The Western Wind: Modernization Comes to Rural India*

Bret Wallach

A world that is full of life but going nowhere: that's the outlook that gives Westerners so much trouble. E. M. Forster, in *A Passage to India*, has Mrs. Moore step into the Marabar Caves, sense an empty form of that existential drift, and panic. Men of action wall themselves off from emotional responses. Think of George Nathaniel Curzon, the most imperious of the viceroys and the last to be sent in Victoria's lifetime. No softness for him: “To me," Curzon would say in a speech he gave in 1904, "the message is carved in granite, it is hewn out of the rock of doom--that our work is righteous and that it shall endure."

"Right," I say, and my mind wanders to the marble busts scattered around the old coronation grounds north of Delhi, wanders to the assorted statues of Victoria and Edward piled up behind the Lucknow museum. "It's Ozymandias time."

But, of course, I am wrong: the work of which Curzon spoke has endured. One walks off a jetway in Madras or Bombay or Delhi, lifts luggage off a carousel, turns on a hotel television and chooses BBC or CNN. I'm not saying for a moment that India is a Westernized country or that Curzon would be happy with India as it is today. I am saying that the progressive mentality brought to India by the British has survived the passing of their empire.

But how did the Western wind begin to blow? That is what I want to explore. I want to go back before Curzon, back to the India of Ramappa and the India of Silaidaha on the Ganges. I want to see the first breezes sweeping over that world, "unsurpassable." The best general guide I know is Eric Stokes, who explored this question in *The English Utilitarians and India*. Stokes says that the East India Company's situation had changed in two major ways early in the nineteenth century. On the one hand, its trading monopoly was ended by Parliament in 1813; on the other hand, the company's domain expanded rapidly--from hardly more than Bengal in 1765 to, by 1837, the Raj nearly at its maximum extent, minus chiefly the Indus Valley. The time was ripe, in short, for a major reform in administrative structure.

Stokes then sketches the two approaches to governance that had dominated early-nineteenth-century India. On the one hand, and represented by Lord

Cornwallis as governor-general, was the Whig ideal, under which India was to become another Britain, with a politically minimalist administration overseeing an Indian landed gentry. In opposition to this approach was the liberalism that was perhaps best represented by Governor Thomas Munro of Madras. Here, British loyalty was not to the great landowners but to the peasants, who embodied simplicity and traditional wisdom.

Both of these styles--and here Stokes came to his real theme--were gradually pushed aside by the arrival in India of a group of men devoted to the utilitarianism of Jeremy Bentham. He, as it happens, very nearly worshipped Francis Bacon, and although Bentham is best known in England today for rationalizing jurisprudence, he was also very much interested in what we would now refer to as the alleviation of poverty. General prosperity was, in fact, only another element of the society that Bentham wished to devise, a society that rationally contrived to maximize pleasure and minimize pain.

Bentham's influence in India was enormous. There is nothing obscure about this: Stokes points out that a banquet was held in 1828 to honor William Bentinck upon his appointment as India's governor- general. Jeremy Bentham attended the banquet, and in an address Bentinck looked squarely at him and said: "I shall not be governor-general. It is you that will be governor-general."

Nor was Bentinck alone. The East India Company's examiner--in modern terminology, its chief executive officer--was for many years James Mill, father of John Stuart Mill and among the most devoted of Bentham's followers. Bentham knew it and late in life wrote that "Mill will be the living executive--I shall be the dead legislative of British India." Bentham's hand can be seen even behind Lord Dalhousie, whose term as governor- general in the 1850s was a perfect frenzy of economic development, so much so that the Indian Mutiny of 1857 has often been explained as a reaction to the shock of the changes Dalhousie introduced.

A few years later, in the wake of that upheaval, the East India Company was pushed aside and the crown took over the direct rule of India. (The change was expressed in part through the newly created position of viceroy, a title assumed by later governors-general.) The announcement was made in Queen Victoria's Allahabad Proclamation of 1858. She had asked Lord Derby, who wrote the proclamation, to "breathe feelings of generosity, benevolence, and religious feeling." And he gave her a proclamation of real eloquence: "In their prosperity will be our strength; in their contentment our security, and in their gratitude our best reward. And may the God of all power grant to us, and to those in authority under us, strength to carry out these our wishes for the good of our people."

