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AND

PUBLIC OPINION IN INDIA.

Calcutta:

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(From the Indian Reformer, 24th July, 1863.)

SIR MORDAUNT WELLS AND THE NATIVE COMMUNITY.—That a section of the non-official European community of Calcutta should wish to celebrate the approaching termination of the Indian career of Sir Mordaunt Wells by a public dinner, is not strange ; it would be strange if such a wish were not expressed. Did not his lordship, when a member of the old Legislative Council, warmly support the cause of those who call themselves “independent Britons ?” Did he not in that Council lead the forlorn hope of “Her Majesty’s Opposition” against the Government and against what is termed “effete civilianism ?” Did he not from the bench hurl forth the thunders of vituperation upon the devoted heads of those who laid bare the iniquities of the Indigo system ? If in addition to the public dinner, the Landholders and Commercial Association were to ask his lordship to sit for his portrait, with which to grace the hall of their meetings, it would be nothing strange. But we confess it does seem strange—passing strange—that a section, however inconsiderable and uninfluential, of the Hindu community, should think of getting up an address, and of presenting him with a testimonial. That such a proposal will be scouted by the leaders of Hindu society is of course certain ; but the very fact, that a few isolated individuals have entertained the idea of an address and a testimonial to Sir Mordaunt Wells, is a phenomenon too remarkable to pass unnoticed. What then are his lordship’s claims to an address and a testimonial from the Native community ? Do his claims rest upon his energetic opposition to the Disarming Act as it respected Anglo-Indians only ? Do they rest upon his undisguised hostility to the measure of placing Europeans and Natives on a footing of judicial equality ? Do they rest upon his adding to the sacred ermine of justice

the patch-work of a violent political partizanship? Do they, in fine, rest upon his vehement denunciations of the Native character, branding it as a compound of chicanery and deceit, of perjury and forgery? Let the *Bhaskar* and the *Bengallee* honestly tell us, that the claims of Sir Mordaunt Wells for a testimonial from the Native community rest upon these and other valuable services, and we shall be ready to vote for a statue of gold. But seriously, the proposal to give an address and a testimonial to Sir Mordaunt, is highly insulting to the Native community. Do not the Native gentry retain lively recollections of the monster meeting at the house of Rajah Radha Khant Deb Bahadoor, of its bursts of patriotic eloquence, and of the calm and dignified protest sent to England? And is it not a gratuitous insult to the Native gentry to propose to them, in the teeth of those recollections, to give an eulogistic address to Sir Mordaunt? Are the Native gentry to publish their own shame to England? Are they to stultify themselves in the eye of the civilized world? Are they to endure the just reproach of being an inconsistent set of men, who say one thing to-day, and unsay it to-morrow? Are they to submit to have their one cheek white-washed with *chunam*, and the other cheek painted black? But it will be said, that it is noble and generous to forgive. So it is. And far be it from us to propose to pursue Sir Mordaunt with political vengeance. His lordship purposes to retire; but it is but decent that he should retire without the regrets of the nation whom he has reviled. It is generous to forgive—it is thrice generous to confer benefits upon an opponent. If Sir Mordaunt had acknowledged his mistake in indiscriminately vilifying the national character, we should have been the first to come forward with the proposal to reward that acknowledgment with a suitable address and testimonial. But has his lordship ever confessed that he had committed a mistake? Not he. On the contrary, when a short time ago, a barrister stated in the High Court that there was no public opinion in India, did he not, with a knowing look, ask whether the learned Council had not heard of a whole community complaining against a judge; and when the barrister replied, “yes, my lord, and your lordship knows with what success” did not Sir Mordaunt show by his looks that he regarded the affair as a triumph? And this is the man whom we are now called upon to honour. But it will be asked, has not Sir Mordaunt given satisfaction to the Native community by his judgment in the recent

case of Hem Nath Bose? It would be affectation to deny that that decision has given satisfaction to the majority of the Hindu community. But is that decision, looking at it from a Hindu point of view, to be regarded as a *national* benefit? Is it not a benefit—supposing it to be a benefit—conferred simply on the father of the youth? Has the Hindu community received assurance from Sir Mordaunt—and is it possible for him to give the assurance?—that in future similar decisions would be given in similar cases? If a similar case were to come on to-morrow, would not the Lord Chief Justice, or any other judge of the High Court, be at liberty to pronounce an opposite judgment? How then can the celebrated decision, looking at it even from a Hindu point of view, be regarded as a national benefit?

It will be said, that Sir Mordaunt has by his denunciations frightened criminals and thus repressed crime. We doubt the fact. It is yet to be seen that eloquence expresses crime. "Leviathan is not so tamed." Judges and policemen, chains and the gallows, have never yet made a nation moral. The causes of a nation's regeneration are not jails but schools. Thus, in whatever light we view the Indian career of Sir Mordaunt Wells, we do not perceive that it has any, the slightest, claims on either the gratitude or the admiration of the Native community.

(From the Hindoo Patriot, 27th July, 1863.)

We were not disposed to notice the promptings of toadyism which for some time past have been disgracing the columns of a portion of the Bengali Press, but the acceptance by some of our Anglo-Indian contemporaries of these effusions as the expression of the general opinion of the Native community on a most important question of the day, leads us to throw off reserve and put on record what is the real opinion of our countrymen on the subject. The true leaders of Native society, those who hold the moving springs of political action among their countrymen, who mould national aspirations, sympathies, and opinions, who are the custodians of national credit and pioneers of national progress, who are in the van of intelligence and public spirit, who have achieved that noble success by political activity, on which lick-spittles and toadies now contemplate to trade—they we make bold to say do not sympathize with the narrow-minded and selfish men, who,

regardless of the true interests of the nation, seldom scruple to stoop to the lowest degradation to please men in power and "*shahab logues*" in general. It was these crouching, fawning sycopuants, who presented an Address of thanks to Sir Frederic Halliday for, as they called it, his beneficent administration of Bengal, while the entire nation held back in just indignation. It was they too, or these "idiots," as our illustrious predecessor Baboo Hurrish Chunder significantly called them, who voted a similar Address to Sir Arthur Buller, late a Judge of Her Majesty's late Supreme Court of Bengal, but the value which Sir Arthur set upon that Address, may be appreciated by the fact that he did not deign to acknowledge or reply to it at all. It was not to be expected that these men should let slip the opportunity of distinguishing themselves in their peculiar way at the approaching departure of a Judge of the High Court, though the latter were one who had maligned the Bengali race with the heartiest gusto, and inveighed against their political rights and liberties with a virulence utterly unworthy of the Bench. We can understand what right-minded Europeans, not blinded by the rage of partizanship, nor sharing in those selfish feelings which aim at reducing Native public opinion to the lowest significance by encouraging it to acts which are sure to cover the Native community with obloquy in the estimation of the civilized world,—we can understand what these right-minded Europeans are likely to think of the proposed demonstration of unprincipled sycophancy. The venerable head of Native society, Rajah Radhakant Bahadoor, it will be observed, stigmatizes the movement, and the discussion raised in favor of it by a section of the Bengali Press as "puerilities not worth notice."

But let us not be misunderstood. Neither we nor our leaders deny that Sir Mordaunt Wells has done some service to the country, but in doing so we hold he has simply discharged his duty. If he has punished crime or put down dishonesty, he has simply done that, for which it may be harsh to say he was paid from the national exchequer. He has not done more than what duty required of him, and it is an open question whether in the discharge of duty he has not gone further than what the sense of duty would justify. On the other hand, what do we find to be the leading characteristics of his judicial career in India? Did he not bring the Bench into public contempt by converting it into

a political platform Did he not thunder forth from the Bench anathemas against the character of the Indian nation, and indulge in wholesale denunciations against it? Did he not exhibit his disqualification for impartial administration of justice by cherishing preconceived sympathies for one race and antipathies against another, by making natural and political distinctions in weighing the claims of the different nationalities of the Indian continent to right and justice, by his impulsive manner, inconsistent with that calmness of mind, that cool collectedness, and self-control, which are so essential in a Judge, particularly in a country where interests of different sections of the community are constantly jarring with each other, and where opposite influences are in action for the accomplishment of opposite ends? Sir Mordaunt has, undoubtedly, endeavoured to repress crime, but he sought to attain that end by a method not sanctioned by civilized opinion nor in accordance with enlightened principles of jurisprudence. He aimed to strike terror by severe, and in many cases, disproportionate punishment, and even in this he seemed to follow one standard for the Native, and another for the European. How many Natives were not transported for petty felonies, while Europeans were let off with lighter punishments? Our readers will easily recall to mind those scandalous cases in which he forgot the dignity of the Bench, and labored as an advocate for the mitigation or commutation of punishment to Europeans which he had himself awarded in terms of boiling indignation. But was there a single Native case in which he felt the same feeling and made the same effort to save the prisoner? We do not mean to say that he should have done so, but the fact marks the peculiar tendency of his mind. It is useless to repeat all that must be fresh in the mind of every body as to the leading features of the judicial career of Sir Mordaunt Wells; suffice it say that not two years ago his judicial vagaries called forth a demonstration on the part of the Native community, which did not occur since the establishment of the late Supreme Court, and which was marked by a unanimity of feeling seldom observed in Native movements. Old and young Bengal, orthodox and heterodox, city-people and country-people, all joined in one chorus of condemnation against the judge. Was this universal feeling a fiction, was it a shadow that provoked it, was it

the effect of the promptings of a "few presumptuous and brazen men?" No, it was the out-burst of the national mind, it was the echo of the national voice from one corner to the other. What has since passed we ask which could justify the negation of such national demonstration? It may be said that Sir Mordaunt has since abated his "stump oratory," that he has been better behaved, and that he has been less impulsive. But is he like a school-boy, we ask, who having been once naughty has since become quiet, that the public should pat him and declare him a good boy entitled to praise? An Anglo-Indian contemporary says, that the Natives should "forget and forgive." What are they to "forget and forgive?" Has Sir Mordaunt recanted his error, has he repented his past denunciations and anathemas against the Native character, has he made amends, and proved what he pretends to be a friend of the Natives? His sole merit, since the Shobha Bazaar Meeting and since Sir Charles Wood snubbed and reprimanded him, has been, we believe, that he has held his tongue. Is that a ground for public demonstration of the kind proposed? Is that a reason to "forget and forgive" the past? But we might advise our countrymen to be generous, we do not see for what they should be "grateful." They can "forget and forgive," but cannot certainly be "grateful" for the wrongs they have sustained. If they set a price upon the national character, if they value equal law and equal justice, if they condemn judicial pantomimes, if they condemn judicial impetuosity, they cannot, with propriety, come forward and vote an address to a Judge, whose censorious tongue they themselves have been instrumental in dooming to silence. As to the merit claimed for Sir Mordaunt on the ground of repressing crime by declamatory harangues and severe punishment alluded to above, we submit that it is yet to be seen that judicial harangues or extreme punishments will repress crime. As the *Indian Reformer* has justly observed, judges and policemen, chains and gallows, have never yet made a nation moral.

