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BENGALIANA:

A DISH OF RICE AND CURRY, AND OTHER
INDIGESTIBLE INGREDIENTS.

BY

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"This truth he boasts, will boast it while he lives,
No poisonous drugs are mix'd with what he gives."

Garrick.

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conduct excited the admiration of Nujeeb-al-Dowláh, the great Rohillá chief, who principally contributed to the triumph of Ahmed Sháh Dooráni; and he received a better treatment than others in his confinement. His wounds were carefully attended to, and when he recovered, he shared much of his captor's confidence. Years of faithful service endeared him to that liberal chief; and eventually, he was set free, and permitted to return to his country.

Heartly was the welcome which Mulhar Ráo gave to his disobedient soldier; then turning affectionately towards his foster-child, he placed their hands together, and blessed them.

MISCELLANEA.

THE REPUBLIC OF ORISSÁ; A PAGE FROM THE ANNALS OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY.

THE republic of Orissa was comprised, till a recent period, within the dominions of the British Crown, and extended from the confines of Bengal on the north, to those of the Circárs on the south. Berár formed its western boundary, and the Bay of Bengal washed it on the east. But the boundaries of the new republic have been, by an Act of its Congress, passed in the year of Christ 1925, extended in a western and southern direction over a considerable portion of Berár, and to the whole of the Circárs. On the east, also, it has increased its empire over the alluvian land left by the retreating waters of the sea.

This delightful country, some seventy years ago, was inhabited by a weak and niggard race of aborigines, some scores of white settlers, a few Asiatic foreigners, and a horde of wild animals. But, year after year, since the earthquake of 1899, which is supposed by the superstitious nations of Europe to have effected a complete change in the constitution of the world, the enormous herds of the wilderness have been swept away with resistless rapidity, making room for wilder and more fearful denizens—untamed men. Amongst the various tribes that roam over the interior of Orissá, the name of the

Kingáries, or hill-tribes, has long been the most terrible to the neighbouring powers. The preeminence of these tribes is not only secured by their superiority in numbers, but by a combination of great physical strength with an intrepidity and courage unknown to any other people of the world. They stray in large predatory bands, pillaging without distinction all whose unguarded attitude tempts their cupidity. Their chief arms are battle-axes and spears; but the deadly use of a Nágpore rifle is not unknown to them. However the name of these tribes may be connected with cruelty, robbery, and blood-shed, still it is one which is emblazoned on the triumphant flag of freedom; for Orissá owes her liberty to the daring adventures of her Kingáries.

On the 25th June, of the year 1916, was passed, in the Council Chamber at Pillibheet (the capital of British India), an Act, permitting a system of oppression revolting to the refined ideas of the Indian public. The purport of it was, that, it being found cheaper to support Indian labourers as slaves than to employ them at fixed wages, slavery was from that time forward to be re-established in British India, against all provisions to the contrary. And the Act stated—

1. That the title to a slave was established by its being proved that he or she was the issue of parents known and acknowledged to be Hindus by birth, and had voluntarily sold his or her freedom, or had his or her freedom sold by such parents.

2. That parents had a right to sell their children, and all children thus sold were to be considered as slaves.

3. That slaves were to be reckoned as the personal property of their owners, and liable to perform any service required of them, and disposable in any way their proprietors might choose.

4. That a master beating, or otherwise grossly ill-using his slave, without great and notorious cause of offence, was to be amenable to punishment; but when

such cause had been given, a slave was liable to be tortured even with red-hot iron.

5. That a slave dying intestate, his owner was to become his heir-at-law, and inherit all his lands and effects.

An enactment so harsh and oppressive necessarily irritated the feelings of the native community. The odious distinction it made between the conquerors and the conquered struck them to the quick. The despotism of the British Government had for some time been regarded with the greatest hatred and dissatisfaction. But nothing—not the dishonest and inefficient administration of justice, not the gross corruption that prevailed in the highest functionaries of the Government, not even the total exclusion of the whole native population from every legitimate object of ambition, and every honourable species of employment—had spread such dissatisfaction, as this injudicious and disgraceful enactment. At first, from all quarters poured in entreaties, and appeals to good feeling. The *Morning Star*, the *Bengal Hurkaru*, and the *Agra Gazette* took up the cause of “poor, oppressed India.” But entreaties, appeals to good feeling, and editorial declamations were of no avail. Then came the *Indian Patriot*,* denouncing the British Government, predicting its coming overthrow, philosophizing on the future, and calling on the slumbering genii of India to extirpate the foreigners. But the liberty of the Press was violated by the tyrannic Government, and the editor, proprietor, and printer were ordered to be imprisoned. This changed the state of affairs. The spirit of the populace was kindled. On the north and on the south, on the east and on the west—everywhere, except in Pillibheet, the seat of empire—was raised the cry of revolt. All the provinces were in motion—thou-

* This tale was written and originally published in 1845, or long before the *Hindu Patriot* was in existence. It is needless therefore to say that that paper is not referred to.

sands daily joined the standard of rebellion, and first and foremost ranked the insurgents of Orissá.