Underneath that warm flow, however, the cold hand of Jeremy Bentham grew stronger year by year, along with the Government of India itself--capitalized to

this day in its own usage and indeed a leviathan. Stokes traces Bentham's influence as far as Curzon, not the Curzon who spoke of "the rock of doom" but the Curzon who in his farewell speech evaluated his administration and said: "If I were asked to sum it up in a single word, I would say 'Efficiency.'" Bentham would have been proud.

But all this is disturbingly general; even Stokes's 300 pages are too general for my taste. What I need is something concrete, an example of this new mentality in action. And that is why not long after visiting Ramappa I turned around and went southwest 150 miles from Hyderabad to a town called Shorapur, which lies in Karnataka State almost halfway to Goa.

About halfway out, the highway came to a topographic break. I had been traveling across the red-soiled plateau of Telangana, studded with exfoliation domes of ancient granite. I looked down several hundred feet now and saw a black plain covered with a mantle of the heavy clay that is famous, in India as it is in the southern United States, for cotton. The clay is derived from weathered basalt, and the volcanic landscape stretches far to the north and west to the sea and Bombay. There are no more domes; in their place are lava-capped ridges.

From this vantage I could nearly see Gopalpur, a village studied by Alan Beals in the same years that Oscar Lewis was working at Rani Kheri. Most of Beals's book is concerned with Gopalpur's social organization, but Beals does devote a chapter to the physical character of his village. He describes Gopalpur as lying a few miles from the highway and being accessible only by cart track. There are, he says, no especially noteworthy buildings or monuments-only some dozens of houses, generally on a rectangular footprint typically 30 feet by 40. The houses are built of stone and mud and are fronted with a veranda and a double door, guarded by carved horseheads projecting just above and on both sides of the door. (The horses are a common motif in this part of India; there are more in Shorapur.) Inside these one-roomed houses, windowless but skylight lit, cattle feed on straw. Behind the animals, on a raised platform, there are millstones and doors leading to a kitchen and a room for bathing. The buildings, Beals continues, are fortresses used for storage and cooking; people actually live on the verandas. Most of them sleep on cots placed in front of the houses, though for crop protection the old men sleep in the fields, out past the thorn fences that rim the village. The crops they guard are sorghum on the heavier soil, millet on the sandier, and a scattering of mangoes.

"Gopalpur?" I asked some people at a bus stop and had just reached the farther limits of my Kannada. No one was willing to hazard a guess, especially with my hopeless pronunciation, but one man traveling with two young girls asked for a ride to a village some miles ahead, and he read the Kannada road signs as we proceeded. A mile or so later he pointed to a sign. It apparently said "Gopalpur," and it certainly indicated that something lay three kilometers to

the left. I told him I'd pick him up on the way back, and he and the girls got out.

At first the road was better than a cart track, but it soon degenerated, and on the edge of deep sand I finally parked and started walking: I could see a village of some sort perhaps half a kilometer ahead. It was shrouded in trees, mostly the dark green of mango, lush alongside the stubble of sorghum through which I walked, sweating heavily.

My wish for invisibility was granted for longer than usual this day. I slipped in through screening thorns and walked down an unpaved lane. There were no vehicles of any sort except carts. The buildings were rectangular, single storied, and of stone and clay, though often the stone was immense granite slabs. As Beals had suggested, the houses were fronted with porches supported by unsawn posts and beams; cattle nibbled near stacks of sorghum straw; chickens poked; the silence was colossal.

Three or four minutes passed; the loudest sound was the film advancing automatically in my little camera. Eventually I heard voices, but they were very subdued and coming from behind walls. Then the sound of a treadle-operated sewing machine: a woman at work on her shaded veranda. She sat on a granite bench on the unpaved ground; overhead were massive and rough-hewn beams to hold the shading roof; projecting over the doorway into her house was a pair of elaborately carved wooden horseheads.

