A MONTH IN A DANDI

A Woman's Wanderings in Northern India

BY

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PREFACE.

"EVERY one has a book in him or her, if one only knew how to extract it," is a saying attributed to Murray the First. Whether it might have been wiser to have conserved the energy requisite for its extraction, or devoted it to some other subject, is a question that has more than once exercised the writer's mind and depressed her spirits.

"Are you going to write a book?" said some of my Anglo-Indian friends when I questioned them on matters social and political. I indignantly repelled the insinuation, making haste to conceal the cloven hoof, for Anglo-India hates books on India, more particularly those that are not of a laudatory character. And I really had not at that time the remotest intention of confiding to the public these notes and impressions. They were originally written as an Essay, and delivered to a Literary Society of which the writer had long been a member. Yet, in spite of the slender thread of personal experience on which these impressions

are strung, they touch on matters of profound importance, on questions, especially in the last two chapters, deserving the attention of the serious and thoughtful. If by perusing these pages the Reader obtains a clearer view of England's attitude to her great Dependency, if his prepossessions against "black" men and the "poor heathen" should melt away in any degree, if the assumption that what is good for England must necessarily be so for India, receives a slight shake, the writer will feel rewarded.

The bond that unites us to our Asiatic fellow-subjects is not one that we or they desire to sever; yet it behoves us to narrowly examine that it does not chafe, or grow into a galling yoke.

C. S. B.

HULL, *November, 1891.*

CONTENTS.

A MONTH IN A DANDI.

CHAPTER I.

I WAS certainly born to be unlucky, else why should the ship in which I sailed to India get ashore in the Suez Canal, and for three mortal days leave her unhappy crew and passengers to grill under the Egyptian sky, in a bleak desert of burning sand? No motion to dispel the heated air of the cabins, not a breath of wind to revive our drooping souls under the deck awning. If not unlucky, why did I remain slumbering on the seat of the railway carriage at Lahore, and permit the Mooltan train to travel to that ancient city without me? Intuition, for you hardly ever see, and certainly never hear a guard of an Indian railway, had warned the other passengers to get out unless they meant to travel to Peshawur, why did it therefore neglect to warn me? And if not unlucky, why should an Anglo-Indian lady enter the compartment of an East Indian

railway carriage, accompanied by two children, where
Judge. Jedgey Stone's daughter and I had comfortably established ourselves? It was not that we begrudged the labour necessary to bestow our too voluminous luggage into smaller space and make room for the new comers; it was not that there would not be enough sleeping-berths for all of us, for the Indian railway companies are merciful to the Saheb when he travels by night, and make every arrangement for a comfortable sleep, even forbidding ticket collectors to disturb it unseasonably; it was not that the lady was a mere female. No, it was the two little girls that made us take a sorrowful look into each others' eyes, filled with deep sympathy. For little girls of eight and ten are emphatically Anglo-Indians, not children, but masters of ayahs and other native servants, unused even to that slight amount of discipline which the laxest of parents usually think necessary in England. Too often the poor little Anglo-Indian child is a miserable creature, destitute of spirit and energy; his white face, weary look, and melancholy eye tell the tale of an unsuitable climate withering his life's blood, and demand unceasing care from anxious parents. But the specimens before our eyes, were of an entirely different sort; strong, active, talkative, aggressive, our languid eyes followed their vivacious movements with wonder streaked with fear. If the fierce heat of an Indian summer day within the walled city of Dehlie would not tame their spirits, then what would? Why take such beings to the hills at all? Surely their poor fatigued mother could not desire a

redoubling of their stock of energy to torment her, or the bracing of appetites which struck us as peculiarly healthy, and abnormally large for one of the hottest days that we had had.

The first bell has gone, and the excitement is fast rising to fever heat. The true Oriental is usually calm, composed, placid, resigned; often you may read "Kismet," "It is Allah's will" on his face. But not at a railway station. He has mastered the fact that if the train is intended to start at six o'clock, it will certainly do so; and for once he is filled with the idea of the importance of time. He has bought a ticket, and is now rushing wildly back to the ancient family ekka, drawn by a noble milk-white bullock, for his bundle. Depositing it on the seat, where he will presently sit with his knees drawn up to his chin, he rushes back for his rezai and drinking pot. When he returns, surely some one must have taken his seat, else why these shouts, screams, execrations, growls, snarls angry rejoinders, yells? Here is one rushing for water, another buying cakes and a queer spicy-looking compound, which the vendor digs out of a pot with his fingers, and smears over the cakes. Now follows a great box on the head of a tall coolie, who majestically stalks along in his waist-cloth as if it were an ermine robe, and the box a feather. "Brahmani Pani," shouts a man with a zinc bucket of water, and instantly half a dozen brown hands stretch forth lotas to receive the precious fluid. For it is the duty of the railway company to supply all travellers with water at the stations. Should you be a Brahman, your water

Quilt.

Brass pot.

Skin. must be in a metal vessel, a mussack will do for a Muhammadan. Yes, it is intensely exciting, and not till the train has slowly steamed out on to the handsome bridge that spans the Jumna, close to the Fort, the Palace of the Great Moghul and Selimgurh, does the awful din subside, and the passenger resign himself to the inevitable. I laughed with as much fervour as the heat would admit of, at the wild excitement depicted on the faces of my Aryan brothers, but had I been privileged to know that my bearer had only put one box into the luggage van, that the luggage bulletin I had carefully placed in my purse only registered one box, I should have rushed down that platform as madly as the most excited Oriental of them all, for it was my box of dresses that was amissing! But Heaven tempers the wind to the shorn lamb, and, though I knew it not, I was to spend the next few days in bed.

Thank Heaven the sun has set. In six hours it may be moderately cool, eight at most, and then one may sleep a refreshing sleep. Four more hours and the fiend will rise again, to wither the brown grass, blast the thirsty trees, take the little remaining spirit out of the hard-worked bullock, strike with heat apoplexy the sick and the careless, putrefy flesh only killed four hours, dry up rivers and canals, blind with his awful glare, drive indoors for eleven hours all that can move into shelter. Oh, that some Joshua at the Antipodes would bid thee stand still, thou fierce relentless fury, and then this hot and panting land might grow cool once more! Or at least, may the gods fulfil the prayer of the Vedic poet,

who asks for a hundred winters. Or, if none of these things are worth the asking in these infidel days, the traveller may still pray that the halts at railway stations may be short, and the runs between them swift, for great is the heat of an Indian railway station.

At the very first station we stop at, we make the pleasing discovery, that an aërated water and ice compartment is only a short distance from us, and here we pay many visits, and would have paid more but for the fact that there was no ice to be got, only luke-warm lemonade and soda water, which the polite attendant assured us would soon be cool. The glance we both bestowed on him was most withering, but the callousness with which he turned to serve other customers exhausted with heat, showed that our unbelief was of no consequence when trade was brisk.

Rushing through the hot black night, over rivers, crossed by noisy iron bridges, which shrieked in horrid chorus at our passage, past great, bare fields, the very air shouts out no green thing is on them, past distant twinkling villages, past railway lights, quiet is falling on the weary land. Our minds are filled with calculations, but not mathematical nor metaphysical. Shall we get strawberries at Meerut, the next station? It is thought highly likely, so with hot parched mouths, we sit with our annas in hand ready to do business when the time comes. So overjoyed are we when the strawberry man appears, that we could almost embrace him for his condescension; only when he was gone far up the station, do we fall to soundly abusing the rogue, for his strawberries, bought in the dark, are all bad.

Why won't the train move on and create the much wished for draught, without which we swelter and gasp for air? At length a gentleman comes to tell us an accident has occurred on our line, and we must stay here a couple of hours till it is cleared. Oh ye Anglo-Indian imps! Could parents who, through weakness or weariness are tempted to forego all discipline, and cultivate habits of insubordination, could they but spend the time with ye in that confined space and irritating climate, what food for reflection would it not afford them for a long time to come?

Umballa at last! Two hours late, but time is of no value to an Indian driver. He waits there with the utmost patience and good humour till his passenger has washed and breakfasted. When I reappear, all my bedding is neatly spread out in a hideous coach which reminds me of a prison van. About six individuals hold out an umber paw for buckshish for this service which no one wanted them to perform. The space between the seats is filled up with planks, so that I lie extended, windows and shutters all closed, as much as their rickety fastenings will permit, eating the morning air. Umballa is an immense military station; the cracks in my shutters allow me to see that I am passing close to great barracks. Soldiers are stirring to prepare for parade, officers are already on horseback taking preliminary exercise, the dull, aimless routine of a soldier's day has begun. Thirty-eight miles to Kalka, each one growing longer as the sun grows hotter. Kalka lies at the foot of the Himalayas,

on whose outer crest I hope to sleep to-night; for there, up at Kasauli, nights are cool, and days not unendurably hot; there, one can still enjoy something like the lovely winter of the plains, the only part of the Indian climate that the globe-trotter usually knows or consents to believe in. "Lucky dogs, those Anglo-Indians" quoth he. "They live in a climate like paradise, all ride and drive, play tennis and dance from five to eight, dine like princes, every week a cinderella at the club, a gymkhana on the cricket ground, polo in the morning, novels in the afternoon." Yet it has a melancholy side too this life of pleasure, when the heat becomes too great to continue it. When the bungalow must be closed at eight in the morning and only opened at sunset; when the kus-kus tatties must be fitted into doors on the windy side of the house, if any such there be, and be constantly wetted by the water carrier to lower the temperature; when the thermantidote must be brought forth from its winter resting place, and its fans set revolving to the same end; when life must be reduced to little short of sickly vegetation under the punkah, body and brain alike too fatigued for exercise of any kind.

Sports.

Frames of scented twigs and grass.

Describing a month of this awful existence to an Anglo-Indian lady, the interminable day whose only break was a drive before dinner, when the burning loo cracks the lips and dries the skin as cold does in northern climes, she broke forth into a joyful noise: "I am glad you have felt it. You won't go home and tell them what bloated aristocrats we are out here, living a life of enjoyment from morning to night. You will tell the truth?" And I promised, though

surely none can pretend that Anglo-Indians do not get their share of good things, or that they do not know how to alleviate their unhappy circumstances.

The chief alleviation is certainly leaving them behind, and journeying with as few of your lares and penates, as you can beguile yourself into regarding as indispensable. Knowing ones pack them up before the season begins, to await the owner's arrival at a hill station. Griffins leave them at Umballa, to be forwarded per government bullock train, continuing their own journey by dâk gharri. Anxiously they await the day of their appearance, unaware of the awful congestion of the traffic at this season. When hope has fled, the slow patient bullocks drag your "things" up the hill side, and the mild Baboo ventures to suggest that, compared with X., you have been quickly served.

Staging coach.

Bengali title of respect.

The sun mounts higher and higher, needless to say, the Kalka road grows hotter and hotter. Surely bullocks must have been harnessed at the last stage, else why this jolting? No they are horses, but the road is not all it might be, and Jetoo has to urge them on with many a strange shout, which may possibly appear encouraging to equine ears. Every five or six miles, there is a shift, sometimes horses, sometimes bullocks, and to the credit of the latter, I am bound to state that I never could distinguish the one from the other by their motion.

Kalka and breakfast, a very bad one by the way, at the foot of the glorious hills! Ever since Saharunpore they have been visible, could one venture to push one's head out of Jetoo's coach without danger of sunstroke. The mutton (e)cutlet and tough chicken curry disposed of, in the

company of an arrogant, overbearing Englishman, of a type too, too common in India, arrangements have to be made for the traveller to be borne the nine miles uphill that separate Kalka from Kasauli. Before another season begins, the Dehlie-Umballa-Kalka Railway line will be open, and the thirty-eight miles dividing Umballa from Kalka will be travelled in a couple of hours, in the comfortable carriages of the East Indian Railway. Long live our virtuous government, who are not afraid to tie a load of debt round their own necks and those of posterity, in order to open up the gorgeous East.

Opened Feb 1891.

The afternoon sun was high in the heavens, when a small cavalcade started on the ascent to Kasauli. A very cursory glance of the hotel khidmatgar had sufficed to show him I was a griffin, so he found no difficulty in palming off two more men on me than were necessary to bear my person and effects up the hill. I took my seat in a vehicle known as a dhoolie, a kind of low chair with two poles back and front, each end resting on a strong lad's shoulder. A large trunk was slung on to the shoulders of two men by means of another pole; of the rest of my luggage I caught glimpses at intervals, as the winding of the road permitted. I joyfully bid adieu to the hot plains of the Punjab, leaving behind all my friends and Indian acquaintances, and all for the joy of having evenings sufficiently cool to sleep under a blanket without a punkah. Let those despise such blessings who have never felt that they are such, whose feeble imaginations cannot depict conditions and sensations different from those actually environing them. To place one's bed in

Table-servant.

what one hopes may prove a draught from four open doors, to listen to the steady creaking of the punkah, only
Fellow. interrupted by somnolent attacks of the punkah-wallah, who now and then must be gently incited to resume duty, to listen to the endless howling of the dogs of the native quarter, or of jackals whose nervous system seems to be deranged, or to the peculiar whirr of tropical insects bent on making music in the small hours of the morning, to turn and toss from side to side in the expectation of finding a breath of air, to strike matches under the mosquito curtains in pursuit of mosquitoes and sand flies, to do all these, and many more vain things, after a listless, aimless, indolent, exhausting day, persuades even the optimistic temperament that life is unendurable, and that mere existence is not man's destined end. Worst thought of all, and most crushing, is the certainty that to-morrow will be like it, and the day after, and many more weary, hopeless days; for it is only April, the rains will not come till June, and have been known hardly to come at all.

Thank Heaven, it is all left behind. Sleep, real, refreshing sleep, invigorating air, healthy appetite, all lie upwards, and Excelsior is the watchword. The coolies seem animated by almost as much hope as myself. I am ignorant of their language, and wonder if they find the words of the old chant suitable to the occasion:

"Who is this we carry here? Hinda ka tinda!
A Saheb very big we fear. Hinda ka tinda!
Alack! he is a heavy one, weighing very many stones,
Surely 'tis an elephant. Hinda ka tinda."

Subsequent experiences in dhoolies quickly taught me that there are various paces and ways of bearing a passenger, which much affect his comfort. If all the bearers keep exact step, the result is a long swing, which becomes most painful, even verging on agony to a person in indifferent health. The best plan is for two bearers on each side only to keep step, the other two break the swing, by failing to keep step, and thus the traveller is more comfortable. "Niche ruk do," I called out every now and then, varying the remark with "Ahsti," but feeling alarmed at the sound of my own voice in Hindustani, and ignorant of the exact amount of torture that should be borne, I put up meekly with much ill-usage, and enough shaking to turn one inside out.

Put me down.

Gently.

We passed Kasauli bazar on the opposite side of the ravine. I counted eleven stories of houses rising above each other, tier after tier, with their flat roofs and unglazed windows. Terror seized me as I gazed on the picturesque but dirty hill village. Could it be *here* I had to pass three months of the Indian summer, among squalor, noise, and noxious smells? "Is that Kasauli?" I asked my bearers, and my heart sank on receiving an affirmative reply. Hope revived when on reaching the bridge that crosses the ravine, we took a road that led, not to the village, but past barracks, and towards a church.

For some time the clouds had been gathering, the air had been growing cold and sharp, the mountain tops were lost in mist. I huddled my wraps around me, shivering and cowering from unwonted cold.

Now and then, the lurid clouds lighted up the mountains, and showed Swiss-like cottages perched on the sides, but the growing darkness increased, and hid everything from view. A drenching storm broke over us; the coolies marked their sense of the unpleasantness of the situation by rushing furiously down the slippery mountain paths, bumping the dhoolie and its occupant together, and deaf to all entreaty. Panting, they deposit their white elephant at the door of a handsome bungalow, a tree close by bearing a painted board with "Colonel Ewart" on it. "Is this the house of Madame X.?" I ask them à l'Ollerndorf. The emphatic affirmation of the coolies causes me to extricate my numbed and aching limbs from their uneasy position, and to inquire of a bright young English lady who appears on the verandah if it is the house I am seeking. No, and I turn to bestow a rebuking glance on the coolies who have dragged me a mile out of my road for much less than nothing. Their indignant glance implies that it is mere malice on the part of the lady to deny that this is Madame X.'s house, and that the tell-tale board is a notorious snare and delusion; and they fall to abusing each other soundly. Hunting in the back recesses of my mind for an Urdu word that will express withering contempt for the bearers' stupidity, rebuke their loud-voiced disgust, and encourage them to renewed effort, I turn with pleasure to greet a second lady, whose name and face I know, having recently met her at a Dehlie function. Gladly I accept the shelter of her home, and a proffered cup of tea. Then, when the storm has died down, I set off again, my coolies

Non-Arya aborigines

Common language of North India a mixture of Hindi and Persian.

furnished with precise instructions as to the whereabouts of the house. "Padre X. ka koti? malum." And we set off at a double jog-trot.

Father X's house. We know.

How soundly I meant to sleep that night, and how these hopes and intentions were utterly frustrated, is it not written on the tablets of memory? With aching limbs, parched tongue, throbbing brow, and leaden eyes, I prayed that light might come. Phantoms pursued, and waves submerged me; half delirious, I rose to look for water. Alas! it was the house of strangers, and guests were not meant to be thirsty. There was none. I pushed into another room, and eagerly swallowed the remains of a glass left by some one the night before. The influenza fiend and fever had laid hold of me, and for three days, all I saw of Kasauli's beauties, was the trunk of a gheel, which insufficiently darkened my window. I had almost forgotten I was in a great military station where our soldiers go to recruit their health. I was reminded of the fact when, though my face was turned right away from the door, I perceived scarlet stripes and epaulettes adorning the person of some one who leaned over me with tiresome and bewildering questions about my health, to which I found coherent answers almost impossible. It was Divisional Staff-Surgeon M. "Oh, I doat on the military!" wandered unexpectedly into a corner of my brain, when the light he admitted brought the brilliant stripes and epaulettes into greater prominence. My leaden eye followed them with languid fascination; a torpid feeling dimly related to amusement, made me think of striking up the tune, but I repressed it as unseemly.

Pine with long needles.

"Ah, yes!" said the Man of War, "fever and influenza. Lots of people take it on coming up from the plains. All right in a few days." This in a tone of aggressive hilarity, that struck a curious chill on the ear of the half-dazed listener. But fever potions worked out their cure, and when I had found that great desideratum of the fever-stricken, a place to lie on, I looked at the Decorated One with a certain amount of satisfaction, and thought his voice cheerful and comfortable.

A few days of influenza are a light affliction that endure but for a moment, but the weeks, and even months of prostration that follow it, are bad to bear. I dragged heavy and unwilling limbs to the points whence the best views can be seen. Kasauli has been described as a station with one walk and one tree, and the statement is true with trifling modifications. Five hundred English soldiers recruit up here after maladies incurred in the plains, due to climate, injudicious eating and drinking, want of work and constant recreation that has ceased to amuse. The three hotels the place boasts are filled with officers up on duty, attending garrison classes and working for examinations. Flag-signalling, military law, parade, fortification, run it pretty close with the gymkhana, tennis, riding, and the club dances. According to some, the life Her Majesty's officers lead is pure slavery, hard work and poor pay. But some of those who were happy enough to possess a moderate standard of diligence by which to measure their attainments, have confessed to me that a couple of hours' work was about all they ever did, and that they found a difficulty in bridging the fly-slow hours that lie

Sports.

between breakfast and five o'clock tennis. "India," said a bright young military man to me, "is undoubtedly the country for a diligent and able man to make his mark. Not many people, at any rate in the army, mean work, and if one is an exception, he is bound to rise."

Making allowance for individual eccentricity, much ingenuity is expended in discovering methods of darkening the occupant's rooms to a pitch that will keep them fairly cool, and yet admit of the study of—a novel, and consumption of a whiskey peg. When from the lofty eminence on which my suite of apartments was situated, I perceived a messmate's bearer cross the compound with a bottle of soda, gently raise the chick which shut out the insect world from his master's room, and lastly, the loud report of a cork, I knew pretty exactly what point had been reached in the dry study of martial law. A very little later, the bungalow is entirely darkened. If retrospection, inspection, self-examination and meditation follow, these questionings appear to have no humbling or saddening effect, for in due time a bright-skinned and well-groomed young man emerges, jauntily arrayed in tennis flannels, racket in hand and terrier at heels. For two hours he will work as hard as ever he did, playing with men instead of with ladies, much to the disgust of the latter, who will not sacrifice the neatness of their tennis costumes even to freedom of the arms. If the men did but know how severe is the labour of playing tennis in tight sleeves and stays, surely they would relent, and show more affection for a "square" game. A curious compound is the young military man,

often large-limbed and broad-shouldered, but small and undeveloped in the mind. He and the ladies of a station are often said to make each other unendurable by flattery, hence perhaps part of the antagonism that generally exists between civilians and military men. Ladies were certainly in a minority at Kasauli, at least in the hotels. I found them planted out as follows: at the chief hotel, not one lady; at another, one only; at a third, two of the salt of the earth. At first, I used to make an attempt to entertain the military youths, but, finding it a heavy drain, I gradually ceased the malpractice, and am not aware that any regret was caused thereby. "Lazy animals these niggers are, aren't they?" said one, addressing me. "Perhaps they are, but you know they keep *you*," I responded with cheerful candour. He disclaimed emphatically, but he was overbearing and conceited, so that I enjoyed proving the statement up to the hilt. The long glance that he cast on a comrade-in-arms out of the corner of his eye said as plainly as possible: "What manner of woman is this, who dares to prove that *I* am paid out of the taxes raised from these niggers? Let us crucify, no, I mean boycott her." This idea was new and unpalatable, and, as I was all forlorn, the other ladies being related to military men, and not a single civilian at table among the men, I thought discretion the better part of valour, and tried to hide under a bushel that new light which the emancipated woman is perhaps too fond of setting on a candlestick. As time went on, I even ventured delicately on a few compliments, which were fairly successful, so much so that when

one of the regiments stationed at Kasauli gave a dance at the Club House, I was much urged to go. I knew the ladies would be in a minority, though not to the same extent as in the good old times, when a ball would summon eight ladies and thirty-eight gentlemen, the latter taking good care to be in time. But influenza leaves its victims weak and misanthropic, besides which I had not yet called on the ladies of the station. Rightly enough this is the first duty of the newcomer at an Indian station; until it is done, he is a mere outsider, might one say, a *native?* The rule is good, but the time fixed for calling is most preposterous, twelve to two, even in the burning plains and the tropics. So in this hottest part of the Indian day, courageous woman, ever in the van of social self-sacrifice, emerges from her bechicked and bejaffreyed bungalow, standing glaring white in the strong sunlight. Respectfully the bearer raises the chick, holding the white-covered umbrella over his mem-saheb's head. Alas! even this poor protection is left behind if the vehicle be an open one, for now or never is the time to show off an insufficient parasol, and with this and the last sweet thing in lace and ribbons, instead of her substantial topee to protect her head, madame goes forth to become acquaint with the other ladies of Murrumbidgee.

Chick, reed blind.

Jaffrey, wooden screen.

Sun-hat, pith or cork.