But the road was yet open for peace; though ripe for a revolt, the Indian army was, on proper terms, prepared to close the breach. But, elated with some heroic achievements on the frontiers of Cooch Behár, the Government refused to make the slightest concession; and this denial was made more poignant to the patriots by a very declamatory article in the *Government Advocate*, which denounced and ridiculed their exertions. The following is the article alluded to:—

“We think the glaring impolicy of taking up arms against the Government, adopted as it has been by the patriots of India, will be admitted by those who have their eyes open and their senses awake. Does it not strike the mind of every sensible man, that India, for centuries to come, will not be able to wrest the supremacy from the grasp of her conquerors? When we view the disparity in numbers between the black and white population, the result of this rebellion may be feared; but we shudder not for our brethren when we consider the comparative physical and moral courage of the parties pitted against each other. As well might you overpower the rushing leopard with a flock of sheep, as make Bheekoo Bárik, with a hundred *sowárs* at his back, confront the fiery visage of an English drunkard. Even if that were possible, would it not be the wiser plan for the patriots moderately to pursue that course which in time may place them on an equal footing with their conquerors, as regards the cultivation of intellect and the rules of civilized life, than to begin at the wrong end, and seek for freedom without having acquired the simplest lessons of government to secure that liberty? Do they presume, like the genii of Aláddin’s lamp, to erect in one night a fair palace fit for the habitation of their deity? Are the Juggomohuns and Gocooldáses, the Opertis and Bindábun Sirdárs fit persons to be intrusted with the management of a vast empire? Though the liberty of India be a con-

summation devoutly to be wished for, yet must it be admitted that length of time is needful to erect that fabric. Says the common adage, ‘Rome was not built in a day.’ That under the British Government the Hindus are prospering, and will prosper in spite of their ingratitude, cannot be denied. Go a century or two backwards, take notes of other days, and compare India as it *was* with India as it *is*, and mark the result. But not yet are the Indians fit to be a free people. Perhaps, as time rolls on, the day may come when it will be unjust to refuse to, and perhaps impossible to withhold from the Indians the rights of liberty, and then England may possibly think it just and proper to relinquish her sovereignty over them—but not till then. The Hindus are like children. They want what they cannot understand, fret because with paternal care we refuse to indulge them, and cry because we are deaf to their entreaties. After all, what is there in the last enactment, which is held up as the immediate cause of sedition, to irritate their feelings? The harsher and more outrageous features of slavery have now no existence. Slavery, as now constituted, hardly approaches the ‘*durance vile*’ of a common every-day labourer. To all intents and purposes the slave is as good as the *free* (?) labourer. But ‘why does the enactment exclude Europeans from slavery?’ they ask. *Why*, dear patriots? Because ye are the conquered, we the conquerors. Are you answered?

“Ere taking leave of the subject, we will give a piece of advice to the insurgent chiefs, which we hope and wish for their own sakes they may not wholly despise. They should immediately disband their followers, come to the capital, and on their knees sue for pardon from the Government. We believe the Governor-General in Council may think it proper to excuse them and the people, on an adequate sum being raised for the erection of a palace, now in contemplation for the accommodation of his lordship’s family. This measure, if they think proper to adopt it, should be taken before it is too late. We under-

stand his lordship intends very soon to direct Sir George Proudfoot and the forces under his command to proceed, from the frontiers of Cooch Behár, where they are at present stationed, against the insurgent army now assembled at Beerbhoom.—29th Dec. 1917.”

This article highly incensed the patriot chiefs; and Bheekoo Bárik, the chief of the Kingáries of Orissá, was heard to say, “My *sowárs* can confront the devil when he is mad, leave aside drunkards, English, Scotch, or Irish!” A convention of delegates from the insurgent forces of Bengal, Behár, and Orissá was held at Mulhárpore, on the 8th September, 1918; and it was there resolved that the British Government, having infringed the rules of good government, by introducing slavery into India, and by making various other innovations in the administration of the laws, which innovations were found upon experience to be highly injurious and despotic, it was necessary to adopt bold measures to prevent misrule; and the warriors all vowed to shed the last drops of their blood in the cause of freedom, if bloodshed should be necessary. It was also resolved that the insurgent army should be divided into two bodies—those of Bengal and Behár comprising one, and those of Orissá the other. Gokool Dás Treebaidy was chosen leader of the former, and Operti Sirdár of the latter.