She didn't notice me, and I slipped by, past a temple which I knew from Beals must be to the monkey-god Hanuman. Overhead, electric wires draped: *that* was something new. Close by, there was a metal water tank: not more than a few hundred gallons but filled by an electric pump. It was new, too. I came round a corner and was suddenly seen by a dozen people all at once. None of them spoke any English, though I was able to establish that this place was indeed Gopalpur. And now people wanted their pictures taken. A woman sitting on a veranda and stitching a quilt. A family portrait with men, women, and children, all in traditional clothing except for the store-bought shirts of the men. There were no stores in Gopalpur, and apparently no government buildings.

Beals writes that the villagers “believed that they were now second-class citizens of the world." He writes about the things that could be done for them: improved crop varieties, irrigation, fertilizers, credit. In a reference to the violent radicalism found in the Hyderabad countryside he asks whether the transition from "the old order to the new is to be peaceful and orderly or bloody and disorderly." But there has been little or no transition. Apart from the draped wires and the water tank, what is new? Perhaps the sewing machine; probably the improved road. Blame remoteness or the apparent

difficulty of developing irrigation facilities here, but the Gopalpur I saw was hardly different from the one Beals knew.

For that matter, it is hardly different from the villages known to Philip Meadows Taylor. Meadows Taylor, as he has always been called, was the man responsible for my coming to Shorapur. Alone, Taylor for the better part of 20 years ruled much of the country around Gopalpur. He provides, in short, a microcosm of British rule in India.

Shorapur sits exotically in a bowl-like depression atop a ridge. I could hardly see the town's lights until I arrived on the edge of night, and it was plain how the place could have functioned, as Taylor put it, as a "very stronghold of freebooters."

There was a wretched hotel near the bus station, but I found a better place on the far side of town: the Upinn Deluxe had just opened its doors. Hot water was available by bucket, the cook in the courtyard produced reasonable food on his camp stove, the young owner-manager spoke passable English, and there was almost-cold beer.

None of this had existed when Meadows Taylor had arrived with the title political agent. That would have been in 1841, shortly after the death of the raja of Shorapur, who had left his state and half-million subjects deeply in debt to the nizam of Hyderabad. That was the situation that had brought Taylor's predecessor here as part of an effort to clean up the state's finances so the debt to the nizam could be paid. The job had been impossible for Captain Gresley, who found himself enmeshed in a political contest between the Rani Ishwarama, who had been the dead raja's senior wife, and Pid Naik, who was the dead raja's younger brother. The rani had charge of the dead raja's son, Enkatappa Naik, who at seven years old was eleven years too young for ascending to the throne. Pid Naik, on the other hand, had a son whom he wished to place on the throne at once.

Cliques gathered about both the principals, each of whom was a challenge for Taylor. The rani, Taylor wrote, was "dissolute to a degree--in fact a very Messalina," while Pid Naik regularly "gave himself up to fits of intoxication." Enkatappa Naik, on the other hand, struck Taylor as a good boy, much troubled by his mother's open but unexplained hostility, which seems to have arisen from a prophecy, verified by astrologers all over India, that the boy would die in his twenty-fourth year.

The death of Pid Naik in a paralytic seizure simplified matters, but the rani kept Taylor busy with her own machinations until she died, two years later, in 1847. Taylor wrote that she was only forty but "seemed seventy, haggard and wasted." For a while, things were calm: "No intrigue! no suspicion! no

combinations!" Enkatappa Naik came to the throne at last, and Taylor was sent to another posting.