Exhausted with cawing, the crows are gaping open-mouthed on the trees of the compound, the lizards have crept into shady corners, the terrier has moved off the spot in the verandah where the sun's rays had found him out. His nose lying on extended paws, his blinking eyes and unwagging tail say, as plainly as if

he had selected one of Sir John Lubbock's cards with the words printed on it: "I am determined to keep cool from twelve to two." The servants have gone to eat bread in their own little hovels. Everything that can rest means to do so till tiffin time, but poor mem-saheb, in her tight dress and kid-encased extremities, sallies out with more of a smile on her face than the crows, which are perhaps gaping at her courage as much as at the heat. I never heard of any lady being struck by heat apoplexy, and would have you note that English courage and daring are not confined to one sex among Anglo-Indians. To go to a dance and sit among heroines who have braved sunstroke and fever for society's sake, when you have meanly donned a dressing-gown, shut out all the light except what is necessary to get acquainted with the plot of an idle novel, and extended yourself on a couch, would argue that you were not only a griffin, but a greenhorn. I therefore stayed at home, and had the pleasure of hearing distant strains of music wafted from the club during half the night.

The relations of the ladies at a station is a delicate topic which should be touched on with fear and trembling. "There are eleven ladies at our station," said a cheerful little doctor's wife to me at Simla, "and five of them are cuts." For a moment I wondered how a lady with a fine south England accent could possibly descend to so vulgar a comparison, but the explanation was soon offered that they did not know each other at the club or on the

road, and that for a hostess to get up a dinner party, a necessary preliminary was to submit the list of guests to the invited ones. To invite B and C when they are "cuts," or to omit to invite one of them after they have made it up would be invidious, and argue a shocking want of tact on the part of the hostess. "You need to know the ropes out here," said one who did; but even she occasionally found she had pulled the wrong ones, though she devoted a naturally fine intelligence to their study. "It would not do to invite Mrs. D.; her husband is a ranker." My artless simplicity made me think she must be related to the Howards or Nevilles. "She would look upon herself as a Sèvres vase among clay pots?" I queried. A pitying smile was the first reply. "I mean D rose from the ranks to his present position of captain, and the other men don't like it. That's why he has far more friends among the civilians than among the military." "Day dawns on Norham's castled keep," I rejoined, but next time I met a ranker, I made a point of being very civil to him, which was easy, as he was middle-aged and gentlemanly. "How pleasant it is to talk to a man who has observed and thought much," I afterwards remarked to the most youthful of our lieutenants, thus excusing my own unwonted hilarity and giving him a gentle poke. Of course I mean mentally. "Evidently," was the dry reply, accompanied by another eye-corner glance at the neighbouring lieutenant. "I don't know what we should do without the ladies at our station," said a young officer to me, "there are all kinds of hospitals and convalescent homes for Tommy Atkins, but next door to none for

his superior officers." Many a time, a lady takes a young man, who is almost a stranger, into her bungalow, and nurses him back to life and health. And truth to tell the Anglo-Indians are good to each other in sickness and distress, recognising that they are brethren in a strange land, and under obligation to act up to fraternity. At Mooltan I saw a shadowy creature, tall and gaunt, who for three months had been an inmate of a doctor's house, nursed, petted and scolded, through an attack of typhoid and the alarming weakness and depression which followed afterwards. "Bring me a bit of bread and butter, *do!*" said he to the lady who asked what next she should do for him, "I swear I won't tell the doctor." But she steadfastly shook her head and offered a glass of milk instead.

It is to be feared that great as are the benefits Anglo-Indians derive from the presence of English ladies, their advent has helped to widen perceptibly the breach between the governors and the governed. In the first half of the century, when Deputy-Commissioners, Agents and Collectors crossed the seas for twenty years or even a life-time at a stretch, they lived in their lonely district in fellowship and amity with the natives. Sometimes indeed half a dozen little blackies in the compound resembled him to a certain extent; later on they would enter the ranks of the Eurasians or half-castes, who having a white father and dark mother, are said to have a strong touch of the tar brush about them. Others, summing up the amount of dark blood in their veins, style it eight annas to the rupee,

16 annas, 1 rupee.

which elegant euphuism is well understood of all men. Occasionally, adopting even native dress, thoroughly master of the language of his district (give an Englishman time, and he *will* learn the language), much forgotten by the outside world, and gradually forgetting it, a saheb has been known to confess that he began to think in the native medium, and looked at most things from the native standpoint. In an evening, the chief men of the place came up to his verandah to talk to him of many things, and in friendly converse forgot for a time the haughty white devil's superiority, and even his imperiousness at the kutcherry in the morning. Surely it must have been men who lived like this, who knew how to be kind yet firm, who won the native heart to the point of being worshipped when death removed them hence. Thus a member of the Indian Police Service relates he found a certain Cleveland Saheb, of the East India Company, worshipped at Bhaugulpur in Bengal in 1862. He loved the natives and they built him a shrine. In the immense temple at Madura is a doorway dedicated to Mr. Rous Peter, and periodically illuminated in his honour. He too is worshipped as a Rishi. John Lawrence's statue at Lahore receives many an offering of flowers, and many a pooja is offered up before his graven image by the devout Hindu.

Collector's court or office.

Saint.

Prayer.

Everybody knows the story told of John Nicholson, the hero of the assault of Dehlie. When Sir Alexander Taylor was visiting his house, about twenty strange, uncouth individuals wandered into the compound, and squatted down as if they meant to stay. From

his long chair on the verandah, Sir Alexander observed their movements with lifted eyebrows. At length, though he spoke no word, the situation was becoming strained, and the leader remarked to the astonished saheb: "We are Nikkul Seyn's Fakirs, and have come to worship him." Nikkul Seyn was an Englishman with very little nonsense about him, and the story runs that he ordered his worshippers to be whipped, which however in no way abated their ardour.

Devotee.

It must be confessed that whoever knows the Indians well, and does not place European sports before his eyes as the one thing to be greatly desired, loves them as a father. Whoever only knows them through the servants, or manages only to attract around him that considerable class who hang on to the Sircar as its underlings, or as those who want somewhat of it, he it is who tells us how he hates the niggers and what sneaks and cowards they all are. Says one who knew them well: "The Indians are capable of every virtue and acquirement that can adorn the human mind." The author of a charming book on Indian Frontier Life, and a military man (!) finishes his story with: "I knew and loved my hill people, I lived among them and was their friend. They admitted me into their homes and family life as few Englishmen have been admitted. I ate with them, talked with them, played music at their feasts, and joined in their hunting expeditions. They concealed no thoughts from me; I had their confidence. They gave me their sons to educate, and invited me to the marriage-feasts of their daughters. I was ready to spend and be spent in their service." A charming picture, but one which does

Government.

"A Fly on the Wheel" by Lt. Col. Lewin.

not commend itself unfortunately to all officials high up in the Service, for, said one of them to the writer: "We don't want personal influence; we want men who will obey orders." But even if there were a large market for it, circumstances seem dead against the fostering and development of such desirable influence.

It is related that early on in the history of our connection with India, manners became very low and rough. Where any number of the Company's servants assembled, duelling, drinking-bouts, revelling, cards occupied their extensive leisure. The heads of English society fought, so the natives supposed, on the Calcutta Maidan for the office of Governor-General. In Council, members do not seem to have sufficiently relied upon the persuasive power of the tongue to win over opponents to their side. A Councillor, Mr. Charles Peachey, writes to Sir Nicholas Waite, the President: "I have received from you two cuts on my head, the one very long and deep, the other a slight thing in comparison to that. Then a great blowe on my left arme, which has enflamed the shoulder, and deprived me, (at present) of the use of that limb; on my right side a blow on my ribs, which is a stoppage to my breath, and makes me incapable of helping myself; on my left hip another, nothing inferior to the first; but above all a cut on the brow of my eye." Those whom Sir Nicholas thus gently coerced said that they would: "rather be private centinels in Fort St. George than serve as second in Council under him."—(Kaye's *Christianity in India.*) To remedy such a disgraceful state of English life, the East India Company sent out a shipload of gentlewomen as wives for their merchants and factors, but

Plain, meadow.

unhappily these ladies took to fighting and strong drink also, and received a sharp reprimand, coupled with an official threat that they should be fed on bread and water and shipped again for England unless they amended their lives. As communication grows swifter between the mother country and her great dependency, sympathy grows smaller. By the vast majority of Englishmen, the language is but imperfectly known; they have no special aptitude for foreign tongues, even for those of western Europe, and languages founded on Sanskrit, Persian, and Arabic present immense difficulty to the average capacity. Despite the recognition this fact has obtained, men in the Indian service are not unfrequently hurried from one district to another, and even one province to another, where what they have acquired in Guzerati or Hindi has to be pushed on one side for Tamil, Punjabi, or Urdu. It is asserted by educated natives that even the language spoken by educated missionaries is often very broken. "You laugh at that," said a Hindu B.A. of Cambridge in a pleasant English home to a party of English people, who were amused at an Indian paper written in English which alluded to "Virgin Mary" without the article. "You should hear your countrymen speak in our language, and we never even smile!" Swift communication by steam and rail, government by the India Office in London, have revolutionised the ancient system. Women do not need to be sent over by shiploads; they come, and ties formed with them and with the men of his own nation, who are a day's journey distant, where formerly they were a month's, prevent the formation of those links, "light as air but strong as iron,"

Mixture of Hindi and Persian.

which bound the Collector to the chief men of his district. It was good enough for him, often indeed his principal distraction, that natives should come and chat to him and tell him their personal history and all the village gossip. But it is not good enough for the madam-saheb, whose education indeed too often urges her to attach immense importance to trifles, to show a silly prudishness about dress or its deficiency, and to slur over and faintly draw those broad lines which humanity has in common everywhere. Honourably excepted are women missionaries, who toil and labour among their sex, and often develop or acquire a deep sympathy for native life and a comprehension of its needs and hopes. Strangely enough, women who thus labour are not more highly thought of in Anglo-Indian society than the young lady whose sole *raison d'être* is to charm. The lady missionary's position in society is often invidious, she is not in the running. As a rule, the time required to cultivate society could not be spared by her, but I observed that men who showed polite attention in the tennis and badminton courts to pleasant and ladylike missionaries were spoken of with such enthusiasm that they could not be common.

These little specks on the Indian social sun came under my personal observation, others exist of which I only heard. It is commonly reported that the civilians and the military will not mingle at some stations, each looking down on the other with lofty contempt. "There is no doubt that the man who rules India is Tommy Atkins; the blessed thing is he does not know it." As the speaker was himself a Colonel, the inference is quite plain; at any rate, it was

evident in his bearing. The civilian sees the immense administrative machine revolving ponderously from one single centre. From centre to circumference, every spoke measures twelve feet of bright and burnished steel. Its throbbing is the same at Calcutta as at Tinnevelly, and at each thud it gives forth he mutters: "'Tis exceeding good." And after all this mighty work of condensation, centralisation, bureaucracy and equalisation, the great machine may yet have to be broken up and its work done by a dozen or if necessary three score smaller ones. It is but the old story of the British Parliament; with infinite toil and trouble, even with cajolery and bribery, it is worked up to be one sole Parliament, and lo, when it is expected all will go well, it must be broken up, because consenting parties are found to be dissenting parties. "We don't want personal influence, we want men who will obey orders." Individuality is indeed obnoxious. And our poor civilian, who has oiled the machinery, wiped it when grease abounded, stoked when necessary, feels harassed when benighted natives say they want a square wheel and military Philistines remark that if they were not there the wheel would not revolve at all. The differences between civilians and military men are not the only ones that exist. It is a fact related by one of themselves that in 1857 officers of the Queen's Regiments declined to mess with Company officers. Noble fellows! I tried hard during the only weeks in my life I ever had to associate with military men to see in them the stuff of which heroes are made. The young men who fought at Lucknow, who took Dehlie, who shed tears over the well at Cawnpore, and took vengeance for the murder

of their women and children, could not have been very different from these. I found comfort in the thought, and listened to their addled conversation about Gladstone's iniquities, the madness of all Governments that would not wage war as soon as young officers counselled them to do so, the lack of proportion between their pay and their deserts, the irredeemable blackness of the native character, the consideration and governmental affection lavished on T. Atkins as compared with his officers, and topics of a kindred nature, to whose discussion and manner of discussion one gets quickly used.

CHAPTER II.

KASAULI has a club-house, church, cemetery, daily post, telegraph office, roads cut right round the face of the mountains, two breweries in the plain that separates it from Sabathu, and many other signs of advanced civilisation. To the first are attached the tennis and badminton courts, situated on small plateaux made by beheading a hill. Thither many of the residents and visitors flock daily at five o'clock, and enjoy themselves as much as the complexities of station society will permit. For there is but one club, and the grades of society are many.

During my stay a certain noted Rajah came to the station. His numerous suite occupied five bungalows and filled the one walk Kasauli boasts. The bungalow chosen for the ladies of the household had a kind of additional palisading covered with gay cloth around it; but no one who had seen inside several zananahs would be deluded into the idea that something specially festive was occurring in the interior. Probably it was only intended to screen Oriental beauty from western eyes. The Rajah-Saheb was young, important, governing his province wisely and well, and seemed to be a pet of the Government. Not being in

Women's quarters.

the secret, outsiders could only surmise that some important personage at the station had received orders to admit His Highness to the club, and to see that things were made pleasant for him. Anyhow the unwonted sight of a *native* playing tennis with the saheb lōg could often be seen; most English people were transfixed by such an innovation, and confessed that in their part of the jungle things were done differently. It was certainly amusing to see the Rajah hold his own in the noble game, and more so to see the expression on the faces of the Englishmen playing against him. The surprise and pity of onlookers for a noble white man forced into so invidious a position was reflected in the players' faces, plus a certain "'Tis Allah's will" expression, resultant from the reflection that those who slighted the native prince might have a black ball put against their names in headquarters, or even receive a severe reprimand. The Rajah's brother, a young man of portly mien, weighing some fourteen stones, and dressed in pink silk trousers and purple silk coat, excited much interest. Tall and very stout, he was alleged to be only sixteen, and many conjectures were hazarded as to what patent food for infants could have produced such startling results. The Rajah affected a more European style of dress, and but for his turban, might have passed for, let us say a Frenchman. Our countrymen seemed enraged at their own condescension in permitting the native gentleman to associate in their playful gambols, and blamed his meanness and audacity in one breath. The dinner was made lively by loud recriminations against the Powers Above that had betrayed and wounded them. Would the fellow come to the dance, and

People.

dare to put his arm round an Englishwoman's waist? It was mildly suggested that his arm might be as good as any one else's, and as for his manners and morals they could not be much worse than some of the guests in—London ballrooms. London was 7000 miles distant, the Punjab plains a day's march nearer home. The military officer's wife vowed she would consider it an indignity if the Rajah even asked her to dance with him, and trusted Heaven had a better fate in reserve for her, which pious wish was echoed on every side. All this time native servants, almost all of whom understood English, were listening to a conversation which breathed contempt and dislike of even the exalted ones of their race. They stood in their usual impassive attitude, arms crossed, their eye attentive to their master's slightest need or whim. Was it fancy, or did a gleam of anger shoot across the dark handsome face opposite? One could not but feel sorry for the bad manners and impertinence that allowed such talk in the presence of native servants, nor yet avoid the reflection that much wisdom would be necessary on the part of a Government whose hirelings could thus minimise and nullify the wisest paternal care. To many a native these young military men will be the sole examples of English manhood with whom he is likely to become acquainted. In a Colonel's house, when the conversation turned on the Mutiny, I had heard such expressions of hatred and vengeance uttered in the presence of servants as made me feel ashamed. We know a good deal of the dark deeds done by natives in '57, but the curtain has mercifully been drawn over deeds of galling tyranny and high-handed arrogance that roused the "mild

Hindu" to atrocities that rivalled those of Bulgaria. We are often told that the Mutiny was a purely military rising, but the fact remains that many a civilian's wife and children met a cruel fate, besides those that fell victims to Nana Saheb's fiendish fury at Cawnpore. More than once, in a burial-place at Dehlie, which I had at first taken to be Muhammadan, but afterwards found out was Christian, I stopped at the tomb of a Baptist missionary's wife and two daughters who had fallen victims to native fury in 1857. Had mem-saheb and the Missi-babas failed to solve the servant problem, difficult there as here? It is notorious that many persons who had endeared themselves to their servants owed their salvation to them. Or had their zeal for the Lord's house eaten them up? Had it roused against them native bigots who saw Brahma's glory impugned and their ancient faith in danger of dishonour through the exaltation of the Christian's God? The dead speak not, the stones were silent, and I passed on to a handsome red sandstone Ionic cross (how could I ever have supposed Muhammadans lay here awaiting the resurrection morn?) erected in memory of many who had died in that dreadful time. Instead of a long list of semi-mythical virtues, which merely call forth doubt in the reader's mind, were carved the noble words: "Violence shall no more be heard in thy land, wasting nor destruction within thy borders. And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes." Words that half hint the blame lay not on one side only. At least they sleep peacefully at Dehlie under the strong glare of the Indian sun, which seems not only to blanch European complexions, but European graves, for they gleamed very

Religious term, not to be confounded with Indian.

Young ladies.

white and looked less repulsive than do graves sodden with damp.

If anything could estrange the native heart more rapidly and thoroughly than military arrogance, surely it is the Anglo-Indian press, honourably excepting a few English newspapers. The native press loudly condemns it, and, judging by a couple of papers which have a considerable circulation in the Punjab, their condemnation is amply justifiable. The insulting appellations bestowed on the Bengali Baboo, the bitter contempt poured on the native papers written in English, many of them immeasurably superior in style and matter to those that criticise them, the mirth caused by Baboo English (what of Saheb Urdu?), the ridicule flung on Congress and those who promote it, all argue a tone of mind the reverse of conciliatory to native opinion. Continental neighbours of ours speak of "la morgue anglaise;" not many finer specimens of it can now be obtained than those afforded by certain Anglo-Indian newspapers. A smart Indian paper criticising two of these newspapers circulating widely in the Punjab styles them "phenomenally stupid." It is wonderful that Englishmen of culture and breadth of view, such as their exalted station and handsome salaries justify us in expecting of them, can be found willing to read such feeble trash without a murmur. And though Englishmen grumble at the weather in India, grumble at the weak Government that permits Congress to exist and seditious journalism to flourish, grumble at the peace policy, the rate of exchange, at the dust, famine, plague, dirt, and pestilence, yet I never once heard a single grumble at their poor press. Could it be that these news-

papers were owned by a company, and they all had shares? Anyhow they pay four annas per copy without protest, and daily read their feeble platitudes against Gladstone and the Liberal party, varied by onslaughts on the natives and their journals, intended to be vituperative but merely silly. The surprising circumstance is that one of these newspapers is widely recognised as the demi-official organ of the Viceroy and his Council. Surely rulers' eyes are holden, or they would recognise the importance of conciliating native opinion, or at least of ceasing to fan virulent hostility.

There are many forces at work tending to loosen our hold on India. Despite commercial relationships, the investment of English capital in Indian public works, the opening up of the country by railways, the benefits conferred by peace, expensive justice, irrigation, and an almost perfect postal system, it is an open secret that the gulf between us and India is widening, and men who know the country, and are not wrapped up in an impenetrable mantle of egotism and isolation, freely admit it. We are feared but not loved, they confess. There is a young India arising that not only cries "India for the Indians,' a cry that any parrot could repeat, but that can intelligently criticise our policy and actions, and *does so*. High posts, at least many of them, are not open to young India, so that it loses little by sitting on opposition benches. There is an old India living in quiet villages, pursuing the laborious life of the cultivators of the soil, that thinks it is growing poorer, that points to the fact that the land-tax yielded three times as much under Akhbar the Great as it now yields under British rule, and with less difficulty, that thinks that foreign trade with a

country like England, where food-stuffs are of great value and high price, has not yet been proved to be distinctly advantageous to a country like India where prices and wages are low, an old India that hates the salt-tax as Englishmen hated the corn-tax half a century ago, in a word, an old India that is not infatuated with British rule, and that desires to see more natives in the Councils of the Empire. Let not the haughty but conscientious Saheb deceive himself. Splendid as the results of English Government have been, admired by foreign and impartial visitors as a nobler work than any that the Roman empire could show in its palmiest days, it is almost certain it has touched its zenith, unless it can bend itself to the evidently distasteful task of living in accord with the educated natives, of granting careers to ambitious young men, of literally fulfilling the charters of Indian liberty, as the proclamations of 1833 and 1858 are called, of genuinely assimilating to itself native thought and native talent. Barthélemy Saint-Hilaire says: "India never before knew a government so gentle, so enlightened, so liberal." Other travellers, both French and German, concur in this high praise, but express grave doubts as to its permanence. It is not unlikely that a discontented Home Rule Party, allying itself to our near Asiatic neighbour, Russia, could expel us with not too much difficulty. Educated natives, who are well aware of the superiority of British rule over Russian, confess that they have many affinities with the Russian, half-Asiatic as he is, easy and approachable in manners. On taking a town in Turkestan, or winning a battle, the Tzar's officers have been known to smoke and

chat with the conquered foe, even shaking hands with easy grace and affability.

Anglo-Indian journals occasionally express some regret that a free press permits such expression of native opinion as is peculiarly obnoxious to them. And others think that the pity of the free press lies more in the unmuzzled freedom of certain Anglo-Indian editors, whose folly goes far to make natives forget the benefits of English rule and see only its hateful side. Time, patriotism, education, courtesy and moderation, everything is on the native side. The basis of our government, even though it is founded on honour and justice, needs widening; without this broader basis our expulsion is a mere question of time.

CHAPTER III.

KASAULI has one legitimate motive for boasting: the punkah is unknown among her residents. She has a church, cemetery, three photographers, and other reasons for just pride, but she glories in none of them so much as in the fact that she does not require to raise the wind. "They need it over at Sabathu," said one of the youthful military with a jerk of his head towards the benighted spot, which said: "Poor wretches!" as plainly as possible. I raised my voice for our freedom from mosquitoes, but I was the only Griffin present, and found none to second me. It is said by Anglo-Indians that mosquitoes only suck the sweet fresh blood of the last arrivals. A lieutenant in his second year is no more palatable to a mosquito than is a warmed up leg of mutton to a gourmand. All my lieutenants were in their second or third year, and had forgotten their sufferings, if they ever had any. For indeed, there seems strong reason to suppose that the mosquito and his kindred tribes do not attack man at all. Finding woman possessed of a more tender epidermis, and disgusted by the peculiar flavour many whiskey pegs and much tobacco smoke impart to the blood

of man, the mosquito devotes his fiendish energies to embittering woman's life. Had I been by when the mosquito was created, I would have spoken: "Why add one more to life's many ills?" or were this denied, I would have prayed that his taste might be for native blood, and failing that, for man's.

They bit me in the winter when everybody said there were none. My face and person were bedecked with bumps raised by mosquito poison when all declared they could not bite. At night I crept to my room in the dark, and groped about with outstretched arms to find the bedstead, then stealthily insinuated myself beneath the mosquito curtains. All in vain. They accompanied me, or were hatched in the night to torture me ere morning. My bed was taken to pieces and washed in paraffin; the horrid odour overpowered me. But the mosquito inhaled it as a stimulant or tonic, and with joyful buzz fell on his prey. I grew wonderfully expert at killing the enemy. Whilst the more heavy-moving masculine animal was slowly gathering himself together preparatory to an onslaught, I had laid a row of corpses on the table, victims of my agility. "I would not think of them if I were you," said a mild young man, my partner at a game of whist which I had interrupted for a brief mosquito hunt. "Not think of them!" I wrathfully rejoined. "Tell the weary not to think of rest, the drowning not to think of the water gurgling in their ears, the tortured not to think of painless ease, but don't tell me not to think of mosquitoes, for they *will* think of me. Nothing but ether and chloroform will prevent me thinking of them." Seeing he had spoken foolishly, the young man

killed one, after much effort, and silently added it to the death-roll as a propitiatory offering.

