind of its possessor, but renders him quick to discern them in those with whom he comes in contact. It is only right to remark that this elevation of character was associated with, and was indeed the result of, a deep religious faith—a faith which he never paraded obtrusively, and never concealed timidly. Some have interpreted the injunction of neutrality in religious matters coming within their official purview that is laid upon all officials of the Crown in India as if it implied a concealment of their own religious convictions. Perhaps, in some cases, it has led men to appear less committed to their religious faith than they really were, lest they might offend the religious sensibilities of the various Indian communities and forfeit their confidence. I remember an Indian Governor who would never dare to quote a saying of Christ in his speeches unless he could balance it with some quotation from a Hindu, Buddhist, or Mohammedan sacred book. This attitude is based on a most complete failure to understand the religious attitude of the Indian mind. The Indian will himself quote freely from the Christian scriptures. One of the political leaders in Western India, and

one of the most fluent of its speakers, kept a copy of the Bible on his table when preparing his speeches. Modes of expression, and also the thoughts in many of the utterances of Indian leaders, can be traced to their source in the Christian scriptures. India has never been repelled by the presence of a devout Christian faith in any of its rulers. Who are the men who have been most successful in winning the trust of India's people during these centuries of British rule in India? They have been men of deep personal religion, men known to all India as devout Christians, men of the type of the Lawrences, Edwards, Nicholson, and many others in less exalted official places all over India whom India remembers with deepest affection to-day; and it was their pronounced Christianity that created this confidence and trust. The Indian expects that the representatives of a nation that is professedly Christian will bring with him a Christian faith, and the more loyal he is to the faith which he professes the more are they disposed to trust him.

Lord Reay brought with him to India that faith, and lived in the profession and practice of it. That it was not a mere traditional profession with him, but a personal experience was evident from his unconventional attitude towards the Churches. He was at home in the Presbyterian worship of the Scottish Church, having been brought up in the communion of the Dutch Reformed Church, the State Church of Holland which is Presbyterian. He was at home in the Church of England. In Bombay he was most frequently seen joining in worship with the Church Missionary Society congregation, which is of the Anglican communion.

In Poona he attended with equal regularity the Free Church of Scotland. Wherever he found spiritual



benefit he joined in worship with the servants of Christ. The land in which the formative years of his life were spent was free from the spirit of sectarianism, and he brought with him a breadth of views in things ecclesiastical which was not easily understood by the English community in India. I remember the amazement which he experienced when he discovered that it was not possible for any clergyman of another communion to officiate even on an emergency in an Anglican Church at one of the Seats of his Government. Such an emergency actually occurred when the Chaplain of the Station was incapacitated by an accident from officiating at the usual service. A layman, a member of his Government, read the lessons and the prayers. He suggested that as there were a number of ordained clergymen of other Churches resident in the Station at the time one of them should be asked to supply the place of the chaplain. He was told that this was "impossible." On the following Sunday he arranged that there should be a religious service in the Station conducted by a clergyman at an hour which would not conflict with that of the usual Church service. This service he attended, accompanied by the leading members of his staff. Immediately the telegraph was in operation, and an archdeacon was rushed up from Bombay to prevent any recurrence of a separate service. The Church service then was conducted by an ordained clergyman of the Church of England. The Governor was satisfied with the result of his protest, and nothing further happened.

It is fair to add that a more liberal atmosphere has since then revealed itself. Some years after the occurrence I have related, the Chaplain of the Station was called away on one of the feast days. He invited me to take his place, and I took gladly the necessary

services, following of course the Church of England order, as Presbyterians have been always ready to do in order to serve their English countrymen. A former Bishop of Bombay who was an earnest advocate of Christian Union, invited me some years ago to join him in the Cathedral of Bombay on a national occasion. As we came down the aisle after the service, he said to me: "We have gone thus far; we shall go farther." I believe that that was the first occasion on which a non-Anglican had spoken from the pulpit of that Cathedral since the year of its foundation between two and three hundred years ago.

The next incident in connection with religious offices which I am about to relate reveals a different condition during the days of Lord Reay. Among the many distinguished visitors whom Lord Reay welcomed at Government House, Bombay, was H.R.H. the late Duke of Clarence, the brother of our much-beloved Sovereign, King George. When the Duke visited India he was the heir-presumptive to the Throne. When the time of his departure from India came at the close of an interesting tour through India, Lord Reay wrote to me expressing his regret that in his visits to the different parts of India the Duke had never been brought into contact with the work of the Christian Missions in India. He said he was resolved to do something to remedy this omission, and, in order to carry out this resolve, he desired to arrange that, while the Duke was his guest in Bombay, he should have an opportunity of meeting the missionaries of all the Churches, Protestant and Roman Catholic, whom he would invite to Government House for presentation to His Royal Highness. He added that in order to avoid treading on the susceptibilities of any Church he would himself do any speaking in the name of the missionaries, that might be necessary

on the occasion. He asked me to consult the Bishop of Bombay and the heads of the Jesuits in order to ascertain their views with regard to this joint meeting of the missionaries of the Presidency.

I went first to consult the Bishop of Bombay. The Bishop at that time was a strong High Churchman. If he were alive to-day I suppose he would be numbered among the Anglo-Catholics. When I explained the Governor's proposal, he said at once that he could not join in such a movement, and gave as one of his reasons that the Church of Rome would gain a controversial advantage as against the Church of England if it could point to the Church of England as associating itself with these various non-Anglican Churches. He said that "the Romans" would never join, and that he would be compromising the Church of England if he took part in it. I assured him that the Roman Catholics would join, for I had some acquaintance in connection with the University with a number of them. He persisted, however, in his view, only asking me to let him know the result of my conversation with the Jesuits.

Next, I visited the head of the Jesuit College, who, on my explaining the purpose of my visit, said immediately that they would be glad to join. I told him that I wanted him to make sure that this would be the view of his ecclesiastical superiors. He said he would consult the Vicar-Apostolic (the Archbishop had died recently) and let me know. Next day I received from him a letter in which he wrote that he had consulted the Vicar-Apostolic, who had stated that there was "no canonical or dogmatical" (I use his words) objection to their joining in this reception. I then informed the Bishop of Bombay, who wrote to me in these words, "seeing that the Romans are willing to join, I will join."

Although this assent was far from cordial, and was expressed in language which revealed very significantly the position of the extreme Anglican Churchman to the non-Anglican Protestant Churches on the one hand and to Rome on the other, it rendered possible the carrying out of the Governor's desire to include in this interview with His Royal Highness representatives of all the Christian Churches engaged in missionary work in India.

Invitations were sent accordingly to English, Scottish, and American Missions, and one forenoon representatives of all these missions were presented by Lord Reay to H.R.H. the Duke of Clarence.

In presenting them, Lord Reay, standing beside H.R.H. addressed him in these words: "Your Royal Highness has seen in your tour throughout India the evidences of the military and commercial resources of the Empire over which you are destined to rule. These results let me assure your Royal Highness would not have been achieved without the work which has been carried on by these missionaries, and it will be a dark day in the history of our Empire if this should be forgotten." As he spoke these words, accompanied by solemn gestures of his uplifted hand, one realised how deep was the conviction with which Lord Reay spoke. His Royal Highness made a very gracious reply, dwelling especially on the love which his grandmother, Queen Victoria, had so long cherished for the peoples of India.