That Sir Mordaunt has vainly played the game of popularity events testify. Immediately after his first appearance on the Bench, he denounced the commercial morality of Calcutta Europeans, but the *Englishman's Punjab's* ditties lulled him into silence. Then he fell foul of the Natives, and so roused their feelings, that they made a public de-

monstration against him. Perceiving his error too late, we fear he has begun to be civil towards the Natives, but like our Postal marks, it is both "too late and insufficient." A popularity-hunting Judge, we confess, is a misfortune to a country, but a political Judge, says Lord Brougham, is a nuisance. It is, undoubtedly, painful to write all this about a Judge who is on the eve of retiring from the country, but we could not on public grounds, as already observed, remain silent longer.

We have hitherto confined our remarks to the judicial career of Sir Mordaunt Wells. Take him as a legislator and public man, and we find him opposed to the executive Government, to Native opinion, to Native rights, to equal legislation and what not. He formally impeached Mr. Eden because he was a friend of the ryot, fiercely opposed Mr. Harington on the Arms Bill, because the latter refused to make invidious distinctions between Europeans and Natives, supported that temporary slave law, the Ryot Coercion Act, for the summary enforcement of Indigo Contracts, and in fact based all his views of legislation on the assumption that there was an inevitable inequality between the white man and the black man, an assumption totally opposed to the Queen's Proclamation.

As for his other public acts and virtues, what is there to raise him to the honored ranks of a Jones, a Hyde East, a Ryan, a Peel, and a Colville? He never breathed a syllable in the cause of education, either of males or of females; he never sought to ameliorate the condition of the Natives; he never helped in the promotion of mutual intercourse between Europeans and Natives; nor has he yet, we believe, visited any zenana for the elevation of Hindoo women. On the contrary, if we have been informed aright, as soon as the Shoba Bazaar meeting was held, in a fit of indignation, not to say misanthropy, he withdrew his name from the roll of Governors of the Native Hospital. The Union Club, the reader may remember, was instituted with the best of objects, *viz.*, to heal the breach between Europeans and Natives by means of social commingling, and was supported by the highest men in the land, but Sir Mordaunt, if we mistake not, discountenanced it. Other Judges of the Supreme Court, though not ardent friends of Native improvement, used still to pay conventional visits to Native schools and institutions by way of passing encouragement, which was not

without good effect, but Sir Mordaunt did not even condescend to do this. He did not permit his name to stand on the roll of the University Senate, with which body he has, we have been told, long since severed his connection. It has been said that Sir Mordaunt was an intense admirer of the late Baboo Hurrish Chunder Mookerjea : we can believe it, but as a proof of his "intense admiration," he did not, we imagine, subscribe more than three cyphers in aid of the Fund for a Memorial to Hurrish Chunder. Be that as it may, it is clear that the admirers of Sir Mordaunt have over-shot their mark by putting forward his claim to a public address on the ground of his services and merits as a member of society.

According to our contemporary of the *Englishman*, Sir Mordaunt Wells deserves a public address, if for nothing else, at least for his painstaking and conscientious labors. We do not grudge Sir Mordaunt's merit on that score, but we are not prepared to say that other Judges are less conscientious or less painstaking. If the public must discharge their debt of obligation to Sir Mordaunt on that account by presenting him an address, they must do likewise towards other Judges of the High Court, or they would be insulting them, and are they prepared to vote an address to every Judge who retires from the Bench? Indeed we must say that it is humiliating to a Judge to receive an address from any body saying that he has done his duty diligently and honestly. It is no praise to a British Judge, that he has performed his duty or done justice to all who came before him, which we do not deny Sir Mordaunt Wells has done according to his own light and judgment.

But we should be sorry to stand in the way of Sir Mordaunt Wells, getting an address, or a testimonial. We were indeed very reluctant to say any thing on the subject, but when misrepresentation has been resorted to in order to make the address popular, and when such a distinguished and important public body as the British Indian Association has been falsely and unjustly calumniated, we could not on public grounds simply longer preserve reticence. The British Indian Association, we have been informed, have taken no part in the movement, either for or against it, and it behoved the *Englishman* to make assurance doubly sure before it circulated the calumny against a public body. As for the movement in question, we wish its promoters every success.

Only let them ponder how this Address will be regarded in England and by the civilized world at large. Native opinion has at last become to be appreciated in England. Witness the reception in England of the Native Address to Sir Charles Wood, and let not our countrymen from any partizan feeling or by any evil counsel, forfeit the character and consideration they have at last succeeded to obtain.

(From the Indian Field, 2nd August, 1863.)

CLAIMS OF SIR MORDAUNT WELLS TO A NATIVE ADDRESS.—Addresses now-a-days are getting very cheap in India. Thirty years back an address even in Calcutta was a rare thing, most uncommon among things uncommon. In those days of apathy and darkness, when Young India was but just rising from the stupefaction of ages, the greatest philanthropists—those who purchased the good of millions with the very life-blood of theirs, were allowed to leave the country *unaddressed, unportraited, unstatued*. But how do matters stand at this day? Completely changed to be sure, but whether for the better or for the worse, it is needless here to determine. Now every *Somebody* puts forth his claims to an address and even the *Nobodies* clamour for it whenever their turn for asking it comes. Does a Railway mechanic, grown rich with the spoils of his liberal but careless masters, give out his intention of retiring from the service and settling comfortably for life somewhere in England or in the Colonies, forthwith an address with a more substantial testimonial of exquisite fancywork for its accompaniment is presented to him for his self-abnegating labors in India. Does a teetotalling priest of capuchin sanctity think of returning to England, forthwith an address supported by a splendid tea service is offered to him for the eminent services he has rendered to his flock by adding to their sin of drunkenness the less objectionable one of perjury. Does a pedagogue of ambitious hopes and bold pretensions throw up his school-master's duties in sheer disgust, forthwith an address, followed by an offer of a beautiful watch of curious workmanship, is voted to him by his young cares, compeers, and superiors for the rare benefit he has conferred on the school under his charge, by allowing every thing connected therewith to shape its own course. In short, the mania for giving and receiving addresses has seized all persons in India, from the

highest to the lowest, from the Governor-General to the pettiest *keranee* in the Stevedore's Office. In fact, there is no knowing to what absurdities this mania will lead, for worse than those enumerated above have come to our knowledge within the short period of a twelve month. And even now the rumour of a farewell-address to Sir Mordaunt Wells, by a section of the native community has filled us with unmixed surprise, and, if the truth must be told, with ineffable disgust. We say this, not because we bear any personal spite to Sir Mordaunt Wells, for thank God, we had never to stand our trial before him either in a criminal or in a civil suit, but our intimate acquaintance with native feelings renders it impossible for us to shut our eyes to the fact, that no native, true to himself or his country, will have anything to do with an address to Sir Mordaunt, the bitterest calumniator of his race and the staunchest supporter of unequal laws and race prejudices between Her Majesty's Native and European subjects in India. We have all along, unmercifully but honestly exposed before the public, the great failings and shortcomings of the Puisne Judge, and would have, to all probability, refrained from any adverse remarks on his career in India, now that he is on the eve of his return to England. But circumstances over which we have no control, have ordained it otherwise; and we, though unwilling, will have yet to canvass Sir Mordaunt Wells's claims to a native address before his departure from this country.

1st. Let us consider Sir Mordaunt Wells as a judge of the late Supreme and now High Court, and see if he has any claims on the gratitude of the natives for the manner in which he has discharged his judicial functions. As a distinguished member of the English Bar, Sir Mordaunt is universally allowed even by his opponents to possess qualifications much above the average standard. His professional attainments, learning, and experience are deservedly held as being of no ordinary depth and variety. In short, he has all the requisites of a lawyer to render him an able and successful barrister. But a judge must needs have other virtues. In him the rarest qualities both of the head and the heart must harmoniously blend together to constitute him a fit representative of God on earth. Sir Mordaunt has only the qualities of the head unsupported by those of the heart, and as such, his promotion to the bench cannot but be looked upon as an unhappy event in his life. Constitu-

tionally passionate and strongly wedded to his own opinions and views; ready to jump at conclusions and heedless of consequences; with strong predilections and marked prejudices, for and against all sorts of things and persons, Sir Mordaunt should have been the last person selected for the highly responsible office of an Indian judge which has put the impartiality of much better men than himself to the severest test in deciding cases between their domineering countrymen and a subject people. But however unhappy this selection might have been at first, Sir Mordaunt has rendered it still more unhappy by the highly objectionable manner in which he has conducted himself on the bench, especially during the early part of his career in this country. As a judicial officer it would have been enough for him if he had condemned the criminals brought for trial before him to condign punishment; but instead of contenting himself with the discharge of this barely routine duty, he took upon himself the self-imposed task of castigating the whole nation for the vices of a few unworthy individuals. For this purpose he availed himself of every opportunity of sentencing a native criminal to punishment to traduce his countrymen of strange complicity in crimes of every possible description. In a recent case even, at the conclusion of the trial, he alluded in strong terms to the undesirableness of entrusting the getting-up of a case to the native police. At every trial, Sir Mordaunt Wells betrayed his implacable hatred for the native race, and denounced, in no very measured terms their inveterate tendency to immorality and vice. As an inevitable consequence of this, he soon made himself thoroughly obnoxious to the native community, whom he ultimately drove to petition Sir Charles Wood for putting a stop to the uncalled for provocation he daily offered to an unoffending nation from his seat in the bench. Neither was this all. Sir Mordaunt rendered himself wholly contemptible to the natives by his ill-disguised partiality for his countrymen, which, however excusable in an Englishman, was certainly unpardonable in an Indian judge. Besides, that great duty of a judge—the blending of mercy with justice appears to have been wholly unknown to him, at least so far as the natives were concerned. The unexampled severity with which he punished native criminals establishes this fact beyond dispute. To the native he has always proved a stern judge who could not separate the crime from the criminal.

and pity the latter at the same time that he hated the former. Sir Mordaunt has to learn that to repress crime by their strong hand is to attempt at an impossibility ; *for prevention* in this respect is universally held as being of higher efficacy than *remedy*, and prevention is only feasible by the strengthening of that self-respect in a people which Sir Mordaunt Wells has made it his particular object to destroy. So then considered as a judge, Sir Mordaunt has forfeited all claims to a parting tribute of love, respect or admiration from the native community.