Provision dealer and usurer.

Oh India! thy curse is not the Congress-wallah, who wants to push his finger into the pie political, to the disgust of his proud rulers, not the bunniah who is said to enslave the whole village by providing food in times of dearth or scarce work at extravagant rates, not the Russian scare which possesses the mind and soul of Punjabi rulers, not the want of courage in the Bengali Baboo, not the disorganization of thine ancient arts and manufactures by the importation of machine-made British goods, not the salt and income taxes which thy sons do much detest, not child-marriage nor woman's slavish position, no, the real curse of India is the mosquito. At least I found it so. At Dehlie, there are wondrous buildings: by the Jumna's banks a mosque lifts two tall tapering figures to the sky, the palace of the great Moghuls has jewels embedded in its marble walls, a pearl mosque of purest marble, a

Great mosque.

Pillar.

Juma Masjid with three monstre flights of steps leading up to a great quadrangle, a Kootub Minar of wondrous beauty with arabesques and Arabic texts encrusted on it, tombs of Houmayon, Suftur Jung, Alla-oodin, Khusroo, Jehanara, Shah Jehan's favourite daughter, tombs nameless and endless are there, but who can study to revive that strange past with calm and thoughtful mind when the mosquito fiend tortures and poisons him?

At Bombay kind friends met me, took me to their pleasant home, introduced me to their circle of acquaintance, showed me many strange sights in the beautiful city. From here I made an excursion to Elephanta and saw the

wonderful cave temples dating from the revival of Brahmanism after Buddhism was expelled, the curious carving of the Trimurtite, Uma the wife of Shiva led to her husband, Shiva with his necklace of skulls, and here I saw too my first mosquito! I started off my seat involuntarily. It was prophetic.

Hindu Trinity—Brahma, Vishnu, Shiva.

> "Thy towers, they say, gleam fair, Bombay,
> Across the dark blue sea."

I saw but little of her towers, and far, far too much of her great, black, bloodthirsty mosquitoes.

As our theologians advance in sweetness and reasonableness, in comprehension of the great principles of our religion, they tell us eternal punishment is inconsistent with eternal love. It may be so, but if there be neither eternal cold to freeze, nor eternal fire to burn the wicked, my sense of fairplay still desires one hundred brief years beside Bombay mosquitoes for him who oppressed the fatherless, flung the weak to the wall, who built his own fortune with bricks of greed carved out of his neighbours' wrongs, who schemed and plotted to take advantage of the simple-minded man, to trap the unwary and ingenuous. If his heart were hard, may his skin be tender!

Twice you may get the better of the mosquito plague. The first occasion is under mosquito curtains. Your enemy has gorged himself on your blood; unfit for the slightest exertion, suffering severely from repletion, you slaughter him with his feet caught in the meshes.

But mosquito curtains prevent the circulation of air, they are equal to a heavy blanket, and must be discarded when

April and May approach. By an evilly-designed coincidence, almost sufficient by itself to make one reject belief in a personal providence, it is at this time the mosquito grows more vigorous and numerous. He is as the sand on the sea shore for multitude. Beds must all be placed under the punkah, and here the ingenuity of the saheb comes in. He pins a towel on the punkah frill so that it clears his nose by one inch. The flicking of the towel and creaking of the punkah-rope are fatal to the repose of the normally constituted individual for two or three nights, but soon it is the stoppage of what a week ago harassed him, that breaks his sleep and rouses his anger. If the punkah-wallah do but cease from his labours for forty brief winks, the Presence awakes gaspingly hot, a crowd of mosquitoes on his person. He must be more than man who can forbear flinging his boots or any other convenient missile at the offending coolie. "My punkah-wallah fell asleep last night," said a mild Englishman to me at an Indian dinner table, "so I just went into the verandah, lifted up the chair (made of light reeds) on which he had placed himself, clapped it on his head, and retired to bed again. I never spoke a single word." "For shame!" said I. "It was high-handed conduct of that description that caused the Indian mutiny. No one will persuade me that these people murdered us without due reason." That very night, almost the first I had slept under a punkah, I awoke with suffocating sensations, the mosquitoes were on me even as the Philistines were upon Samson, the towel was hanging motionless over my face. Filled with righteous indignation, I gathered up all the boots

Fellow.

and shoes I could find and shied them at the faithless coolie one after the other. Not one hit him (it is singular how ineffectual feminine aim usually is; is there any valid reason for it?) but I fully intended them all to do so. This little incident gave me much cause for reflection. The things that a man would not, these, under the cruel influence of heat, he does. How wise was that Bishop of Calcutta, who from the pulpit rebuked Europeans for giving way to the miserable irritability that heat engenders.

There is hardly a recent arrival from England, possessed of conscience and reflective power, but gazes on Anglo-Indian relations with the natives, with critical, unsatisfied eyes. He thinks his countrymen exacting, forgetful of the fact that Indians are civilised, though the lines of their civilisation are different from theirs, apt to plume themselves on the achievements of the race, instead of achieving individual excellence, haughty, arrogant, with a keen appetite for pleasure and a strong tendency to boast of how hard they work, and how indifferently they are paid. The recent arrival occasionally cannot see anything absurd or preposterous in the demand of natives for the recognition of Congress by those in authority, and yet, before many months or even weeks have passed over his head, he may be thankful if he attains to the modest standard of those he is criticising. It is the heat that searches him and tries his reins, that thins his blood, rendering him irritable and fractious to a degree that surprises himself, but not his servants nor yet his Anglo-Indian confrères. Englishwomen loll and lounge, servants taking all the work off their hands; men work, or rather civilians work in a state

of suppressed exasperation that speaks volumes for the tension of their nervous system, a tension that sometimes cracks. Rudyard Kipling, who is nowhere more at home than when he depicts the life of the English soldier in India, tells how one night in stifling, maddening heat, a soldier rose from his charpoy, seized a weapon, and actually shot two of his companions before he could be disarmed. Natives feel the heat too; some one raised the awful theory that they feel it as much as the Saheb, but this was denounced as savouring of treason. Anyhow they seem unable to bear much when the sun is vertical to Cancer. A bright young Englishman, kindly and considerate as a rule in his dealings with his inferiors, rebuked his saïs with a probably deserved kick for stealing his horse's food. Such cases are far too common and an Englishman's time too valuable to be taken to a law court. With that perversity, nay malignity, that fate so often reserves for respectable individuals, the saïs died. The young man was convicted of manslaughter, and though his punishment was slight, he never lifted his head again, and was carried off in a few months by fever.

Bedstead.

Groom.

The acknowledged disability that Englishmen labour under in the hot season, their constant desire and need to escape to the hills from the raging heat of the Indian plains, form a powerful argument for the gradual supersession of our countrymen in minor posts by natives, who can bear more easily a climate unsuitable to the child of the frozen north. What would the unhappy Saheb do in this trying heat, were it not for the imperturbable serenity and equanimity of Indian servants? The more irritable he is, the more

gently sympathetic do they appear to be, watchful to anticipate his slightest wish, wishful to alleviate his sufferings? In their white garments and bare feet, they noiselessly minister to his wants, not even remarking that it is hot. I often felt grateful to a black-handed bearer who incited the punkah-coolie to renewed exertions, warned the bhisti to pour more water on the kus-kus tattie, and silently placed an iced drink near my hand without bothering me with questions, when the afternoon sun grew unendurable. My first experience of Indian hot weather was valuable and more amusing to those to whom I related it than to myself. I had returned to Dehlie after a visit to Agra where I had seen that noble building, perhaps the finest in the world, the Taj Mahal. It was the end of March, and every day the thermometer was rising, till early in April it stood at ninety-four degrees, an absurdly high figure for the time of year. I began to calculate that by June we should have reached the boiling point at the present rate of increase, and mentioned my fears to a lady who was dining with us. "It really *does* feel hot here," remarked she, "and we have not yet begun with punkahs. What time do you shut the house up?" I gazed at her. "We never shut it up. All the doors are open on every side, but for all that, the heat is frightful." A hearty laugh was all the answer I obtained for a minute, in which the whole company joined. It was then explained to me that every day the house should be closed at eight o'clock till sunset, that chinks should all be filled up, and no breath from the outer furnace blast be permitted to enter our dwelling except through the kus-kus tatties, which must be fixed in the doorways on the side

Water-bearer.

Frame of scented twigs.

towards which the wind is blowing, and water poured on them.

The following day these directions were carried out, and our house never registered much more than ninety-two degrees in April, though the heat was growing daily. The error I had made, natural to a person accustomed to a cold climate, made me wonder why the servants had not volunteered the necessary information. I found that many Indians labour under the delusion that had afflicted me. A lady missionary of my acquaintance tried to show a class of Indian girls by means of a thermometer that the admission of air to their class-room meant a rise of several degrees in temperature. They were silenced, but not convinced, and continued to hanker for an open door, type of the too conservative mind.

During May the temperature at Kasauli became a good deal warmer—the thermometer stood at eighty degrees in the shade in the hottest part of the day, even eighty-three degrees on one or two occasions, and the lieutenants began to feel it; possibly on account of their severe mental exertions. There are constitutions made on purpose for such climates. Mine is one of them, and whilst my military friends groaned forth complaints about the heat, I felt pleasantly thawed and almost equal to the task of entertaining them. "You don't mean to say that you really feel this heat?" For even in my limited experience it was as nothing compared with the scorching, blasting heat of the plains. I then had minutely explained to me a favourite Anglo-Indian theory touching ability to endure heat, which I heard asserted on every side. It is said that people,

English people of course, feel the heat least during the first year of exile, that every succeeding year finds them less able to support it, more open to the maladies that are brought in its train. I could not help thinking, that if this is true, and many are to be found who assert it, it points to some errors in diet that could be avoided with a certain amount of care. Take for instance the eating of flesh. It is fully recognized that meat is a diet suitable for a cold climate, and that even then it should be partaken of in moderation. The vast majority of English people of the middle classes in England only eat fresh meat once a day. Yet with one exception I never was in an Anglo-Indian household where people did not have fresh meat twice a day at least, and at dinner several kinds of it. In many ordinary households of no pretension the evening meal has half a dozen courses. Usually the cooking is good, undertaken by Muhammadans who serve out of a miserable little den a far better cooked meal than is placed on an average English table by a cook who has all kinds of ingenious appliances to assist her. Such a system is presumably a survival from the good old times, when every Englishman considered himself compelled to keep up a certain amount of state and dignity to impose upon the natives, or perhaps on himself, for many of us decline to strip off devices and delusions that a kind of inward self knows and recognizes as such. Many intelligent persons hold the opinion that the poverty of Indian meat, its lean, tasteless flabbiness requires redoubled effort on the part of the English exile in order to make up in quantity for wretched quality, and many persons do actually eat far more meat in India than they would consider advisable in

England. I cannot help thinking that to throw additional burdens on the digestive organs in a hot climate is false animal economy, tending probably to develop that thirst that is so deadly an enemy of appetite. How often have I seen an Englishman, how often have I not myself come in out of the hot sun and quenched appetite for hours by drinking first an immense tumblerful of iced aërated water. It is that you *want*, and when did a thirsty man ever listen to reason? It is believable that the stomach can stand such refrigerating treatment for a year or two, but it is difficult to believe that it can be endured for many consecutive years without working harm. It is very easy to theorise on an improved diet for the Englishman in India, it is exceedingly difficult to put theory in practice, especially in the hot weather, when practice is most necessary. Improvements or innovations in the food would naturally come under a woman's province, yet women perhaps feel more than men the constant, irresistible law of change which revolutionises an Indian station from top to bottom, and at the end of five years leaves no "old inhabitant" in the place. This hot weather a wife spends in the hills, the next she sails for England, the third she has a severe illness. Who can think out a hot weather menu when a relentless "move on" lies at the back of hot weather langour?

Most persons would agree that a man is not badly provisioned who can get good bread, butter, milk, eggs. Yet these essentials for a fair diet, whether mixed or vegetarian, are precisely those which cannot be obtained good at any price at an ordinary Indian station. Clever managing women who will not be beaten, teach their cooks

how to make good bread, triumphing even over the oven difficulty, they have their butter churned in a bottle before their eyes, their cow milked in front of the verandah. At Mooltan a clever Englishwoman had established a hen-house in her compound, and insisted on large, full-flavoured, handsome eggs being laid under her personal inspection. No wily native need count on abstracting the eggs from her hen-house, for it had been carefully constructed with the intention of defeating such attempts, and was an admirable success. Every egg was made a prisoner of war, dated, laid on an egg-tray systematically. Every one praises her; her husband is known in the gate and so is she. Had you, gentle reader, ever eaten a miserable Indian egg about the size of a pigeon's, bought in the bazar, you would appreciate this eulogy, as you would admire the ingenuity and intelligence which can baffle the Indian domestic. The lady has recently removed to another station, but on inquiry I found she had taken the hen-house with her. At every station those fresh eggs will win her fresh and well-merited laurels. Meantime the woman who does not know the language, who has not gauged the native intelligence, who foolishly imagines that feminine talent in India is confined to playing the piano, dressing, waltzing, and tennis, that woman will be imposed upon, and find her tissues and those of her household dwindling and languishing under her indifferent care. After a considerable amount of observation and comparison I came to the conclusion that any woman can keep house in England, but only women of superior breeds who shine physically, mentally, morally and socially should attempt it in India. The poor puling woman, she who would typify the

charming oak and ivy theory, should think twice before she packs her boxes for Calcutta or Bombay. Oaks won't stand very much ivy at home without injurious consequences, and there they can stand hardly any.

CHAPTER IV.

AT Kasauli the mist lifted one day from some distant hills, and forty miles away, by means of glasses we saw Simla's distant peaks—even the houses were distinctly visible. The Birthday Ball, in honour of the Queen's Birthday of course, is an event of immense importance in the Anglo-Indian community, and shook our small station to its foundations. Many of the military youth went up to Simla determined to see a little life. I was informed that the ball was somewhat disappointing to many. There as here society moves in sets and cliques. Portions of such social aggregations were there, but not wholes, and consequently there was a good deal of disturbance and disjunction of the ordinary social links. Elderly ladies who looked as if they belonged to the retired and pension list danced far too much with youthful lieutenants; gay, prankish, puckish, kittenish forty-nine had a jolly time, whilst sweet but dignified seventeen looked on and learned how it should be done. Stewards would not introduce our lieutenants in quarters where it was necessary their merits should become known; one of them said the ladies looked down the sides of their noses at him. But about this there

must have been some error, as partners were certainly scarce, and any port does in a storm About the time of the ball, honours are distributed, such as knighthood and the Star of India. I subsequently heard, though not among the circle in which I moved, that these too had afforded cause for discontent. It was whispered that native toadies and lickspittles, hangers on of government who affected contempt for Congress and dislike of its principles, were singled out for honours, and that men who advocated the national movement, and who otherwise might reasonably expect distinction, were studiously ignored. But of these high matters of state no ordinary individual can judge, and I believe the honours list gave satisfaction to the majority of Anglo-Indians.

Shortly after the Birthday Ball I decided on leaving Kasauli and passing the remainder of my time in India in Simla, the seat of the government of India from April to October. Kasauli's walks and one tree had grown to be excessively wearisome; I pitied from my heart those persons who had to pass the whole summer in the spot. For the exodus to the Indian hill stations does not mean a change of air for a month or two months at most; it is a decampment varying in duration from four to seven months. There are numbers of stations in the plains like Jacobabad, Agra, Jhansi, Mooltan, which are almost uninhabitable by European women and children from March to October. The immense expense caused by keeping up a household in the plains and another in the hills is as legitimate a grievance as any the Saheb can advance, and at least equal to the depreciation of the rupee. On however modest a footing the households may be placed, the double

drain usually leaves a very slender margin to the credit account. Nor can much of a saving be effected by using the hill hotels for the season, for most preposterous prices are paid for board and rooms, even by persons who have arranged to stay the season. I found 140 rupees per month quite an ordinary price, a sum that in some cases did not include a private sitting-room and lights, and never included service and washing. When one knows that a leg of mutton though much smaller than ours can be bought for eightpence, a chicken sixpence, flour about ninepence a stone, the exorbitance of these prices will be understood. Anglo-Indians almost always profess extreme dislike to any edible that has been put up in a tin, excepting perhaps asparagus, and certainly tinned meats are often dear and bad. Yet a hotel proprietor assured me that unless variety were obtained in a hill station by means of the most expensive tinned goods the character of his hotel would very much suffer. I was quite at a loss to reconcile these statements.

Ladies who are good managers have of course the best of the game at Simla as elsewhere, and turn up many trump cards. Does the hotel management not allow of a private sitting-room? No matter, the managing madam will sleep in the dressing-room, the bullock-train will cart up furniture from her drawing-room in the plains; with hammer and tacks the whitewashed walls are draped with artistic Indian hangings, great curtains conceal the coarse woodwork of the doors, carpets and rugs are laid down, pictures and objets de vertu are agreeably disposed. Last but not least, a blackboard with "Algernon Sydney" painted on it in white is hung on a patriarchal tree near the approaches of

the hotel. Beneath it is to be seen almost always a small tin box bearing the inscription: "Mrs. A. Sydney. Not at home," into which it is said that ladies who must know each other, but do not want, make a point of dropping their cards.

All things are now ready and the campaign begins with great briskness and spirit. Many of the excellent ladies at a fashionable hill station live in a very small station in the plains, so that their summer outing is the combined business and pleasure of the year, for which their winter seclusion is mere rest and preparation. For the hills are reserved gay toilets, new Parisian hats, bottines, ganterie, hautes nouveautés of all descriptions. "I to the hills will lift mine eyes" may be said to be the motto of many Anglo-Indian ladies.

One of the first things to be obtained at Simla is a small vehicle called a rickshaw, said to be of Japanese origin. It resembles a bath chair with a hood and is propelled by coolies, two in front and two behind. All ladies with the slightest pretension to *bon ton* have their coolies dressed in neat knickerbockers, tunic and cap or turban, and there is much emulation as to who shall have the best dressed "stud." Just before my arrival there had been a show of jampanni costumes and prizes had been awarded; indeed our hotel boasted of sheltering the lady whose taste had thus been signally approved, and many of the inmates felt a kind of honour reflected on themselves by their connection with the house.

Coolie who propels a vehicle (jamphan).

Jampannis do not of course wear this elegant costume all day, only when they perambulate mem-saheb. They are

engaged by the month and are expected to take madam out at all times and seasons.

The great thing is to get up a good visiting list, to know nice people, nice being almost synonymous with those who give pleasant parties, have good tennis courts, can introduce you to a set you want to know, or advance some relative of yours. And ladies are said to be extremely powerful in India in advancing men in whom they have an interest.

The usual plan at an Indian station is for a newcomer to call upon all Europeans who are acknowledged to be in society; but certain cities are too large for indiscriminate calling, and Simla ranks among them. Here you must select, *aller aux informations*, avoid the crass stupidity of calling on A if it will be to your detriment with B, who gives a capital dance, still less compromise yourself by knowing C, who is charming, but mixed herself up in that doubtful Bhaskaranand affair. It is not friendship, amity, or anything but pure calculation, and she who can do the longest sums in practice, who has studied the rules of proportion and of social notation, is the one to come out dux. Anybody can get an invitation to Government House, only a slight censorship of morals is observed there, but anybody can *not* have an invitation to a garden party, a dinner and a dance on the same day, and social successes have been known to achieve triumphs as brilliant as this. I could not but admire the zeal and enthusiasm for the social cause visible in many directions. But for the devotion that now and then leavens it, society would be more dull or more rotten than it is.

Simla struck me as a better field for the display of Becky Sharpe's social qualities than for the ordinary virtues of guileless folk. "You don't want to swoop down on Simla like a deus ex machinâ," said a lady who knew the ropes, "You want to study Anglo-Indian society thoroughly and slowly rise up to it. Calling on everybody, as is done in the small stations, is a complete delusion, worse than useless. During the first month we were here we paid about fifty calls, all on people we knew. After about two months you feel how serviceable it is, and get lots of invitations if you play your cards properly." "I am sure it is wisest," I responded with the feigned enthusiasm of the hypocrite. Between pulling ropes and playing cards on the one hand, and the part of the silent onlooker at the feast, no middle course seemed possible. The military were not scarce, but naturally a good deal overshadowed by the overwhelming importance of the central government of India, which for six months of the year, from April to October, makes Simla its headquarters, filling to overflowing the handsome government offices which rise story above story on the hill sides, and form as imposing an appearance as perhaps any European buildings in India outside Bombay or Calcutta. On account of this annual exodus from the capitals of the eight provinces to the hill stations, natives call ours the absentee government. Do not ask a Saheb to explain this joke, for he is certain never to have heard the expression. Chuprassies of the Lord Saheb, as the natives style the Governor-General, flit about in bright scarlet livery, bearing despatches, cards of invitation, and what not, as if they were anybody's messengers; the unwonted sight

Messengers.

is to be seen on Simla's comparatively broad roads of carriages drawn by a pair of horses, instead of rickshaws, dhoolies and dandis which other hill stations alone can boast. This privilege is extended to only three high functionaries: the Lord Saheb, the Lord of War, Sir F. Roberts, and the Governor of the Punjab, I think. All other people ride, walk, or roll along the road in rickshaws. Miss Bird in her "Unbeaten Tracks in Japan" says one man, or at most two, would drive you in that country for thirty miles a day, but at Simla most people had four coolies as a team, and sometimes a fifth called a mate went to keep the quartette in order. I could not help putting this down to ostentation, which plays a considerable part in Anglo-Indian life. People who have been used to one domestic servant at home, suddenly burst forth in India in an establishment of ten or twelve. You are then gravely informed that Indian servants will only perform one branch of service. It is a matter of almost universal experience that servants will do as little as they can in any country; at the same time an Englishman who goes out to camp takes a servant who does almost everything for him. If there were more demand for such servants, there would certainly be a supply. If Anglo-Indians chose to dispense with ostentation, in cold weather the vast majority of households could be comfortably administered by four servants, the cook, bearer, water-carrier and sweeper. In cases where water is easily obtained, the third is hardly essential. I was often amused on observing a *petit jeune militaire* living in a hotel, whose pay was some 250 rupees per month, engage a bearer to look after his clothes and bed-room, and a *second* servant to

hand him food at table, and nothing else. During the major part of the day, or what sounds like it, these idle minions squabble in the compound, much to the annoyance of the Saheb lōg.

People.

It is wise to be on good terms with your jampannis, for many complaints are made that hill coolies are not so obsequious as they should be, and vent spite on their employer when annoyed or thwarted. A gay and charming young American lady, who went to too many dinners and parties for the taste of her stud, found that a great many accidents, or rather mischances befell her. At length these culminated one evening in her finding herself seated a few yards down the khud in her beautiful ball-dress. The men were paid by the month, not by the job. She yielded the point and paid buckshish when she did not come home till morning.

Slope, precipice.

Simla is beautifully situated, covering many hill sides with picturesque villas and bungalows. Bright gardens, splendid deodars, scarlet rhododendrons, romantic walks, and wonderfully handsome public buildings are its chief charms. Amongst the latter was one styled the Municipal Buildings which interested me considerably. Surely some socialistically disposed individual bestowed this name upon the imposing mass, which contains a concert hall, the Gaiety Theatre, dancing-room, supper-room, library. However it is not the municipality in the extended sense, not the delegates of the Third Estate nor the Third Estate itself of Simla, that frequent these buildings to listen to divine music, to learn life lessons from dramatic representations, to chase dull care away in a dreamy waltz, to read and lounge

Indian cedars.

and chat. No, with trifling exceptions all these things are reserved for the Saheb and duly enjoyed by him.