The brief ceremony was soon over; but not the impression which it made on those who were witnesses of it. The people of India knew that His Excellency was interested deeply in the work of all Christian Missions, but this did not in the slightest degree alienate from him their sincere affection for the Governor. It tended rather to strengthen their

confidence in him. It may be most truly said that no Governor during the past fifty years has enjoyed so much of their confidence as Lord Reay received.

They admired his fearless courage as it revealed itself in other directions also. When he undertook at the request of members of the Civil Service a task from which some of his predecessors had shrank in indicting a high official for offences long known to Indians and to many of his officials, it required no ordinary courage to face the unpopularity which such action was likely to arouse among a section of the European community. My own recollection of the divided state of European opinion on this action of the Governor confirms this. Even the European Press did not hesitate to voice the displeasure which such action was calculated to arouse. It is not to the credit of some of the leading papers that, instead of lending approval to a course of procedure which aimed at maintaining the high reputation of a great service, they resented it apparently because it exposed the misdeeds of a member of the ruling race. Lord Reay carried it through to its necessary result, even in face of the report of a commission which was influenced manifestly in its judgment by this concern for the name of England. Perhaps also the foreign upbringing, the slightly foreign appearance, and the foreign accent of the Governor, may have helped to bias the judgment of many of his critics in India; but these did not in the slightest degree affect the attitude of the British public at home, which accorded to him, as an organiser of its University in London, its utmost confidence. The position which he occupied to the end in the University does not come within the scope of the present narrative, but the service which he rendered to the University of Bombay as its Chancellor cannot be omitted from this record. He set

before the educated classes an ideal of University life drawn from his own large experience, which gave a new starting point for their educational aims, and prepared them to extend the horizon of their University activities. The progress of this development in the succeeding years has been gradual though slow, marked by some rather ambitious schemes of post-graduate studies which have not been rich in accomplishment and have been retarded by too frequent attempts at changes and alterations of the constitution of the University in which educational interests have been too often sacrificed to the old traditions, which are still asserting themselves in different guise. Still we may date from the advent of Lord Reay the first beginnings of the new period.

When Lord Reay laid down his office the citizens of Bombay desired that a statue should be erected to commemorate his services as Governor of the Bombay Presidency. His statue, in company with several others, adorns one of the open spaces of the city; but more enduring than bronze is the memory of him which dwells in the hearts of the people and is being handed down to their children.

Lord Reay's interest in India continued to the end of his life. During his last years he experienced the sorrows of bereavement, accident, and much personal affliction, yet these were never allowed to overshadow the life of his spirit, which dwelt in a world apart, the world of his Christian faith and hope, which became to him more real as the time of his departure drew near. As the outward man perished, the inward man was being renewed day by day. To visit him in his home in Berkeley Square in those last days was indeed a benediction.

## CHAPTER X

### THE SHADOW OF THE PLAGUE

*The Sudden Outbreak—Preventing its Spread—Inspecting Passengers—Migrating from the Plague Area—Dr. Haffkine's Investigations—Inoculating the Students—A Tragic Accident—The Rats as a Cause of Plague—Combating the Cobra's bite—A Touching Story of "Too Late."*

DURING the latter half of the year 1896, the presence in Bombay of an unusual type of fever was discovered. The mortality due to this disease and the course which this fever ran made it impossible to identify it as one of the fevers familiar to medical practitioners in the city. It was Dr. Viegas, a well-known practitioner and a leading member of the Municipal Corporation, one of the many excellent doctors that have come from the Goanese community, who first diagnosed this mysterious disease as bubonic fever.

Bombay awoke to the fact that a plague had begun its disastrous course amongst the people. The mortality returns became more and more alarming, and a dark shadow lay upon the city. During the Christmas week we were absent from Bombay on a visit to a colleague at Alibag, a town on the coast about twenty-four miles south of Bombay. A telegram arrived announcing the somewhat sudden death of one of our colleagues in Bombay. We started immediately to return by road and by steamer. As we approached Bombay in the afternoon, there lay over the city a heavy cloud which dulled the sky. I can remember also the strange hush that seemed to have fallen upon our city which had now begun to realize that it was

in the grip of a dire calamity. Although the fever to which our young colleague had succumbed had not been diagnosed as plague, there was reason to believe from the swiftness of the course of the illness which had carried him off so suddenly that he had become a victim to this fell disease. As time went on, the plague increased in virulence, until the daily mortality from plague alone exceeded 480. There were almost no recoveries. In most cases three or four days sufficed to bring the end.

The efforts of the authorities were concentrated on measures to prevent the spread of the epidemic and the escape of infected persons into neighbouring towns and districts. Every house in which a death from plague was discovered to have taken place was marked. On the doorposts, or at their side an ominous red circle was placed, with the date of the death marked within it. These plague signs began to multiply in many of the thickly-populated streets of the city.

A panic arose, and great numbers began to escape from the city by various routes. The railways had to be provided with inspection stations at which outgoing passengers were medically examined and temperatures were taken. At some of these stations hospital assistants and members of the subordinate medical staff had to be employed, and their position was often a delicate one when wealthy Indian merchants, already plague-infected, were determined to make their escape. It was reported that the drug phenacetin, an effective reducer of temperature, was in great demand among such persons in view of the dreaded infection, while on the other hand it was affirmed frequently that some unscrupulous examiners saw to it that their clinical thermometers already stood at a fever figure before they were applied to



the anxious passenger from whom a ransom price might be exacted conveniently.

Arrived at his destination, the passenger had sometimes to report himself for several days, in order to ensure that he had arrived free from infection. Europeans as well as Indians came under this rule. On one occasion I had to be placed under this surveillance in the city of Madras.

The exodus from Bombay was a striking feature in the first year of the plague. I remember a curious sight which met my eye as I passed along the Queen's Road at several points in which are the stations of the line which serves Gujarat. Most of the Bombay dirzis or tailors are Gujaratis, and outside one of these stations I saw several dozens of sewing machines ranged along the road with their owners awaiting the arrival of a train that would carry them to their native cities and villages.

On this road stands the Hindu burning ground, and as the plague grew in intensity the demand for wood to be used in the funeral pyres continued to increase. One could gauge the increasing mortality by the number of bullock-carts laden with wood outside the high wall of the burning ground. The acrid smoke which filled the atmosphere at this point told the same sad tale.

It is remarkable how soon a community recovers from the panic which follows the first incidence of a great calamity. In Bombay the people soon discovered that the most effective measure for staying the plague was the evacuation of infected houses, and during the annually recurring periods of the prevalence of the epidemic thousands left their homes for huts erected in the open spaces in their neighbourhood. These migrations, with all the hardships they involved, were borne with wonderful contentment by a patient people

Sometimes they grew weary of this prolonged absence from their homes in the city. In a plague-stricken district which I used to visit I found a house bearing a considerable number of the fatal circular marks. In the verandah I found an intelligent Hindu young man who told me that his family had left the house and were camping in the fields, and that he came daily to the house to see that everything was safe. He told me that they were weary of their prolonged camp life and meant to return to their home. I urged him to do his utmost to dissuade his people from this dangerous move. My warnings had evidently been in vain, for a few days later I found another red circle on the door-post. The victim had been this young man himself; he had returned with the family and was soon stricken down by the plague which continued to haunt his dwelling.