2ndly. Let us see how it fares with Sir Mordaunt as a legislator, for we know him in that capacity also. His connection with the late Legislative Council, though short, was still sufficiently significant. He worked himself even within an extremely limited space of time into notoriety, which he only knows how to do. In the Council he represented that small but useful body of men whom it is but fair justice to give the name they have deservedly earned, *viz.* the Developers of India's resources. The Disarming Act, the Ryot Coercion Act, *et hoc genus omne* found a strong advocate in him. The only change the cabinet wrought in him was that it robbed his eloquence of its wonted fire, which by the bye was no very slight change indeed. In all other respects, in his thoughts, opinions, views, and feelings, and most of all in his antipathy towards the natives, Mr. Justice Wells's consistency remains unimpeached to this day. An eulogistic address, therefore, from the native community on the score of his services as a legislator, is completely out of question.

3rdly and lastly. Let us view him as a private individual of influence and fortune, capable of doing immense good, moral, social, and political, gratuitously of this country. But in this we need not be too sanguine, for the antecedents furnished by his public career leave but little margin to hope for disinterested services gratuitously rendered by such an individual to his Indian fellow-subjects. Neither does the fact disappoint our expectation or no expectation rather. For Sir Mordaunt Wells always true to himself has scrupulously abstained from all interference in native affairs, and kept himself sufficiently snug in his own quarters not to be disturbed by the clamour outside raised by the natives of the soil. In fact, Sir Mordaunt is wholly guiltless of participation in any native movement, even of the highest political significance to England.

As for his liberality and all that sort of thing towards the natives, the less it is said of him the better. What then Sir Mordaunt has done, to deserve a farewell address from the Natives. If he knows he has done nothing, let him then preserve his own conscience safe, by flatly refusing to accept an address got up by a small minority of the native community, a testimonial from whom can afford but little consolation to him.

(From the *Ryot's Friend*, 29th July, 1863.)

ADDRESS TO SIR MORDAUNT WELLS.—Of all emotions of the heart none rises so spontaneously and with less outward pressure brought to bear upon it than gratitude. It is excited by a favor or benefit received, and unless we can imagine human nature to be devoid of all feelings and passions, we cannot persuade ourselves to believe that any nation, civilized, semi-civilized, or barbarous, will refuse to express their thankfulness to one at whose hands they have received some benefits. The Hottentot and the Red Indian, the Hindoo and the Chinaman, the Englishman and the Frenchman all possess this virtue, "in a greater or less degree." In vain will the misanthrope ransack the history of all these peoples, and rummage the best libraries of the world to find out a single history or a single work which could give a lie to this assertion. Human nature is not so corrupted as some persons would fain lead us believe. Gratitude is the distinguishing characteristic of man, and of no nation so conspicuously as of the Hindoos. The Ancient History of India and the annals of the British sovereignty in this country, confirm the latter statement to a word. From time immemorial the Hindoos were being calumniated, now by the rapacious Grecian conqueror, then by the rude Mahomedans, and often by unthinking European Traders, but the worst enemies of the Hindoos have never charged them with want of gratitude. It falls unhappily to our lot however to hear the leaders of our community, who in the opinion of the late Lord Canning have always been foremost to favor all schemes calculated to improve the condition of the myriad millions of India, charged with ingratitude. Indeed they are ridiculed for resisting the out-burst of national gratitude towards the retiring Puisne Judge of the Calcutta High Court, Sir Mordaunt Wells. Outburst of national gratitude! What has Sir

Mordaunt Wells done to deserve the thanks of the whole Indian nation. Has he like Sir William Bentinck labored to elevate the condition of the people? Has he like that illustrious nobleman moved the "Home Government" to concede to our countrymen the privilege of enjoying offices of trust and responsibility? Has he like David Hare spared neither money nor time to diffuse education among the people of Hindoostan? Has he like Drinkwater Bethune exposed himself to the bright rays of the Indian sun and walked miles and miles to gather some Hindoo Girls to educate them? But not to speak of gentlemen whose functions were other than those of Sir Mordaunt Wells. Has he like Ryan and Peel, Grey and Colville, all Her Majesty's Judges mind, passed his Indian career not simply in dispensing justice, which every judge is bound, morally and legally, to do, but in labouring assiduously to ameliorate the condition of the people? Has he in fine done anything for which the whole Indian nation can feel grateful to him! Outburst of national gratitude! What has Sir Mordaunt Wells done to deserve the thanks of the whole Indian nation. His name is not associated with any Institution for the education of the Natives, for the commingling of Europeans and natives. He went so far as to withdraw his support from an Institution which has been established for the healing and curing of poor sick natives. Outburst of national gratitude! What has he done to deserve the thanks of the Indian community. Has he actually repressed crime as some narrow-minded journalists would have us believe. The keen observer of Native Society can at a glance see that crime is as rampant among them as it was before Sir Mordaunt trod his foot on these shores. In fact it cannot be otherwise. The Natives are not more steeped in crimes than other nations. Whatever crimes they are held guilty of, people of the civilized world are not free from. It is true he has awed some Native criminals, but then he has frightened many honest suitors too. And while criminals, whom he has awed, can be counted by dozens, honest suitors, whom he has frightened to resort to courts to get their dues, can be counted by hundreds. We leave our unprejudiced readers to determine whether for this result we can be thankful to Sir Mordaunt Wells. But admitting that he has repressed crimes, are we for simply receiving this benefit from his hand to forget his vituperations and invectives against the whole Hindoo community?

Are we for simply receiving this benefit from his hands to forget his opposition to the Arms Act? Are we for simply receiving this benefit from his hand to forget the injuries which he has done to the masses of our countrymen who go by the name of ryots? Are we for simply receiving this benefit from his hand to forget the gratuitous insult he offered to the head of the Hindoo community, during the *Nil Durpan* trial, to Rajah Radhakant Deb, who is not only respected and honored by the myriad millions of this country, not only by Europeans holding different political and religious opinions, by the sovereign of Great Britain and Ireland, but by all learned and powerful sovereigns of Europe. Indeed our blood boils as often as the words of Sir Mordaunt "that Revd. Mr. Long should have torn the address presented to him by the Native community into pieces and thrown them to the winds," recur to our mind, and we unhesitatingly affirm that he is not a true-born Hindoo or Bengalee who feels otherwise. When we say this, we do not mean to insinuate that the section of the Native community who intend to present Sir Mordaunt Wells with a farewell address, and who agitate for it are not actuated by such a feeling. We will libel them, if we say so. The fact is that Rajah Kalikrishna and his associates are very good natured men, say what malicious writers may. Though not Christians and entertaining profound respect for Christianity, they are always disposed to forget the faults of their enemies and forgive them readily whether or not they recant their errors. They follow to the letter the Christian precept which enjoins men to lay bare the right cheek when the left cheek is injured. Rajah Kalikrishna and his associates speak disparagingly of no body. In the Bethune Society, Rajah Kalikrishna praises every lecturer, whether he foully abuses the natives or exalts them to the skies. He never called a single lecture vituperative and abusive. All lectures he styled, excellent, elaborate, and comprehensive in their own way. The Editor of the Journal which advocates the presentation of an address to Sir Mordaunt Wells is also a good-natured man. His mouth is full of compliments. Those who know him personally, cannot but acknowledge the affability of his temper, his readiness to praise those who do even a little service to this country. Do some thing for your countrymen and we assure you that he will call you an energetic man—a reformer. Talk to him of Europeans who

7 speak eulogistically of Native speakers in the Hall of the Dalhousie Institute, but abuse the whole Native community in other places and he will entreat you, beg you, implore you to give an address to such European friends. Indeed he is of such a milk and water disposition. We need not wonder, therefore, when we find him agitating for the presentation of an address to Sir Mordaunt Wells, who even his worst enemies admit has done some service to our countrymen. But we cannot expect the whole native community to be as good-natured and of such a milk and water disposition as his worthy self or Rajah Kalikrishna. Human nature is vindictive. And Bengalees are made of flesh and blood. They cannot, therefore, give an address to Sir Mordaunt Wells.

(From the Hindoo Patriot, 3rd August, 1863.)

INDIAN MOVEMENTS AND ENGLISH OPINION.—* * * * If England is the arbitress of the claims of India, our countrymen are, we are happy to say, fully alive to the importance of English opinion to their interests. They know full well, that England is the goal of their hope. Is the screw of oppression too irritating, they send forth their shriek across the vast Atlantic to reach the imperial isle? Does the "free and independent Briton," domineer over them with galling yoke, they appeal to England for protection? Is a Native Prince robbed of his dominions and rights, he flies to England for justice? Does a British satrap abuse his powers, and rule the people with an iron sceptre, the people cry to England for relief? Does a British Judge leave the path of duty, import race feelings in the administration of justice, and traduce the national character of the people over whom he is placed, the aggrieved apply to England for redress? In fact English opinion is the real ruling standard of India. But if the English people sympathize with our condition, appreciate our wants and feelings, and respect our rights and privileges, it is of the highest importance that we should do nought that would forfeit us their good opinion. We should be careful to give way to caprice or whim, or make a child's sport of the sympathy of England. If we hug to our bosom the tyrant whom we only this moment reprobated, if we worship and lick the dust of the feet of the reviler who traduces our national character, and attacks our political rights, what chance have we for the good opinion of the English people or their sympathy? Indeed

what dependence can they place upon our opinion? Will they not regard us as so many children, fired at a spark or tickled with a straw? Will they not say that the Natives of India have no independent opinion, that they do not know their own mind, that they are reckless in their assertions and complaints? Where there is no confidence there can be no sympathy. Let our countrymen remember that if they once lose the confidence, and with it the sympathy of England, they will lose all chance of redress for their political wrongs and grievances. Their opponents will not be slow to work upon the English mind, and adduce the child-like uncertainty of their disposition as a proof of the unreasonableness of their opinion. They, therefore, must be the greatest enemies of their country, who would drag it through the mire, in order to gratify their selfish ends or partizan feelings. With what force, we ask again, can those, who assembled at Shobha Bazar a year and half ago to condemn the political proclivities of a British judge now come forward, and justify the same proclivities, and vote him an address of thanks? With what decency can they ask the same Judge to receive an Address at their hands, who told the Revd. Mr. Long, at the famous *Nil Durpan* trial, to "tear into pieces, and throw to the winds" the "Address" which the Native community had presented to the Reverend Gentleman expressive of their sense of respect for him? The promoters of the proposed demonstration of course know best their own mind, and if they owe any personal obligations to the retiring Judge for the repression of crime, they are quite welcome to express to him their gratitude in the best way they can. We entreat the nation not to identify itself with the small knot of selfish narrow-minded, ill-informed, and unpatriotic sycophants. If our countrymen have any regard for English opinion and for their own interests, let them ponder well before they commit themselves to an act, which will brand them before the civilized world as a parcel of children, capricious and thoughtless, and which will give their enemies an effective handle to injure their best interests and prospects.