Then the Mutiny broke out, and Enkatappa Naik chose the losing side. When British forces approached Shorapur he fled, only to be arrested shortly in Hyderabad. In jail there, he told Taylor bitterly how he had been unable to resist his own people, who had called him "a coward and a fool" for not rebelling against the British. He had finally done so, he said, and now he was sentenced to die. Taylor wrote that the sentence was commuted to four years' banishment but that on the first day of his trip to his place of banishment Enkatappa Naik shot himself in the stomach, fatally, with one of his guards' pistols. Taylor calls it an accident but notes that, accident or suicide, it occurred one day short of Enkatappa Naik's 25th birthday. The prophecy, he states categorically, had been kept an absolute secret from the boy.

Taylor was sent back to Shorapur as commissioner, while decisions were taken that led, finally, to the state's dissolution and incorporation as part of the dominions of the nizam of Hyderabad. The state remained in those dominions until they were dissolved after the end of British rule, in 1947.

Such is the sum of Taylor's political work in Shorapur, and from the weakness of Enkatappa Naik it may be judged finally a failure. Yet it is not politics that chiefly interests us: it is Taylor himself and the work he did over many years in Shorapur to improve the lives of its people.

It is a classic story, beginning with Taylor's own birth in 1808 in Liverpool and his Dickensian schooling and apprenticeship. At sixteen he had been shipped off alone to Bombay, where he was apprenticed to a merchant whose business collapsed almost as soon as Taylor arrived. Taylor now played his one high card, his mother's family relationship with the chief secretary of the government of Bombay. Mr. Newnham wrote to the Resident at Hyderabad and secured for Taylor, still sixteen, a commission as a lieutenant in the nizam's army.

Between 1824 and 1841, when he moved to Shorapur, Taylor slipped back and forth between military and civil service for the nizam. He maintained good relations with the succeeding Residents--and such good relations with the prominent Hyderabad banking firm of Palmers that in 1840 he married Mary Palmer.

Taylor's career never advanced very far, partly because the opportunities in the nizam's services were so much more limited than those available to a young man working for the East India Company. In particular he always regretted that as a police officer he had been on the verge of cracking the secrets of the ritual cult of stranglers known as the Thugs. Then he had been transferred, and the fame had gone to Captain William Sleeman. Taylor's only reward had been

to write *Confessions of a Thug*, which enjoyed great success both in India and England. It remains readable chiefly because of Taylor's intimate knowledge of how the cult functioned; its chief defect is that Taylor gives it a wholly unnecessary fictional apparatus.

Early on, Taylor was put in charge of large numbers of people. The secret of his success, he wrote, was to like them, treat them fairly, but never become personally close. He recalls, for example, the time when, aged 18, he was in charge of the bazaars of Bolaram, a Hyderabad suburb. The merchants were adulterating their flour with sand. Taylor ordered "reliable men" to buy samples of flour from each shop. He then tasted the flour himself "and found it full of sand as I passed it under my teeth." He ordered the merchants to appear before him. "'Now,'" said I, gravely, "'each of you are to weigh out a seer [two pounds] of your flour.'" Was it for some pilgrims, one of the merchants asked? "'No,' said I, quietly, though I had much difficulty to keep my countenance. "You must eat it yourself.'"The merchants offered to pay any fine Taylor wished to impose, but "at last, some of them actually began to eat, sputtering out the half-moistened flour, which could be heard crunching between their teeth." Taylor says that he heard no more complaints of bad flour.

Still in his mid-20s, ill with fever, Taylor was sent to the Nilgiri Hills, where, amazingly, he met both the governor-general, William Bentinck, and a member of his council, none other than Thomas Babington Macaulay. Amazingly, I say, not only because both men were so senior but because I want to discuss Taylor as an exemplar of British utilitarianism in practice, and a stronger link to that philosophy can hardly be imagined than through Bentinck and Macaulay. Bentinck, of course, was the governor- general who had said that Bentham would rule through him, and Macaulay stands today not only as a historian but as a defender of Francis Bacon.

It was Macaulay who wrote of ancient philosophy that "it could not condescend to the humble office of ministering to the comfort of human beings." Before Bacon, Macaulay wrote, "the great work of improving the condition of the human race was still considered as unworthy of a man of learning." Was there any real contest between the schools? "We should say that the aim of the Platonic philosophy was to exalt man into a god. The aim of the Baconian philosophy was to provide man with what he requires while he continues to be man.... The former aim was noble, but the latter was attainable." Nothing if not pithy, Macaulay would return to that idea a paragraph later and write that "an acre in Middlesex is better than a principality in Utopia."