It is not our purpose to give minute details of the wars that followed. An army of ten thousand Irish soldiers, under the command of Sir G. Proudfoot, was directed to proceed first against the forces of Bengal and Behár, and soon subjugating that body, marched in the winter of 1919 for Orissá. The invasion of Orissá was also attended with success at the outset; and success was attended with the most revolting cruelties. The fortress of Rádánuggur was taken at the point of the bayonet, no quarter was given, and the whole garrison was put to the sword; the sacred shrine of Sreekhettur was sacrilegiously pilaged; and Operti Sirdár was well-nigh overpowered on the plains of Parbutná, when the mounted troopers of

Bheekoo Bárik rushed boldly to the teeth of the enemy, and scattered the whole army in complete rout.

This decisive victory of the Ooryáhs led to promises of concession on the part of the British Government; and, pleased with the prospects of peace, the patriot insurgents fell off. The British Council, in the meantime, perceiving that the immediate danger had passed away, forgot its promises, or deceitfully deferred fulfilling them. Matters were thus circumstanced, when a private wrong brought this uncertain state of affairs to a conclusion.

Lukhun Dás Khundáti, a hero of the good old times, who held a conspicuous station amongst his countrymen, and whose valour was known far beyond the confines of his nation, had a daughter named Nuleeny, a paragon of loveliness. This beauty was early betrothed to one Jugoo Dás Mytheepo, a young man of a very promising character, and, what is more consonant to the taste of women, cast in the best proportions of strength and manly beauty. Bred in the camp, and under the particular care and example of Lukhun Khundáti, he had imbibed all the manners that conspicuously marked the character of that hardy veteran. In every deed of desperation he had a heart to resolve, a head to contrive, and a hand to perform. This youth, while signalizing himself in a sally party by the most desperate feats of gallantry, had fallen prisoner into the hands of one Subadár Báhádoor Gopee Dás, an Ooryáh by birth, and a rejected admirer of Nuleeny, who had enlisted in the service of the enemies of his country on account of domestic differences. From him Jugoo Dás expected no fair treatment, and received none. His highest powers of endurance were put to the test; and his captor, making the public cause subservient to his private feelings, refused all proffers of a ransom and exchange of prisoners, and kept him chained and strictly guarded, no intercourse being allowed to be held with him.

It must not be imagined that, during this period, Lukhun Dás and his friends were unmindful of the valiant

Jugoo. They tried every means for effecting his release; but Gopee Dás was deaf to their proffers and entreaties. Young hearts, however, are not easily put down; and the beautiful daughter of the Khundáti veteran was still planning and plotting for the escape of her lover, though hopelessness was depicted on the countenance of her father and the other elders of her country. With a spirit of chivalry which, in this age, is common amongst the women of no other country but Orissá, she left her father's house alone, disguised in the mean habiliments of a wandering *fakir*, to seek her beloved Jugoo among the hated Ferángees. What miseries and privations she suffered on the way, and how, when she did reach the place of her destination, she managed to ingratiate herself with her lover's captor, our deponent saith not; but that she succeeded in all this is placed beyond doubt by the fact that, in the course of a short time, having laid aside the dress of a *fakir*, and assumed that of a soldier, she was enlisted amongst his keepers. Not to make a romance of a simple matter of history we will at once inform our readers that, in this capacity, she managed to secure his liberty—not however so effectually as to prevent pursuit. Furious and foaming Gopee Dás gave chase, with half a dozen *sowárs* at his back; but Jugoo and his fair deliverer, being mounted on the fleetest horse ever transported from the happy shores of Arabia, were far out of harm's way.

It was not till they had reached the hills of Chotá Nágpore that their pursuers got sight of them. The *sowárs* pressed hard; and their cheers and the clatter of their horses' hoofs, sounded fearfully near in the ears of the fugitives. Every moment lessened the distance between them, till the space was reduced to an arm's length. The horse on which Jugoo and his betrothed were mounted, had cleared a greater space than any horse ever did, and could proceed no more. Now was the desperate moment. The young Mytheepo dismounted, and, like a lion at bay, turned back upon his pursuers, and single-handed opposed them all, resolved to sell his life as dearly as he could.