(From the *Hindoo Patriot*, 10th August, 1863.)

SIR MORDAUNT WELLS AND THE VERNACULAR PRESS.—In a late issue we stated that the true leaders of Native society do not sympathise with, and will not join, the proposed hole and corner movement to address Sir Mordaunt Wells. In the present issue we propose to indi-

cate Native public opinion on the subject as expressed through the medium of the Press.

* * * * *

The *Shome Prokash*, the *Saturday Review* of the Vernacular Press, ridicules the idea of an address to Sir Mordaunt Wells, and observes :

“ We have stated above that two or three wealthy Natives contemplate this movement. But what will the community at large, particularly the educated classes do? Will they bring disgrace on their country by joining the promoters of this discreditable, not to say dishonest movement? The people of this country are daily winning golden opinions for good sense, and will they not by this proceeding forfeit those golden opinions? Is it worthy of sensible men to vote commendatory addresses to those who are utterly unworthy of the same? * * * Sir Mordaunt has all the imperfections of a mind that is unsteady and impulsive, and it is owing to this only that evil-doers fear him so much. In conclusion we declare it emphatically, that taking what Sir Mordaunt Wells is, he does not in the least deserve an address.”

The *Probakur*, one of the oldest and well-known vernacular papers in Bengal, assures us that “ it has not changed its oft-expressed opinion with regard to Sir Mordaunt Wells, though it admits that Sir Mordaunt since the Shobha Bazaar meeting, has conducted himself with more propriety than hitherto.” Our contemporary then proceeds :

“ Sir Mordaunt Wells has come to this country pretty long enough, but he has not beyond simply discharging the duties of his office done a single act for which the community at large might feel an obligation to him. The people of this country will never forget the services which Sir William Jones, Sir Edward Hyde East, Sir Edward Ryan, Sir John Peter Grant, Sir Lawrence Peel, Sir James Colville rendered to them by promoting the cause of education and endeavouring to ameliorate their general condition. Those services are engraved in their memory like marble inscriptions. But far from joining any movement for the good of the Natives, he did not even by way of encouragement preside at the public exhibition in any school. No comparison can, therefore, hold good with the above-named honored Judges of the Supreme Court.”

The *Dacca Prokash*, the most intelligent provincial paper in Bengalee, says :

“We entirely disapprove of the movement contemplated by some of our countrymen to present a farewell address to Sir Mordaunt Wells. Public addresses would lose their value, if Sir Mordaunt Wells were honored with an address. Sir Mordaunt is not crying for an address from the “niggers” of this country. Nor does he attach any value to an address from Natives. Otherwise why should he have told the Revd. Mr. Long “to tear the Native address into pieces and throw it to the winds?” Have the people of this country forgotten that stinging reproach? If not, with what face do they now come forward with an address to the same Sir Mordaunt? Would they not feel insulted, should Sir Mordaunt Wells “tear into pieces” their address? Why seek and solicit such insult? We think those who have self-respect, who have the least regard for their country, will, without doubt, listen to our word.”

The *Bharat Poridurshun*, a new Bengalee weekly, conducted with ability, observes :

“We have been not a little surprized to hear that efforts are being made to present a farewell address to Sir Mordaunt Wells, to him who denounced the whole nation as a nation of perjurers and forgers, who followed one standard of justice for the European and another for the Native, and to protest against whose conduct the elite of the Native community met not long ago, at the Hall of Rajah Radhakant Bahadoor. If public addresses are presented to any and every body without discrimination, where will then be the importance of such documents? * * * Not only will such indiscriminate addresses have no value, but foreigners will begin to think that the people of Bengal have no independent opinion of their own, that they cannot discriminate a worthy from an unworthy man. Let those who propose addressing Sir Mordaunt Wells, re-call to mind the past proceedings of Sir Mordaunt.”

Comments on the above are superfluous. It is enough for the new admirers of Sir Mordaunt to know that the entire Native Press, English and Bengalee, with only two exceptions, is opposed to their movement. This singular unanimity of opinion in the Native Press is as remarkable as it is important.

(From the *Hindoo Patriot*, 17th August, 1863.)

Last week we placed before our readers the opinion of the Native Press on the proposed movement to address Sir Mordaunt Wells.

We take this opportunity to draw their attention to the opinion of the leading journal of India on this subject, we mean the *Times of India* :

“ An effort is being made by the *Englishman* and others, we observe, in Calcutta, to get up a testimonial to Sir Mordaunt Wells. The Native community, we trust, will not be weak enough to be cajoled into such a movement. No English judge of his time has created such wide-spread scandal, or done so much mischief. His conduct has reflected disgrace on the whole English Bench of Calcutta. ”

The words are few but strong. Our countrymen justly entertain a high regard for the opinions of the *Times of India*. Whether it was in the Sepoy Mutiny, the Indigo revolution, or the struggle of the Natives for equal law and equal justice, the *Times of India*, notwithstanding much personal obloquy and vituperation to which it was systematically subjected by the organs of the “free and independent” Britons, consistently supported the Native cause, and stood by the Native through good report and evil report. It was from no partizan feeling or motives of private interest this support was so freely rendered. It was the intrinsic merits of the cause of the millions which led this staunch advocate of truth and justice to brave temporary unpopularity with his countrymen in order to serve the weak, the oppressed, and the aggrieved. When, therefore, such a disinterested friend and supporter warns our countrymen against being “cajoled” into the proposed movement, we sincerely and earnestly hope that they will take his advice to heart.

As for the proposed address, much as we regret the occasion which has compelled us to protest against it, we fear it will be far from agreeable either to the giver or to the receiver, to exchange the compliment. After the singularly unanimous protest on the part of the Native Press, and the undisguised expression of opinion of the leading journal of all India, it cannot be pleasing to Sir Mordaunt Wells, we presume, to receive an assurance of Native gratitude which owes its origin evidently to faction. It were indeed much to be wished for his sake that on the eve of his departure his name should not have been so freely handled on the pretext of at best a questionable honor.

(From the *Hindoo Patriot*, 24th August, 1863.)

SIR MORDAUNT WELLS AND THE PRESS.—The Press of Bombay, European and Native, has been warmly discussing the propriety of giving a testimonial to Sir Mordaunt Wells. The *Times of India* has again expressed itself strongly on the subject :

“The *Englishman* is making desperate efforts to get up a testimonial to that excellent judge, Sir Mordaunt Wells. No judge that ever sat on the English Bench has equalled the great mountebank of Calcutta, we are to understand, either in the accuracy or the rapidity of his judgments. If the Native community of Calcutta wish to stultify themselves completely, they will be cajoled into presenting the Great Sir Mordaunt with a testimonial. The sooner he is out of India the better for every interest connected with the country.”

The *Bombay Saturday Review* has only a single sentence on the subject, which is as follows :

“The proposal to raise a testimonial to Sir Mordaunt Wells in Calcutta ought not to be encouraged, for although Sir Mordaunt has deserved well of the public, it offends one’s ideas of judicial dignity and impartiality to present a judge with a testimonial for doing his duty.”

This single sentence is both expressive and significant. The *Reviewer* has been a steady supporter of Sir Mordaunt Wells, belongs to what is called the party of “free and independent Britons,” and is openly opposed to the Native interest, and this journalist is deliberately of opinion that the proposed movement should not be “encouraged.” “It offends one’s ideas of judicial dignity and impartiality,” observes the writer, “to present a judge with a testimonial for doing his duty.” Such is the opinion of a friend and supporter of Sir Mordaunt—not the dictate of factious opposition or blind prejudice. Let those who are so ambitious of distinguishing themselves by this “capital” political movement as they flatter themselves it is, take note of the universal protest, and consider how far they will serve the national interest by such a suicidal move. We hope ample time has elapsed for the effervescence of their partizan zeal and for common sense to re-assert its sway.

The *Rast Goftar*, one of the chief Native Papers of Bombay, distinguished for its out-spokenness, has a characteristic article on the subject, which we copy in its entirety for the benefit of some of our contemporaries :

“There wages, at Calcutta, a furious paper war at present, and the claims of Sir Mordaunt Wells to an address from the Bengalees, are warmly discussed. In the last number of the *Patriot* now before us, there is on the subject an article a yard long, wherein the writer sums up the merits and the demerits of the retiring Judge, and clearly proves that it is not from the Bengalees that he ought to have an “address.” And herein we concur with him. The address would sit most ungracefully on those who give, and on him who takes it. Sir Mordaunt Wells’s judicial career in this country was one bitter harangue against the Natives. Wholesale denunciations against native honesty and native morality—the choicest Billingsgate, so much in vogue amongst the “free and independent” journalists—formed the staple of his rhetoric from the bench. Surely, his judicial decisions as far as we had opportunities to judge of them, were not affected by his prejudices—at least not to any extent worth noticing. If, as the *Patriot* says—in punishing crimes, “he seemed to follow one standard for the native and another for the European”—we will at least be charitable enough to imagine that he but followed the fashion of the times. Nay, another excuse is not wanting. Convinced as Sir Mordaunt Wells seemed to be of the moral worth of all Europeans, he perhaps thought, a slight punishment was sufficient for one of them. The case of natives was of course different, and it may be, that the worthy judge while severely punishing a sable delinquent, meant it all for his future welfare. But then for all that, the very idea of voting him an address simply because as a Judge he was not dishonest, is queer enough. We might with equal propriety think of voting an address to our coachman for driving us to our place, without upsetting the carriage. The Judge’s duty was to administer justice, and justice means impartiality. What he did was but his duty, and nothing more. And therefore an address to him, we repeat, would be queer enough. But, that it should proceed from the Baboos at Calcutta,—nay, from any one who calls himself a native of India, is incongruous in the extreme; and not only incongruous but calculated to produce contempt in the minds of even the most charitably disposed—contempt towards those who could have the front to give a florid address, to the very same individual whom but two years ago, they had represented as unfit for holding high judicial office—and contempt towards him who could condescend to receive an address from those whom he more than once branded as a race of perjurers and forgers.

But the effect, that such a course of proceedings is likely to produce in England, ought to be well considered. What would the *English* public think of a people who to use a nursery phrase "cry with one eye and laugh with the other?" What weight are they likely to give in future, to the complaints of a race so fickle? It is all very good to "forget and forgive." But the doctrine carried to excess, is incompatible with all our ideas of manliness and self-respect, qualities without which humanity would be degraded to the level of brutes. We may not resent an injury; we may only *try* to forget it. But in a case like the present, after wafting bitter complaints, thousands of miles across the seas—to parise the very hand that smote would be an instance, unparalleled in the annals of suicidal folly. Let us assure our fellow subjects at Calcutta, that it is not by sycophancy and turn-coat-ism that they will gain the good will and respect of our rulers. These are qualities which always have the hearty contempt of all honest men amongst them."