The Simla theatre is a great resort for the talented, and capital amateur performances are given in it on several days in the week. Matinées at five are arranged for the convenience of young persons and others who find 9.30 a late hour for a drama to begin. The scenery and acting are both surprisingly good. I particularly noted the former and inquired how it came there. I was informed that a captain in the army had painted it, my informant adding that such a gift as scene-painting was invaluable to a young man, for when others were left to bake and stew in the plains, he was called up to Elysium, to dinners, and preferment. Woolwich, Sandhurst and Cooper's Hill, please note that though scene-painting will not pay as an extra subject for examination, yet it may be profitably added to the curriculum nevertheless.

Annandale and the Glen! The former reserved for sports, chiefly athletic, the latter for lovers of the picturesque. I spent a happy day in pleasant society in the glen, a real Scotch glen with lovely ferns and creepers, and the exhilarating atmosphere of a summer day in the Indian hills. Nothing marred its peaceful beauty but the hateful attacks of leeches from which we suffered silently, and were disgusted to learn the cause later. On looking back, one is ashamed to see how many allusions to insect pests and reptile plagues this record contains. Yet the half has not been told, for they do form that ever-present fly in the ointment which often blights its sweetness, and always diminishes it. It is an old and faithful saying that "the dog in

the kennel barks at the fleas, the dog that is hunting does not feel them." I am persuaded that nothing short of chasing tigers, or tigers chasing him could make the ordinary Indian traveller forget the serried phalanx of the foes of his epidermis. "'Twere wisdom to forget" them as the sentimental song remarks, but utterly impracticable.

I could not find out where the lieutenants sheltered themselves in Simla. Our hotel, which was comfortable and refined to a wonderful degree, contained none of them, nor yet another at which I visited, and this withdrawal of their society had the usual effect of making me see some admirable points in their character. Colonels, majors and captains, almost invariably accompanied by their wives and hedged in by them and their relations, were quite common, but no lieutenants could be found. On the Mall gorgeous military visions on horseback swept past us poor occupants of rickshaws, capering and caracoling their horses to convince us what skilful creatures their riders were, but none were to be met to enliven daily life with. I fancy they all assembled at the United Service Club where much excellent eating and drinking is reported to be done. Once however at a matinée at the theatre I did meet a lieutenant of my acquaintance and joyed to see him. By rare good fortune I had got separated from my friends, and the lieutenant and I freely criticised the performance in that disagreeable demi-tone that certainly merits ejection when others affect it. Afterwards he insisted on my accompanying him to Peliti's for an ice, and when we separated, I felt that Simla joys might gradually become most engrossing.

Peliti's is a semi-Italian restaurant transported from

Calcutta, I think, to the hill capital for the season. Few things would astonish me more than to learn Peliti had failed in business, for all Simla that is anybody visits the establishment, and trade is very brisk in the afternoon. Ladies in elegant costume naturally make an effort to be bright and charming when exalted civilians and distinguished military men are plying them with dainties, and much merriment and laughter from the verandah struck on the ear of the wayfarer below.

Simla boasts of at least a score of excellent European shops, which afford proof of its overwhelming superiority. Kasauli had only one, and Dehlie, a town of 150,000 inhabitants, had not a single "Europe" shop, though it had plenty native ones where English goods were to be found. How well I recollect the shop of Abdulrahman in the Moghul capital, where wares of the most miscellaneous description were assembled together in unsurpassable confusion. It differed from most native shops in having goods piled up in front where Europeans have windows and natives have nothing at all but the opening to the street. Pots, pans, oil-cans, tinned goods, patent medicines, hair-pins, needle-cases, salad-oil, buttons, patent egg-whisks, boot-laces, lamps, irons, enamelled ware, note-paper, sponges, ink, pencils, corn-flour, tooth-brushes, all, all was there, no choice, but endless variety. Our Muhammadan friend, who sat cross-legged among his books, had no gift of order or organisation, but an admirably insouciante manner, a take-it-or-leave-it sort of tone that customers found irresistible. Most ladies send their servants to do the shopping, but on several occasions I could not forbear a visit to this interest-

ing repository. "Have you got so-and-so Abdulrahman?" I would call to him from the dog-cart. "Abdullah," the old rascal would say without so much as lifting his eyes, for he was wonderfully deficient in courtesy for an Oriental, "see if it is there." Abdullah was deliberate in his movements, the Chandni-Chouk is hot at ten in the morning, and I was usually impelled to alight and assist him. More than once did I buy articles for which I had no immediate need out of sheer pleasure at coming across them so unexpectedly.

Main street of Dehlie.

At Simla all the shop fronts are glazed, and recent arrivals from everywhere but vice-regal Calcutta might be seen gazing intently at Hamilton's, Cottar & Morrison's, the fascinating Simla Repository, and above all the drapers' shops. We fondly hoped the native shop-keepers of the towns of the Punjab and North-West Provinces, who also crowd up to Simla for the season, would take a much needed lesson in orderliness, punctuality and speedy service from their brethren of the west, and indeed many of them made an effort to be abreast of the situation at Simla, which they evidently relaxed in the plains when competition ceased to exert its force. I was much amused on glancing up to an upper story where I felt eyes were following me, to receive smiles and Oriental salaams from a number of the Dehlie merchants whose faces I knew well by sight, though I had infinite difficulty in fixing names to them. In some of the good native shops it is recognized that life is too short for the endless haggling and chaffering that has been the immemorial but detestable custom of the East, and "one price" is their motto, no matter if it be an exorbitant one. My Dehlie friends, mostly jewellers and sha'l merchants,

were not children of this new light, indeed the mere fact that many of their shops were up a steep stair bespoke their conservatism and appreciation of the methods of their remote ancestors. Much agreeable amusement could be derived by a person who had plenty time to spare looking over the contents of their bundles. One soon learns that it is wasted breath to say a thing is dear, a simple elevation of the eyebrows is enough to lower the cost occasionally by one half. In truth it is a small pantomime that is often enacted by buyer and seller, of infinite interest to both. A tentative effort is made on both sides but chiefly by the native, for the Englishman is generally persuaded that his Aryan brother wants to cheat him, to find out where the other stands in business transactions. The buyer is evidently a recent arrival, he does not know the language, which partly betokens simplicity, but not necessarily, for some are born suspicious, and other new arrivals have made many purchases. Moreover the Saheb is apt to speak out in a direct, not to say rude manner when he discovers that he is being imposed upon, and his loud-voiced anger is distressful to Indian smoothness. Sitting on a chair with my elbows on my knees and face in my hands in a Dehlie shop one day, I determined to have a rise out of the embroidery dealer who was squatting on the floor before me unfolding his goods.

"Dis very beautiful wark Mem-Saheb," said he, extending a most mediocre piece of embroidery. I bowed assent.

"Very pretty colours here" was his next comment on a table cover which displayed magenta and royal blue in all

their awful crudity. "I call that artistic," I responded. But I perceived the clever rogue was equal to most occasions, and reflecting that it "takes a lang spoon to sup wi' the de'il," I commanded another bale to be shewn. For authority is the only weapon with which the Saheb can expect to combat Oriental subtlety. A Muhammadan is often downright, plain and direct in his dealings; a Hindu is somewhat prone to qualities the reverse of these. Soon after I reached Dehlie a member of the ancient faith was seated in our vestibule; he was extremely fat, so that his successful attempt to assume the ordinary position on the floor struck me as a good deal of an athletic feat. Puffing a little he opened his bale for my inspection. "Mem-Saheb, dis very cheap," said he in unctuous, wheedling tones which I am convinced he meant to be persuasive. At the same time he slowly shook his head from side to side, smiled an appalling smile in which his eyes absolutely disappeared, and conveyed the motion which had hitherto been confined to his head, to his shapeless and unwieldy person. As I hesitated which of two sheetings would best suit my purpose, he continued: "Lady-Saheb (the title bestowed on the Vice-reine) dis excellent good stuff." Still I was lost in calculations. He glanced up in a pathetic way: "I am hear, Lady-Saheb, dat a great and generous lady is come to dis bungalow, and I am say to myself, surely she will buy somet'ing of Chota Lal, and so I am bring dese t'ings." A loud laugh from the other side of our bungalow awoke me to the consciousness that Chota Lal was amusing in his way; he utilised the distant laugh by adding a second oily smile which precipitated

my decision by several seconds and the bargain was struck.

Some fairly good native shops in Bombay and elsewhere amused me by putting over their doors in gold letters: Ali Hoosein, Cheap Jack, and even printing it on business cards. Evidently they consider it an honourable title; if a customer object that an article is dear, the seller may be heard to say "No, no; I am cheap jack."

But our fine European shops in Simla, like all Simla's joys, are destined to a long eclipse. Socially visitors are almost extinguished during the month of July, for then the monsoon rages, the floodgates of heaven are opened, perambulation ceases, people depend on the inmates of their hotel for all society. Already we had had two or three severe rainstorms in June, precursors of the wettest July that people who had lived there for twenty years had ever known. The severity of the monsoon is variable, and that of 1890 made for itself a niche in the temple of fame.

"I have made up my mind on the monsoon subject," said a melancholy, consumptive-looking lady at the luncheon table. "I shall decamp for Chini near Thibet which is said to be rainless, and stay there till the rains cease here. It will be lonely, but I don't much mind that."

"And I will go with you," said I.

"You are joking?" said the consumptive one.

Now I was joking when I spoke, but the words had hardly crossed my lips when a rapid decision enabled me to say I was never more in earnest in my life.

"And I will go too," added a charming young American lady whose grace and sweetness shed a lustre round our end

of the table, and gained her almost as much notice from the ladies as if she had been a lieutenant. For ten minutes we inverted the natural order of things and prevented any man getting a word in edgeways, so excited were we over our plan. At length the American lady's husband, a gentlemanly man, free of the slightest taint of Anglo-Indian snobbishness, was heard to remark mildly that so serious a decision required consideration. "No, no, it's the very thing I have wanted to do for years, and I must go," was the wife's reply.

But I knew from the sweet reasonableness of her husband's tone as well as from her positiveness that she was doomed to spend July in Simla, and the event proved it. One learns in course of time that the person who uses no emphatic voice or imperative mood in the bonds of matrimony, is the person whose will stands a good chance of being done.

CHAPTER V.

"ARE you awake?"

"Yes. What has happened?" and I gazed with a feeling akin to alarm at the gray, haggard face, unkempt hair of a melancholy, unslept-looking young lady who had penetrated through my little sitting-room into my inner sanctum, and stood at my bedside. She looked down on me from a superior height which I felt to be annoying, but unworthy of consideration compared with the strangeness of a visit at five in the morning. I was perfectly used to the sight of a turbaned head and a small tray with chota hazri at six o'clock, borne by the discreet Karim who placed it by my bedside and withdrew, never so much as casting a glance at me. But the present apparition was appalling, and called up a vision of the witch of Endor, and other ghostly visitants.

Small breakfast.

"I've changed my mind; I'm not going."

"Not going!" I vacantly reiterated. "What can you mean?"

But before the words had left my lips, her remark had set in motion the long train of consequences which would result from my companion's changed plans, and I saw exactly what

she meant. A long list of excuses followed, to which I listened with a dull outward acquiescence and much inward rebellion. When she withdrew, I cast a despairing glance through to my sitting-room. It was piled with packed Creels. boxes, kiltas, dishes, pots and pans, waterproof sheets and holdalls; that singular conglomeration was the result of much forethought, trouble and expense on my part. It represented my equipment for a month's tour on the Himalayan-Thibet Road, much advice from friends who had done that route or a similar one, interminable talks at the table d'hôte for exactly ten days, many wearisome runs down the steep road round Jakoo, down past the church to the bazar, and as many toilsome climbs up again.

"Le superflu, chose très nécessaire," said Voltaire, and reflecting on the deep wisdom the paradox contains, I had endeavoured to choose my superfluities wisely. I shut my eyes to hide the hateful sight from view, and only succeeded in calling up another vision less endurable, the hotel breakfast table. "I told you so," "the usual end of ladies' expeditions from Simla," and similar consolations, rang into my unhappy ears.

Chota hazri at last. "Tell the mate that the Miss-saheb is not going, and perhaps I'm not either. If he comes on in the evening, I will give him a definite answer." And I began crunching the toast with an utter absence of enthusiasm. Strange that I should persistently indulge in eating at such an hour, when I had partaken of an excellent dinner of many courses at eight the night before, and would find an abundant breakfast awaiting me at nine o'clock. And I fell to hating myself.

Certainly they made merry over our failure to depart—the gallant Major who enlivened our meals by his pleasant manners and bright stories declared that now a load was off his mind, and he felt very glad we had not set off on a wild-goose chase. A preposterous notion indeed that two lone lorn women should set off on a journey of 150 miles into the interior, without a man to protect them! It was a perfect tempting of Providence!

Nevertheless I consulted with a wary Scotch deputy-commissioner, and decided that I would start the following day. The annoyances he represented would be considerable: coolies are not easy to manage at times, even when the Saheb's authoritative eye is upon them, headmen of villages show grasping and disobliging traits in the matter of supplies, but still my friend thought I could do it, and I afterwards felt grateful to him for having advised me to proceed in a journey which, though it had its share of fatigue and vexation, was a source of great enjoyment and a unique event in my experience.

The next day it poured with rain from morning to night with a persistency unequalled even by the Scotch Highlands, and I had to meet more adjurations to give up the whole business. The outlook was bad: the handsome deodars right before my verandah were soaking wet, the branches weeping despondently. Simla's beautiful hills were concealed by a thick mist, the tennis courts of the United Service Club were wet and deserted, our most comfortable hotel proved to be not watertight, and complaints were general that the long spell of hot dry weather had caused the roofs to warp and joists to crack. The monsoon had

Indian cedars.

struck against the Indian section of the Stony Girdle of the earth, and Simla joys were doomed. When I thought of sitting in an open palanquin with the heavens opened in this fashion, I could not but see that all the designs of man to keep himself and superfluities dry, would be vain and ineffectual. I promised my friends, with as much cheerfulness as I could muster, that I would give up the expedition if it rained on the morrow, and announced a probable approaching sale of stores, etc., in my verandah.

The next day, the fifth that my consumptive companion and self had intended to start upon, was a glorious morning, the only fine one Simla residents saw for more than a month. I chose the moment my friends would all be engrossed with breakfast to steal away as quietly as possible, and reviewed the caravan assembled at the main entrance with the eye of a commander-in-chief. The mate or superintendent of the coolies was there, six coolies to carry the dandi or palanquin, five to bear the creels of provisions, clothes and bedding, and my personal servant, a young Muhammadan called Karim whose duty it would be to cook for me when we passed the region of dâk bungalows, where fairly comfortable meals can be obtained at a moderate price. Besides these, one of the coolies brought his wife with him, as he intended going the whole journey with me. She was a slender, refined-looking girl of about seventeen with handsome Caucasian features. She walked 150 miles in less than a fortnight, and though during the time we rested at Pangay she slept a good deal on the verandah to recruit herself, she seemed in no way the worse of her exertions. Usually she was to be seen a few yards in front

Staging.

of the dandi, sensibly dressed in red cotton trousers, a gay chuddar gracefully draped over her short tunic, a closed bright green umbrella balanced on her shapely head, possibly put there to remind her of a waterpot and steady her gait. On days when heat or rain assailed the party, she put up her umbrella, dutifully sheltering her husband if he were off dandi duty; if the road were bad, she economically carried her sandals in her hands. I often gazed with admiring eye on her admirably poised figure; she neither wagged her shoulders, nor rolled her hips, nor protruded her head, but moved on with an easy Oriental grace that convinced me Occidental walking under three and more often four skirts consists of a series of gawky-like jerks and spasms, inevitable under the heavy conditions western women impose upon themselves. Worst of all is the dress foundation, usually about two yards wide which prevents one when climbing getting all possible advantage from the width of the dress, and brings the wearer up sharp when she means to step over an obstacle in the way or climb a steep slope. More than once I execrated this last and worst invention when the difficulties of the road compelled me to get out of the dandi to walk, and bemoaned my shortsightedness in not equipping myself sensibly for the excursion. On one occasion, but an occasion that lasted a whole happy month, I could have been FREE and unconventional, but when the tide was at the flood, the skiff was not there. How much happier it is not to see lost opportunities! But on this eventful morning I thought of nothing less than wasted opportunities and took my seat in the dandi with a glad heart. The morning was bright, the air exhilarating,

Long piece of calico.

the snowy range at Narkunda was visible in all its shining glory; in three or four days I should be there and enter an almost rainless region.

Simla theatre, where I saw *Our Flat* capitally represented even when it was still in its first London season, by a band of clever amateurs, its concert room, both situated in the Municipal Buildings, its fine ground for sports at Annandale, its noble Viceregal Lodge, its bazar now reinforced by Dehlie and Calcutta shopkeepers, many of the latter English, all are being left behind as we round Elysium Hill and the Lady's Mile. Our plan was to go fourteen marches into the interior, taking one every day so far as weather would permit, rest a few days at the last stage, 150 miles distant, and then return to Simla. A large part of the route would lie along the left bank of the Sutlej, at Wangtu Bridge we should cross to the right bank, then rise far above the river and come into regions where views of eternal snow are scarcely ever lost. On account of the difficulty of obtaining coolies who would go the whole distance, I was compelled to hire fresh men at every stage. It was therefore the mate's duty to find jampannies, and at distant stages to find milk, butter and eggs to assist in the repair of our tissues, to guard our person from accidents, and to bring it back to Simla on August 1st. We carried no tents because we hoped never to need them. As far as Kotegurh, where a glimpse of the Sutlŏj, as the hill people style it, is first obtained, the needs of travellers are supplied at dâk bungalows; after that we relied upon small bungalows erected every twelve or fourteen miles for the convenience of road inspectors and other government

Dandi bearers.

officials, travelling on duty along the Himalayan-Thibet Road.

A dâk bungalow generally contains several suites of rooms, four seemed to be the average. Each suite contains three rooms: bed, dressing and bath-room. The furniture is plain and generally decent. Usually it does not obtain that amount of elbow grease which the English housewife considers essential to her comfort and reputation, but happily the Indian atmosphere contains no appreciable proportion of soot and foggy grease. And this is well, for furniture is not made to stand severe rubbing and native servants are not disposed to exert themselves over dusty chair and table legs. Usually mem-saheb for the first year of her Indian sojourn keeps up a high English standard, but the native strong point is passive resistance, and by the end of a couple of years she yields to the custom of the country and the exigences of climate. As long as the mem-saheb refuses to lower the standard, the hamal takes a strong pride in the superior cleanliness which is wrested from him. "How quickly Ram Churun brings on the courses at dinner time," I remarked to our bearer and general manager, with a back-handed skit at a weak spot in our ménage. "Yes mem-saheb, but when I am go there last time, all t'ing very dirty." This with imperturbable gravity and a glance round our dining-room which spoke volumes. At this we laughed heartily, and the bearer retired into the bed-room behind his back to do the same, for he was a respectable man and better-mannered than to laugh in the face of his superiors like a coolie.

House-"man."

At a dâk bungalow people pay for the use of rooms;

meals and service are provided for a further consideration, the tariff being fixed. The bungalows are government property and a great convenience to the traveller. In India government has to undertake many branches that European governments leave to private enterprise; our Aryan brother is speculative, but mostly from a metaphysical point of view; educated and ignorant alike may be heard complaining that they are neglected or poor because government will not do anything for them. The management of these bungalows is on the whole fairly effective by means of a simple arrangement. When you arrive, the khansamah brings you the manager, an oblong book in which you enter the date and hour of your arrival. On departing the book is again produced and you inscribe the date and hour of your departure, how many rupees you paid to the khansamah for the use of your rooms, and any remark you choose to make on the state of the bungalow and the service. An inspector goes round to receive the money and inspect the book. To have many complaints would cost a man a fine or dismissal, and as these servants are pretty well paid, the latter punishment is a severe one. Faithful to the traditions of Indian service the housekeeper would usually receive back the book with a profound Oriental salaam. He could not of course read English, and I could not help being amused on reading the uncomplimentary remarks that were occasionally made about their dinner by facetious sahebs, who must have received similar salaams as if they had placed a handsome compliment on record.

Housekeeper

Beyond Kotegurh no such luxurious accommodation is to

be obtained: the bungalows are mostly very tiny, some of them only able to take in one traveller. A printed notice informs casuals that they are there by courtesy, and must vacate the premises should any of the Queen-Empress's officials chance to pass that way. I devoutly hoped I might never meet one, and, probably because it was an unseasonable month for travelling, was fortunate enough only to do so when we were going in opposite directions. Road bungalows are under the charge of one solitary and most inefficient servant, the chaukidar, whose zeal has been known to outrun his discretion in faithfulness to duty. Darmesteter relates that in St. John's Church at Peshawur the chaplain made the following remarkable entry in the register:—

Care-taker.

"1864, April 27. Isidore Lœwenthal, missionary of the American Presbyterian Mission. Shot by his own chaukidar. Well done, thou good and faithful servant." The poor fellow, told off to watch the missionary's bungalow, had mistaken his master for a burglar. Our chaukidars were none so zealous; usually they were ignorant semi-savages, perfectly incapable of supplying civilised wants, more particularly that of cleanliness. It never was my lot to sleep in rougher houses than these, and I carefully noted their architecture. In the forest regions they were usually built of stout logs of wood in a horizontal position, then above the logs, two layers of stone. A plaster of mud and chopped up straw was then applied inside and out, and finished off with a coating of whitewash. Sometimes there would be a gable roof of rough slabs of gneiss, further on the flat mud roofs prevailed. Every bungalow had that

indispensable requisite of an Indian house, a verandah, and here the traveller may sit enjoying the evening breeze, sand-flies and his dinner. Occasionally the leading inhabitants of the village including the lambardar, bunniah and a Brahman would come up to the bungalow and watch me partake of my evening meal with unaffected interest. "Where is the Saheb?" I heard one inquire of my servant. When he heard he was at Dehlie, he would probably put a little more down to the account of English eccentricity. They seemed pleased when I tried to speak to them, and were so ready to pour torrents of talk into my ear, that I much regretted that I did not know their language. Some of the bungalows had no windows, but this is no great lack as many of the doors have the upper half glazed. Nearly all had fireplaces, for even in summer the evenings are chilly in most places. The fireplace is a very simple hole in the mud wall. Sometimes a coarse wooden fender protects the floor; more usually there is none. A rough wooden plank serves as chimney-piece, but this betokens no desire on the part of the architect to dissipate his resources in unnecessary decoration. Frequently it is adorned with tins, packets and bottles from the traveller's stores, which give the room a cheerful and homely appearance. If a road Saheb who was new to his profession had built the bungalow, it lacked shelves and pegs—pots, pans, stores, bedding, books, dishes had to be bestowed on the floor till the next march began, and a very sorry jumble it made. However only one or two were so ill-provided as this. The planking of the floor was usually exceeding rough; the modern mind, almost bred by machinery, hardly ever thinks of such a

Head man. Provision dealer.

degree of roughness. Occasionally the floor was mud, and then it was covered with a coarse cotton dhurri. Carpet. The woodwork of the doors, windows, roof, the deal table, the rough charpoy, all matched the floor. Occasionally Sort of bedstead there were no door or window curtains, and it was a regular part of my servant's work at night to drape the windows and doors with my waterproof, rugs, and so forth. When a dressing-room was provided, it generally contained nothing. For three weeks I never saw a looking glass nor a hand basin, except when the chaukidar lent us a brass one. One of the many lessons I learned was that I should have taken these things with me. Plain as the road-bungalow usually is, and plainly furnished, yet it is a palatial residence compared with the surrounding huts and hovels. The natives look upon it as such; after a fortnight, when I had insensibly lowered the standard of comfort, I was entirely of their opinion. The difference in our dwellings was typical of the unnumbered steps that separate our civilisation from theirs.