Another instrument employed in combating the plague was that of preventive inoculation. The germ of the disease had been isolated. It was discovered to be a bacillus of the vegetable order. The renowned scientist, Dr. Haffkine, who had been employed by the Indian Government in the work of combating cholera, turned his attention to this new problem. His method was not that of a serum cultivated from living bacilli, such as is used in curative inoculations, but that of injecting a serum containing a substance obtained from the dead bacilli of the disease. The bacilli were isolated and cultivated in large glass flasks. In one of the rooms of the abandoned Government House, about five miles out from the centre of the city, for generations the home of a long succession of distinguished administrators, these deadly germs were cultivated. You could see them growing in the liquid in which they were planted. In that room in scores of these large vessels were germs in quantity

sufficient to deal death to millions of men; but now being multiplied to rescue these millions from destruction.

This plague Laboratory performed a great part during these years of calamity. Members of the distinguished Indian Medical Service, which has made such important contributions to medical science, were drafted to this work with which were associated several other departments of research in the field of tropical disease. Among them was that of the production of anti-venene preparations for the cure of snake-bite—(more than 20,000 lives are annually lost in India through snake-bite)—where this infallible remedy is not immediately available.

The cultures to which we have referred provided the material of the serum to be inoculated. The theory of its action was that these poisonous injections helped to develop the anti-toxins by which the human body resists the poison, and thus places it in a condition to resist the infection of the living germ when it enters the blood. Statistics obtained, for example, from inoculating one half of the inmates of a prison in a plague-infected district proved that the incidence of the disease in the inoculated half is immensely less than in the uninoculated. But the common mind is not easily accessible to conviction that is based on the statistics of such scientific experiments, and one need not wonder that in the beginning the people, both the educated and uneducated, were unwilling to subject themselves to this preventive treatment. Especially to a Hindu, there was something repellent in this introduction of a poisonous and, as he would naturally think, unclean substance into his body.

However, the inoculation campaign made very considerable progress, and many of the most orthodox Hindus were led to avail themselves of it. A very

distinguished and most promising student of the college of which I was Principal at the time fell a victim. His death created a profound impression. I assembled the students and, with all the urgency I could summon, called upon them to take advantage of the protection afforded by this inoculation. A Poona Brahman, himself a leading student and the head of the opposition to inoculation amongst the students, stood up and offered to submit himself to the operation. His example inspired a number of others, and these were all inoculated. This first volunteer told me of his experience with great glee a day or two later. He said that it only meant a headache and some fever for a day. But the most remarkable testimony to the value of the operation came later when he told me how it had rid him of a liability to fever from which he had suffered long. He had been particularly subject to malarial attacks, accompanied by a temperature which sometimes reached  $106^{\circ}$ . After the inoculation, he told me, he had remained entirely free from these.

As time went on, the importance of this method of combating the plague had so impressed itself on the mind of the Punjab Government that they resolved on a heroic experiment. They resolved to use their efforts to have the inhabitants of the Province inoculated so far as was possible. They ordered doses of the serum from the Bombay Laboratory by the thousand. An order for 50,000 meant a heavy strain on the resources of a single laboratory. The preparation of the serum was a process which required a number of stages, and, as the Punjab Government's demands were so urgent, it occurred to the scientist who had charge of the laboratory that he might be able to accelerate the supply by omitting one of the stages in the preparation. Associated with him were

some leading and experienced medical men who remonstrated against this omission. It was the stage at which the serum was treated with carbolic acid to insure the destruction of any pathogenic germs which might have found their way into it. The non-medical scientist refused to listen to these remonstrances, and the orders had to be carried out, his colleagues protesting.

A number of doses thus prepared were sent to the Punjab. A medical officer, whom I met later in Bombay, went to the village of Mulkawal to start the inoculation campaign. He pleaded long with the unwilling villagers, who refused to submit themselves to inoculation. When he had begun to despair, he took the hypodermic syringe and, unbaring his arm, was about to inoculate himself in the hope that this would disarm the villagers of their suspicions. They cried out, "Don't do it, Sahib. We are willing now." He then inoculated nineteen of them with the serum he had received from Bombay. Every one of these nineteen died of tetanus, and the great Punjab experiment received its death-blow. The serum had become infected with that deadly germ which is so common in India.

Such a sad misadventure could not pass unnoticed. Government appointed a Commission of investigation, under the presidency of the Chief Justice of Bombay. Various theories as to the origin of the contamination were advanced. The rubber cork of the flask containing the doses might have fallen on the ground accidentally, when the flask was being closed or when it was being opened, and might have been replaced after this contamination. There were other suggestions tracing it to earlier stages. But the most damning fact was the omission of the disinfecting stage. At any rate, the result of the visit of the Commission to Bombay

was the removal of the Superintendent of the Laboratory.

In the subsequent work of the Laboratory no stage of preparation was ever omitted, and new precautions were added. Corks were discarded, and the tubes with long drawn-out necks were sealed by heat after they had been exhausted of their air. They were made to fill themselves when by the breaking of the sealed point immersed in the liquid, air pressure did the work. They were again sealed by heat at two points in the narrow neck, and a portion of the neck was retained containing a little of the fluid so that the nature of the contents of that particular flask could be ascertained at any subsequent time by a reference to the sample thus preserved.

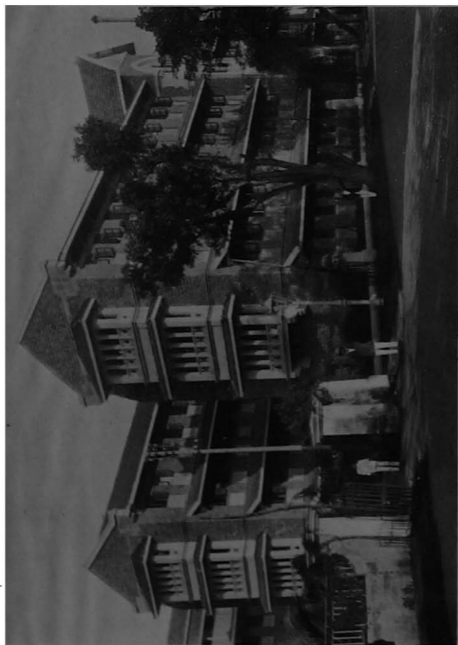
I have already referred to the measures taken to prevent the spread of the disease to the regions lying outside the city of Bombay, in which its presence was first discovered. These precautions may have retarded somewhat the distribution of the infection; but they could not prevent it.

There must have been loopholes in the net drawn round the city. Poona, which has such intimate connections with the capital, soon revealed the presence of the dreaded diseases. In this city, the famed centre of the great Marátha Empire and a leading stronghold of Brahmanism in Western India, the plague ran a rapid course. Recourse was had to evacuation as a means of averting its progress. This led to concealment on the part of the householders in whose families deaths from plague had taken place. They were resolved to remain in their homes and to escape from the necessity of evacuation, and they took measures to conceal the presence of death and disease in their dwellings. A campaign of house-searching was vigorously prosecuted by the Collector of Poona,

the member of the Indian Civil Service who was the chief local authority. British soldiers were told off to search the houses of the people. Although the British soldier is renowned for his tact and his capacity for gaining the good-will of those amongst whom he has to carry out his orders, the task now assigned to him was one of unusual difficulty. The homes of a Hindu population are not like the homes of any other people; they are hedged about with religious sanctions and prejudices which may easily be violated—especially in homes in which women dwelt. The intrusion of the military awakened intense resentment. The unfortunate result was the rousing of indignation directed especially against the Collector who had organised these measures. Of the tragedy in which this indignation culminated we shall tell in a later part of this narrative.

The process of evacuation continued, but the disease had gained such a hold on the community that the duty of caring for the stricken subjected to a tremendous strain the medical resources of the city.