Two of his assailants were levelled with the ground, and he was on the point of despatching a third, when a robust hávildár caught him by the neck and brought him down on his knees, and would have killed him, but that the beautiful Nuleeny, joining in the *mêlée*, plunged a dagger into the hávildár's heart. In the meantime, warding off the blows which were dealt at him from all sides, Jugoo kept rapidly retreating, until, gaining the brow of a steep declivity, he flung himself over to the opposite side, and was instantly lost to view. A desperate escape! And did he escape alone, leaving his liberator, his own Nuleeny, in the hands of his bitterest enemy? Even so. Not that he valued his life more than hers, but because he felt persuaded that she could meet no wrong from one who had long professed to be her lover. Gopee Dás was an Ooryáh, and Jugoo knew that his countrymen, of all nations in the world, were the most chivalrously devoted to the fair sex. How could Gopee, then, he reasoned internally, harm a woman? Unfortunately, he did not consider that an Ooryáh who had so far demeaned himself as to enter into the service of the Ferángees—*m'lechhas*, whose very touch is pollution—and to take up arms against his native country, could not possibly retain the noble nature of his race. Alas! sad was the fate of Nuleeny! But that fate was quickly avenged.

Lukhun Dás Khundáti was no sooner informed of his daughter's death, than he repaired to the Kingáries, or hill-tribes. He raked up the fire that was slumbering beneath the ashes, urged home the despotism of the British Government, and at the head of eighty thousand men, began his terrible march towards the English seat of empire, sweeping all petty detachments like dust before his path. The whole kingdom was once again in arms, and all with one accord shouted for battle. On the 15th of October, 1921, took place the memorable engagement of the Jumná, so named because fought on the banks of that sacred river. The English generals were totally defeated—their army cut down to a man. Jugoo Dás and Gopee Dás

were found dead on the field of battle, locked fiercely in each other's arms! On the 13th January of the following year Orissá proclaimed her independence, and though the Government of Pillibheet refused to recognise it, their armies completely evacuated that province, after a few vain efforts to disturb its independence.

Years have passed over those events. The British Empire is sinking fast into that state of weakness and internal division which is the sure forerunner of the fall of kingdoms. Its former glory is now no more. But, with the usual inconsistency of human pride its tone was never more haughty, nor the exterior of its court ever more ostentatious.

"The shadow lengthens as the sun declines."

We regret for its fallen grandeur; we regret to see an imperial bird, shorn of its wings and plumage of pride, coming down precipitately from its æry height. The Council is still sitting, and is a scene of wrangling and confusion—a shadow of what it was, and a lively example of the insufficiency of regulation in a declining State. In the meantime, from this picture of fallen glory, and of the vicissitudes of human greatness, the eye is attracted by the morning splendour of a brilliant luminary. A splendid spectacle is presented to the eyes of wondering millions, of a nation emerging from the chaos of ignorance and slavery, and hastening to occupy its orbit on the grand system of civilization. The Republic of Orissá has become the predominant star in Hindustán.

JUPITER'S DAUGHTERS.

WE borrow the name of one of Mrs. Jenkin's novels, not to review it, but to brush up our classics. The Greek fables are very rich, though unfortunately at the same

time very obscene. They have, however, an undercurrent of wisdom and instruction which makes their study not unprofitable. The form of conveying instruction by fables was apparently the earliest in use, and despite extravagancies and obscenities—both common defects of the olden times—we think it also the best, because the impression left by it is the most lasting. We forget the maxims of Plato and Bacon; but who has ever forgotten the fables—Greek, Hindu, or English—that he learnt in his youth?

Jupiter, according to the Greek fables, was the most powerful of the gods. He bore a great resemblance to our oriental princes of modern times—at least in the chapter of wives and concubines. The Korán gives the Faithful four wives, and as many mistresses as he may choose to support. The Hindu Rájáhs also have, at all times, delighted in a large number of both, whom they called their own so long as they could keep them confined within their palace-walls. Similarly, Jupiter had some eight or nine wives, namely, Metis, Themis, Eurynome, Ceres, Mnemosyne, Maia, Dione, Latona, and Juno; while the number of his mistresses was legion, including Semele, Io, Danæ, Antiope, Leda, Ægina, Europa, Calisto, Alcmena, and Electra. Some accounts make out Juno only to have been his lawful wife, all the rest being regarded as left-handed connections, like the *Nikàs* of the Mahomedans; but this was not the general belief. The progeny of Jupiter were of course very numerous. We propose to notice the goddesses first, as we are warm advocates of female rights.

The most powerful of Jupiter's daughters was Minerva or Pallas Athenæ, the goddess of wisdom, war, and chastity; whose authority and consequence in Heaven are represented as having been equal to those of her father. The account of Sanchoniatho, the Phœnician, recognises an Athenæ, the daughter of Cronus, who accompanied her father in his travels over the earth, during which he came to Attica and bestowed it upon her. The Egyptian