I never once in the hills saw a glazed window in a native house, nor many in the plains. Ogive-shaped holes or open carving took the place of glass. Almost all good houses had a verandah of wooden planks where people whiled away the day and slept at night. Further in the mountains the houses were like rough wooden railway waggons with a flat roof, small verandah and wooden holes to admit light. They rise one after the other in tiers, as at Rogi, so that the roof of one house formed a sort of yard for the next one. It seemed to me a remarkable thing that little children could ever be reared in such a dangerous

situation; they ran about on the verge of precipices so that I shuddered to look at them. Often only night revealed little homesteads perched far up on the mountain side, and closely resembling it in colour, for then resinous pine torches were lighted and twinkled through wooden windows.

Dâk and road-bungalow life grew to be very wearisome: unpacking everything you possess at two o'clock in the afternoon and re-packing it all by seven or eight in the morning becomes most hateful work. To arrive every day at a bungalow where you are not expected and only wanted from the buckshish point of view, to have to point out every day to a careless chaukidar the dirty state of that bungalow, to insist on it being cleaned, and inspect the operation, it all grew to be very harassing. Then the visit of the lambardar and bunniah. "Bring milk, butter, eggs, a fowl." Always the same fight over skim and watered milk, rancid butter, rotten eggs, fleshless poultry, if any at all. For the first three the Saheb holds a remedy, he carries a walking-stick, and with it in hand he insists on a fair article for a fair price. I know some people make a considerable outcry against treating the natives differently from what we treat people of our own nation, and I deprecate the cane when any other sort of redress can be obtained. But in a remote village, far from any court or judge, how *are* you to deal with persons whose notions of trade are founded on cheating? To boycott them is quite useless. Indeed headmen of villages are bound to supply at a fixed price whatever supplies a village can afford, and also to furnish coolies to pass travellers on from one stage to another. My position prevented me from using a cane, and the war of

words that ensued was a very unpleasant part of the day's programme. Finding that I generally trusted to his sense of fairness in the matter of payment for the provisions, Sukhram ingeniously hit on the device of getting food for himself, his brother, brother's wife, and probably my servant, and then leaving the villages without settling his own account. The villagers came out hooting and probably execrating us with every variety of gesture, and in various stages of excitement. An examination of their claims had to be made in the middle of the road. They were just, and I commanded Sukhram to hand out three annas six pie. Slowly he undid his girdle, and with an air of dignity and injured innocence produced the coins. Sukhram had an atrocious squint; as time went on he gave proof of a moral obliquity that was fully equal to the physical and which ended in our separating at a later date. I found out afterwards that it was his regular practice to steal the extra pay I gave him for the bearers. This day he surpassed himself by pocketing the pay of nine men, assuring the bearers that I was coming back and would pay them then. And I found I *had* to do so, else not a man would have put his hand to the dandi. But by this time some wages were owing to Sukhram, so that the right person paid in the end.

Twelve pie equal to one anna.

I of course profited by these lessons to pay the coolies myself and would place in one man's hand the money for ten or eleven, explaining that all were to receive the same sum. For sixpence a man has to walk twelve miles or even more, bearing a load of thirty pounds or else helping to bear the dandi. To this munificent sum I invariably added about three farthings each man for buckshish.

Small as the sum was, it delighted them and gained me a reputation for generosity. Then they all retired to calculate how much there really was. Presently the head coolie would return and observe to me: "Your Highness has paid the rate, but where is the buckshish for your unworthy servants?" "Son of an owl, did I not pay you so and so, and is not such a sum the rate, and the remainder the buckshish? Go and count it over again."

For another quarter of an hour the arithmeticians calculated the division of the rupees. Reappearance of the coolie: "Your Highness! the rate is there, and buckshish for men is there, but where is buckshish for women?" "If you say that, I take all the buckshish back, and give it to the women." And presently they would decamp, tramping all the weary way back to their village.

An eminent French writer briefly epitomises the attitude of the sexes towards each other and towards the universe in this manner. "Man ever says to Woman: What *do* you want?" And she ever replies: "I do not know." The epigram is ingenious; possibly true of a very limited section of the civilisation of the West. It is utterly inapplicable to that of the East. Woman thinks she knows what she wants: jewels, gay raiment, not necessarily clean, and children. Man never dreams of asking if she wants anything else.

The only instance of anything like gallantry that I ever saw in the East was at the hill village of Serahan. The coolies who had borne me were making a great noise on the verandah. I said to them: "You have been paid, why don't you go?" "We are waiting for the women to

take them home with us. It is very wet and will be soon dark to-night."

The relations of men and women are much freer in the hills than on the plains; so rapidly do we grow accustomed even to conventionalities in which we are not bred, that I distinctly remember how shocked I was when I heard the hill lads and lasses laughing and chaffing each other in quite a western fashion. It struck me as highly unbecoming.

The dress of the hill coolies is always wool, home spun and often raggy. Sometimes the wearer darns his rags, often they hang down in picturesque tatters, reminding one of the shaggy costume of Robinson Crusoe. It is said, and I found no difficulty in believing it, that a hillman never has his garments washed by any chance. They are hardly ever dyed, being the colour of natural wool. Faces I was informed are washed perhaps twice a year, the rest of the body never.

"Why don't you wash yourself, Goompat?" "Saheb," was the answer, "water is very far from my house." Hill coolies greatly affect necklaces of beads, shells, and so on. One of my bearers wore a piece of knotted string round his neck with one shirt button attached. Well-off coolies occasionally possessed trousers, but on a hot day, they would take them off and wear them round their necks. I never saw a hill-woman wear trousers as her sisters in the plains, both Hindu and Mohammedan, often do. She always wore a thick woollen skirt heavily pleated behind. In addition she affected a plaid rather gracefully draped and fastened by a rough brass brooch of the Keltic shape with side wings, and a pin attached to a chain.

I could not help being amused at the artistic manner in which hill-women made up for any stinginess on Nature's part in the matter of hair. Even little girls would have lumps of indifferently-dressed wool plaited in at the side, near the forehead and at the back. The device was too transparent to be considered fraudulent. Further in the interior, the wool was often coloured bright crimson or that crude magenta which seems to have so strong a hold on Indian affections. These gay colours were bunched up at the back on the nape of the neck, and often the general effect was enhanced by the tying on of a small wooden comb either to the fringe or the hair. The entire structure did not appear to be of the kind that would be renewed every morning or even once a week; it bore every appearance of having served its turn for a month or two. Men often wore their hair four or five inches long, and as it curled up naturally at the ends, it struck me as far more of an adornment than the inelegant shearing that the Saheb affects. Both sexes wore a curious woollen hat of useful hodden grey with a sausage roll round it to serve as brim. The roll sometimes holds the hill-man's money, more often he and the hill-lasses stick flowers in it, the fondness for them being most noticeable. Sometimes they shyly approached me offering two or three very strong-smelling yellow marigolds. They were natural, unlike the jessamine ball presented to me by a polite Parsee at Bombay. When I reached home I unwound it, and found it consisted of four or five yards of lovely jessamine blossoms, each separate one knotted on to some loose cotton thread. In the plains, saving for the purpose of making offerings to

their gods, I thought I perceived quite a noticeable disregard for flowers among the natives. Never once had I seen a native house decked with growing flowers, unless it happened to be a servant's in his Saheb's compound. But neither had I seen any artificial ones, a reflection calculated to console and gratify.

Whoever has lived in the Punjab could not but be struck by the immense variety of types of humanity that are to be seen in close juxtaposition. In our house at Dehlie the bearer and the khansamah who waited on us at table afforded one of those striking contrasts visible in the bazar, the street, the station. The former was undoubtedly negroid: his face was almost black, lips thick and of purplish hue, the nose wide at the nostrils and flat, hands and feet large, but the hair was straight. The khansamah was a tall gloomy-looking individual whose scowl froze our blood; his full eye, distinguished nose with delicate nostrils, his well-cut lips, and fairer skin were all typical of the pure Caucasian, and so distinctive that even a child would have observed them. In men of high caste, noble, clear-cut features are even more noticeable, and a Griffin, if not too prejudiced, quickly learns to admire a race that is eminently handsome. The worst point I noticed about many men was a figure insufficiently developed, narrow shoulders, and a general appearance of want of exercise. As far as figure goes, the well-fed Englishman is almost invariably superior; in shape of the head and face I have never seen men equal to some of the Afghans, Punjabis and Bengalis I came across. The Indian climate has a bad effect on the English complexion: the women and many of the men become very

Housekeeper.

pallid—fair men often become an ugly brick-red; only a certain proportion assume that brownish hue which in course of time appears to many the most suitable colour for a hot climate. English eyes, too, with their iris of pale grey or washed-out blue, contrast disadvantageously with the brilliant black eyes of the Indian races, and in no way atone for our pallid, sallow or brick-dust complexions. Remarking on the prevalence of colourless eyes, an Anglo-Indian said my observation was quite correct, and that the climate literally bleaches them. I received the statement, as also the inference drawn, that foreigners suffering such deterioration in the Indian service could not be too handsomely remunerated, with some mental reservation. It seems too much to accuse Nature of not making people's eyes a fast colour. I seldom looked at an Englishman and a native standing together without an unbidden vision arising of the slaughter of the animals, the sacrifice of sheep, goats, bullocks, probably necessary to attain high physical and mental development. The priest of ancient days pretended that the savour of roasted flesh ascended to the Almighty, and gratified him to the extent of making him ready to grant favours; the more truthful modern casts the slender pretence to the winds, and acknowledges that the gratification and need for sacrifice of the lower animals is his alone. It is a melancholy reflection that higher life and development are built on lower life, and necessitate destruction, but I cannot imagine many persons who have seen a vegetarian and a meat-eating race side by side declining to give the preference to the latter.

In the hills race becomes somewhat confused. It is well

known that in India two clearly marked races are to be found: pure Aryans, mostly Brahmans, who found their way into India through the mountain passes from their original home, the plateaux of central Asia, and aborigines, probably negroid, by some writers styled Turanian, who were driven to the hills or remoter parts by the advance of the conquerors. The pure Aryan (alas for the turn of Fortune's wheel!) prided himself on his "beautiful-nosed" gods, whom he naturally fashioned in his own image: on his own fair skin, on his high civilisation. The Vedic hymns do still assert it. He looked down on the poor Dasya or black skin, called him demon, goblin, devil, perhaps even "nigger," but on this point the records are silent. About 18,000,000 pure Aryan and an equal number of Turanian or negroid aborigines are still to be found—the vast remaining population of India some 250,000,000 are the offspring of these blended races.

In some of the hill villages pure Brahmans may be seen; for them the hill folk seem contented to toil and moil, holding them exempt from the labour of earning their living, and looking on them as the superior race. They can even be heard to boast that their community contains so many of the Privileged Class, who indeed have cause to rejoice that the gods "protect the Aryan colour." Hill people are generally sturdier than those of the plains, and though occasionally tall, seemed as a rule shorter than men of the plain. Some had Mongol features, especially on travelling further into the interior, but their characteristics were not easy to seize. I thought I observed many Jewish faces amongst them, an ob-

servation also made, I believe, by Miss Gordon Cumming.

Strange to say the hill folk are not nearly so frightened at the sight of a white face as are those of the plains; they seemed trustful and disposed to believe in English amiability. Even the children were not alarmed beyond measure when spoken to. At a village near Dehlie, I remember speaking to a handsome little dark boy and patting his olive cheek. The scream of terror with which he responded made me wonder if the natives depict the devil as white to their children. The fact that they feel at home in our society has a bad side: they chatter unceasingly and this becomes wearisome to the listener who cannot understand their babble. A philosopher has remarked that he knows of no one attribute or quality distinctive of sex; certainly courage, physical or mental, is not so. Some, not distinguished by the philosophic temperament it is true, have been heard to single out talkativeness as an almost purely feminine characteristic. A day amongst the hill coolies would probably convince such persons that their inference is drawn from insufficient data. The stream of incessant talk which coolies will pour forth when toiling uphill heavily laden, panting and almost sobbing for breath, speaks to a surprising amount of lung power. Nor is this devotion to conversation confined to the hillmen. One night I happened to be sleeping in a missionary's tent pitched at the village of Daryapur in the Dehlie district. Beyond all other means of shelter a tent permits its inmate to enjoy a great range of temperature, and I was sleepless with cold, where at dinner I had hardly

been able to eat for the heat. The tent flap was arranged to let in a fair amount of extremely fresh air, and about two in the morning it also wafted in men's voices, the gurgle of a hubble-bubble, and smell of bad tobacco smoke. The deep and regular breathing of the missionary betokened restful slumber, peaceful conscience, irritating superiority to circumstances, and foretold a joyous uprising. At length she moved. "What are these men doing?" I asked. "Only talking. Almost every night when they feel sleepless they rise and talk and smoke. They often go on for hours without stopping." I turned with a sigh to the tent-wall, for the missionary had dealt a heavy blow at my cherished fetish of masculine superiority. When at length even amid the talk and smoke I fell into an uneasy sleep, I dreamt of a second mutiny in an Arctic climate, where circumstances delivered the elders of Daryapur into my hands. I shewed no mercy, for I remembered their evil doing even as David remembered Shimei's curse. Only the next day when the naturally courteous villagers showed me their simple machinery for crushing sugar-cane, for weaving their strong cotton cloth, their oxen blinded treading out corn in a circular piece of ground, did I perceive any good in these Indian peasants.

Like small boys my coolies varied their conversation with much giggling. To get out of step, sit violently on the ground when mud made the path slippery, to change the dandi pole, which often creates a painful swelling on the shoulder, on the outer edge of the precipice, causing great alarm to the occupant, or worse still to bump the dandi against the solid rock thereby endangering the lives of five persons,

any of these mishaps would amuse a coolie and make him laugh violently for ten minutes. Words always forsook me when the last mentioned accident occurred, but I retained enough presence of mind to rebuke the malefactor with my umbrella, so that there might be no mistake on the part of the most stupid. Looking round for Sukhram on these occasions, I always found that he was behind or before, never within reach to render assistance and superintend the coolies. I could not but feel that the mate was a poor reed to rely upon in case of emergency, and began to feel very lonely as I marched further into the interior. I thought too the coolies on the whole did better for me than for him, as he seemed to rely far more on scolding than on encouragement as an incentive to work. This observation was confirmed by the missionaries at Kotegurh who said that no man on the road was so thoroughly detested as the mate. The villagers seldom get their fair price from him, and often they grumble against the Saheb's meanness when it is the mate's greed that is at fault. I say greed and not dishonesty, because it is a recognised maxim in Indian housekeeping that your servants are entitled to some profit in every transaction they effect for their master.

The childlike cunning of the coolie is very refreshing: remark to him that the road is bad or steep, and he will groan and grunt till you get out of the dandi and walk. None but practical sympathy to pass as current coin. One of his chief weaknesses is smoking, and even an opponent of the weed as pronounced and bitter as Count Tolstoi could not deny so abstemious a people, bearing heavy loads for many miles, the refreshment that can be obtained from

tobacco, if any. Like the men of the plains, they always smoke a hubble-bubble, the smoke passing through water, each man taking a pull in solemn silence. At some villages or at certain halting spots, holes had been made in the ground under a big tree, the coolies kneeling down to inhale the smoke from them. It was interesting to see them produce an iron fire-striker with a rough brass handle hanging to the waist, and get fire by striking it sharply against flint and tinder held together in the left hand. The tinder is usually a thin membrane pulled off the back of a leaf and kept in a coarse little leathern pouch hung round the waist. I was assured that this membrane is used in the hills for spinning into yarn to make a strong cloth, and was impressed by the immense amount of labour necessary to utilize it where there is no aid to be obtained from machinery. Sometimes I produced matches for the coolies' benefit, and though not unknown, they always excited interest. In some remote bazars matches are too valuable to be sold in boxes, and have to be bought by the dozen. I could not help observing the natural politeness of these people, who always placed me in the most sheltered spot and inquired if they should fill my mug with water before arranging for their own comfort, the true Eastern ideal of service. If I remained seated in the dandi whilst smoking was going on, the coolies came pretty quickly to resume the march. But if I called "Give the stick," he who had enjoyed the honour of carrying my long iron-pointed bamboo yielded it up with much alacrity, and the smoke was a long one, doubtless to encourage my walking fit to the utmost. If we passed any wild fruit, some was invariably brought to

me. Several times we got small wild figs when my hill friends' courtesy would even go the length of skinning them for my use with a pair of black hands that made me feel squeamish. But I remembered the heroic story of "Thangliena," who when travelling in the Chittagong hill tracts endeared himself to the inhabitants by eating all sorts of strange dishes, such as cane tops, bamboo shoots and other edibles unknown in the West. On one occasion his kind and hospitable hostess brought him a brazen cup containing four delicately fried large white grubs. With her own taper olive fingers she placed one between Thangliena's unwilling lips. He bolted it like a hero, and intended uttering graceful words of thanks and appreciation, when he found that speech for the nonce had forsaken him. His outraged palate rebelled and he had to retire.

Tom Lewin.

The resting places were never any chance spots we lighted on, but places where the coolies were accustomed to rest, under a shady tree, by a running stream. Often stones are agreeably disposed, and occasionally a patriarchal tree has a platform built round it, and here all sorts and conditions of travellers stop to rest, smoke, talk, drink. Between Gowrah and Rampoor I well remember one such tree under which we halted at noon, weary and hot. Evidently the coolies' skin bags made of undressed kid, roughly sewn up at the legs and tied at the neck which served as mouth for the bag, were quite empty, for nothing eatable was forthcoming. I drew out a bag of wild apricots which had been in the dandi for two stages and distributed them to the jampannies, who looked thanks, as Urdu does not furnish a word with which to speak it. Under the tree was a miserable old man, a

mass of rags and dirt, his chin resting on his withered legs and arms.

"A wretch in rags haggard and foul,
An old, old man whose shrivelled skin, sun-tanned,
Clung like a beast's hide to its fleshless bones.
Bent was his back with load of many days,
His eyepits red with rust of ancient tears,
His dim orbs blear with rheum, his toothless jaws
Wagging with palsy. . . . One skinny hand
Clutched a worn staff to prop his quavering limbs,
And one was pressed upon the ridge of ribs
Whence came in gasps the heavy painful breath."

—*Sir Edwin Arnold.*

His glittering eyes followed my movements with the keen interest of a dog who knows good things are going but they are not for him. Out of sheer gratitude to that civilisation which demands clothes, and consequently conceals such a hideous wrinkled old skin from view, I approached and gave the old man the remainder of the apricots. He rose and made the most profound Oriental salaam, almost touching the ground with his brow, so that I felt more than rewarded. I found that the coolies, though they would hardly ever touch my food, unless it were fruit, had an inordinate liking for my old tins, bottles, empty boxes, or buttons. Resting one afternoon in the verandah at Rampoor bungalow, a coolie returned from the city where I had sent him an errand. I paid him his day's wage but he remained eagerly looking in at the door and muttering some words of which I only caught chhota bōtell. "You want that little bottle?" I said, as my eyes fell on the object of his desire. He most certainly did and his eyes glistened on receiving it. Then with hands upraised in a beseeching attitude he

mentioned that he had three children and that his little girl would be ill pleased if her brother had a bottle and she had none. Feeling that this was a wrong I could and should avert from one of my sex, I rose and emptied a bottle on purpose, placing it in the coolie's hands. He went through the same gesticulation and entreaty for a bottle for the third child, but this I had to decline, and when last I saw his swarthy face, it was turned on both the bottles with a glance of fond affection. At the previous bungalow as I was journeying towards Serahan, I was much annoyed to find it dirty and full of flies, fleas and other vermin. I took down from the wall a wooden slab having printed instructions to travellers pasted on it, and wrote at the bottom that the chaukidar was lazy and kept the bungalow very badly. On my return a fortnight after, this official had cleaned things up in a marvellous manner. His personal attentions were most assiduous; he whisked the flies off my face and food with true Indian dexterity, and showed deep interest in my well-being. The motive for this soon appeared. With hands raised and joined palms he glanced towards the notice board and I gathered that some one had translated my complaint to him and he was beseeching me to remove the remark. I said I would add underneath that on my second visit I found things in order, and to divert his attention from the subject, presented him with a bottle. It was a Rose's lime juice bottle, tall and tapering in the neck, with elegant leaves and flowers moulded on it. He straightway forgot all about the other matter, eagerly seized the treasure, and forgetting even to make a salaam, retired to his hut. No doubt he would summon his friends and

neighbours together to admire and rejoice with him. Yet it is not always characteristic of the hill folk to be overcome with wonder at the achievements of civilisation and the astonishing mastery of Nature's forces gained by the Sahebs. In his charming book Colonel Lewin relates how he persuaded seven hill chiefs of the Lushai tribes to accompany him to Calcutta for the purpose of paying a diplomatic visit to the Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal, their political suzerain. All the glory and magnificence of the capital they viewed with that admirable sangfroid usually considered a mark of high breeding. They found the Gubnor Gendel's village sufficiently large for two of them to get lost and require to be conducted to their tents by a policeman, but they bore the mishap with absolute unconcern. Crowds gathered to stare at the unkempt barbarians with their strange garments and weapons; their stolidity only increased. Their cicerone, almost in despair, thought he should have to send them home without once arousing their enthusiasm, when by good luck, the manager of an Indian railway lent him a locomotive. On it he placed his seven chiefs who were driven a mile at full speed. Confused and alarmed they confessed that the Sahebs were great and powerful. Other hill peoples, the Afghans, have broken into song over our somewhat prosaic locomotive: "But there is a marvellous thing which runs to and fro on the earth; it has neither hands nor feet and goes back as well as forward. It is an invention of the English and one of the precursors of the Last Judgment." But it will probably be long before the Thibetan peasantry break into song on this subject, for

though the Government of India have sanctioned the extension of the Dehlie-Umballa and Kalka Railway to Simla, even assuring the company a small subsidy, yet the peasantry seemed very home-abiding so far as I could gather. Professor Max Müller observes: "To the ordinary Hindu, I mean to ninety-nine in every hundred, the village is his world; the sphere of public opinion with its beneficial influences seldom extends beyond the horizon of his village." Nor does he seem wishful to change his horizon for the briefest period. I never could induce a good set of jampannies to carry me two stages beyond their own village, though I tried to do so several times. I could not discover whether they did not want to go, or whether the headman of the village would not permit other than men of his own village to carry me, either out of jealousy or fear lest I should decline to pay him the usual commission that is the headman's due.

CHAPTER VI.