Both Bentinck and Macaulay made enormous impressions on Meadows Taylor. Of Macaulay, in particular, Taylor wrote that "his seemingly boundless knowledge of life, his acquaintance with history and philosophy, his fiery zeal in argument, and his calm eloquence in oratory, opened to me new subjects of thought for future study. Oh, if I had been among such men always, I thought, I

should have been very different!" And when in retirement Taylor looked back upon his career, he still had high praise for Bentinck and "his commencement of that system of progress which is now bearing ample fruit." Interestingly, his highest praise at that time was reserved for Dalhousie, the governor-general of the 1850s. To him Taylor attributed "the most practically useful and single-minded rule that India had ever possessed.... he improved everything he touched. To him India owes electric telegraphs, railways, extension of practical education, large irrigation projects, roads, and the removal of many disabilities under which natives suffered."

The list is a good summary of what Taylor, all by himself, did in Shorapur. First off, he strode into the presence of the Rani Ishwarama and demanded an account of the state's finances. The rani, he wrote, was as slippery as an eel, but "I said I would not leave her till I had her determination from her own mouth ... and I doggedly kept my seat." The rani finally capitulated, and in time Taylor was sleeping at night with the keys to the state treasury under his pillow.

But managing the debt and watching the young Enkatappa Naik were only the beginnings. Taylor went out to the villages and reorganized the tax structure whose abuses had led to widespread land abandonment and falling revenues. He introduced improved cotton seed and indigo. He took up civil engineering so he could build dams to store irrigation water, and he became so good at it that, late in life and retired in Dublin, he was made a member of the Institution of Civil Engineers. He became interested in roads: "I had to study road engineering as well as I could," he wrote, and he built miles of road with carefully maintained widths and gradients. He worked hard on afforestation, too--"planted many thousand of mango and tamarind trees."

Within Shorapur town Taylor set up the state's first courts of justice. Later, in another posting, he set up prisons, where, he boasted, he did not "allow the women to be idle." In Shorapur he opened a public dispensary where he himself served as vaccinator, and he established schools. Meanwhile he did the research that after his retirement would emerge in illustrated volumes about the architectural antiquities near Shorapur. Somehow Taylor found time to serve for a decade as Indian correspondent for the London *Times*. Recreation? Taylor ordered a telescope and took up astronomy, and he often sailed on one of the lakes he had built--sailed on it in a boat of "tolerably long dimensions" that he designed and had built of "teak, copper-fastened."

What was driving him? The question brings us back to Eric Stokes and to the mentality of the British in India. One may think of Curzon or, to take an example from Taylor's time, of Henry Lawrence, who lay dying in 1857, victim of the Indian Mutiny, yet who was conscious enough to command that his tombstone should bear the words: "Henry Lawrence, who tried to do his duty."

So it does still: a flat stone in a park in Lucknow. Gilbert and Sullivan would later mock the phrase, but for Lawrence, like Taylor, it was not empty.

Taylor, in short, was a representative man who probably worked no less or more than his peers. At the same time it is true that in Taylor's case there was also an element of desperate loneliness, for his wife Mary died in 1844, three years after their arrival in Shorapur. They had already lost two children; Taylor sent the two surviving ones to England. Taylor never remarried, and he writes of Shorapur that there was "no society, no one to speak to from first to last." Of course, it was a self-imposed isolation, characteristic of the Raj throughout its history, when "mingling" was rigidly limited. Yet it does help us understand how Taylor managed to get so much done.

Eventually his health collapsed, and in 1860 he reluctantly resigned from the nizam's service. He retired and during the next sixteen years poured out Indian romances as well as more sober volumes. In 1878 he made a last trip to India, but his health failed again, and on his return he died at Menton, where the French Riviera meets Italy. There he was buried. One of his daughters took care to prepare his memoirs for publication.