Temporary plague hospitals had to be erected. In a land of bamboos this is not a difficult process, but a hospital is more than a structure. Its most important constituents are the medical and nursing staffs for which the provision that might serve in normal times was utterly inadequate in the presence of this unprecedented visitation. Instead of nurses, untrained persons, often coarse and illiterate, had to be utilised, and equipment was more or less primitive. I had occasion to visit one of these hospitals to see one of the patients. In this particular hospital, erected in some unoccupied and somewhat marshy land were from 800 to 900 beds. As we entered, we met one of the extemporised nurses at the door carrying a sheet which she shook in our faces. This sheet had just



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been taken from the bed from which a dead patient had been removed. This illustrates the type of worker who had to be employed. To such must, however, be given the credit of undertaking a very hazardous duty in a time of widespread panic. The patient I went to see did recover, but the percentage of recoveries was everywhere negligible.

The research work of the laboratory at Bombay continued, and further light continued to be shed on the aetiology of this disease. The part played by the rat and the rat-flea was established, and the explanation given of the warning signal of the dead rat already recognised by the common people. The familiar little grey squirrel that haunts the out-works of the dwelling-house was also found to be liable to the same disease, and by its death to signal the presence of danger. There can be no doubt that the plague which came on the Philistines of Ashdod, Gath and Ekron, when the ark of God was brought to these cities (1 Samuel, chap. v.) was the same plague which devastated the India of our day and the city of London in the days before the Great Fire. Of this last visitation Defoe writes as an eye-witness, although he writes long after the events which his eyes had never seen. His descriptions are based on tradition, and these, as well as the narrative in the Old Testament, are more intelligible to us now after our more recent experience of this Indian visitation.

The Philistines sent the ark of God out from their territories, and in the cart which bore it they placed a "coffer with the mice of gold and the images of their emerods." The mice referred to are the rats and the images of their emerods are images of the boils or buboes which they had seen on the bodies of the victims of the disease. As one travels through Indian villages in the time of a cholera visitation, one comes

across little wooden images of the cholera goddess, of the size of a child's little doll, standing on a little toy cart at the roadside just outside the village boundary. By this ritual act, the villagers hope to remove the deadly scourge from their territory. So did the Philistines hope to remove the plague beyond their boundaries by banishing from them those images which they associated with the deadly plague which had visited their land.

The infection which resides in the houses in which victims had died is thus explained. It had come from the fleas which the infected rat had brought into the house. These find a new host in the living man, and, when they have by their infection brought about the death of this victim, they abandon the lifeless body and find new victims in those who enter and make their abode in this fateful room. Hence the significance of the warning conveyed by the dying rats.

In the laboratory to which I have referred many other forms of research were pursued, notably those which deal with the cure for snake-bite. Let me add a brief note on these. They were simply a development of the anti-venene researches that had been carried on at home. The antidote to the poison of the deadly cobra had been obtained from the poison of that snake by the inoculation with it of horses, from which after an interval of successive inoculations a serum was extracted, the injection of which was found to arrest the action of the poison introduced by the bite of this snake. There are besides the cobra other species of snakes which cause great mortality in India. On these experiments were carried out, particularly on "Russell's Viper," and the little Fursa. Russell's Viper is well known; the fursa is a small snake about nine inches long, which is very abundant

in Western India, especially in the Konkan, that strip of land which lies between the Western Ghauts and the Indian Ocean.

The anti-venene for cobra-bite was known, and a similar remedy for the poison of the Russell's Viper. Experiments were being made in order to ascertain whether a serum could be obtained which would be effective in the case of snake-bite from either of these. Likewise it was endeavoured to obtain an anti-venene for the bite of the fursa. This last is a very insignificant-looking creature which one often meets with; but its bite causes an extremely painful form of death. It is easily killed; a stroke from a pliable cane is sufficient. A walking stick, as I have found, is, on the other hand, a most ineffectual weapon, for when one attempts to strike the little snake one finds that it wriggles away unhurt because one has struck only the ground with the point of the rigid staff. A cane, however, lays itself across the animal and extinguishes its life.

The investigator who was carrying on these special measures was Major Lamb, of the Indian Medical Service. During the course of his operations he was bitten by the cobra with which he was dealing. He knew the meaning of what had happened that forenoon; but unfortunately no cobra anti-venene was at hand. The laboratory which was about five miles from the centre of the city possessed no stock of it. They had to send into the city for the precious remedy. This caused a delay of an hour or two. Meanwhile this intrepid scientist occupied himself by noting down his own symptoms. Coma was setting in when the antidote arrived. It was at once injected into the patient, and that same evening he was found in the Yacht Club taking tea with his friends unharmed by his terrible experience. In the forenoon at the point of death; in the afternoon in vigorous health!

After leaving the Parel Laboratory he did duty in the Kasauli Institute, the Pasteur Institute of India, to which persons who had been bitten by dogs suspected of hydrophobia were sent by the Government. In former times they had to travel to Paris, and the interval which elapsed before they could be treated sometimes proved too long. Subsequently, the Government of India established its institute at Kasauli, not far from Simla, and later still a similar institute at Wellington, near Ootacamund, the hill station of the Madras Presidency, to serve Southern India as Kasauli served the North.

There is in my recollection a pathetic case of the risk attending the delay that was inevitable when all sufferers had to be sent to Paris from India. When I was travelling home on one occasion there came on board two twin sisters of about eleven years, accompanied by their parents,—a Colonel and his wife. One of the sisters wore a bandage on the lower part of her face. She had been bitten at Conoor, a hill station in the Madras Presidency, not far from Ooty. The two sisters were one morning on their way to school when they met a greyhound. One of them, who was fond of animals, attempted to pat the dog, and was bitten. Her twin sister, quick and resourceful, saw a dogcart being driven past. She hailed it, and asked for a lift to the hospital, a little lower down the hill. They were driven there at once, and the wound was cauterized. From the hospital the sister sent word to her parents of what had happened, and they were brought home. At once the parents realized the danger, and started by the first mail steamer to Europe.

After a few days on board the steamer, the child who had been bitten seemed to be recovering from her wounds. Her bandages were removed, and the

two winsome little girls began to enjoy their voyage and explore every corner of the ship. To their fellow passengers they were known now as "the Heavenly twins." Arrived at Marseilles, they took the first train to Paris. I travelled in the same compartment with them and their parents. In Paris they drove direct to the Pasteur Institute. The child who had been bitten took down my address and promised to write to me after she had undergone treatment. I never heard from her. Alas! she arrived too late. The injury on the face was too near the brain which had been reached by the poison from the dog-bite and she died, as I afterwards learned, from the dreaded disease—hydrophobia.

The resident in India is now practically free from the risk attending delay in treatment, for Kasauli and Wellington are within comparatively easy distance of any point in the Indian Peninsula. The Government of India in this, as in many other things, has given proof of the paternal care which it takes of the people over whom it rules, for it has not only provided those institutes but it also, in the case of all, whether Indian or European, whose circumstances render this necessary, provides in addition the travelling expenses of the patient. One wonders whether Mr. Gandhi was aware of such things when he chose the epithet "satanic" for the Government of India. Was this one of his "Himalayan" blunders? It would require a very long fast to wipe out the guilt of such injustice.

