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The most notorious and distinguished characters among the rebels in 1857 were these. Tantia Topee, the quondam shroff in the Oude bazar, and subsequently servant of the Nana at Bithoor; Jwalla Pershaud, the rebel Kotwal of Cawnpore, then commander-in-chief of the Nana's army; Khan Bahadoor Khan of Bareilly, an old servant and pensioner of the British Government, and successful leader of revolt in his district—all three died by the hands of the common hangman. Mummoo Khan, the low menial whom the passions of the begum of Lucknow raised from the kennel to power, having by a perversion of justice escaped the gallows, is a coward felon in the Andamans. His paramour and her boy Brijis Kudr, who claims the throne of Oude, are at Katmandoo, under the care of the Nepaulese; where, also, the ranee chunda of Lahore, that Messalina of Indian history, has long found an asylum. Bala Rao, the brother of the Nana; Azeemoolah, whom, once a khitmutgar, he sent to London as his agent, and who was his confidant throughout the revolt, and the Nana himself, were long since said to have died in the Deokurh valley, of fever. Eeroze Shah the aspirant to the honours of Deem and the companion of Tantia Topee, is still alive, but whether in Mecca, or, as is most probable, in the jungles of Central India, is not known. The three claimants for power in India are the Nana, Brijis Kudr, and Eeroze Shah. Were the former still alive, his name would act as a spell throughout the Mahratta country, and his person as a rallying point for the disaffected. The claim of the second to Oude, and of the third to Delhi, are too contemptible to excite even interest in their movements. But if the Nana is alive, or if there is a doubt on the subject, such that

Madras and the Supreme Government of India, which was shortly followed by the recall of Sir CHARLES TREVELYAN, which, however necessary may have been the course pursued by the Home Government, unquestionably entailed upon India a grievous loss. And then there were other losses following in quick succession. Sir HENRY WARD, whose appointment to the Madras Government had gone out by the mail which had carried Sir CHARLES TREVELYAN'S recall, was stricken down by death soon after his assumption of the reins of government; and Mr. WILSON, who was then hovering between life and death, very soon followed him to the grave. These events have imparted a mournful character to the annals of the year, which otherwise would have been one of comparative cheerfulness and prosperity.

In its political aspects, also, the year has been a remarkable one. The durbars held by Lord CANNING in Upper and Central India, in the early part of it, to be resumed, we believe, before its close, will render the year a memorable one in the estimation of the native princes and chiefs. The assurances given to all who have been faithful to the British Government, that it is the desire of that Government to secure to their families the possession of their principalities and estates; and that, in the event of failure of direct heirs, the cherished privilege of adoption will be conceded to them, have given an entirely new aspect to our relations with the native States. It is impossible to over-estimate the importance of this concession. We may call it a privilege; but, in reality, it was a right too long withheld by the paramount State. But whether a privilege or a right, it has been most gratefully accepted by the princes and chiefs of India; and, perhaps, at no period of our history has there been stronger attachment and fidelity on their part to the British Crown than at the epoch which we have just reached.

Again, the year, which is just closing in upon us, will be noted in history as the last year of the local army of India. During the year 1860, the great scheme of amalgamation has been devised and perfected. In 1861, the old local service will cease to exist. Whether we are to date from this an epoch of greater military glory than has ever yet shone upon the British empire in India, or the gradual decay of that great monarchy of the middle classes, which the old system upheld, can only be proved after a lapse of years. At present we regard it as a great experiment. The year, indeed, has been one of experiments. The old financial system—the old political system—the old military system, have all, for better or for worse, been abandoned; and it was only because time was wanting for the perfection of other parts of the great revolution that the old civil system has not been abandoned too. The exclusive Civil Service of India is doomed to destruction as complete as that which is overtaking the local army of India. Indeed, the old "Indian services," which, say what we may of them, have never been excelled by any in the world, are passing into hoary traditions. We are *Anglicizing* in almost every direction. In the political line, it is true, that we are showing an increased regard for native institutions and usages, but in every other department of the State, our object appears to be to assimilate our systems of government and administration as nearly as possible to those which obtain in England. We cannot say that we think the experiment is not a hazardous one—but, as we are fairly launched into it, we wish it all possible success.

**THE MAHARAJAH DHULEEP SINGH.**—Among the passengers who left Southampton by the last steamer for India was the Maharajah Dhuleep Singh. He has gone (says the *Overland Mail*) without any suite or parade of any kind, with the intention, it is said, of seeing his mother, the Marahanee Chund Kowr, and of ascertaining for himself what sort of sport is to be had in India. The Prince, who came amongst us as a boy, returns as a man; and it is satisfactory to feel that he carries back with him the results of Christian education and intercourse with English society. The excellent disposition of the young Maharajah has been the subject of general congratulation amongst us. He was always greatly in favour at the Court of our Queen, and much esteemed by all who had any personal acquaintance with him. It is generally said that he is fond neither of business nor of society; and that the main pleasure of his life is in shooting game. Well, there may be worse tasks, worse occupations; his energies, indeed, can hardly expend themselves in anything more harmless. It was reported not long ago that he had become the purchaser of very large estates in the highlands of Scotland, with extensive breadths of shooting-ground. But the rumour, we believe, expressed rather a desire, or at most a design, than its actual execution—no such purchases having been made. It will be curious to observe the result of the Maharajah's adult acquaintance with the East. Will he have, after a year or two's experience of India as a man, the same desire after a Scotch estate? or will his Asiatic sympathies break out again in a yearning after a principality on the Indian hills?