And what about Taylor in Shorapur today?

The morning after my arrival I walked back down to the bazaar, which lines the single main street crossing the bowl of the town. In the center of the town and behind high gates I passed the palace of the old rajas. It had become a school, with each floor of its central tower given over to a single classroom. Students coming and going were dangerously crowded in the single, steep, circular staircase.

Away from its main street, the town quickly degenerated into lanes and paths, mostly twisting and hilly and winding past doorways like those in Gopalpur: exotic doors from which almost life-sized horseheads projected. I saw none of the modern housing that has done so much to change Rani Kheri: here in Shorapur I remember only double doors leading into courtyards, stone-flagged, with verandas on all sides. In one spectacular case the house exterior was a bright blue, the doorway darkly oiled, the interior verandas stacked double.

Here and there I thought I saw signs of Taylor's hand. Massive paving stones and an ancient mango border hinted that a road on the south side of town was his. Unmaintained, the road was being undercut on one side by runoff, and the surface was so rough that people were actually walking on a parallel track. On the other side of town Taylor had planted "a double row of fine young trees, which gave ample promise of fruit," but of these I could find no evidence.

The most striking signs of European civilization in Shorapur's residential neighborhoods had nothing to do with Taylor: they were the cycle rickshaws

fitted not with seats but with a barrel for domestic water. Each one had a sign indicating the name of the bank that had financed these ventures in micro-enterprise.

I entered a girls' high school in hopes of getting directions to the house Taylor had built for himself. The principal insisted on my having tea, but he was not quite compliant enough to give me the directions I wanted. Instead, be insisted that I should see someone else, someone who would be able to help me. It was a classic demonstration of the feudalism surviving in India, for the man the principal wanted me to see was not a local government official but an elderly Pid Naik, descendant of the raja's brother in Taylor's time and now the senior member of the family. Pid Naik turned out to be too ill for a visitor. I was duly sent to his younger brother, one Venkata Naik, eighty- three years old but in good health.

Now Meadows Taylor had always believed that the countryside around Shorapur could be reclaimed by an immense canal that would take water from the left bank of the Krishna River and bring it out in a canal that would curve counterclockwise to flow upstream against the tributary Bhima. Nothing came of this idea in Taylor's lifetime or for a long time afterwards, but in the 1980s India, with help from the World Bank, began building just such a scheme: two million acres to be irrigated. And now I was guided away from Shorapur and down to the surrounding plain where work on that project was continuing in earnest. The student who the principal had appointed as my guide directed us through fields that must once have looked like those of Gopalpur but which were now green with peanuts and dark with soil moisture. He directed me to stop in the driveway of a modest house. I was ushered into a sitting room that was whitewashed, clean, and with rattan furniture and family photographs. About ten minutes later Mr. Naik appeared.

I asked for directions to "Taylor Manzil," which is to say the Taylor mansion; also for directions to the lake where Taylor had sailed his boat. Mr. Naik arranged guides to both, but in the meanwhile we talked about the family's fortunes. Things had not gone so badly. After the Mutiny the family had lost its ruling status, but for another century it was treated as part of the nizam's nobility and received the land taxes paid by the villages of the former state. That is why Venkata Naik knew Hyderabad so well: he had a house there, he explained--had even gone to school there. Warmly he recalled a Mr. Perkins, an Episcopal missionary from Iowa, who had been one of his teachers seventy years before.

Mr. Naik had gone to Britain, had graduated from the University of London, been a barrister in the 1930s. He had returned to Hyderabad at the outbreak of the Second World War and practiced law until the nizam's state was forcibly incorporated into India. During the 1960s he had served in Delhi as a member of Parliament. Now, in retirement, he was a farmer. His old village revenues

were long gone, and like Mr. Appaji in Eruvellipet he said that his landholdings were nothing compared to what they had once been: some 2,000 acres had been reduced to 220, divided between him and his three sons.