## CHAPTER XI

### A DAY OF VENGEANCE

*Hostility to an Energetic Collector—Defiling a Statue of Queen Victoria—Murderous Assault on an Indian Christian—Police Investigations—A Detective's Visit—A Prisoner as an Informer*

I HAVE already in my narrative of the Plague referred to the indignation which was aroused by the preventive measures of Mr. Rand, the Collector of Poona, especially in connection with house-searching. This indignation had in course of time died down in the minds of the general population; but it lived on in the hearts of a group of disaffected men, whose attitude towards the Government had been further embittered by this recent experience of its methods. They awaited a day of vengeance.

They made a dramatic choice and selected for the execution of their plot the night of the official celebration at Government House of the Diamond Jubilee of Queen Victoria. Government House at Poona, which is the residence of the Governor of Bombay during the monsoon and onwards till the beginning of the cold weather, is a stately mansion surrounded by beautiful grounds about five miles from the Poona Station. On the evening in question the Governor of Bombay had invited to a grand reception an immense number of guests representative of all communities, British and Indian.

While this brilliant scene was being enacted, there lay hidden in a culvert, over which passed the road by which most of the guests would drive on their way

to and from Ganesh Khind, two armed conspirators awaiting the passing of Mr. Rand as he returned from this celebration. The carriages carrying the guests began their homeward progress. As one of the vehicles approached—the carriage which they decided must contain the Collector—they sprang out of their place of hiding, mounted behind the carriage, and shot the officer who occupied it. The gentleman whom they wounded was, however, not the quarry they were seeking. The occupant of the carriage was a military officer, Lieut. Ayerst. Realising their mistake, they turned their attention to the carriage which followed, in which Mr. Rand was seated. They sprang up behind this carriage and fired again. This time they had found their victim: they vanished before anyone had realised what had happened.

These shots proved in each case fatal; the two wounded men both died soon after, and thus a double murder was perpetrated in place of the single murder they had planned. This tragic end of the day's celebration created a profound impression, in which was mingled deep sympathy with those who had suffered bereavement through this dastardly act. Intense indignation was aroused against the assassins by whose hand this deed was perpetrated. The Criminal Investigation Department was moved to strenuous effort, but for months no trace of the criminals could be found. The sequel will show how this same Criminal Investigation Department, if they had acted with ordinary intelligence some months before, would perhaps have had no such crime to investigate.

About this time Bombay had also been stirred by an outrage of a different kind. At the junction of two roads between which the Telegraph Offices were situated on the Esplanade stands a graceful marble statue of Queen Victoria, the work of the famous

sculptor Chantrey. One morning it was found with head and shoulders tarred, and with a pair of old shoes hanging round its neck. This was intended as an insult to Her Majesty as everyone acquainted with Indian ideas knew. Besides, the deed had apparently effected irreparable injury to a beautiful work of art. In this case also there was not the slightest clue to the perpetrators of the outrage. For many a long day the statue was screened from observation. Attempts were made to cleanse it from its defilement, and at the same time to unearth the criminals who had been guilty of this outrageous insult to a Queen whose love for India was so well known.

Not only did the attempt to discover the authors of this sacrilegious deed fail completely, but also the attempts to cleanse the defaced statue seemed doomed to failure. The municipal authorities were in despair, and, abandoning hope ultimately, they proposed to have the defaced portion removed and a similar design substituted. They actually had a replica prepared ready for completing the statue which was to be decapitated. The procedure proposed—viz., the decapitation of the Queen—was of such a repellent character that the authorities hesitated to carry it out until a final attempt had been made to cleanse the statue. They offered a handsome reward to anyone who would accomplish successfully this task. Professor Gajjar, a chemist who had shown remarkable initiative in chemical research and its practical applications, came forward to make the attempt. He succeeded; the statue so long veiled from the public eye was unveiled, and now stands restored to its pristine grace and beauty. The bust which had been proposed, being no longer required for its original purpose, now adorns the Hall in which the Municipal Corporation meets to administer the affairs of the City of Bombay.



The statue itself has always been an object of care to the authorities. Every year, during the rainy season, it was protected by a corrugated iron structure from the disintegrating influences of the pelting rain. But, curiously enough, this protection was not supplied until official data had arrived, and for many weeks it had often to suffer the assaults of a monsoon which recognises no official control. This British "rule of thumb" method is not confined to those oriental climes. I can recall something similar in our British railways, in the old days when the carriages were heated by warming pans supplied by the railway companies. Travelling up to London, on a day of extreme cold, before the official winter had arrived, we sought at several important stations the aid of those comforting foot-rests. Everywhere we were informed that they could not be supplied before a certain date. We could not help contrasting our British way with the more sensible and scientific methods of German contemporaries. We called to mind that notice which used to stand in German railway carriages in which it was enacted that "when the temperature falls to 10° R (Reaumur) this carriage shall be heated."

To complete our main story, we must go back some months. In the latter half of the year preceding that of the tragedy on Diamond Jubilee Day one morning an alarming message was brought to me of a murderous assault on a young Indian Christian, a Hindu graduate who had been baptized into the Christian faith some months previously. He was a brilliant graduate of the University of Bombay—the most distinguished student of his year, and chosen for that reason to receive the Government of India Scholarship, which was intended to enable graduates of the Indian Universities to proceed to England for further

study at Oxford or Cambridge Universities. This young man in question started on the voyage from Bombay to London, but, for reasons of health, he was compelled to return before he had completed his voyage. He came back to Bombay and had rooms in the house of a Christian family. On the night of the festival of *Shivaratri*, about 10 p.m., he received a message that a Hindu gentleman desired to see him. He went downstairs, a little surprised at the lateness of the hour chosen by his visitor, and met a Brahmin young man who informed him that he came as a religious inquirer.

A long conversation ensued. At an early hour in the following morning the family in whose house he was living found him lying at the top of the stair in a welter of blood. It appeared that, after some religious conversation, his visitor had assaulted him with a sharp-pointed rod which had pierced his ear. Thus wounded and bleeding, he had crawled up the stair till his strength was exhausted. Thus he was found lying, helpless and unable to make his way inside. His condition was serious, but under careful treatment he recovered but with a permanent loss of hearing in the ear that was injured. He told his friends that the man who visited him had led him into a conversation suggested by the Hindu festival that was being celebrated. They had had some discussion regarding the god Krishna, in whose honour the day had been observed. This point should be noted carefully and also the important fact that there was no one present on the ground floor of the house except this young man and his visitor. This is necessary in order to an understanding of the sequel.

The police, of course, took up the matter, as a serious assault had been committed. A day or two later, there came to the address of our young friend a

letter in Marathi, written with a blue pencil and dated *Kotrud*, in which the writer told him that he would not recover, that the weapon was poisoned, and that maggots would attack his brain with a fatal result. It added that he had suffered this because he had spoken disrespectfully of his god. The letter was signed "Dashing No. 3." This letter was duly handed to the Police Superintendent of the district of the city in which the assault took place. I read the letter, and I have given the substance of it in the above sentences. When I met the Superintendent I was surprised to learn that the Commissioner of Police had decided that this letter was what he called a "banas"—a made-up affair—concocted by someone else and not proceeding from the perpetrator of the crime. Now the ineptness of such a conclusion must be obvious to the meanest intelligence. The letter was absolutely correct in its description of a conversation between two persons. No one else was present. The letter must have come from the unknown visitor, or from the circle to which he belonged. The Police Superintendent who indicated that the Commissioner of Police had set aside this letter, and that his inquiry was now practically at an end, seemed to share the surprise with which I listened to his announcement. It was plain that, so far as the police were concerned, no further light would be thrown on this mysterious incident. One might have expected that at least inquiries might be instituted in the village from which the letter emanated. This was not done; but this village will soon reappear in this story.