ON my journey hardly anything struck me as more remarkable than the road itself, which when completed, will form the highway between India and Thibet. It is reckoned by its engineers to maintain a width of at least six feet, but in many places there seems good reason to doubt the truth of this statement. Often it appeared little more than a mountain track of two or three feet in width and even less. Yet it is a monument to engineering skill and even more impressive than some of the great bridges and railroads. Here the road lies by the banks of the roaring Sutlej, cut out of solid rock; at Rampoor it is paved or macadamized with marble; further on it is almost 10,000 feet above the sea level, the Sutlej lying far below, making a low faint gurgle instead of its angry dash and roar. Sometimes it has to be carried in a short length from a considerable elevation to a low one, and then it has to be made in zigzag, one mile extended into three or four in order to avert the dangers of an abrupt descent. However many involutions and convolutions the outer surface of the mountain has, even so many must the road have, and many a sharp angle and sudden twist or turn is the result. A

mountain defile cannot be crossed at its mouth by a viaduct one or two hundred yards long, no, three or four miles of road have to be made, first on the hither then on the far side. Almost invariably a stream lay at the foot of the mountain, dry in summer, a foaming torrent when the rains set in. Here a small wooden bridge, strongly built, took us to the other side, and the road followed the torrent till it rejoined the Sutlej again. Often it has to be made by blasting the rocks, and as these consist in many places of shaly gneiss, those who conducted the operations were astonished to see vast masses of rock heaved up and scattered around, masses they had never needed nor intended to touch. One spot in particular between Rogi and Pangay I observed, for there the blasting seemed to have carried off half the hill side and thrown it down the khud to add bleakness and desolation to the scene. The winding of the road lent variety to the view. First to see a mountain from its base and then climb gradually up to its summit seems to be the only way to judge of its points, and in a clear atmosphere many a wonderful panorama is unfolded. The view obtained midway generally struck me as the most impressive, and helped me to realize that the great mountains, part of the Stony Girdle of the Earth, are the height geographers state them to be. First a downward glance, deep down into the abyss, then an upward one, where the summit was lost in cloud and mist, left an abiding sense of smallness and feebleness that became oppressive. Sometimes a sudden bend in the river, or the high situation of a road bungalow revealed ranges of parallel mountains, rising peak above peak, or solid masses lying at right angles

Precipice.

in bewildering profusion, masses so great that the mind could not grasp the idea that the time had been when they were not, and would come round again. The thought was too paralysing, and yet there rang into my ears the solemn words that a thousand years are but as a day in His sight, and if so, why may not a mountain in many such days become a mole-hill. Yet such a thought must be more realisable by the student in his closet than by the traveller whose eye rests on the immensity and majesty of the everlasting hills.

Sometimes the road literally projects out beyond the precipice below, making one dizzy and afraid to glance down. Not far from Wangtù it is constructed round a smooth-faced mass of rock; great wooden planks rest on iron rods clamped into the wall by boring, a feat which could only be accomplished by expert cragsmen, and which it is said cost many a man his life. One could not help wondering what the expense of this road would have been, had it been paid for at the rate of English labour; as it was, neither labour nor cost was small. I read that the Rajah of Bussahir, through whose state I chiefly travelled, had a considerable amount of his tribute to the British Government remitted in 1815 on condition that he should furnish the labour for the road. Men who performed the difficult parts of the work earned ten rupees per month and over. I found that many hill peasants subsist on three rupees a month; the chaukidars receive five.

One of the pleasures of travelling during the monsoon is that of journeying in the daytime, starting the march at seven or eight o'clock and

arriving any time from twelve to three, according to the strength of the bearers and the length of the journey. I have read of people being so overcome by the heat that they rose to march at three A.M. and congratulated themselves on arriving at the hour at which I usually started. Yet travelling at noon possesses many disadvantages, especially when we were hemmed in a narrow gorge on a hot day, where hardly a breath of air could reach us. Many a long halt we made to eat, drink, smoke and even sleep, sheltered from the burning heat of the noonday sun.

For the first five days I enjoyed the comparatively luxurious fare and attendance obtainable at the dâk bungalows. Khansamah-ji always appeared and went through the farce of asking what I would have for dinner. Usually I said I would take roast beef, mutton, steak, cutlets, etc., knowing perfectly well before the man spoke that he would have none of these things. The end of the matter was one I had long foreseen: a small, tough, fleshless, flavourless, Indian chicken, resembling an English one mainly in being also a feathered biped. The matter thus simplified resolved itself into a question of roast, boil or curry. With the most simple fire and cooking utensils, I discussed chicken brot', chicken (e)curry, or chicken roast, jam fritters or some such dainty, and perhaps English cheese and biscuits if an exacting Saheb had recently passed that way. Then after reading for an hour or so over a blazing wood fire, I betook myself to bed. At one lovely spot, Muttiana, I had the satisfaction of beginning an entirely happy day, one of those days in which it is pure joy to draw one's breath, which probably only a minority

Mr. Housekeeper.

ever attain to even for so brief a space as a day. It had rained the night before, but the morning was glorious summer, the air was pure and exhilarating, the birds produced as much music as ever I heard them in the East, Karim's sullen face seemed to be wreathed in something like a smile, and Sukhram's cunning one wore an expression that looked like childlike simplicity. Or was it simply my mood that invested them with angelic qualities? The scientist would point to a happy concurrence of circumstances by which the joyful mood is evolved: sufficient fatigue to exercise the body without taxing its powers, food exactly suited in quantity and kind to the digestive organs, and well, perhaps quickly assimilated by means of gastric, pancreatic and other juices, sleep of the right and restful kind. Oh for the Discoverer yet to come who will tell humanity what to eat and drink, and when, so that bright and joyous moods may be elicited almost at will, or perhaps sustained with breaks of sadness as brief as such happy moments now are amongst the worn children of civilisation! Heir of all the ages, but most of all to its sorrows, is it that he has wandered too far from the breast of Nature, his old though not indulgent Mother, and that the further he wanders from her in his great cities, factories, workshops, senates and mighty halls of learning, the more he will be burdened by dark and moody questionings, the less will he know of life's joy and gaiety? Fantastic entertainments, whose arrangement is the labour of men distinguished by genius, are necessary to call a brief smile to lips that seem to have forgotten the art, and often for result they evoke mere criticism. His young ones begin to need artificial

amusement almost in their cradle and are blasés in their youth, telling their elders they "look on all the joys of time with undesiring eyes." And worst of all, dark visaged prophets arise, and sternly ask the Heir: "Happy! what right hast thou to be happy? It is not of the slightest consequence. But a little time since, and thou hadst no right even to be." And he stands silent, ashamed to press his claim, acknowledging a shade of truth in the great seer's words, but knowing full well that without happiness 'twere better never to have been at all.

But rhapsodizing is the unforgivable sin of the traveller, a sin against light and knowledge. Wandering past lovely dells, ravines, mountain torrents, now almost dry, gazing down into smiling valleys and up at rugged mountains whose faces were scarred with wind and weather we reached Narkunda, Narkunda whose ranges of snowy mountains are a joy to Simla residents on clear days, for they rise one behind the other like ocean billows whose glittering foam is fixed for ever. I rejoiced to think I should pass once more along a road where every step revealed a new and lovely picture, but never saw these views again, for on my return the heavens had opened their floodgates and the road between here and Muttiana had been swept away in two places; everything was dripping wet, enveloped in cloud and mist.

The bungalow at Narkunda is exquisitely situated: high mountains, even snow-capped ones, beautiful glens and valleys, and a fine forest are its chief charms. Whilst the fat squinting khansamah chased the poultry round the premises to find the leanest and toughest chicken, I went

out to find a post-office, which I had been led to expect. The sight of a few miserable huts, without the assurances of the dâk-wallah, convinced me that a post-office would be too much splendour for Narkunda, and I entrusted my letters to a bare-legged runner whose symbol of office was a stick with two or three little jingling bells attached. There were no letters to carry but mine, and yet he exhibited as much anxiety to start on the stroke of five as if a collection of mail trains awaited his arrival at the next village. Post-fellow.

The anxiety of the two or three hill postmen I met to find me letters was quite amusing. When my bearers saw one approaching, the dandi was soon placed on the ground, the postman squatting down beside it and without a word from me displaying every letter and parcel he had. Unable to read English, I had to decipher them all. If there were none for me, it was impossible to say which of us felt the most grief, he at losing his two anna piece, I at losing a chance of communication with the outer world.

I crossed over a burn close beside Narkunda huts when an old wife, extremely ugly, came up and invited me to enter her modest home. The door was four feet high but I doubled myself up and got half way in. I then perceived there was no chair, only a piece of matting, a sort of barrel and a few cooking pots, so I excused myself and backed out again.

The next day I marched on to Kotegurh, a British station, from which the first view of the Sutlej is obtained, the river by whose banks I was to wander for a month. Here I found a little Church, quaint Mission house surrounded by a pleasant garden, and spent a cheerful

evening beside Herr Beutel and his wife, hearing accounts of their work. Although they had only been here a few months, the place had had a resident missionary for many years and seemed to me to bear many outward marks of superiority to neighbouring villages, and of flourishing agriculture. Herr Beutel struck me as the right man in the right place; kind, firm, patient, not expecting to make silken purses out of sows' ears. Most plainly dressed and simple mannered, they seemed not desirous to impress the poor peasant folk with the fact than an impassable gulf separated them from the pastor. He courageously wants to make the Kotegurh Mission independent by growing fruit for the Simla market. I saw over a beautifully situated cottage at Tundadha, part of the Mission property, intended to be let during the summer season to augment the funds. For any one of a misanthropic nature, or sufficiently strong-minded to dispense for months with the society of his fellows, the cottage would be an advantageous place of residence, but not otherwise. The principal part of Herr Beutel's work, and of all mission work, consists in teaching eight schools, no school being started unless sixteen scholars are guaranteed. No school for girls had yet been begun when I was there, but as a result of previous effort it was expected that they would very soon be able to begin one. It is commonly reported in India that the Germans and Americans make much better missionaries than the English, for they lay themselves out not only to preach the doctrines of Christianity, but to live among the people in a simple way, coming near to them in their everyday life, and teaching them spinning, weaving, house-building and many other

arts after the European fashion. They thus gain a hold on the people, and themselves acquire the gift of gifts needed by a missionary, knowledge of the people, of their ways of living and thinking, and of the best way of applying the principles of a civilisation higher than the Indian in some respects, but by no means in all. It need hardly be said that in the mission schools attendance is free and non-compulsory.

I thought my kind hosts showed excellent sense in not exaggerating the difficulties and dangers of my expedition. It was outside the range of their experience that a woman should travel in the hills alone, but they saw nothing wild in the project. They did not enlarge on the advantages of a masculine escort, for they knew as well as I did that the safety of a single traveller depends on the goodwill of the villagers and on the length of England's right arm. I received much good advice from the Beutels along with a bottle of baking powder which I had forgotten. It was agreed that I should write to them from Rampoor so that if I needed assistance of any kind they might send help as soon as possible. It came on a terrific downpour of rain whilst I was with my friends, so that I felt much rejoiced when a coolie came from the dâk bungalow with a lantern to attend me and light my steps home when the storm had partly abated. The missionaries had promised to show me some of their schools and the burning ground where dead bodies are consumed to ashes if I would stay over the next day at Kotegurh. I much wished to see the latter, for my interest in the subject had been aroused at Bombay where I had visited the Parsee burial-ground.

A most curious mode of disposing of the dead is observed by this intelligent community. One of their number took me one day to a beautiful garden, well tended, bright with tropical trees, shrubs and flowers. I remarked several round buildings without roofs scattered through the grounds, of about fifteen or twenty feet in height and perhaps forty in diameter. No one, not even a Parsee priest is permitted to approach the Towers of Silence within thirty feet, but an exact miniature model has been constructed to satisfy the curiosity of visitors. Each mortuary contains seventy-two shallow cysts or open receptacles arranged in three concentric circles round a central cavity or well. The smallest circle of twenty-four compartments is for the dead bodies of children, the second for women, the outer one for men. The receptacles are separated from each other by narrow slabs of stone, grooved, in order to drain off all moisture into the middle cavity. This last leads down to an excavation below the masonry, having four great drains at right angles to each other which terminate in charcoal, sand and gravel. After prayers have been said over a dead body in one of the Houses of Prayer erected in the grounds, the procession proceeds to one of the Towers, at whose gate the mourners turn back to re-enter the House of Prayer. Alone the white-robed bearers lay the body on a cyst and retire. Instantly the vultures swoop down to gorge themselves on the child of an ancient faith. In a few minutes only the skeleton is left. At every funeral the bearers burn their garments in a building provided for this purpose and for their ablutions. A fortnight later they return to the Tower, and with gloved hands and an implement resembling

tongs, remove the dry bones into the central well, where the ashes of rich and poor have lain undisturbed for 200 years. The idea is to expose the body to decay by the forces of nature, permitting it neither to touch earth, fire nor water, lest it defile them; it need not necessarily be consumed by vultures. They crowd thick on the coping of the Towers and on high trees in the garden, evidently never guessing that they are perennial objects of interest to the European stranger.

Malabar Hill is the fashionable European quarter of Bombay. Its residents professed to be shocked and horrified at a system that actually struck THEM as repulsive. They appealed to the Bombay Municipality to cause the cemetery to be removed. After a rigid examination the Corporation decreed that all things being done decently and in order, they must decline to interfere. Which decree must have considerably astonished our Anglo-Indian brethren, who are not accustomed to make appeals in vain.

Admirable as the Parsee plan is, compared with the nameless horrors of ordinary Christian burial, it is far surpassed by the simplicity and economy of the Hindoo system, or it would be surpassed if that system were properly carried out. The body ought to be burned on a funeral pyre, and then the mere handful of ashes is scattered to the winds of heaven, or flung on the tide of a river to be borne to the sea. When we consider the additional horrors that a hot climate would entail were our hateful system in vogue, candid persons must admit that the "poor heathen" can yet teach us something even in sanitation. Unfortunately

wood is scarce and dear in many parts of India, and thus among the poor it too often happens that a slightly charred corpse is flung on the bosom of the water, a sight to terrify and haunt the bravest. In some parts of the hills where the jurisdiction of the English Government has but a feeble hold, at least in minor social matters, the people make no pretence of burning, they simply throw the body into the river.

At Dehlie our house was near a road which led down to the Jamna, and often have I seen a dead Hindoo tightly strapped on to a frame like a stretcher, and dressed in a gay robe, carried down to the river side at a swinging pace, his bearers chaunting a monotonous dirge while they kept step. What did they chaunt? Was it one of the exquisite Vedic hymns sung at the funeral pyre from remote ages, bidding the dead farewell?

> 'May the water-shedding spirits bear thee upwards, cooling thee with their swift motion through the air, and sprinkling thee with dew.'
>
> 'Let him depart to those for whom flow the rivers of nectar. Let him depart to those who, through meditation, have obtained the victory; who, by fixing their thoughts on the unseen, have gone to heaven. Let him depart to the mighty in battle, to the heroes who have laid down their lives for others, to those who have bestowed their goods on the poor.'
>
> 'Bear him, carry him; let him, with all his faculties complete, go to the world of the righteous. Crossing the dark valley which spreadeth boundless around him, let the unborn soul ascend to heaven. Wash the feet of him who is stained with sin; let him go upwards with cleansed feet. Crossing the gloom, gazing with wonder in many directions, let the unborn soul go up to heaven.'

It is a curious fact that the rude Turanian aborigine in India buried his dead, piling rough stone monuments over the remains; the refined and civilised Aryan in India, Greece and Italy adopted cremation, alike out of respect for the living and the dead. A friend writing from home advised me to see the whole ceremony, and the advice appearing good to me, I requested a pleasant and gentlemanly young native in my brother's service to arrange the matter. But I had left it to my last day in Dehlie, and the poor Baboo wrote me a note which began: "Madam, I regret that I have not been sufficiently fortunate to find a corpse to-day," and so I never saw the entire ceremony.

I left Kotegurh amid much mist and fog, yet I was conscious I was passing through beautiful scenery. Now and then the cloudy mass parted and rolled up the side of the valley with surprising speed, affording a sample of its glories. Trees loomed through the fog like mighty giants, shapeless and dripping. We passed them, fairy dells, and cultivated ground, until we reached some tea plantations where first I saw tea growing. My friends had arranged that the chaukidar here should give me some fruit, and we got a plentiful supply of good apricots which lasted some days. Kotegurh stands 6634 feet above the sea level, so a considerable descent had to be made to reach the next stage, Nirrith, which is only 3087 feet high. As the mists rolled away a beautiful view of the Himalayan waves was obtained, a curious phenomenon I had first observed when going to Kasauli. There I had counted ninety small terraces rising one above the other and cultivated with the

utmost care. The impression produced on the eye at the first glance is that they are mere steps which a person could run up with ease, but when one comes to try it, the discovery is made that they are long narrow fields which are not easily ascended at all. Soil has collected on them for generations, and I soon learnt to look round for a village whenever I saw these green and orderly terraces. The valley into which we rapidly descended after leaving Kotegurh has been styled by travellers the "valley of the shadow of death." The mountains on each side of the river which we were now close to, draw near together, and being pretty high the result is a narrow gorge. Feeling the results of the previous day's rains which had made the night a very cold one, I complacently decided that the name had been bestowed by some pessimistic traveller who had no eye for nature's beauty, and was only touched by comfort and luxury.

As the day wore on, bringing intense heat with it, we descended the steep zigzag path and I began to be conscious of many evils. At every sharp turn I got such a cruel jolt that I decided on walking, but found myself unable. For a considerable part of the way there was absolutely no shelter, except what could be obtained under a white-covered umbrella. The path at the opening of the gorge was most romantic, cut out of solid rock, but the sun's rays poured on the unhappy wayfarers and much heat was reflected on them so that they had no thought for beauty, only sighed for water, air, rest. I mentally blamed the coolies for bumping me, my servants for not coming to attend on me, and various other evil chances, but gradually it came to my

mind that the road was well and truly named. Everything pointed to the fact that we were in the climate of the plains: a European climate at eight o'clock, a tropical one at noon. The cactus, castor-oil plant and banana soon appeared to give their testimony if needed.

Hot, tired, dusty, cross, we reached the first and worst of the road bungalows, a miserable little hole full of flies, fleas, sand-flies, dust and heat. The chaukidar, an amiable savage with unkempt hair and a mouth full of splendid teeth, appeared from a short distance up the hill and informed us Nirrith could afford neither fowls nor eggs. Fowls are unclean in the opinion of certain Hindu sects and every now and then we could not get them, and had to fall back on the stores and make meals without beef, mutton, or any of their substitutes, without vegetables, fish, fruit, bread, and everything that we consider essential, till necessity teaches us differently.

Nirrith is a rather pretty village situated on a small rocky plateau where the Sutlej gorge has widened for a brief space. It boasts rather a nice temple into which I was not permitted to enter. I sat a long time on the wall which enclosed it studying its points, and then wandered round to the chief entrance where a curious sight met my eyes. Nearly all temples have a small platform at each side of the door, and on one of these was squatting a Fakir. He was almost entirely naked and painted a rather bright shade of mauve. His face was varied by a ghastly greenish yellow and his hair plastered over with solid mud. On his forehead were daubs of red paint, as Hindus often have, to mark caste. I gazed at him with unaffected interest, but not at

all disconcerted, he continued preparations for a meal. Whilst observing the various details of this pleasing form of piety, a young Brahman came out to examine *me*. I asked him what it meant, but obtained the usual answer that it was the custom, and with this answer I passed down by a flight of steps which led to the river's edge, down to the roaring Sutlej, with its fringe of ugly cactuses and great pendent branches hanging over the rocks, three or four yards long, and without a single leaf upon them. Nirrith has the honour of supporting four Brahmans by its labour, men who do no work save a little reading of the shasters and some trifling services in connection with the temple. Several of the chief men sauntered up to my bungalow door and we chatted together as much as my most limited knowledge of the language would permit.

I passed a sleepless night with heat and sand-flies and rose unrefreshed for another march of fourteen miles. The heat remained stifling, the Sutlej never ceased its deafening roar, the dandi-wallahs were poor feeble creatures who increased the difficulties of the road by their inability to keep step, and the road was bad. Now that my servants had to do the work themselves, they were not so much in love with the expedition, and we toiled along in various degrees of sulky silence, reflecting on the joys of civilisation in general, and of Simla in particular. We passed over a tributary of the Sutlej, the Nogri, in a curious fashion, by a jula or rope bridge. Ten or twelve strands of stout hempen rope are attached to two strong poles driven deep down into the ground on either side of the river; over these a wooden cylinder, rather like a big bobbin, is passed. A rope

arrangement like a swing is attached to the cylinder; in this the passenger sits, taking hold of wooden projections from the cylinder to steady himself. Then the signal is given to coolies to pull the cylinder over to the other side. The sensations you experience when dangling over a fierce mountain torrent whose waters are foaming, boiling, bubbling and rushing headlong over great boulders, are peculiar. I glanced down. It was very like perdition, so I grasped the wooden pins even more firmly and tried to smile. This simple and ingenious contrivance carried over our luggage which was slung on to the cylinder by ropes.

At length we approached Rampoor, the city of God, and capital of the Rajah of Bussahir's dominion, quite a considerable place in the Himalayas. On my return journey, I stayed an hour or two to view the sights of the metropolis. Rampoor boasts a post office with an English-speaking Baboo, squatting in a tiny room about five feet square. There is even a savings bank, but of its hundred accounts all save two or three are those of Englishmen. The mountaineer cannot trust his rupees out of his own keeping. Then Rampoor has shops, ten or twelve at most, nearly all grain shops, but in a few, English buttons, bobbins, scarfs, calico, benzine lamps, vulgar little vases, greatly coveted by the natives, beads, etc., are displayed for sale. But the importance of the place is best seen in November when a great fair, lasting two or three weeks is held, and people crowd to it from Thibet, Chinese Tartary, Yarkand, Cashmir, etc. Rampoor has a chief street, roughly paved with huge gneiss slabs, varied by cobbles. Between them were dirty muddy spaces large enough to

catch your foot in. As no vehicles but dandis or dhoolies exist in Bussahir state, nothing like a road in our sense of the term lay between the pavements: instead, and a full foot lower than these, was a horrible channel of dirty water into which garbage of every kind is thrown. Cattle lay or wandered about this street licking lumps of rock salt; it is safe policy to yield the path to them for an English face soon alarms them to the extent of jumping into the open sewer and bespattering its unpleasant contents on the passers by.

Having a letter from the Rajah, I asked for the demodar, a kind of inspector of police, to show me round. Meantime the Rajah had written to another and higher official to take this grave duty on himself. Both laid claim to the honour, so the dispute had to be settled by both accompanying me, plus all the rag-tag and bobtail of the place. Nobody was so presumptuous as to walk alongside of me—I walked a foot or two in front, the rest following in order.

Rampoor has four temples and I visited three of them. They were well kept, one exceedingly well arranged had a carved wooden figure of grotesque shape. I had to inquire what it represented and was told it was the Sacred Ox. I complimented the priest on the neat appearance of his temple, but this did not gain permission for me to enter. He was even vexed that I insisted on advancing two or three feet without doing which I could not see anything. At the next temple we were more fortunate. The priest was a young man, airily arrayed in two or three yards of calico round his waist. The compliments had a better result. He consented to my ringing a big bell hanging in

front of Shiva, as a salaam to the god. Presently he was induced to fetch out of the inner sanctum a rather well carved idol, and soon half a dozen were spread out on the temple verandah. The carving was mostly concealed by tawdry English calico and gauze, rough jewels were hung round the necks of the images, in their ears and noses. The priest declined to allow me to lift an idol to see how heavy it might be, so after rejoicing his heart by some buckshish, we went to view the cemetery. This did not contain the bodies of the Rajahs I was told, only their ashes after burial, over which monuments had been raised, shaped like ordinary English tombstones. The carving was very quaint and rough, being usually an attempt to execute a likeness of the deceased Rajah and his wives in bas-relief. The Rajah's official read the inscriptions, and my servant, who knew a little English when he was in a good humour, none at all when things were not going right, translated them to me. I gathered that the persons whose ashes were below had been distinguished for virtue. I gently asked where the wicked Rajahs had been put, but so far as I could gather, there were none. The carving appears to have been a recent idea, the older graves being heaps of stones with rough mortar between them and slabs on the top.