Still, Mr. Naik had the blessing of the new Upper Krishna Project: all his land was irrigated. In the summer--the wet season--the irrigation canals were closed, and he grew a 65-day millet that he harvested while the farmers in Gopalpur watched their sorghum grow. Then, when the dry season came, the canals were turned on, and he grew cotton and peanuts in a two-year rotation. The canals themselves were rotated so that water was available one week in three; during the "on" week the farmers along each channel followed a fixed rotation schedule, calculated in proportion to the size of each holding. It was a rotation deliberately designed to discourage rice cultivation, which every farmer would cultivate if given the choice, but some farmers had already dug ponds on their land so they could save water during their irrigation period and have a steady supply that would let them grow the forbidden crop.

We took a walk through the fields, then returned to his house, where Mr. Naik made a phone call to arrange guides. I took my first guide back to the girls' school, then went to a gas station where I picked up another one, who would take me to Bonal Tank, which Taylor had built and where he had sailed his boat. On the way we stopped at the grand fortifications that rim the far side of Shorapur: miles of stone walls whose narrow walkways gave me vertigo, along with splendid views of the prodigiously rocky ridge they encompassed.

The Bonal Tank, Taylor wrote, was "a noble sheet of water," as much as 50 feet deep, with a dam more than a mile long and a waterspread of six square miles. So it remains. Hoping to find a plaque, I walked to the rough spillway that comes out of the dam and feeds a canal still irrigating perhaps 2,000 acres of fortunate rice. The rocks of the spillway were slippery, but I stripped to get across to the far side. On this side, too, there was no plaque. I dropped all decorum on this hot day and went for a swim.

And Taylor's house? Back in town I had tentatively spotted an empty building that I thought might be what I wanted: the hairs on the back of my head had prickled when I explored it. But I was wrong, and if I had studied Taylor's memoirs more carefully I would have known better where to look. He writes of his house that "the view was certainly very fine; and as the site was 400 feet above the town, it would not only be cooler, but more healthy than below."

Sure enough, Taylor Manzil stands high above the town, on the north side. No doubt it is cooler and healthier than the site I first looked at, but what Taylor never says about the house is that its location was also symbolic of his position. How many angry eyes must once have looked up from the town below!

Taylor Manzil is now a government rest house and a study in shabbiness. Once surrounded with flower gardens, it is now rimmed by bare ground. The building itself is intact: no surprise since Taylor built it of granite blocks eighteen inches by five by eight. It has a single story, rectangular in plan, with a semicircular portico overlooking the former garden and the town. The portico roof is supported by a modest colonnade, over which is a small stone bearing the words "Taylor Manzil" and the date "1842."

I went inside and found a single central room, oval and divided by a twelve-foot arch into two living rooms; smaller rooms lay to both sides of this main oval. It was, in fact, just as Taylor describes it. Even the roof appeared original and sound, though Taylor had got its wooden beams "for nothing, for there was a lot lying at an old fort in the Nizam's country."

Late in the afternoon I drove west a few miles to a river, a tributary of the Krishna. There was a new bridge, and beyond it a crossroads. Inevitably, there was a collection of tire-repair shops and tea stalls. I bought some apple juice and walked back alongside burning mesquite, flaring in the night sky so that in the morning it might be more easily cut for firewood. There were clouds of gnats, but they didn't bite. Fields of rice lay beyond, irrigated, I think, from Bonal Tank. The river itself was broad and shallow, but it had a current swift enough to pull me along forcibly when I went in. I deliberately waited in the river for full darkness, and I got my money's worth, for returning to the car I found that I had no lights. I proceeded back to Shorapur slowly, the occasional bicycle appearing out of the darkness a few seconds after I heard its clattering or its bell. I thought of an inscription on a cloister wall at Westminster Abbey: "Here are commemorated the Civil Services of the Crown in India; let them not be forgotten for they served India well.'

*Revised 2004 but not updated from Chapter 3 of *Losing Asia, Modernization and the Culture of Development*, Johns Hopkins University Press, 1996.