The months passed, and the police appear to have allowed the incident to vanish from their thoughts. But the memory of it was to be awakened. Two British officers had been assassinated in Poona, and the inquiry into an event which startled India could

not be arrested too prematurely. The police must discover *these* criminals; but all their investigations left them without a single clue. In their extremity they now came back to the assault on the young Christian. They had now come to the conclusion that his assailant was probably one of the authors of the Poona assassination.

I was surprised to receive a visit one day from a leading member of the C.I.D., who asked me to request the young man who had been assaulted in the previous year to go to Poona and remain there for a week or two, keeping his eyes open on the look-out for his assailant. The C.I.D. now believed that the man who had assaulted him was connected with the assassination of the two officers in Poona. I undertook to pass on his request, remarking at the same time on their neglect of the search for this assailant, when the assault on this young man took place in Bombay so many months ago. The C.I.D. officer admitted that it was an error of judgment on their part. I informed our young friend without delay of the request with which I had been entrusted. He declined at once to play the role of detective, and the police had to continue their independent search. They acted as those who had no clue, and yet, as will soon appear, there was in their possession a most valuable clue.

In order to understand the further developments which issued in the arrest of the assassins, I must introduce my readers to another criminal of an exceptional type with whom the C.I.D. officer above referred to had already been in contact. His criminal career had been remarkable and not without some features which provoke a sneaking admiration of his audacity. He was a man of some education, sufficient at least to make him a competent English clerk in a Government office. He was an adept penman and, while serving

as a clerk in the office of the Inspector-General of Police—the highest official of the police in the Presidency—he managed to get hold of one of the forms by means of which his superior officer drew his monthly salary. On this form he forged the signature of the Inspector-General, and, this warrant having been accepted by the Bank of Bombay, he possessed himself of the emoluments of the head of his office—quite a substantial sum.

It was not long before the fraud was discovered, and the daring forger also. He was arrested immediately and prosecuted. He employed no one to plead for him, but undertook his own defence. In the course of his defence, he sought to discredit the evidence addressed by the prosecution. He said: "We all know what value to attach to the kind of evidence which Mr.— (our friend of the C.I.D.) brings forward—the man is suffering from *mental impecuniosity*." The language in which he sought to crush his persecutor was in the highest degree amusing, but it was quite irrelevant to his defence, and he was sentenced to imprisonment with hard labour.

The next episode in his career is still more dramatic. The Superintendent of the jail in which he was confined, finding that he was a very efficient clerk, excused him from hard outdoor labour, and substituted for this, work in the office of the jail. This was his second opportunity. He forged on a form of order for release of prisoners the signature of the Secretary to Government, a signature he must have seen often in the office correspondence. This he managed to get passed on to the superintendent of the jail, who opened the door of the prison-house and set him free. It was of course, not long before he was again arrested, and he was sent back to imprisonment, the period of which was enhanced by reason of this further offence.

The police, being still without a clue to the assassins for whom they were searching, had recourse to the expedient customary in such circumstances of offering a reward to anyone who could guide them to the criminals. This advertisement was seen by our prisoner in the jail, and he resolved to take advantage of this road to liberty and reward. He offered to guide the police to the assassins. The reward advertised was Rs 10,000; he was given Rs 5,000 and his liberty, when he fulfilled his undertaking. But where did he lead them? To that very village of Kotrud from which had come that letter described above to which the police, in their blindness, had attached no significance. In Kotrud they found the wanted men. The informer was one of their intimates, one of a group of disaffected men, ready for any crime that might be a blow to Government.

These men were convicted and sentenced to the extreme penalty. They not only were found guilty of the assassination on the Diamond Jubilee night, but they confessed their responsibility for the outrage on the Queen's statue and the assault on the young man who was treated with such brutality by the pretended religious inquirer. It is said that convicted criminals, in a spirit of vanity, sometimes confess to crimes which they have not committed. This may be so; but in this case there can be no doubt that the confession as to the night assault on the Christian convert was planned by the same criminal group who organised the Poona assassinations, and that the clue which would have guided the police to them was in the hands of the police from the beginning in that letter from Kotrud.

It remains to record very briefly the tragic fate of the informer. He received as his reward from Government not the Rs 10,000 offered, but Rs 5,000 and his

freedom. With this he might well have remained content, and, if not content, at least silent. But however daring and sharp-witted the criminal may be, there is almost always a point at which he blunders and betrays himself. Not long after these happenings, there appeared in the *Times of India*, over the signature of this informer, a letter in which he complained of the niggardliness with which he had been treated by a Government which advertised a Rs 10,000 reward and paid him only Rs 5,000. This mad disclosure was his undoing. Within two days, he was shot dead in one of the streets in Poona by a friend of the men who had paid the last penalty of the law for the Poona assassinations. From the time when this letter of his was read in Poona he was watched, his footsteps were tracked, and when a convenient place and opportunity was found he was shot dead by the avenger.

## CHAPTER XII

### SIR RICHARD TEMPLE: A PRO-CONSUL OF EARLIER DAYS

*His Energy as Governor—Later Experiences in the House of Commons—Touring the Presidency—Presiding Tirelessly over the Senate—Astute Action in Equipping Transports—An Interesting Talker on Many Themes—Sir Richard's Status*

THE British ruler of an Indian Province came nearer to the Roman pro-consul than his more modern successors, and in the more ornate records of the time were often thus described. He resembled the Roman pro-consul in the wide scope for initiative and responsibility which was accorded to him. One who resided for half-a-century in India must witness the coming and going of many such rulers.

I can recall a succession of Viceroys from Lord Northbrook onwards to Lord Reading of recent years; and of Governors and Acting-Governors a still longer succession. Such rulers were at all periods subject to the authority and control of the British Parliament; but in the former days, before the days of rapid communication, this control was less direct and the administration was more dependent on the personality of the Governor. In the days of ancient Rome the pro-consul knew that he was liable to arraignment before the Senate for any alleged misgovernment, and in British annals, too, there stands the famous trial of Warren Hastings. This did not interfere with the free exercise of the responsibility delegated to the individual holder of office.



Conditions have now undergone a great change. India is ruled now immediately from Whitehall, and some of the picturesqueness of the Indian pro-consul has passed away.

The most typical representative of the older class of ruling official that I can recall was Sir Richard Temple. After his Indian days were over, he was a familiar figure in the House of Commons for many years, and was perhaps one of the busiest of its members in attendance on Committees and the regular sessions of parliament. The Indian official who has found his way into that House has often been regarded as a bore, and has been listened to with undisguised impatience in the House. But Sir Richard Temple was assiduous, not in inflicting himself on the House but in attending to work in its service, which did not bring him into the limelight. I believe that it was this which gained for him the respect that he received from all parties and Governments.

In India he had been a conspicuous figure. He was one of the few members of the Indian Civil Service who reached gubernatorial rank. In the days when certain provinces were under the administration of Lieutenant-Governors, it was the rule to place in this office distinguished members of the Civil Service, but the position of Viceroy and those of Governors of Bombay and Madras were reserved for men designated specially by the Home Government for these particular offices. It seemed good to the British Government to choose these administrators from among men whose horizon had not been affected by a purely official atmosphere and under exclusively Indian traditions.