The *Probhakur* has again come out with its protest against the proposed movement. The concluding portion of our vernacular contemporary's article, which we give below, is suggestive. The following is the draft address which our contemporary has framed for the benefit of the admirers of Sir Mordaunt :

"SIR,—We were much distressed at the wholesale denunciation of the Natives as a nation of perjurers and forgers, in which you unhappily indulged yourself on the Bench, and aggrieved at this, most of us attended the meeting which was held at the mansion of Rajah Radhakant Bahadoor, and signed the petition against you, which was adopted at that meeting, but we have been exceedingly gratified to notice that since the reprimand which you received from Sir Charles Wood on the Shoba bazar petition, you have given up the bad habit of calumniating the Natives, and for this we request your acceptance of this assurance of our gratitude."

We commend the above to the earnest consideration of the concoctors of the contemplated address. It is decidedly a model in its way—short but sweet.

(From the *Hindoo Patriot*, 31st August, 1863.)

"THE INDIAN EMPIRE, by way of compliment we suppose, calls the promoters of the Address to Sir Mordaunt Wells, "educated block-heads among the Native community."

THE *Times of India* in reproducing a portion of our article in which we endeavoured to indicate the effect which the proposed testimonial to Sir Mordaunt Wells would have in England, observes: "The *Hindoo Patriot* is right in expressing these sentiments boldly. If the Native community of Calcutta allow itself to be cajoled into presenting a testimonial to Sir Mordaunt Wells, it will become utterly contemptible in European eyes."

Notwithstanding the friendly warning which has been given from all parts of the country, the highly intelligent admirers of Sir Mordaunt Wells, whom an English contemporary calls "educated block-heads among the Native community," are determined to dig a grave for national credit and character. They have put in circulation the proposed address to their judicial idol. "Fools will rush in where angels fear to tread;" but we have this satisfaction, that the section which has resolved upon this suicidal act has at no time taken a leading part in political movements, or manifested public spirit in any national undertaking. The moving spring of action in these men has been the currying the favor of those in power. Their present movement is, therefore, of a piece with the general tenor of their existence. As for ourselves we have done our duty. We have had to incur the bitterest displeasure of those whom we once regarded as friends, and to bear endless obloquy, calumny, and back-biting, the orthodox weapons of factious opposition. But in the discharge of public duty we could not stoop to consider the claims of friendship or personal convenience. The national credit for character, good sense, and political consistency, was at stake, and no consideration, of however personal moment, could wean us from the path of duty. If, however, we have not been able to restrain the blind friends of Sir Mordaunt from the *suttee* or self-immolation, which they are resolved to inflict on themselves, we have the satisfaction to observe that the really intelligent and the best portion of the Native community do not sympathize with the selfish sycophants who have set on foot the proposed movement. It is also not a little satisfactory to us to know that England will know that the movement is entirely sectional, and owes its origin to the most insignificant section of the Native community. We are not aware whether the friends of Sir Mordaunt Wells will vote him a testimonial, but if they do, we hope they will

first of all secure two portraits of Sir Mordaunt, that is, one exhibiting him as a Judge of the late Supreme Court abusing the Natives, and pronouncing judgment on the *Nil Durpun* Case, with the following words inscribed underneath, "the Reverend gentleman (Mr. Long) should have torn the address of the Native community into pieces, and thrown it to the winds;" and the other exhibiting him as a Judge of the High Court hugging to his bosom the proposed address from a section of the "same bad set." They may invite posterity to "look on this picture and on this!" when posterity will, the reader may imagine, say,————— (let the reader, if he pleases, fill up the blank with the memorable words which Lord Gough uttered in a post-prandial euloge on Lord Hardinge after the Chillinwallah battle, when in the midst of his eloquent preroration he was interrupted by his sirdar bearer pulling the tail of his coat.)

(From the *Phoenix*, 9th September, 1863.)

* * * * *

A hot-headed, but agreeable and most honorable English gentleman, Sir Mordaunt Wells, carries from these shores the good wishes of every grade of society. Of his merits as a judge, there are more opinions than one, there being a party who hold him to have been one of the best judges India has had, and another party which considers him to have been one of the worst, which after all is not saying or thinking anything very bad, for against even Sir Elijah Impey no case has ever been made out. The one party is the Ultra British, the other the Ultra Native, and from no one of either, have we ever heard a word fall that could be construed into a doubt of Sir Mordaunt Wells's judicial conscientiousness. The worst we have ever heard alleged against him, was that, by idiosyncrasy, he was unfitted to adjudicate in cases of a tendency to excite his very excitable sympathies. By disposition honestly pugnacious himself, Sir Mordaunt Wells was almost certain on the bench to exhibit a tendency to pugnacity in behalf of the plaintiff or defendant, his sympathies led his judgment to think had been oppressed or wronged. In political or sensational trials, it was a moral impossibility that Sir Mordaunt Wells's judgment, and manner of delivering a judgment, should fail to thoroughly gratify one of the parties to the suit: and

there has scarcely ever been a suit of such a description, in which the judgment of a calm, dispassionate, wise, and discriminating Judge, would not fall on the ears of both plaintiff and defendant as disappointing, though more so to the losing than to the winning part. The Judge who fully gratifies either party in a political trial, may be a learned judicial and most conscientious man, but, (experience has established) is out of place on the bench. The office of the Judge is not to give complete victory to plaintiff or to defendant, but to give carefully, jealously-meted justice to the party entitled to it. We shall illustrate what we mean by a reference to the *Nil Durpun* case. There is no question that the publication of the translation of that wretched thrash by the Rev. Mr. Long constituted a libel against the Planting community, and that no option was left the Judge but to find Mr. Long guilty of libel. But to any other Judge of the Supreme Courts, but the Judge of the peculiar idiosyncrasy who presided at the trial, would it also have appeared plain, as noon-day, that Mr. Long's object in circulating the pamphlet, was not to defame the Planters, but to show the ill-effect on the native mind, their high-handed proceedings were producing. We feel emboldened from what we have seen of their public conduct to express it as our conviction that had either of the then Chief Justices of Madras and Bombay presided at the Long trial, he would, though acquiescing in the verdict of guilty by the jury, have considered, an admonition from the bench, and a decree, that the defendant should remain in custody until the rising of the Court, ample punishment for the culpable indiscretion which had been proved against him, and of which he had been convicted. Equally conscientious, but with a mind less nicely balanced, and altogether less fitted for judicial work, Sir Mordaunt Wells inflicted the perfectly legal punishment of imprisonment in a felon's jail. Is there now a man of any party in India who does not regret that punishment was inflicted, and who does not perceive it might without the slightest injury to justice, or to the majesty of the law, have been withheld?

We might in similar judicial spirit test more than one other judgment of Sir Mordaunt Wells, but it would be but the same tune over again, but a repetition of germane stricture, rendered necessary by the homogeneity of the cases. Our judgment of Sir Mordaunt Wells is correct.

Vigor, spirit, the fire, if not the garb of eloquence, are his; but to nobody, whoever saw his unquiet eye on the bench, did that eye re-call Blindfolded Justice; nor could his animation at such moments have suggested to any that his were the fittest hands to hold the scales which that Goddess is supposed to carry instead of a sun-shade.

It has been said in some one or other of the Indian journals, that Sir Mordaunt Wells's future in England will be similar to that of several other Colonial Judges, who, resigning the bench, returned to England to resume practice, but could not obtain it. We think very differently. Sir Mordaunt Wells possesses all the ability, all the qualifications requisite to make him one of the first advocates of the day at home. That very hot fluency,—sometimes seeming almost eloquence—which is his, is admirably fitted to run away with the judgment of any twelve ordinary English jurors, and we entertain no doubt, that if Sir Mordaunt resumes practice at Home, great wealth and great professional fame as an advocate may be his. Crowded Courts will listen with admiration to his spirited addresses, and amazed Judges puzzle their brains, and in vain, to solve the knotty problem of how such a fiery, ardent, bold, and unsparing advocate, could have contrived to wear the ermine for a month without producing a catastrophe. And not only in the Law Courts, but in the English Senate—where, it may be necessary to remark, the tip-top leaders of party do the thinking,—is Sir Mordaunt Wells likely to make a figure. We fully expect to yet hear of him as one of the fighting men in parliamentary debate, terrible on those exciting internal questions, about which the diplomatists of Continental Europe have never heard, and which are incubated in the Home Office and not in the Cabinet Council, unless indeed they rise to the rank of efforts to reform Parliament, and so cease to be "Parish." Amid such scenes Sir Mordaunt Wells, honorable, lively-minded English gentleman as he is, will be in his true element. He was born to fight in the ranks of party, and when fairly enlisted in those ranks, is just the man to give and take hard raps and stunning blows, and to come out of the conflict with some credit to himself, even though covered with scars. On the bench his peculiar talents were thrown away, and putting him there, was turning his abilities to bad use. Just as well have made a missionary of the present Sir Robert Peel, or a Trappist of Dr. Cumming.

(From the Indian Banner.)

SIR MORDAUNT WELLS AND NATIVE PUBLIC OPINION.—The Calcutta Baboos are now just going to commit themselves by a fatal error, which will speak neither in favour of their brains nor their moral sense, and a Bengalee contemporary is blindly upholding them in their foolish course. Our readers, we believe, do not require to be informed that the Calcutta Judge, Sir Mordaunt Wells, is closing his judicial career, and is now on the eve of his departure from this land ; and as is usual with reference to retiring greatness, it is proposed to vote to him an address. That the English planters, whom Sir Mordaunt Wells so ably supported in their oppression of the Ryots ; and that the English merchants and Englishmen in general whom Sir Mordaunt Wells was ready to prove superior to the Natives, should propose an address and even vote a testimonial to him, is by no means strange ; but that the Natives of Calcutta, who represented him only the other day as an invidious judge, and asked for his re-call to England, should think of such a step seems to us highly strange, if not most ridiculous. It was Sir Mordaunt Wells, who repeatedly said that the Natives were a nation of liars and perjurers ; it was Sir Mordaunt Wells, who repeatedly harangued from the bench that it was but an unwise law of the land that deprived him the pleasure of gazing at Native ladies in the Court ; it was Sir Mordaunt Wells, who constantly exemplified in judicial decisions that there was one law of punishment for the Natives and another for the Europeans ; and it was Sir Mordaunt Wells who openly rebuked the Revd. Mr. Long for receiving an address of such a degraded nation as the Natives of India, and expressed himself that he should be the first individual to tear it off in contempt for their habitual lies and forgeries. These are grand qualifications for an address indeed ! We always thought the people of Calcutta had better sense and greater public spirit than we have in Bombay—at any rate, we thought of Calcutta Native journalism to be sufficiently public-spirited to unanimously condemn any move to vote an address to a Judge of Sir Mordaunt Wells's stamp, who had never felt any restraint in injuring the Native cause and violating Native feelings. It is not for one injury or one instance of the violation of judicial gravity and impartiality that we have to arraign Sir Mordaunt Wells : our plea has *many* counts. One we may forgive and even forget ; but it is moral depravity to overlook a series of injuries. The man, who

feels nothing at a number of wrongs done to him, is assuredly void of the highest principles of human nature, and yet the *Bengalee*—a Calcutta Native English paper—most carelessly runs down all who oppose any testimonial movement to Sir Mordaunt Wells. We never expected any Native brother of the pen imbued, with such an obliquity of mental vision as is apparent in the *Bengalee's* uncalled-for caricature of right-thinking men. The tone is highly contemptible ; and but for our knowledge of the real position of the Journal, we could scarcely have believed such a severe and pretending article as emanating from Native pen, which would cry down all those, who dissuade their countrymen from adopting such a foolish and self-condemnatory course, as “ feeble minds ” and as persons having “ only one feeling—viz., Revenge ! ” We give the entire article elsewhere in our columns, and our readers will form their own judgment about it, whether such writings are at all creditable (in the moral sense) to a Native writer. The harshness of the tone adopted against the just reasoners and advisers to the Native inhabitants of Calcutta, would lead any one even to suspect the *motive* of the writer, though we should be the last individual in the world to ascribe any unworthy object to any Native English writer.