I requested to see the Rajah's palaces, several of which had the appearance of long carved barns, but the request seemed to be considered a grave indiscretion, such as would shock the Rampoor sense of propriety, and this had to be foregone.

Quaint little places the native houses appeared to be, one

tiny room with a whole side open to the street. Here one could work, eat, smoke, gossip. At the opposite side was a hole two feet square leading into a room equally small, but dark. At night the occupier crept into the dark room with his rezai, and safe from the ills caused by a superfluity of fresh air, repaired the waste produced by a day's work that did not strike me as hard. Sometimes there would be another story above this, but the houses were mostly small.

We passed one with some really nice carving and I insisted on going up a dark and dirty passage to view it properly. As I have said, hill-women, like women of the lower class, and in all villages, are not secluded. They mix freely with the men; the more refined wear a chuddar with which to conceal their faces. Rampoor being comparatively wealthy, refined and modish, has an upper class to set the fashion of feminine seclusion. This house belonged to a wealthy man, the Wuzeer or minister of the Rajah. The passage led into a courtyard containing two or three scrubby trees; in the centre was a tank which would probably be filled with water when the family were at home. Tiny rooms with carved fronts opened on two sides of the court; above, was another story with the women's chambers. The lower part of the house had an outlook on the main street, but this was let to a bunniah or provision dealer, who there displayed great baskets of grain, ata, millet, flour, red rice. A glance at the bunniah's wares and at the making of chupatties for the evening meal dealt a blow at the oft repeated statement that Indians live entirely on rice. In many parts of the Punjab they live on it about as much as we do and no more; the principal food seemed to be ata or

Drapery.

Flat scones.

Indian meal made into flat cakes and baked either among hot ashes or on an iron plate. According to Sir W. W. Hunter two varieties of millet, joar and bajra, are the staple food grains of India as a whole. In order that the women might not be quite cut off from the joyous sights and sounds of the street, the verandah above the shop was reserved to their use, they being screened from view by a well carved wooden grating. From it hung down two figures resembling wooden dolls which I supposed must be idols, hung outside to represent inward spiritual grace.

In the paved verandah which surrounded the tank at the back the women would pass nearly the whole day. A good deal of misunderstanding seems to exist in England about the seclusion of Indian women in the zananahs. Even the word zananah is often not understood, a recent visitor to India explaining to the inhabitants of Bristol that the word zananah "means the bazar. The bazar in India is a dirty street, with filthy hovels no bigger than a cab on either side." In all probability the reverend gentleman never saw a zananah; his sex would bar entrance to that part of the house reserved to the use of the women. In a poor house where no special part is set aside for them, the whole house may be called the zananah and into it no Indian would bring a man who was not related to him or his womenfolk. No pressure as a rule needs to be put on women to prevent them going into the streets or compel them to stay at home. They never want to leave it, and often when urged by men who are themselves rapidly adopting European ideas and fashions, they flatly decline to appear in public and present themselves unveiled to the

vulgar gaze. Many of the women in zananahs that I visited, not the heads of families but poor relations and dependents who seem to abound in Indian households, remained concealed in the background until they ascertained no men were about, when they would come forth and survey us and our attire very freely. This desire neither to see nor to be seen of the other sex, affording so marked a contrast to western usage, must be surely incomprehensible to Indian men. I was not surprised to find a Hindu gentleman casting grave doubts on the ingenuousness and simplicity of the ladies of his nation. He stated that they affect much coyness and even distress at the sight of a strange man when their harrowed feelings can be viewed by the men of their family, but directly this strong incentive to virtue and propriety is absent, the shy fair one drops her concealing chuddar and reviews the stranger from top to toe, never offering to divert from him an eye that is always black and sometimes bold. It is often forgotten by English people that there really exists very little motive for an Indian woman to leave her house. She wants to match no shades, see no fashions, her simple elegant robe has been unchanged from time immemorial, fit on no shoes; there is no theatre, concert, music-hall, dancing party, general tea-drinking. The forms and usages of society are different and do not call for those lengthy and frequent absences from home which may be classed under the generic head of "business," for both sexes. The shopping necessary for the simple household is often done by a servant, so that, except bathing at the general bathing place and other religious duties on the feast days, an Indian woman who is not compelled to

assist in the cultivation of the fields has scarcely any rational motive for leaving her own home. The meals, so very large and important a feature in the work of an English household, are reduced in India to two daily, and these of the simplest description, often chupatties, ghee and fruit all eaten in the hand; if it is stew or curry, out of one dish. It is rather a difficult matter for an ordinary Englishman to see better class Hindus eat; some of the twice-born caste would decline to eat food on which the Saheb's shadow had fallen. They have been seen to spit on the ground after paying a most courteous visit to the Collector, and to wash the hand which had incurred defilement by contact with a white one. At Amritsir I well remember a dirty old beggar importuning me for alms when I came down from a many-storied tower I had climbed to view the city. I still feel indignant when I recollect how he dodged so that he might get the silver and yet not touch my hand by the slightest chance. Had I shown the same insulting eagerness to avoid his black, withered, wizened prehensile, ending in white nails, the chief difference between his hand and a parrot's claw, it would have been far more excusable.

I thought life in the zananahs seemed reduced to its barest elements and most emphatically not worth living. It is entirely sensual life, unrelieved in any way. The children there are everything, and consequently are much spoiled and ill managed. It is no uncommon thing for a mother to let her child's life slip through her fingers in illness, simply because the child declines to carry out the medical instructions necessary to effect a cure. Obedience was necessary, but unknown. This failure to treat the patient is sometimes

varied by the foolish mother by an attempt to carry out simultaneously several systems of treatment recommended by various physicians. Missionaries not unseldom find their prescriptions added to several others by a native woman who is most wishful to effect a cure, and thinks the patient cannot have too much medicine.

I tried to devise some romantic incident that might suitably occur in a zananah, but how could gallantry, devotion, sentiment, wit, imagination flourish there? I have heard it observed by acute and well-informed persons that love between the sexes can hardly be said to exist in India. The only real affection is between parents and children, or perhaps between parents and sons. This then is the result of men modelling women's lives for them! How grateful our men should be that a minority of English-women, assisted it is true by the wisest and best of the men, have successfully resisted the attempts made to shut them out of politics, medicine and other arts, law and scientific pursuits, in one word to put them in a zananah.

I inquired how many wives the Wuzeer had, and was told only one. This was an improvement on his father who had three. The majority of Hindus and Muhammadans alike have only one wife, though by the Koran a man is permitted to have four, the great prophet in his own case extending the privilege to ten. Occasionally wealthy men, Hindus as well as Muhammadans, have several wives, though polygamy is not considered respectable in most communities. Bad and backsliding as the system is, most people hold an exaggerated notion of how badly it works, being unable to represent Eastern life to themselves without seeing it. It is

true that often several wives live in one house, but about the only thing the sections of such a household have in common is the courtyard, meals and rooms are not usually so. The custom of living in communities is far more general than English people are inclined to suppose; excessive individualism does not require that entire separation of households that English life demands. The mother-in-law has a poor reputation in India, and seemingly with good reason. She is considered the natural head of the house among a group of girl-wives, who are said to have a bad time of it with her. Corporal punishment is considered a suitable method of dealing with the sins of omission and commission that may be laid to the charge of a child-wife. Though the Hindu is a mild man and the system does not probably work so cruelly as it sounds, yet suicide is somewhat common among the women, especially among widows. The widow is often merely an engaged girl whose husband has happened to die during the betrothal, and who ever after is unable to contract marriage. For her henceforward the worst of the work is reserved, she is the butt of unkind taunts and jeers, her hair is shorn off, she may wear no jewels. Has a cow died in calving, an infant in teething, the small-pox broken out in the village, then the poor widow must have caused the affliction by a glance of her evil eye. She is the living symbol of ill-luck, disaster, adverse fate, the malevolent genius of the household, with this difference between her and a wicked spirit, that she is powerless to avert the punishment of her misdeeds. Such punishment is not reserved for widows only. An educated Indian gentleman confessed in one of the Anglo-Indian papers that he

gave his girl-wife a fillip for not making the chupatties properly after she had been carefully instructed. Yet it would be most unfair to come to an unfavourable conclusion about the general treatment of Indian wives from an incident such as this.

The authority of age over youth prevails strongly in most Oriental countries. Schoolmasters in the East now and then receive a pupil from his father with the trenchant remark: "The flesh is yours, the bones are mine." Persons who are best acquainted with the position of women in the zananahs declare that their influence is paramount, and a potent force in the prevention of many necessary reforms. Nowhere perhaps is their power more marked or more distinctly mischievous, in direct and indirect results, than in the arrangement of child marriages. The simplicity of Indian life prevents the women occupying themselves much with cooking; often they cannot sew, hardly ever can they read or write. It is notorious that in default of more sensible occupations, they scheme and arrange marriages with all that concentration of energy and entire devotion which mark the person with one idea. The self-sacrifice of women in most communities is patent to the student of social conditions; in India it almost amounts to effacement, and yet, surely a deadly stroke of Nemesis, they assert themselves on the point where they are most deeply injured, and where in revenge they injure the race that accepts so cruel a sacrifice as child marriage. The physical degeneracy of the Hindus is attributed by many educated natives and Englishmen to the marriage of immature young people; yet it ought not to be overlooked that political reformers,

armed by an imposing array of statistics, point to British rule as the cause of rapidly increasing poverty, which will not permit of a large section of the population enjoying two sufficient meals per day; hence the degeneration of the race.

Whether the physicial deterioration of the Hindus is a result of one cause or of several, it can be easily proved that child marriage is not an unmixed evil. An Indian writer claims that his people may reasonably take credit for the enforcement of "those prudential restraints which Malthusian economists advocate." Large families do not usually result from these early marriages.

The rate of increase of population in India is ·75 per cent. whereas in Britain it is 1·33. Moreover immorality does not assume such proportions as in our country, where reformers style it *the* social evil.

The most superficial observer of Indian society is deeply impressed with the deadly soul-benumbing dullness of an Indian home, or rather he would be if he could see right into that home. Our own English house-mothers strike our more lively French neighbours as admirable personages in nearly every respect, but somewhat heavy. At any rate the majority of our mothers had a good time till they were twenty or twenty-five; they were not caught and caged at the age of ten or twelve. If the physical conditions are against women in our happy land, they positively overwhelm and crush the married child in India. Imagine too the amount of self-repression necessary for a girl who goes to live beside her grandmother-in-law, mother-in-law, sisters-in-law, plus a few cousins, aunts, and poor relations-in-law. Force of character and individuality would there be the worst

curse that could afflict the Hindu family or community. Hindus who have observed our English home life make a keen criticism upon its most salient point, the comparatively high position of women, and tell their countrymen (see "A Visit to Europe," by T. N. Mukharji) that to a considerable extent woman's individuality jeopardises the peace of the Englishman's home. His wife and daughters are impatient of control; rebellion lurks in their pale blue eyes and saucy toss of the head. At restaurant tables you can see English women glooming at their husbands, who vainly attempt to cajole them into amiability. Englishmen would *so* much like a little liberty but their wives won't permit them to have any. If the Indian, says our Hindu friend, has no romance in his life, at least he has peace, for there is more concord in a Hindu family (community) than in a small English household. Yet despite these critical remarks, Mr. Mukharji longs for English mothers and maidens to train Indian children and vivify Indian dullness. Deeply does he bemoan that young India knows no courtship, "one of the charming excitements of life." The Indian novelist is justified in cursing the custom of secluding women, "for to write a novel without a love story is to play Hamlet without its hero, or to sing Ramayana leaving out the name of Ráma." Yet light is appearing in the darkness. At a meeting of the Indian National Congress held at Bombay in December 1889, ladies applied for permission to appear as delegates, and being elected, ten did so. In the Congress of 1890 held at Calcutta, a lady, M.B. of Calcutta Medical College, and one of the first graduates of Calcutta University, made a short speech.

Her name is Kadambini Ganguli and she is a Hindu. Thus the seeds of rebellion have been sown ; now the blade is appearing, and presently India like England may expect the full corn in the ear. I was informed by a Hindu gentleman that one of the most important modifications his views had undergone during a prolonged visit to England was caused by the discovery that a considerable section of educated Englishmen are opposed to the advancement of women and to their substantial equality. He knew of no instance where an educated Hindu had assumed so anomalous a position, and had much difficulty in consorting this new idea with his preconceived notions of English society and liberty.

Reflections on the leaden dullness of zananahs and the retrogressive policy advocated possibly by henpecked Sahebs in their own country, are entirely suitable to the Valley of the Shadow of Death. At Gaurah, the stage after Rampoor, we began to leave it. The temperature was cooler and more invigorating, the vegetation very beautiful and luxuriant. It was not tropical, but not being so near the icy breath of the Frigid Zone as Britain, everything was magnified and in wonderful profusion. Great ferns of the long-fingered order, each finger twelve to eighteen inches long, and growing in small forests, forget-me-nots with as many as eighteen whorls all in flower, columbine, foxgloves of all shades, ox-eye daisies, periwinkle, wonderful maidenhairs found at least one admirer. Whenever I pulled anything, instantly some of the coolies rushed to do the same, and nipping it close off by the head, presented me with a flower or fern with a beaming smile. If they had a preference, it was for a flower that gave signs of decay. Old rocks and withered trunks of

trees had their ugliness concealed by moss, exquisite festoons of virginian creeper, ferns and climbing plants whose names I did not know. Every now and then we passed a waterfall or foaming torrent, which rushed through a wilderness of beautiful green; it deserved hours to explore its beauty, and only a few minutes could be given.

At Gaurah, women began to carry the kiltas or creels of provisions, which they slung on to their backs and cheerfully carried a dozen miles, where an average Englishman could only bear such a burden for one mile. If not strong enough to bear the kilta for a whole stage, sometimes they would unite, thus four women would take three loads, so anxious were they to earn the money. I always pitied them most when at the end of a stage, and with their hard earned annas in their hand, they had to walk home ten or twelve miles.

About Gaurah, begins the very curious marriage custom that prevails in Thibet, known as polyandry, or the marriage of one woman to more husbands than one, who are always brothers, no other form of polyandry is known. Thirty millions of respectable people adopt this form of matrimony and find it answer. Usually the number of husbands is two but one of my bearers informed me he was one of four husbands. The reason of this peculiar arrangement is manifest: it serves as a limitation to population in a country where it must not increase rapidly on account of the difficulty in increasing the means of subsistence. The right of choosing a wife belongs to the eldest brother, the eldest child is considered his, and so on in rotation. Younger brothers are not compelled to marry the choice of the elder, but the interests of the individual being subordinate

to those of the family, he usually accepts his share in the arrangement. Wives who can live in harmony with several husbands are styled accomplished, and surely no one will grudge them the title. The surplus women are relegated to a Lama nunnery, and are often employed in tilling the land attached to it.

Most English writers profess unfeigned abhorrence of this marriage custom, but at least it possesses the merit of dealing directly with a question whose solution is essential to the well-being and permanence of any civilisation. Many statisticians and even writers on social matters make a joyful boast of the rapid doubling of our population within the present century. But a little reflection on the increase of squalor and poverty in our large towns, on the immigration of the country population to the cities, on the emigration of our ablest and most independent farm labourers and artisans, leaving behind the weakest and most helpless to drift into the condition of darkest England, a little reflection on that host of social problems which may be roughly classed as the relations of labour and capital, mingles much water with the wine of our rejoicing.

At Gaurah, the road bungalow is situated at a considerable height, unlike the last two stages, and affords a lovely view. Fired by enthusiasm, I unearthed a small note-book from my luggage and proceeded to attempt a sketch of the mountains. I had never sketched from Nature before and the results were not such as to encourage me to try again. Mentally I fell to abusing a school of art where during more than a year I had been taught to make copies and never once advised to make a still life study. Yet my unsuccess-

ful attempt had the result of fixing the scenery at Gaurah almost indelibly on my mind, even after many months I see it rise up with surprising distinctness. Whilst thus occupied I heard my servant being addressed by the simple villagers as khansamah-ji and even Hazoor, a title which the haughty Saheb considers he should share only with a Rajah. I do not know what title they conferred upon me, or whether they confounded our respective positions, but at the next bungalow I received a letter addressed to—"Her Ladyship occupying the Dâk Bungalow, Serahan." The note stated, that if agreeable to me, His Highness the Rajah of Bussahir would pay me a visit that afternoon. I replied that it would afford me much pleasure. About half an hour before the expected visit, a chuprassi appeared with a visiting card, bearing the inscription Shumshere Singh; the whole bungalow began to breathe excitement. Karim and I marked our sense of the importance of the occasion by covering the deal table with a bed-quilt. Presently there was a noise of bells jingling, of a tom-tom and rushing feet. An insignificant little man appeared, accompanied by a small army of retainers who swarmed all over the verandah. One seemed to be a Prime-Minister; he carried ink and a great seal to stamp the orders of the Rajah Saheb. The prince, who belongs to a noble Rajpùt family and can trace back his descent through 120 generations, wore faded pink calico trousers, very tight at the ankles, and a blue-cloth coat with bright brass buttons. Presently he drew both his legs on to the chair and sat cross-legged like a small idol. He is a kind little man and did what he could to make my journey easier further on. Unhappily he has a weakness

Your Highness.

for cherry brandy, so pronounced that the British Government has almost superseded him in favour of his son, the Tikèll Saheb. The Rajah spoke English fairly well, but occasionally was unable to understand the simplest question. He slowly and carefully read through my own letter to me aloud; four times I had to tell him what o'clock it was. Then we took tea together, he out of the mug of the establishment, I out of the basin. Before leaving, the Rajah wrote me a permit to insure safe-conduct, and another commanding his subjects to supply me with eggs, fowls, etc., and to show me over temples when I desired. I fear these letters were useless: the people sold their stuff when they wanted money, and no command would induce villagers to show a stranger their temple, if their form of bigotry inclined them to deny entrance.

Next day, near Dralli, we passed the cliff where Sir Alexander Lawrence lost his life in 1864. Though warned by road commissioners, people will take horses on to the Himalayan-Thibet Road. The horse grows nervous on a road which he knows is unfit for him, and the rider's nerve has been known to desert him at the critical moment. The coolies drew my attention to the simple stone cross that marks the spot, and I remembered that:

"The Indian knows his place of rest, far in the cedar shade."

The Government has marked its sense of the danger of the spot by putting up a rough wooden railing, but in truth many and many a spot is equally dangerous.

On my way back the rains had set in in earnest and then I learned that the road presented other difficulties. Some-

times a quarter of a mile, in one instance a whole mile, slips down the khud; a great expanse of clay and rubble marks where the hill above and the precipice below have united themselves. In the case of the large slip, a new length of road was cut; in the smaller ones the road has often to be shored up with solid masonry from ten to eighteen feet in depth. In one place coolies rushed up and took my hands —at every step we took, cobbles and loose earth rushed down the hill side from under our feet.

At another spot a gang of coolies were repairing the road, and called out to my coolies to pass very quickly. They took to their heels, and so did I, more out of amusement than because I believed in any danger. As soon as we were over, the road labourers parted to right and left, and sure enough a piece of the hill above came rumbling down with deadly intent. At least five or six times I had to pass heaps of solid masonry in ruins, undermined by the action of the rains.

Though these incidents were not calculated to reassure one, and though I disliked having to open doors and windows of a road bungalow when often half a dozen natives were sleeping on my verandah, yet I only once suffered from fear. The precipices between Urni and Rogi are very abrupt, no part of the road is so often railed at the outer side as this one, and I felt grateful to our grandmotherly government. I had bad jampannies, who were tired before the first mile was done. A stupid fellow bumped the dandi twice against the solid rock, once nearly sending us all over the precipice; another *would* change the dandi pole on the very verge of the cliff. I corrected these faults by word and

deed, but my soul had melted within me, I felt terror-stricken. On returning I had excellent men; I gazed down the steepest cliffs without a tremor, and wondered why I had been so terrified before.

At Nachar I skirted one of the great Himalayan forests, known as East and West Nachar. The lambardar, a kind old soul, took me to the village temple to see the ark or khuda, and then I had a delightful talk with Baboo Prubdial, a native of Amritsir, who pointed out to me trees that were probably a thousand years old, and of which only too few are left standing. His hopes touching the Congress, improved education, the success of our missionaries, interested me not a little. I cannot but think it regrettable that Anglo-Indians cut themselves off from intercourse with refined and thoughtful natives, men who could arouse and quicken their sympathies on many points, and whose aims are not very different from those of thoughtful Englishmen.

At one of these bungalows a sick man came up to see if I could prescribe for him. The hillmen have quite a touching faith in the Saheb's medicines and swallow them most obediently. I never hesitated at giving medicine for fever, or administering a dose of castor oil, but this man looked so ill that I felt obliged to decline to prescribe. He went away very sorrowful, so that I called Karim to explain to him the risk in administering remedies when you cannot diagnose the malady. I fear he attributed the refusal to some stinginess on my part.

We were now passing into the region of wild apricots which grow plentifully by the road side. On every flat house-top you could see them drying; the natives make

flour out of them and use them in cakes and soup. In spite of my warnings my servants gorged themselves on the fruit. Sukhram was the first to succumb, and came to inform me how ill he was with many writhings and contortions. "In spite of what I said, you *would* eat those apricots." "Miss-Saheb, I only took one." "Well, you will now take castor oil." And he did. The next day Karim served me no luncheon, and on inquiring for him he came weeping bitterly and even sobbing. The mixture as before.

The stupidity of these men with regard to food was quite wonderful. Two of them went without food from the previous evening till 3 P.M. the next day, and then ate quantities of raw rice; I wanted to advance them money to buy food about noon, and offered them some of my bread, but they would only accept a few walnuts.

During all this time the mountains had been steadily growing higher. At one spot near Urni even the road was about 10,000 feet high, an elevation which afforded a splendid view. As a rule I was not much impressed by the height of the mountains. For one thing, all sense of proportion gets lost, there is absolutely nothing to measure by. Then the bed of the Sutlej is high; at Wangtu it is 5250 feet above the sea level. Starting to march at 7 or 8 A.M. too often means that the sun having been up for hours has covered the higher peaks with mist and cloud. One morning at Rogi, I felt my room very hot, and rising, I opened the door. It was five o'clock and the grey dawn was just breaking. Straight in front were two enormous mountain masses of the Stony Girdle of the Earth, part of the Raldang Range, one of whose peaks is called the Great

Kylass (Lat. Cœlus). Far far up the jagged peaks were glittering in their coat of eternal snow, the sky seemed to rest on the heads of these two mighty sentinels, 21,000 feet high. The scene was a very solemn one; not a sound broke the silence. The Sutlej was so far down that only a faint mutter could be heard, and every one was asleep. On two or three occasions the grandeur of the mountains was equal to what my imagination had depicted them. There was no need to lash one's-self into that perfervid state of admiration which must have recourse to at least a printed page of the nineteenth century traveller's own descriptive talent. The scene filled eye and mind alike with a sense of calm and deep satisfaction, not lessened two or three hours later by observing that great misty sheets had been let down from heaven to conceal the two great mountain summits, converting the wonderful view into quite an ordinary one.