Sir Richard Temple's elevation to the Governorship of Bombay in the late seventies of the last century was an exceptional appointment. He won a name for himself by energetic relief measures in a time of famine, and passed from the Lieutenant-Governorship

of Bengal to the Governorship of Bombay. He held this office for a brief period of three years, resigning the position to contest a Parliamentary seat in England. In his first approach to a constituency he passed through one experience which must have been peculiarly trying to a retired Indian Governor, who had been surrounded by obsequious reverence and by the gentle courtesies of the Orient. Angry electors denounced him as one whose "hands were red with the blood of the Afghans," and hustled him from the platform and made sure his defeat. He stood later successfully for a constituency.

As regards his Indian career and his administration of Bombay, his brief period of administration was marked by conspicuous energy. He toured the Presidency from end to end. He treated his wide province as he had treated the smaller districts of which he had served in his earlier days. He was constantly in the saddle. Eighty miles a day was not too long a stage for this energetic equestrian. The staff which accompanied him on such occasions must have had a strenuous time, for they were not all equally capable of such horsemanship. He carried the same energy into all his undertakings even within the calm precincts of the University of which he was *ex officio* Chancellor. In his address to the University at Convocation he spoke particularly of the achievements of science (an omen of something he intended to spring upon the University). While magnifying the place of science, he also was careful to dissociate himself from the materialistic conceptions that had grown out of certain recent developments in the world of science.

Not long after this pronouncement, he was to be seen throwing all his energy into the proposal to establish degrees on Science in the Bombay University, which had hitherto conformed itself to the preparation

of graduates on Arts, Law, Medicine, and Engineering. I have a vivid recollection of the meeting of Senate at which this significant step was taken. The Fellows of the University were by no means unanimous as to the syllabus of studies proposed. A small party seemed to think that the modest curriculum laid down should be reduced, and there was debate and division. The Senate meetings were held in the late afternoon after 5 p.m. As the time wore on towards the dinner-hour, some of the members of the Senate grew impatient for an adjournment. But a Governor who could spend so many hours in the saddle without respite was not to be deflected from his goal by such trivial human needs. He objected to the proposal to adjourn, and said that he was prepared to sit in the chair till midnight so that this business might be completed. The debate continued till after the dinner-hour. The Governor in his Chancellor's robes sat resolute, and the programme was carried through. It justified itself fully in the course of time. Compared with the elaborate syllabus of study, which has subsequently been developed, it was indeed a modest beginning; but it has exercised a very important influence on the studies of Indian youth, and has given to University education a direction and an impulse which was long needed. Indian graduates whose studies were thus directed have made good in all the British Universities to which they have gone for the more advanced study of science. I think it is no exaggeration to say that the science students of our Indian Universities have done more to establish their reputation in other countries than some of the older types. A taste for scientific research has been awakened in India for which there is abundant scope. Already India has scientists known far beyond its own boundaries.

During the period of Sir Richard's Governorship

important events were transpiring in the West, and in the settlement of the complications that arose on the Near East India was summoned to play a part. Disraeli's scheme for a military occupation of Cyprus was the occasion. He ordered an expeditionary force from India to carry out his plan. It needed haste. One of Sir Richard's notable achievements was the rapidity with which this large Indian army was transported to its destination. The transport ships assembled in Bombay; but they were not adequately equipped for their task. Sir Richard threw himself into the work of equipping the transports and embarking the forces. There was no time to construct all the iron water tanks that these ships required if they were to be despatched at the time appointed. Sir Richard proved himself equal to this emergency. At various points in the city of Bombay the Municipality had erected iron tanks from which was supplied the water used in laying the dust which was abundant during the dry season. Sir Richard rode round the city and commandeered for his transports as many as were necessary, and the army was embarked and sent off with a dispatch which surprised and gratified the military authorities and won for the Governor their high appreciation. It is not to be supposed that the Municipality was equally grateful by the somewhat high-handed procedure. In those days such things were done; to-day there would be a different story. The Governor felt that there was no time for negotiation with the city authorities, and he decided to sacrifice for the moment municipal to Imperial interests, leaving the adjustment of the proprieties to another time. The transports sailed, and the despatch of the troops hastened the settlement of a European question fraught with danger to the peace of the nations.

All this impetuous energy was compatible with a

quiet courtesy in private life, to which reference should here be made. The few years during which Sir Richard Temple held office in Bombay were years of special difficulty. Western India lay on the grip of a famine which was one of the most severe with which it has been visited. There was widespread destitution and suffering. The Famine Code, which was settled during Lord Curzon's time, had not yet been promulgated. Those who devised it were wont to say that now there is no reason why a single life should perish from starvation in the severest famine. Since the time of which I am writing, the railway communications have undergone a great expansion, and the means for coping with this enemy which in all ages has from time to time devastated India have been enormously increased, while the extensive irrigation tanks constructed by damming the valleys at several points in the Deccan, where scarcity was of frequent occurrence, have created a new protection. In this famine year (1877) the remedies employed were relief works and the distribution of food. The daily ration prescribed by Sir Richard Temple's Government was meagre enough, and its meagreness created widespread dissatisfaction. It was certainly unpopular and was based probably on Sir Richard's previous experience of famine and its relief.

A very long-continued and well-organised system of dacoity began at this time to harass the afflicted people. A Brahman of Poona was the head of these robbers of the villages. He was credited with being the originator of the fire which destroyed the ancient Budhvar palace of the Peshvas in Poona as well as of this system of robbery which was spreading over the district. Mounted Police were stationed at central points in order to lay hold of the depredators, who were rendering the lives of the poor people so miserable

with their losses and with the fear of the attacks of these dangerous outlaws. During the time of their prevalence I had occasion to travel from Poona to Mahableshtar by night along a road which ran through the infested region. Every six miles we halted for a change of ponies, and at nearly every changing point the conversation between our driver and the men who were harnessing the relays was occupied with accounts of recent depredations in the neighbouring village. The driver was not encouraged by the tales which met him at so many points on our journey. He declared to me that if it were not that it was necessary for his bread he would not continue in his perilous occupation. When we reached the head of a long ghat or pass in the mountain range, we encountered a party of mounted sowars who told us that the dacoits had taken refuge in the hills, to which they as mounted men were unable to follow them, and they called our attention to the sound of noises which came from the heights above us. "These are the dacoits," they said. At this time a large number of people were residing in the hill station of Mahableshtar, and for their protection a small body of mounted Indian cavalry were encamped in the station. No one attached to these occurrences, the significance of a rising; but it was felt that the presence of a troop of cavalry would give a feeling of assurance to the inhabitants of the station.

After some time Balvart Phadke, the leader and organiser of these dacoits, was caught, and, when I visited Sir Richard Temple, Phadke lay in a Poona prison. He was afterwards exiled to Aden, where he was kept in confinement for several years.

I had occasion to see the Governor with reference to some educational business, and when I wrote to his private secretary for an interview I received in reply by telegram a cordial invitation to come as

the guest of His Excellency. There I met him in the quiet of his Poona home, with none but his staff as his companions. I had several long and interesting conversations with him. He talked freely and genially about many things and many persons, including himself. He told me that it was his practice both in Belvedere, Calcutta, and here in Poona always, to be guarded adequately so that when any emergency might arise requiring special precaution he did not require to strengthen his guards. Thus he avoided everything suggestive of alarm or panic. So with Phadke roaming about, and said to be determined to have the Governor's head, he took no additional precautions for his own safety. At the time of our conversation, Phadke was lodged in jail. Sir Richard told me that he had sent an Indian Inspector of Police to interview him. The said inspector reported to him that when he asked the dacoit whether he meant seriously to carry out his threat to have the head of the Governor, Phadke replied that this was his design, although he regretted the necessity of this step in view of the kindness which the Governor had shewn to the people in his measures to relieve them in the famine days. I do not imagine that Sir Richard was for a moment misled by this ingenious report. I have no doubt his thoughts when he heard it were of the romantic gifts of the reporter who had devised this attractive fable. Or had the dacoit leader tried his hand now at sarcasm? Sir Richard must have known well how little popularity had come to him from these famine measures.