While we are just writing this article, we receive the last issue of the *Patriot*, in which our contemporary extracts the opinions of all the Native organs on the question of the proposed movement to vote an address to Sir Mordaunt Wells. We find from these extracts that with the exception of the *Bengalee* and a vernacular paper, all the Native English and vernacular journals of Calcutta, are opposed to the movement. Let our contemporary add the testimony of our humble organ as well as *all* the Native vernacular papers of Bombay and even the *Times of India* against the *Bengalee* and the *Bhaskar*. We do not know whether Sir Mordaunt Wells is a gentleman of strict consistency or not ; but if he is, we are sure he will hold it a degradation to receive any testimonial from the Native community. He had advised in a full Court the Rev. Mr. Long to *tear off* the address voted to him ; and we do not know whether he will take this advice to himself on the present occasion. If he does, what chagrin waits for the voters of the address ? Let our countrymen of Calcutta weigh this question well before they undertake any anti-national step.

The consequences which will tell in England on any Native address to Sir Mordaunt Wells, will be fatal to India and its people. The good people of England will from this begin to think of us only as men without moral consistency, and henceforth little weight will be attached to any Native demonstration in England. What would any court think of a person or body of persons, who prosecutes to its bar a prisoner, denouncing him in no measured terms at one time, and at another speaking of him most eulogistically? Yet the position of those of our Calcutta people, who are ready to vote an address to Sir Mordaunt Wells, is the position of such a contemptible prosecutor.

It seems that the Natives, who are about to vote an address to Sir Mordaunt Wells, are some of the rich *Shetias* of Calcutta. The *Shetias*, it would thus seem, are everywhere in India the most dangerous of India's sons. Years ago, when the late Dr. Buist, who had proved himself here even worse than Sir Mordaunt Wells, was about to leave Bombay for high appointment at Calcutta, one or two of our highest Native families voted him a handsome testimonial. We believe he had a good long purse from one of them—he, who called the Natives of India, from the highest to the lowest, to be a set of liars, perjurers, and rebels at heart—he, who even called on the Government of India to carnage the land “with the deluge of scorpions.” Historical events return in cycles, and though the circumstance is insignificant in itself, yet if we look upon it as an historical event, some of the *Shetias* of Calcutta must now exhibit the folly of their Bombay brethren.

(From the *Ryot's Friend*, 9th September, 1863.)

SIR MORDAUNT WELLS.—The idea first conceived in the hot brains of some of our eccentric townsmen that Sir Mordaunt Wells has rendered immense service to the country has gained circulation amongst not a few of the illiterate herd of this city, and they all intend to honour the Puisne Judge with an address on the eve of his departure from India. With what grace the Judge will receive such an address remains to be seen. Conscientiously believing that the Hindoos are a race of perjurers and forgers, he cannot commit himself by accepting as true the statements of the address-givers, nor can he lavish praise upon the soi-distant leaders of the Native community, what Rajah Kalikrishna

and his associates in vain pretend to be, after having repeatedly vilified them as perjurers and forgers. He must either quit his admirers with a simple acknowledgment of their address, and a few formally courteous words, or if he speaks in the language of his heart, which we believe he assuredly will, he must give them distinctly to understand that he accepts their praise with reservation—in the same light as he would receive an eulogistic letter emanating from condemned but repentant criminals. He will perhaps wish his “address-givers” to show by their actions that they have learned to conduct themselves as gentlemen. But will such an expression of his desire be palatable to Rajah Kalikrishna and his associates? However the spectacle of giving an address to Sir Mordaunt and his returning a reply thereto will be really ludicrous, and we earnestly entreat our readers to witness and enjoy the fun. If it be strictly enjoined not to admit out-siders, we sincerely implore them to twist a little their conscience and bribe the peons to get a sight of it. But joke apart, can such a course of action, as Rajah Kalikrishna intends to follow, entitle him to be recognised any more even as the nominal leader of the British Indian Association—an Association which took the charge of sending up a memorial to the Secretary of State for India, expressive of the dissatisfaction of the whole Hindoo community at the judicial conduct of Mordaunt Wells? A mock sense of delicacy should not prevent the Members of the Association from dissevering all connection with the Rajah. He who can sacrifice national honor deserves not a moment to be honored by the nation. We hope the members will take our hints in right earnest. Representing as we do a large section of the educated Hindoo Community, we make bold to say that the Association will cease to command the degree of respect they do at present command of the community if they continue to honor the Rajah as their President after he had presented an address to Sir Mordaunt Wells.

Since writing the above, the sweepings of the Native community headed by a few educated blockheads and two popularity-hunting Rajahs have sacrificed their national honor and reputation for consistency at the shrine of Sir Mordaunt Wells. The address which they presented to the Puisne, on Saturday evening, is quite in keeping with the taste of the blockheads who presented it. It is a tissue of fulsome adulation. It opens with an unblushing though indirect allusion to the sort of relationship which had all along existed between Sir Mordaunt and the

native community, and which relationship, to the credit of Sir Mordaunt be it said, he latterly tried to modify, with the object of earning the golden opinions of the native community. His crowning attempt in this direction was rather a little too clever. Our readers need not be told that we allude to the stump oratory with which he shocked the Indian Public in the late Hemnauth Bose case. It was a despicable attack on the philanthropic missionaries who have crossed seas and oceans to diffuse the light of knowledge and Christianity in this benighted land. One act of indiscretion was made a handle of to fling the weapons of ridicule and contumely at the whole missionary body in India. Our readers may be aware it was this savage onslaught of Sir Mordaunt which brought about the last illness of the Revd. Dr. Duff,—an illness which had well nigh proved fatal, and which will soon compel the Revd. Gentleman to close his philanthropic labours in the cause of our regeneration—and yet this last bid of the demagogue-judge for popularity has proved successful with the illiterate herd of our community. The performer on the bench whose judicial feats were calculated to damage the cause of Christianity must be the God of Justice Incarnate—Daniel himself undergoing the process of transmigration to adorn the bench of the Calcutta High Court. So reason the admirers and puffers of Sir Mordaunt!! But seriously speaking, how could some educated natives join in the suicidal movement of honoring him. As regards the billiard-playing and sloke-reading Rajahs we can afford to pity if not forgive them. Poor men! they are not aware of the national dishonor of which they have been the unconscious cause by heading this movement. But we repeat how could some educated natives take a part in it? The same hands that subscribed to his condemnation have raised Sir Mordaunt to the skies. The same tongues that denounced him in unmeasured terms have licked the dust of his feet! Alas for the consistency of these educated blockheads! They have dug the grave of their national honor; would that they too were buried with it.

But if the address be a tissue of fulsome adulation, the preparation to it is a tissue of unblushing misrepresentations. What did Rajah Kalikrishna mean by saying to Sir Mordaunt that Rajah Radhakant was not present to do him honor because of his illness? The letter of Rajah Radhakant which was published in a late issue of the *Patriot*, is a sufficient refutation of this assertion.

(From the Hindoo Patriot, 14th September, 1863.)

RAJAH KALIKRISHNA AND Co.'s ADDRESS TO SIR MORDAUNT WELLS.—
 There is an old Bengalee proverb which says, that "those who have one ear cut, pass outside the village, but those who have both ears cut, pass through and through the village." The same may be said of the "educated blockheads" of our community, who, callous to all feelings of self-respect and propriety, came forward, Saturday last, to greet with expressions of gratitude a Judge, who had aimed a deadly blow at their national character, and inveighed in a court of justice against the crime of color. The friends of native progress, who sympathize with the political aspirations of our countrymen, may justly regret this out-burst of old-world ignorance and folly, but we assure them they will have less cause for regret when they look into the personnel of this movement, the real springs of actions amongst them, and the manner in which these accomplished their end. It is beside our purpose to enquire what deal of pressure was brought on particular individuals to extort their signatures to the address,—whether a pseudo-religious character was feigned for the move before those who could not be persuaded on any other pretext to be a party to national suicide—whether a dread of family estrangement was conjured up before others who were too wide-awake not to have been able to discriminate sycophancy from gratitude—whether a new edition of the Shoba bazaar meeting of 1861 was improvized to blindfold others who did not much bother their heads about political agitation—whether the legitimate influence of private friendship was not abused to compass the grand selfish end in view—or to make like impertinent enquiries. Two things are plain which any body may read as he runs. *First*, the originators of the address were compelled in the absence of names which would pass muster in European estimation to resort to the far Mofussil and import Rajahs and Rajahlings, at different stages of discretion, whose names for the first time we notice in public, and whose obsolete titles, our highly sagacious friends must have imagined, would do duty for intelligence, public spirit, good sense; and what not. *Secondly*, the promoters of this demonstration must have felt themselves so strong of their cause that they dispensed with the vulgar constitutional form of public meeting. And, to be candid, their proceeding did not deserve, and perhaps would not bear, wider publicity

than the holes and corners of the south-end of Shobha bazaar. Rajah Kilikrishna & Co. could not certainly acquiesce in the sophism that discussion would elicit truth. They were above the *un*-aristocratic mode of canvassing a public object at a public assemblage. Perhaps they delighted, we shall not say constitutionally, in hole and corner movements. But we have grave doubts whether the people of England will be satisfied with this hole and corner affair. When the natives condemned the unjudicial conduct of Sir Mordaunt Wells in 1861, they did so at a monster meeting, the like of which had never been beheld in Calcutta. The palatial hall of the leader of native society was thrown open, and hundreds and thousands of natives rushed into that magnificent hall to put on record their united protest against the unworthy and unconstitutional conduct of Sir Mordaunt Wells on the bench. Are the people of England now to believe that a protest which was sent forth by a nation is countermanded by a section? Are they to believe that a protest which was recorded at a public meeting is countermanded by a patch-up in private chambers? A public address to a Judge is not like a certificate to a broker by a knot of tradesmen, or to a servant by a Joint stockery. We only wonder that a Judge, brought up in the atmosphere of English politics, should have stooped to the degradation of accepting what was in effect a private certificate for good conduct. We do not certainly envy the lot of Sir Mordaunt. He must have known in the heart of his heart what value to set upon the "certificate." He must have remembered that the spokesman of the deputation which waited on him, on Saturday last, was the veritable being who presided at the monster meeting of Shobha bazaar, the memory of which was indelibly engraved on his mind. Keen-sighted as he was, he could not have failed, we believe, to admire the audacity of this spokesman of his highly intelligent admirers when he broadly asserted in his opening address that "the serious and protracted illness of my worthy cousin, Rajah Radhakant Bahadoor, has prevented us from communicating with him on the subject of this address,"* as much as to say that his "worthy cousin" would have joined the movement, had he not been ill, con-