## Spirit of the Eastern Press.

IS THE NANA DEAD?

(*Friend of India, November 22.*)

That he is, is the general belief among the natives, and until recently was the settled conviction of the Government. That he is not, is at least possible. One circumstance involves the fact once more in a dangerous and unfortunate uncertainty.

The most notorious and distinguished characters among the rebels in 1857 were these. Tantia Topee, the quondam shroff in the Oude bazar, and subsequently servant of the Nana at Bithoor; Jwala Pershaud, the rebel Kotwal of Cawnpore, then commander-in-chief of the Nana's army; Khan Bahadoor Khan of Bareilly, an old servant and pensioner of the British Government, and successful leader of revolt in his district—all three died by the hands of the common hangman. Mummoo Khan, the low menial whom the passions of the begum of Lucknow raised from the kennel to power, having by a perversion of justice escaped the gallows, is a coward felon in the Andamans. His paramour and her boy Brijis Kudr, who claims the throne of Oude, are at Katmandoo, under the care of the Nepalese; where, also, the rance chunda of Lahore, that Messalina of Indian history, has long found an asylum. Bala Rao, the brother of the Nana; Azeemoolah, whom, once a khutmutgar, he sent to London as his agent, and who was his confidant throughout the revolt, and the Nana himself, were long since said to have died in the Deokurh valley, of fever. Feroze Shah, the aspirant to the honours of Delhi and the companion of Tantia Topee, is still alive, but whether in Mecca, or, as is most probable, in the jungles of Central India, is not known. The three claimants for power in India are the Nana, Brijis Kudr, and Feroze Shah. Were the former still alive, his name would act as a spell throughout the Mahratta country, and his person as a rallying point for the disaffected. The claim of the second to Oude, and of the third to Delhi, are too contemptible to excite even interest in their movements. But if the Nana is alive, or if there is a doubt on the subject, such that others may personate him with any hope of success, we may be subject to incessant annoyance, and justice will be uneasy till she finds a victim, whose death has hitherto been regarded as a fortunate solution of a difficulty. It was easy to hang Tantia Topee; but for Nana Sahib, what punishment will be adequate?

The belief in his death is most strongly asserted in the Oude report just issued. "No doubt can be entertained of the death, from fever, some time previously, of Nana and Bala Rao. The same malady proved fatal to Azeemoolah, the other instigator of the Cawnpore massacre." No reasons are assigned for this certainty, but we believe them to be these. Jung Bahadoor, who in person finally extinguished the rebel force twelve months ago, declared most solemnly that he believed him to be dead, and that no force of rebels, however small, passed through Nepal to the country beyond its northern frontier. Rebels who surrendered themselves to the authorities at various places, and independently of each other, all told the same story—that the Nana, Bala Rao, and Azeemoolah, died of fever and exposure, that the bodies of the two former were burned, and the usual rites performed. This is sufficient to convince us that the rebels in Nepal believed in their death. This is the authority for the statement in the Oude Report, and for the universal belief among the natives now. This belief, however, has been shaken by a circumstance of which a report has reached us, so circumstantial as to have attracted the serious attention of Government. In August last, a native tenant of a European planter in the Goruckpore district made his appearance in his village after a long absence. He said he had just escaped from the Nana's camp, where he had been detained as a prisoner ever since the rebels left the plains. He described the persons of the Nana, Bala Rao, and Devi Bunksh, and stated that all were alive, and were at the head of a force of some thousands of sepoy and 30 guns with elephants. Before quitting the plains, each had cut off his little finger, and had burned it to represent a proper religious burial of his body in Hindostan, to which he never might return. This occurred just before a rumour of the Nana's death and funeral obsequies was current: although the man was necessarily ignorant of this rumour having existed, his statement tallied exactly with it. The man then described the march of the force. They left the plains and travelled for fifteen consecutive days in the hills, when they arrived at a line of boundary pillars which he described minutely. They went beyond this until they came to a place called Thoowarria, near which they encamped, and where they still were at the time of his escape. He spoke of their leading a very quiet life, carefully avoiding any conduct likely to irritate their neighbours, and having so much money that they got on very well. The man arrived at Goruckpore exhausted with fatigue. He had suffered from dysentery on the road, and died soon after in his master's house. No further particulars of importance were communicated by him, though he was repeatedly questioned. In the camp he had been kept in bonds and made to do menial work. He finally escaped by the assistance of a sepoy. Government has accordingly addressed Colonel Ramsay, our Resident in Nepal, on the subject. Jung Bahadoor has reiterated his belief that no force passed through his territories. Colonel Ramsay says, while no large army and no elephants nor guns could cross the passes without observation, it is quite possible a small body of a few hundred desperate men may have succeeded.

There the matter at present rests. If the Nana did not perish from fever, he had every motive for acting as he is said to have done. It was likely that he would delude even his own rebel followers, except the few more immediately about his person who accompanied him, in order that the search of the British might cease, that the Nepalese Court might be deceived, and that thus he might be ready at any future time to take advantage of uneasiness in the native mind once more to make a throw for power. All Nepal, except Jung Bahadoor, was not only in his favour, but was anxious to be let loose on the plains to help in asserting the supremacy of Brahminism. With the