Sir Richard was an interesting conversationalist. He entertained me in the morning during a walk in the garden before breakfast with shrewd comments on certain works and their authors. The columns of Bombay's leading daily paper had not long before

been filled with correspondence that arose out of a letter sent by the Principal of a Government College, in which he spoke of Christianity as "the effete and dying creed of Christendom." As might have been expected, this awoke keen controversy. The Governor told me that when he had perused this correspondence he sent for the Principal and admonished him. He informed him that he objected to his action in attacking Christianity, the religion of his Queen and country, he being a servant of the Government. The Principal replied—"What do you mean by Christianity?" to which Sir Richard's answer was: "The religion of your grandfather's poetry, and of your uncle's life." The reference was to William Wordsworth, whose name the Principal bore and to the pious Bishop of Salisbury. Having quoted this epigram, in which Sir Richard appears in the role of a staunch defender of the Faith, we take leave of this pro-consul with the impression that he was not only a man of indomitable energy but also a man of sincere and earnest religious faith.

For a considerable period it had been the practice of the Bombay community to erect statues of its rulers after their term of office expired. This was done so regularly that the absence of this recognition amounted almost to a vote of censure. A goodly number of these are dotted over Bombay. Most of them are in the open space known as the Oval, in which Sir Richard Temple's statue occupies a prominent place. In face and figure he could not be described as attractive, but the sculptor has adorned him with a flowing robe (a device which has often been found serviceable), and Sir Richard stands there in-befitting pro-consular dignity. Fortunately, the practice now alluded to has been in more recent times departed from, and useful institutions have been erected bearing the names of particular Governors as a memorial of their services.



## CHAPTER XIII

### GOOD AND BAD HANDWRITING

*The Typewriter's effect—Dr. Thomas Chalmers' letters to his mother—David Hume's and Robert Burns' Calligraphy—A tragic mistake in a prescription—A need of reform in measures—The Tay Bridge Disaster*

CALLIGRAPHY may now be regarded as one of the decaying arts. Handwriting used to be reckoned as an important constituent of the "Three R's," but the invention of that most beneficent instrument, the typewriter, has tended to dismiss it into a very insignificant place. The typewriter has called into existence the new profession of typist, and the business of the world is carried on by this new agency.

But in earlier days handwriting was cultivated with a certain amount of enthusiasm. Apart from the copying of ancient MSS., which occupied the entire life of many a mediaeval saint (and to such the world owes an incalculable debt), handwriting found a large place in the preparation that was necessary for ordinary life and especially for a business career. Good penmanship was indispensable for admission into many offices, and it received accordingly special attention in the schools of the land.

Amongst literary and professional men, however, the results, as attested by the MSS. which have been preserved, have been most diverse. Amongst them may be found examples of the worst and also of the best. The famous divine, Dr. Thomas Chalmers, was one of the chief offenders. His letters to his mother were so illegible that the good woman was

in the habit of laying them by to await the arrival of her son, who would himself, she said, read them to her! On the other hand, David Hume's handwriting was most careful and clear. His MS. of his History of England, which is preserved among the treasures of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, is a beautiful example of painstaking calligraphy, with its chapters and marginal notes arranged with punctilious accuracy. Robert Burns, belongs to the same class. Such excellent calligraphy is rarely met with to-day as one finds in the numerous specimens that are preserved in Burns' Cottage at Alloway.

The same variety reveals itself in the prescriptions of our medical advisers. These are occasionally typewritten; often written in clear legible hand; and sometimes in characters which might bewilder even an experienced dispenser. In such cases, it must be the dispenser's independent knowledge of the ingredients in frequent use that leads to his correct decipherment of the prescription which he is called upon to handle. Yet the fact remains that error in deciphering is almost unknown. That it may occur will appear from the incident, which I now record among my recollections of India. It is an illustration of the urgency of the old injunction to be careful to "dot your i's and to cross your t's."

The community of Bombay received a great shock when it learned one morning of the tragic death of a leading citizen in the following circumstances: An Italian gentleman well known and highly respected in our city as representative in Bombay of the Rubattino line of steamships, having become unwell called in the medical officer of one of the Company's steamers then in dock. The Italian doctor prescribed for his patient. Knowing that the chemists in Bombay dispensed their medicine according to British measures

of weight, he framed his prescription accordingly, writing in full the word *grains*. Now it is easy to see that anyone joining the letters *i* and *n*, written probably with pointed angular hand and not with rounded strokes, will produce the single letter *m*. The word *gram* would result, instead of *grain*.

The offices of the Italian Navigation Co. occupied upper floors in a building, on the ground floor of which were the premises of one of the leading Chemists in the city. The prescription was taken at once to the dispensary department of this establishment. The manager of the department, knowing that the prescription came from an Italian doctor, read at once *grams* instead of *grains*, and prescribed accordingly. Now the *gram* or *gramme* in the metric system is equivalent to 15.432 grains, and thus a dose of more than fifteen times that which was intended to be prescribed was prepared and administered. The main ingredient was morphia, and the patient received a dose which involved fatal consequences. When the effects of the dose were perceived, all possible means were used to keep the patient awake; but these proved unavailing, and death ensued. The undotted *i* sentenced the unfortunate sufferer to an untimely death.

Such an incident could not fail to call for investigation, and ultimately it led to a public trial in the police court, but while it was urged against the dispenser that his act was culpable inasmuch as he ought to have noted the fatal character of the huge poisonous dose which he dispensed; on the other hand it could be claimed, in extenuation of his error, that he had followed the prescription as he understood it. The unfortunate agent in this misadventure was re-instated in public confidence and remained in office for many years, rising to a high position in the management of an important business.

What a pity that he had ever heard of grammes! And what a greater pity that grains and all their companions in the Apothecaries' Table of Weights and Measures have not been banished from the practical life of our people, as they have been banished from the literature of all the scientific societies in the world, which know only the gramme and its relatives in the metric system. Lord Kelvin and other leading men of science implored our nation to abandon its obsolete measures in favour of the rational system that most civilized nations of the world have adopted. But all his pleadings were in vain.

This is not the place to discuss the scientific aspects of this subject. It is not a mere question of the simplicity and the convenience of a decimal system. The metric system has a scientific value quite apart from all such considerations. I remember reading long ago in an elementary treatise the statement in its favour that it was so brief and comprehensive that the student could write all its tables on the palm of his hand. This is scarcely a view that should be presented to the student entering an examination hall, for his white linen cuff has been found quite adequate in the past for much more comprehensive memoranda!

How often do issues that are simply incalculable hang on the most trifling circumstance. A life was in this incident lost through the omission of a dot, and, on the other hand, a life was saved from the great Tay Bridge Railway disaster by the accident of a hat blown off by the wind, involving a few minutes' delay, causing an intending passenger to miss the train which was hurrying on its way to a disastrous end.

*Within so limited a scope, it was impossible to deal completely with the life and work of the subject of this memoir. Dr. MacKichan had been often asked to record his reminiscences of which a portion which he had completed has been included in this volume. My sister and myself acknowledge with gratitude the numerous appreciations and letters relating to him which we received after his death.*

**MARIE A. SERVICE.**

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