* Could not any one of the three sons of the "worthy cousin" be "communicated with?"—P. D.

veniently forgetting the letter of the "worthy cousin" to the Assistant Secretary to the British Indian Association (published in the papers) repudiating his sympathy with the movement and calling the hubbub raised about it as "puerilities not worth notice." Over and above that, we can assure the public, as we are in a position to do so, that not only Rajah Radhakant did not sympathize with the movement, but more than once expressed his astonishment and disgust at the fatuity of the "cousins." We need hardly add that we can challenge Rajah Kalikrishna and Co. to contradict the statement we have made. Sectional as the movement thus was, it was singularly sectional—indeed an affair altogether as we have said at the outset, of Rajah Kalikrishna and Co. Far from the "worthy cousin" joining the movement, Rajah Kalikrishna's brothers also kept themselves aloof from it. Rajah Nurendra Krishna and Rajah Uporvakrishna, the only two brothers, who have of late been showing some public spirit, have had the good sense to keep their hands clean of this discreditable affair. Nor do we notice in the published list of subscribers the name of Rajah Komul Krishna.* Has it been knowingly suppressed or are we to understand that Rajah Komul Krishna was ashamed to avow publicly his sympathy with the folly of his senior. Be that as it may, it seems there is a singular want of unanimity among the members of the same family on this subject. Of course the public have nothing to do with the likes and dislikes of members of a particular family to a particular public man, but it is an index to outside feeling on the subject, which the public will not fail to appreciate.

It is due to Rajah Kalikrishna and Co. to state what measure of sympathy they obtained amongst their countrymen in this matter. We have already observed that the brothers of the "worthy" Rajah have left him alone in the ditch. As for other really intelligent, influential, and leading natives, those who are known in England, and whose leadership our countrymen are accustomed to follow, we may say that not one of them joined the movement. Not one member of the Bengal Council, not one member of the Committee of the British Indian Association, save Rajah Kalikrishna's glorious self, not more than half a

* But what of that? Did not Rajah Kalikrishna's grand-son, never mind he was a school-boy, who was a "prominent figure in the group" of the deputation, supply the place of his "worthy cousin and brothers?"—P. D.

dozen Native Justices, and these too of the fashionable milk and water composition, out of a body of forty, lent the authority of their names to this hole and corner affair. As some shrewd observers, who were among Rajah Kilikrishna and Co.'s deputation to Sir Mordaunt Wells, justly observed what did a public demonstration signify without the conventional leaders, the Suttish Chunders, Radhakants, Pertaup Chunders, Shuuto-shurns, Prosuno Coomars, Romanauths, Ramgopauls, the Mitters, &c? —names which are towers of strength. But not only they, but the entire thinking portion of the Native community showed their marked disapproval of the movement by one and all refusing to subscribe to the address. The Bar of the High Court, notwithstanding their close relationship with Sir Mordaunt Wells, maintained perfect independence in this matter. To the credit of the Mahomedan Community of Calcutta be it recorded they also kept themselves free of the company of kow-towing sycophants. Considerable political capital is attempted to be made of the participation of the Rajah of Burdwan and the Mullicks of Calcutta in this so-called public demonstration. We must candidly confess that these gentlemen are quite consistent. They did not commit the fatal error of taking a part in the Anti-Wells move of 1861. Indeed the salute-loving Rajah of Burdwan, the reader may remember, headed the vote of confidence with which the factious Europeans of Calcutta deemed it their duty to strengthen the position of their political supporter on the Bench after the Shobha-bazaar meeting, and what wonder that he should now head a like address? And why not? Did he not in the teeth of the opposition of the whole population of India to Mr. Wilson's Income-tax, come forward with a letter of support to him? Is he not always consistent in his opposition to the true interests of his native land? Indeed, salutes have peculiar charms upon certain minds. As for the Mullicks, the best of them, the only native correspondent in India, of such distinguished English statesmen as Lords Derby and Stanley, we mean Baboo Rajendro Mullick, was not one of Rajah Kalikrishna's company. We only regret that Baboo Heralaul Seal, a shrewd man of business and considerable intelligence, one who could not at any rate be ignorant of the stuff of which Rajah Kalikrishna and Co. were made, should have had the weakness of once taking a false step. But we fear the pressure must have been too powerful even for his strong mind. We hope it was not a threat of family estrangement. A parade

has been made of the names of some Pundits, more or less dependent, we will not say on whom, but those who aimed at making capital of this parade evidently forgot that there was a Pundit by name Eswar Chunder Vydyasagur, a man who is respected equally in India and in Europe for learning, enlightenment, zeal in the cause of social reform, and public spirit, and that if the opinion of any Indian Pundit was worth anything on a public question, it was the opinion of Vydyasagur. But Vydyasagur was the prime mover of the Anti-Wells meeting. We do not however blame those who constitute component parts of Rajah Kalikrishna's Company. A class of our countrymen are sadly infected with a disease which we call in Bengalee "eye-shame," and if they have erred; it is from constitutional weakness—from a lack of moral courage to say "no" to a request.

We have gone into the above details to show to the English public how stands the position of the party which has brought this reproach on the national character of the natives. We have not space left to discuss the merits of the address or the reply. The address as might be expected is conceived in the superlative degree. Sir Mordaunt Wells was a veritable Daniel, or to quote Polonius "very like a whale." Sir Mordaunt was a laborious and painstaking-Judge—so is every village Moonsiff. Sir Mordaunt was just, so is every British Judge expected to be. Sir Mordaunt was impartial, that is between native and native and not otherwise. And for these extraordinary judicial qualities of Sir Mordaunt Wells, Rajah Kilikrishna and Co. are grateful beyond measure. With exemplary charity they throw a veil over the political wrongs which the nation sustained at his hands, the judicial damnation he dealt out to their countrymen, the race-antipathies which he imported on the Bench. But it is idle to find fault with men whose highest conception of Sir Mordaunt's merits is that he was an "Indian Cazeer." Indeed if ever they have spoken the truth in this matter, they have done so by likening their model Judge to an "Indian Cazeer." Sir Mordaunt's reply to the model address was of a piece with his past judicial harangues. It was entirely in the spirit of "alone I did it!" It was also highly complimentary to the address-givers. "By a firm and unflinching administration of the criminal law I have assisted in the suppression of crimes detrimental to the best interests of society." Translate this into plain

English and it means that "you are a criminal nation, I have suppressed crimes most prevalent amongst you, that is forgery and perjury, and I am glad you appreciate my labors." We leave Rajah Krikrishna & Co. to contemplate the highly honorable compliment with which their judicial idol has closed his connection with the natives of this country. As God has not however given them the vision to see, we will be plain and tell them that political suicide is not synonymous with political rivalry. Great "shaheb-worshippers" as they are, they may, which is however expecting too much of them, borrow a little of common sense from "master please."

One word more. Sir Mordaunt Wells will not, we can imagine, soon forget the natives of India, nor will the natives soon forget him. The career of Sir Mordaunt Wells is however pointed with a moral, which we would commend to the attention of future aspirants after native testimonials. If they value the public opinion of the "niggers," let them we say strive from the outset to enlist that opinion in their favor, and not hanker after it or tout for it through office clerks, as the close of their career approaches. As for Rajah Kalikrishna and Co., we conclude as we began by addressing them in the words of a proverb.—"Every dog has its day."

(From the Indian Field, 12th September, 1863.)

SIR MORDAUNT WELLS.—Men say that the age of miracles has long since gone by. We doubt very much, however, if such be their real belief. For our part, we confess to having a decided heterodoxical tendency in respect to this popular saying. We have our reasons, and good reasons too, for this, we hope, not unique tendency. For what can be more trustworthy than the testimony of one's own eyes? and when this testimony arrays itself against the established faith of the times, we care very little of the martyr's doom in proclaiming ourselves a heretic. So then we must declare to our readers our honest belief in the possibility of miracles in this advanced age of the world; and in hopes of making converts to our new faith, we beg to refer our readers to the most recent instance of a miracle wrought in the very heart of this metropolis. Our daily contemporaries have ere this announced how, this day last week, Sir Mordaunt Wells was presented with an address in the name of the

native community. Angels and Ministers of Grace defend us! Here miracle wrought almost to the entire bewilderment of our senses. On one side we find the vilified Natives weeping tears of gratitude to their vilifier, and on the other, the vilifier bending himself into an inverted 5 to receive a testimonial at the hands of the much-hated natives. This is a rare phenomenon indeed! and as we cannot account for it by the light of reason or experience, we are obliged, from a peculiar credulousness of disposition, to rank it with the preter-natural and the miraculous.

But to be serious. Sir Mordaunt returns home with his reputation well patched up. Two years back, he would have been hooted out of this country, not one man in a million wishing him to prolong his stay a day longer in India. But the tables are completely turned now, and if we were to believe what the admirers of the learned judge have said in their addresses to him, we should reckon him as the most popular judge that has ever left these shores for England. But we know ~~what~~ to believe, and what not. We believe Sir Mordaunt stood in great need of an address like the one presented to him by a small section of the Native community, to prepare for him a becoming reception in England, and remotely to help to the Chief Justiceship in the event of Sir Barnes Peacock's retirement. But we do not believe he deserved that honor from the natives, and much less all that has been said in his favor by his senseless eulogists. Our reasons for this we have clearly set forth in a former issue of this journal. We need only add here that the change in Sir Mordaunt's later conduct towards the natives is more to be ascribed to the wiggling he received from Sir Charles Wood than to any internal conviction as to the real worth of his native fellow-subjects. But even admitting that a new conviction had dawned upon him, Sir Mordaunt had still to establish his claims to the gratitude of the natives by voluntary and self-sacrificing acts of philanthropy. Has he done anything beyond the pale of his immediate judicial duties to deserve the thanks of the native community? Has he even so much as conciliated the outraged feelings of the nation—outraged by himself, a judge of the highest tribunal in the country, appointed to protect the morals of the people by every legal means, and not to damage their reputation in the eyes of foreigners by unauthorized and uncalled-

for remarks from the bench? On what then does his claim to native-gratitude rest? Probably his idiotic admirers will return a vacant stare instead of a reasonable answer.

The native gentlemen mostly concerned in presenting Sir Mordaunt with a farewell address, have been so far successful as to procure no less than 3,000 signatures to it. This success of theirs is worse than failure; for it has brought discredit on themselves, and has cast a stigma on the native character, which it may take a very long time to wipe off. Could infatuation go further than in those native gentlemen who have, by a single act of blind folly, humbled the whole nation before the eyes of foreigners? What will the people in England think of native consistency when it is so shamefully betrayed. Indeed it transcends our powers of comprehension to understand the motives of those silly men who have, in the name of their country, done precisely what was most repugnant to its feelings. Here as well as elsewhere the character of a nation ought to be most jealously guarded, and whoever, by foul means or by personal misconduct, endeavours to throw discredit on it, should be branded as a traitor and outlawed from society.

The native address to Sir Mordaunt is objectionable for more reasons than one. It pretends to embody the feelings of the whole community, whereas in reality it gives expression to those of a small section of it only. Those unacquainted with native sentiments may be easily deceived by the false pretensions of this address. We, therefore, take this early opportunity to assure our readers that never was a native movement so thoroughly sectional as the one for presenting Sir Mordaunt with a farewell address. In the printed list of names before us, said to have been attached to the address, we do not find the names of those active leaders of the native community, who have by their sincere love to their country, by truth, integrity, and enlightened loyalty, deservedly earned for themselves the lasting gratitude of their countrymen, and the respect of all persons interested in the cause of native civilization and good government in India. Neither is this all. The address is an indirect insult to all those eminent judges who had been ere this allowed to retire from this country without a parting tribute of respect and gratitude of the people. This circumstance ought to have impressed itself the more strongly on the minds of Sir Mordaunt's

admirers as they have, by simply applauding him for the conscientious discharge of his duties, brought the judicial conduct of Her Majesty's former judges in India into question. Besides, we find these blind admirers of the learned judge have, with a singular stretch of impudence, identified his services with the good effects of the new Procedures introduced into the Indian Courts for the better administration of justice. They have thus lavished on the judge the praises that are but strictly due to the legislator. This is, indeed, extolling the services of their model judge with a vengeance. We wonder very much why Sir Mordaunt has not been allowed the credit of the inestimable laws of England, simply because he had, in virtue of his office, the guardianship of those laws for some years in Bengal. In fact, never was an address presented to any public official so utterly devoid of all just and merited praise, as that offered to Sir Mordaunt Wells by his Native and European admirers. Nevertheless, Sir Mordaunt, with a singular self-complacency pocketed it, many even added a few particulars inadvertently omitted in the native address to establish his claim beyond dispute. Could conceit or impudence go farther?

(Translated from the Shomeprokash, 23rd Bhadur, 1270 B. S.)

SIR MORDAUNT WELLS has had a triumph at the time of his departure! He has had an address which will stay him in stead during his voyage home! This address, we hear, has been signed by some Suburno-burnicks of Calcutta, and by others of equal eminence, though belonging to the other classes. Calcutta is a sea, in which may be found precious metals and stones, as well as alligators and snails. Therefore it is no wonder that an address should be given from such a place. We should have thought that the address would not have travelled beyond the limits of Calcutta. But that is not the case. The address is being hawked from door to door, even in the villages. We have received a letter, on this subject, from a friend at Berhampore, from which we give an extract below. Let our readers read that extract and judge for themselves what reception the address has had.

"SIR,—I send you some amusing news. Rajah Kalikrishna Bahadur sent to Rajah Prosonno Narain Deb a copy of the address,

which he intends to present to Sir Mordaunt Wells, with a request that he would procure the signature of some of the people of this zillah. Agreeably to this request, Rajah Prosonno Narain signed the address himself, and got it subscribed to by Rajah Kirteechaund Bahadur and two rich Mahomedans. He then sent it round to his friend, Baboo Poolin Beharee Sein, in order to have it signed by the people of Berhampore. Baboo Poolin Beharee has signed it, and has got it signed by a few half-educated members of some pretty respectable families, and is now endeavouring to get it signed by others."

We suppose our readers recollect what we stated before, *viz.*, that certain persons, from spite alone, have come forward to head this movement. The letter from Berhampore quoted above, in a manner, confirms our statement. But we have to ask one question to the promoters of this movement. Is this the right way to revenge themselves upon their foes? This is what is called a wife's drinking ~~from~~ from the cup belonging to her husband's other wife!! The former think that her rival's cup will become unclean, by reason of its unclean contents, ~~but~~ in her anger she fails to perceive that she herself is drinking——!! But we have now a question to put to Sir Mordaunt Wells. What will he do with this address? Will he wear it as an amulet? Will he lock it up in his chest? or will he produce it before some association to increase his glory? On our part, we do not see he can produce it anywhere with advantage or glory to himself. Did he not say that the Revd. Mr. Long should have torn into pieces the address presented to the latter by the Natives of Bengal? And if so, will he not blush to produce an address presented to himself by some people of that very country? Sir Mordaunt Wells may know, that people don't tread on fire for fear of being burnt, but that they tread on ashes fearlessly. Men of honorable pride would rather incur death than abate or abandon that pride. This is an old Sanscrit saying, and those of our countrymen who appreciate the force of this saying, have not signed the address. Now, what is the weight, value, or significance of an address which has not been signed by such person. It is not at all difficult to get any thing signed by Bengalees, who lack honorable pride. In fact, there is a great difference between an address presented by men of strong minds, and that presented by men of weak minds.

(Translated from the *Shomeprokash*, 30th Bhadur, 1270, B. S.)

ADDRESS TO SIR MORDAUNT WELLS.—It will dispel the anxiety of our readers, to hear that the “two are separated.” On Saturday the 21st Bhadur (by the bye rather an inauspicious day,) the votaries of Wells presented the Address. Readers! you must, undoubtedly, be aware that one who is possessed by the demon of suicide, will, in spite of every care taken to save him, surely die. We have applied both mild and strong medicines to cure them of their address-giving mania, but they have all failed. However, the deputation meeting was a splendid scene!!! All at once, there was a gathering of a HUNDRED persons!!! of whom some had gone merely for fun’s sake. All those that were invited did not attend, many appeared by proxies. The meeting reminds us of a *Somunnoy*, (the ceremony of taking back an excommunicated party.) On the occasion of the *Somunnoy* two or four Munduls (village headmen) who were present, finding that although the day was far advanced, the invited Brahmins did not come, set out in different directions to catch them, and succeeded in capturing some. In the meantime, the heads of other Brahminical families chancing to hear that some of their family had fallen into the hands of the Munduls, escaped from the village through back-doors, but, nevertheless, the Munduls captured some of the children and dragged them to the scene of *Somunnoy*. The promoters of the address were in similiar predicament with the Munduls.

Thus much about the assemblage. Our readers will have learnt from our last week’s article how signatures to the address were procured. Now that the address has been presented, will the parties who signed it candidly confess why and wherefore they signed it? We cannot dive into other people’s hearts, and if we had any knowledge of the *muntras*, we would have been able to enlighten our readers, on the whys and wherefores.

Ah Bengal! Is this the proof that your children are well educated? Is such the maunliness, and such the independence of spirit? Oh! it is owing to these worthies, that you are so disrespectfully treated by foreigners. It is for this reason that your sister countries are in advance of you and you lie behind. Is it not a fact that yours is superior fertility? Don’t you know how to produce children possessing vigour, maunliness, and independence of mind? But it is no wonder

that your fertility is spent in other directions. It is because that the fertility of other countries is not spent in this direction, that their children become really healthy, vigorous, and spirited. It is an established fact, that when the extent of a river encroaches upon one bank, it loses on the other. Be that as it may, if you had life and intellect, we would have advised you not to conceive such unworthy children, and if you did conceive such children, then let them not breathe the breath of life for a moment after their birth.

Oh Address-givers ! on what consideration did you present the address to Sir Mordaunt. Has this act of yours enhanced the glory of your country ? Is it because that Sir Mordaunt often vilified your nation, that he is so much admired ? Is it to be understood that from henceforth the ability to abuse and vilify will come to be considered as a virtue in a judge, and would he, who could abuse, be considered worthy of being honored with a farewell address ?

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We have received three or four letters on this subject, one of which we publish below for the perusal of our readers. This letter reflects our own sentiments.

“MR. EDITOR,—Have you heard a curious tale ? A few individual Members of the society of Calcutta, arrogating to themselves the dignity of representatives of the Indian Native, (like self-constituted village headmen for whom the villagers don't care at all) presented an address to Sir Mordaunt, on Saturday, the 21st Bhadur. On that day Rajah Kalikrishna Bahadoor, with a few followers, entered the Grand Jury room in the Supreme Court. On Justice Wells, accompanied by Justice Norman, entering the room, Rajah Kalikrishna, after exchanging with the Justices a few words of ordinary courtesy, read out the address, and then presented it to the departing judge in a silver box.

Rajah Kalikrishna calls himself the representative of the people of this country. Mr. Editor, do you know who acknowledges him as our representative ? I know, that far from being a representative of the Nation, he is not the representative of even Shoba Bazar. In his peroration, Rajah Kalikrishna said, that the address had been signed by the Maharajahs, Rajahs, Nabobs, Zemindaers, Merchants, Traders, Pundits, and Government Officials in the country. But among Maharajahs, there was

the idolizer of Englishmen, Maharaj Mahatab Chunder. Among Rajahs, Rajah Kalikrishna himself, and four other obscure lack-landing Rajahs. The other Rajah was Rajah Prosonno Narain, but he is Rajah only in his own person, and then again he belongs to the clique of Rajah Kalikrishna. Among the Pundits there were eight Bhattacharjies of Hatheebagan. These may well give an address, for if they don't, they will forfeit *Bedayes*. There were also six Coowars of Rajah Kalikrishna's family, and fourteen Suburno-burnicks."