It was the sight of these vast mountains which moved Indian poets, perhaps 5000 years ago, to write the inspired hymns of the Rig-Veda, the first fruits of a great and almost absolutely original literature. Greece was influenced on every side by her neighbours: Egypt, Phœnicia, Assyria, Persia, all helped to develop that literature, art, culture of mind and body which are still the admiration of the nations of the west, and unattained by their most cultured classes. India's contribution to the world is her own, unmodified by external influences, and though doubtless impoverished to a great extent by lack of these fertilizing streams, yet of abiding interest and increasing value. "Religion and philosophy," says Sir W. Hunter, "have been the real contributions of India to the world." Beneath the shadow of the Halls of

The Wisdom of God.

Snow (Himalaya) arose the religion of Brahma professed by 200,000,000 of men, and moulding human life more deeply than any other form of religion, entering as it does into the minutest social observances, customs and duties of numerous peoples. The Aryan had entered India by the passes of the North-Eastern and North-Western frontiers, where the break in the Himalayas permits the Brahmapootra to rush through to join the Ganges and where the Khaiber and Gomal and Kuram passes give access to the Punjab. Driven onwards by the constant influx of Aryan hordes at their back, they travelled east and south till they peopled the land lying between the great hills and the Ganges, and the land of the Five Rivers. Of these the Sutlej is one. Was it the influence of the mist covered mountains that permeated ancient Indian poetry, religion and philosophy with cloudy mysticism, forming a striking contrast with Greek clearness and acuteness, ideas represented with a precision and reasoning power that compare with Indian vagueness as a clean cut cameo compares with the cloudy opal. The majesty of Nature filled the Aryan's mind; the lofty mountains, the great and fertile rivers left a lasting impression on his memory. High up among their peaks was the home of the gods on whose protecting power and love for the Aryan colour he relied with boundless trust. Here his deities were the great powers of Nature—Dyaush-pitar, the Father-heaven, Indra or Aqueous Vapour, the giver of precious rain and dew, Fire, Storm-gods who tear in pieces the forest and make the rocks to tremble, Dawn, Sun, Wind, before them all, his bright and shining divinities, the Aryan bent himself in lowly adoration. Later on in the history of his development he

Jupiter.

made that immense stride in a nation's growth which ensues when the generalization is drawn that though the powers of Nature are many, yet there is but one First Cause, none other gods but one. Gradually he relegated his thirty-three gods into the region of myth, a phase of the childhood of his race, and elaborated the conception of a Hindu Trinity: Brahma the Creator, Vishnu the Preserver, and Shiva the Destroyer and Reproducer, and these three are One.

But he never attempted to deal a death-blow to the Shining Ones his race had worshipped in the days that succeeded its migration from Central Asia to the Indian peninsula. Unsuited as the childish creed had become for Brahman intelligence, it was quite good enough for inferior castes of Aryans, and too good for the Dasya or Aborigine whose salvation in no way caused anxiety to his conqueror. With lofty tolerance, savouring somewhat of contempt, the Brahman leaves him to worship snakes, stocks, stones, demons, devils, trees, even human sacrifice is good enough for him. For the vast population of India, men who are neither pure Brahmans nor pure Aborigines, a great choice of deities lies between the conception of one God and the rude worship of the Kandhs and Santals. Brahma is too abstract to win for himself love and devotion, but Vishnu has visited the children of men in ten incarnations, one of the chief of which is Krishna, called by some the Indian Christ, whose deeds are related in the Mahabharata. The seventh incarnation is Rama, the hero of another great epic, the Rámáyana. Vishnu is worshipped at Puri as Jagganath, the Lord of the World. Vishnu has female shapes as well as male, in this particular resembling Shiva,

a second popular deity. Shiva has a double aspect, the lofty or more abstract one in which even the intellectual Twice-born (Brahman) can worship him by contemplating his divine attributes, and a non-Aryan aspect in which he is let down from this exalted pedestal and can be grasped by the mere Once-born, the entirely unregenerate non-Aryans. Shiva is the Maha-deva or great God of modern Hinduism. To the Aryan he is represented as one of the "beautiful-nosed," seated deep in thought, the symbols of reproductive energy near him. To the non-Aryan, the child of a lower race and ruder civilisation, Shiva is the God of Destruction, symbolised by the chain of skulls round his neck, to be feared more than loved. He has a wife, Uma 'Light,' a kind of gentle Virgin-Mother suited to his Aryan character; he is mated to Kali, a hideous black fury, fitting consort for the skull-bedecked Shiva. She must be propitiated, and even in recent times, human beings have been offered to her in sacrifice. Even two characters are insufficient for the worship of Shiva's wife—a middle one, uniting in herself lovable and dreadful qualities, is found in Durga Purvati, the goddess most worshipped in the hill-countries. The bungalow at Narkunda had a pile of stones close to it in which sticks were planted with numerous pieces of coloured rags attached, floating flagwise; the bridge at Wangtu was similarly adorned, and occasionally we passed bushes covered with bits of rag. Presumably they were haunted spots, or bore ill repute of some sort, and so the simple hill folk warded off evil from them and theirs, by this recognition of the Devi's power. Thus there exists in India a religion of vast complexity, embracing the myths,

legends, nature worship of man in a rude uncivilised state at one end of the scale, with a pure and lofty Theism, outcome of a noble race meditating not unfruitfully on God, the Soul, on justice and judgment, on the hope of immortality. It speaks but little for the education of our missionaries and of some Englishmen (I hope only a few) in our Indian Empire that they cut the complex Gordian knot of Indian religion, and allude to their fellow subjects as the "poor heathen." It makes the whole matter so very simple to dispose of it thus. To represent that the "heathen in his blindness bows down to wood and stone," from Peshawur to Cape Comorin makes a picture that one can carry away in his mind's eye, whereas the reality requires considerable mental effort on the part of even a cultivated person, and leaves a blurred, hazy, misty, vague, confused image, too vast and difficult to be readily comprehended. He who attempts to master a problem so intricate must return again and again to the question, and many have confessed that their first attempts were more hopeful and encouraging than their later ones. "Why are your missionaries powerless to cope with Hinduism?" asks a native paper. "Because they do not comprehend it." It would appear they lack the necessary subtlety of intelligence to grasp the meaning of the religion they wish to overthrow. Many missionaries can be heard to say they know nothing about Hinduism and mean to know nothing. They will even quote Scripture in support of their mental indolence: "*I determined not to know anything among them, save Jesus Christ, and him crucified.*" They are thus in the position of one who has an excellent remedy but knows

not whether it will suit the patient's malady. Or shall we say they are convinced it should be administered, but hesitate as to whether the application should be inward or outward? Meantime educated Hindus calmly tell us they look with extreme coldness on appeals to their emotions, such as that Christ died to save them, and tell us they see in their Vedas as much regenerative power as in our Bible. "The Vedas," says a native paper "are the store-house of all that ever was truest, noblest, and purest in humanity. They contain the highest thoughts, the most ideal system of religious aspiration, a perfect code of morals, and faultless constitution of society, such as the world has not seen for many and many a century. All the reforms in the Hindu social system which are now urgently necessary for Hindu progress,—adult marriage, the higher education of women, maritime enterprise, why, these are as laws authoritatively laid down in the Vedas. What a foreign and unsympathetic government cannot effect by tons of legislation, the Vedas can do for Hindu society by their simple but divine authority."

A singular hallucination, bred of deepest ignorance, that we can do away with the power and affection for the Vedas, when we know absolutely nothing about them. From presumptuous sin and blind arrogance do Thou, Good Lord, deliver us. "Turn Christian!" said an astonished Hindu. "We do not need to turn Christian. Our religion embraces the best part of Christianity with this difference: that we put important injunctions into practice which you only read in your sacred records."

Brahmanism, here, at the base of the Himalayas, threw

out as its off-shoot, Buddhism, which stands in much the same relation to it as Christianity to Judaism. Buddhism even now is professed by more human beings than any other religion, numbering five or six hundred million votaries and co-existed with Brahmanism in India for 1300 years. It rose about 500 B.C. and was overcome by Brahmanism about the 9th century A.D. Buddhism and Brahmanism then coalesced to produce Hinduism, the religion of modern India which has been defined as a "religious league and social organisation," best known to Europeans in the worship of Shiva and Vishnu. Each of these has numerous sects, and they are two only amongst countless others of this highly complex faith. It declaimed against sacrifice as tantamount to insult to a spiritual deity; it called the weak, the poor, the lowly to the new faith. The common people and even the women heard Gautama gladly. The priestly claims of the Brahmans Buddha set aside; all men were priests unto God. He taught the doctrine of Karma, namely that the state of a man in this life or any future lives is the result of his previous actions. He taught Nirvana, the cessation of individual life by its absorption into the life universal.

We were now in the region where persons professing the Buddhist faith are to be found. If they believed in the depressing doctrine that any misconduct on their part might cause them to be born in their next life into a lower stage of being, at any rate their belief had no melancholy effect on their minds. Both mornings whilst I was dressing and breakfasting at Urni and Rogi my breath was almost taken away by the loud shouts of

merriment on the verandah. The Saheb is accustomed to decorum in his servants, saving perhaps a little fighting in the compound where shrill and shrewish voices are sometimes raised in anger. I went out to see what was the matter, but it was only the hill lads and lasses pulling each other about in sport. Their hats with the sausage-roll brims were all gaily trimmed with bunches of flowers; even the men did not scorn such a decoration, almost subversive of European notions about sex. "What is this for?" I said to the man next me, or rather I meant to say so, but my knowledge of Urdu not extending as far as the word *for*, the man replied: "It's a flower," and taking off his hat, pulled out the coarse darning needle which fastened them, gallantly presented me with the evil-smelling marigolds. Politeness compelled me to carry them into the bungalow.

Between Urni and Rogi the road is very grand; at times the precipice was sheer to the river, at others it lay in terraces, almost equally alarming to glance down. The seams, scars, wrinkles caused by the beds of torrents on the face of the opposite gigantic cliff were an object lesson on the action of the water. Now and then, probably where the torrent was filled with water during the greater part of the year, trees had grown up and formed a glen and bright patch of colour for the eye to rest on. We often passed groups of splendid old cedars whose scarred trunks and great far-spreading branches won admiration. They must have stood there for hundreds of years, perhaps a thousand. How many generations of men had stopped to shelter from the noon-tide sun under this very tree where I was eating

my lunch? The road only dates from the beginning of this century, but the hill tracks which for the most part were widened, shored up, and in dangerous spots railed off, had been there from remote antiquity. In many parts, especially at Rogi, the trees had cleft mighty rocks in two, determined to find their way to light and air, and had often pushed great slabs and boulders into curious and dangerous-looking positions. Here was a root more than six inches in diameter running along the road side for yards before making its way down to the soil once more. There the root had pushed over the face of a boulder bounding the road, so that it seemed as if an arm had been stretched out to clasp the rock to the hill-side. The deodar, gheel, neozar or edible pine abounded in this region. The gheel scattered its long needles on every side and often made the wayfarer's footing precarious as they are most slippery. I told Sukhram I would visit the village of Rogi, which lay a mile beyond the road bungalow, and he must therefore go before to warn the lambardar of my coming. The village lay below the level of the road on a plateau or shelf in the great cliff. I climbed down a queer path, over great stones lying right in the middle of it. Umberdass, a respectable, good-looking jemadar, evidently the most wealthy man in the place, came out to receive me and do the honours of his village. The houses were built so that they might take up the least possible space, the roof of one almost always making a yard for the one above it. The inhabitants, especially the women, seemed a little shy of my invasion, for several of them were peeping out of corners and from behind doors. Sukhram and Karim both assumed

Lit., Head of a troop.
Prob., Of any body of men.

an air of importance which they usually reserved for the villages and loftily waved aside any one who came too close. I bought a curious native brass brooch and a rough needle from a woman. An old man, a very withered atomy, came round the corner of a house, turning a Thibetan prayer-wheel and feebly muttering with his withered lips: "Om mani pani haun." I signed to him to approach as I wanted to buy a prayer-wheel, but he shook his head. He turned his vacant eyes on the stranger, but never once ceased his tiresome mutter. Most of the doors of the houses were only four feet high; men as well as women came out of them spinning wool, which occupation they often continue when walking on the road. Animals seemed to be housed unpleasantly near human beings according to European notions, though I did not see them in the same room. Large quantities of apricots were drying in the sun on the flat roofs. As no one else seemed willing to let us look right into his house, after a glance at the ark in the temple, Umberdass took us to his. His barns and store-houses were exceedingly well built and clean, in all probability much more so than the dwelling-rooms. The staircase to one barn was made of half a tree log roughly hewn into steps in the inner half. I climbed up it with a little trepidation, and Umberdass opened the low door fastened by an immense padlock at least eight inches long, and of ingenious though primitive construction. I had observed him carrying what looked like a ten inch clumsy poker, but had no idea this was the key of the lock. I was most wishful to see what furniture the well-to-do jemadar would have in his house; those I had glanced into seemed to

have none. "Tell Umberdass to take me to the women's quarters," I said to Karim, but he shook his head, and when I persisted, grew angry, even raging for two or three minutes. Whilst he was thus occupied, I found I was near an interesting hole in the flat roof on which I was standing. I knelt down and looked into the room below. It was only lighted by a bright fire, and dark shapes seemed flitting about in the weird light. Hereupon Umberdass's voice grew louder than ever, so that I concluded I was gazing into his zananah. Nothing but an attempt to push me over the cliff would have induced me to rise, and I followed the movements of the dark shapes in the firelight with a fascinated gaze. As I really could not distinguish anything, I at length rose to my feet, apologetically remarking to Umberdass that I was a foreigner and not knowing the language well, he must speak slowly if he wished me to understand. Gradually his equanimity returned and together we walked to the dandi. I there showed him my padlock with its small key as a contrast to the graceful article he was still carrying. On parting he presented me with some walnuts, and I gave him a lead pencil and writing-paper, with which he seemed pleased.

Later on that day we met a most singular figure. It was a man with a face of the pure Mongol type, long black hair and a long gay coloured woollen garment, which was shortened in front by being pulled through the kummerbund. From it hung a knife and a bag at his waist, a stick as tall as himself completed the outfit of this wild-looking individual. The mate said he was a Tatar who had travelled from a very far country ; we all turned round and gazed after him,

Broad girdle.

but he stalked on as if we were mere boulders, never glancing in our direction. Having become accustomed to the stoppage of all work when we approached a village and to at least half the inhabitants rushing out to examine our modest cavalcade, we naturally felt aggrieved and insulted when this fellow passed us so slightingly.

At the next stage, Pangay, I touched the term of my journey and reached the last of the road bungalows. The mountains were grand, but Pangay is an almost rainless spot, consequently it has hardly any vegetation worth speaking of. The neozar (edible pine), and the gheel are to be found, but no ferns or flowers. Its grey slopes grow wild thyme in great abundance. I feel I can now truthfully say "I know a bank where wild thyme grows," though it has the trifling disadvantage of being some eight thousand miles distant.

Here I rested five days, with the exception of the one I devoted to visiting Rarung.

CHAPTER VII.

PANGAY is built on the slope of a steep hill, and contrary to the usual practice, the road bungalow lies lower than the village. Hearing a tom-tom sound decided me to climb up the tortuous path that leads to the village to see what was going on. I knew that about this time, mid-July, a sacred festival was held in honour of Durga Purvati, the great hill goddess, but I did not expect that I should be fortunate enough to enter the temple court while the tamasha was in full swing. In some of the villages the priest absolutely declined to permit me to look at the khuda, but the natives of Pangay showed no such churlishness. I stood on the steps of the temple-court, and though courteously invited to take a seat, decided that the air must be a trifle purer when standing.

Fête, display.

Judged by the Himalayan standard, rather a handsome carved wooden building stood opposite the door. It had a verandah, on to which you climbed by means of one big stone. This was the main building, containing the khuda, or sacred ark. In the centre was an erection like a square bandstand; three or four other buildings were situated

in different parts of the temple-court. Just when I reached the scene, after panting up a steep path, the khuda was not housed in its tabernacle, but was having a merry time in the courtyard, surrounded by some two hundred worshippers dressed in gay holiday attire. What distinguished this festival from ordinary Hindu worship was the large number of women present and the hearty part they played in the service. Every person had some gay muslin and flowers, or at least the sacred herb basil in his hat. If dirty, they seemed a merry set of people; I could see nothing of that Puritan asceticism which historians tell us changed merry into fanatical England.

Bible students are well aware that a sacred ark played an important part in the early religious history of the Jews. The sacred chest accompanied all their journeyings, had staves by which it was to be carried, was placed in the tabernacle, and later on, in the temple. Probably by its means the Jews obtained oracular utterances from their God: "*There will I meet with thee and commune with thee.*"

The khuda of the Himalayan villages resembles a box about three feet square by two in depth, it is placed on staves ten or twelve feet long. It was draped with gay curtains all round; it stood about three feet from the ground, the supports being concealed by the drapery. The Jewish ark had two golden cherubim and a mercy seat above it. The khuda at Pangay had three tiers of brazen faces in a circle, fifteen in all. Above the faces waved a mass of yak's tails, dyed deep red, also circular in form and somewhat like a soldier's bearskin. On the top of the chest were two silver faces with prominent

noses (the "Beautiful-nosed"), intended to represent Durga Purvati, goddess of the hills. This extraordinary erection was being borne round the temple-court by six men, all facing the faces of the goddess, so that three were walking backwards. The bearers dandled it up and down, shook it from side to side in a disrespectful fashion; at times it was almost turned upside down.

Presently a procession was formed: women, six deep, walked after the khuda. Then this order broke up; horns, trumpets, and cymbals produced a wild sort of music. The men formed a long row near the ark, the women another row after the men, each joining hands with his neighbours, left over right. They walked to the music in monotonous Highland sing-song; crescendo; suddenly they break into excited gesture, thrusting out their arms like the chorus in a Greek play. All the time they crossed and recrossed in rhythmic movement, the evolutions of which were not quite plain.

More than half those present took no part whatever in the ceremony. I glanced at an onlooker who seemed to me to wear a cynical and supercilious expression. Could it be that he was a Dissenter? I saw the ark deposited in the tabernacle where it remained till after the evening meal. Later on, when I had partaken of dinner, I heard the tom-tom recommencing, but fatigue, the danger of that steep path at night, and the objection of a Himalayan crowd to tubbing, made me decide for bed and not for revelry. I have heard that in some villages in mid-July, they take the ark out to the forest, and dance till midnight in a spot made sacred by venerable trees.

The khuda has duties to perform, as well as joyous pageants in her honour. The sacred ark is an oracle. I was assured by Baboo Prubdial, who for six years spent the summer in the Nachar forest, that every villager has the right to ask advice of the ark. It is exceedingly unstable, constantly bending when lifted; I was told that this is because the staves are of elastic wood, obtained from a certain tree. The oracle can only reply yes or no by an inclination to one side or the other. My informant told me the questions are usually of a gossipy nature: the desirability of marriage between A and B, the recovery of a sick person, guilt of a suspected person, and so on.

In the Himalayas I was constantly making the reflection that if only a certain near mountain could be lifted and cast into the sea, the panorama of distant peaks would be very beautiful. On this particular evening, on coming down from the village, a strange effect was visible: the near mountain lay in complete shadow, the distant snowy peaks behind it were bathed in glowing sunset colours, giving prominence to every jutting crag and rugged surface. The metamorphosis did not last more than ten minutes, but was truly wonderful. Every subsequent night I watched for that lovely afterglow, but I never saw the mountains transfigured in this way again.

The climate of Pangay is delightful: the clear, brisk, invigorating air, with the genial warmth of noon, might almost give a renewed lease of life to the dying. It is supposed to be rainless, but I observed some spots of rain one morning. The lack of rain, which seems so desirable

to the English mind, has a disastrous effect on the minor vegetation. Literally there is none, and much bleakness and undue prominence of shaly soil is the result. I could not but admire the ingenuity with which the natives diverted portions of a mountain-stream into their garden, sub-dividing it by means of tiny shallow canals, and shutting it off by a mound of earth when enough moisture was obtained. It is the irrigation system of the plains on a small scale.

I had intended resting all the time at Pangay, but when I reflected that in all probability my eyes would never light on these mountains again, it seemed madness not to go on a stage further and view those at Rarung. I knew that the Lama temple there contained a great praise-wheel. On the road I met a flock of goats, each one carrying two little saddle-bags filled with ata. Later on we passed a horseman, who, to make room for me, climbed on the hill-side. The horse was very restive, and sent big stones rolling down the khud, so that the attention seemed fully as dangerous as polite. The hills grew very bare as we proceeded; I often observed rocks literally torn asunder by the irresistible determination of a young deodar, neozar, or gheel to reach the light. Above an immense expanse of jutting crags, smooth-faced rocks, rocky ravines which looked like deep scars on a mighty face, above pyramids, whose base lay near the river, and whose apex was raised to Heaven, came the pines again. For some inscrutable reason they could not obtain a foothold near the road, or else the blasting had destroyed them. Beyond these were peeps of snowy

caps, but the day was unfavourable, and more woolly clouds than caps were visible. The jampannies carried me straight to the Lama temple, a small wooden structure, outwardly resembling all those I had seen in the hills, rough-hewn and dirty. It was not untastefully festooned with grass and flowers; inside the chief object of interest was an immense brass and copper cylinder, about nine feet high, and perhaps six feet in diameter. It is supported on an iron crank to which is fastened a stout leather thong. This strap was held by an old man who, by giving it a good tug, caused the cylinder to revolve, each revolution being marked by the tinkling of a bell, and causing threefold praise to ascend to the deity. The cylinder is said to be full of holy words and thoughts inscribed on parchment, the rotation of which is considered equal to their being pronounced; the exterior has printed on it in strange characters: "To the most glorious Jewel, the Lotus;" and thirdly the poor muttering, mumbling old man never ceased repeating: "Om mani padme haun." "Oh, God! the Jewel in the Lotus, Amen!" the all-comprehensive prayer of millions of our fellow-men. What the Jewel in the Lotus really means is still unsolved. Whether it is a prayer for purity, for divine mercy on the human soul, or for the final success of Buddha's teaching among the children of men, we have yet to learn. It is never out of the mouth of the Lamas; cylinders are erected on running streams, and made to revolve by an arrangement of cogged wheels; others are placed at cross-roads, and by a system of fans, the wind whirls them round. The sacred words are printed

on flags, carved on stones by the roadside, on trees, walls, monuments, utensils, human skulls and skeletons. In the villages I saw people come out with prayer-wheels in their hands to stare at me, but all the time they industriously plied the wheel, and repeated the prayer. The words are not only a prayer, they are a kind of charm, useful against all assaults of evil spirits and a protection against famine, plague, and pestilence. Wilson relates that he went into a house in the village of Phé to take refuge from a storm. In a short time an old grandmother, who was winding yarn, said :—"Om mani pad" three or four hundred times, making the children repeat it likewise. As she shortened the formula by two syllables, the writer expressed a hope that the fraud on heaven was overlooked. The prayer is probably Sanskrit, and most likely not comprehended of its devotees. I always heard them mutter :—"Mani, *pani* (water)" instead of "padme." Besides the poor old man turning the cylinder, there were two priests on the opposite side, sitting cross-legged, each holding a small "mani pani" in his hand, and also repeating : "Om mani padme haun."

The word priest usually calls before our mind a vision of superfine broadcloth and clean linen ; with an Oriental priest the student of the Bible associates ideas of ephods, brazen lavers, ceremonial bathings, and other adjuncts to personal cleanliness. Such notions, if not previously corrected by travelling in the East, would receive a severe shock at Rarung : the two priests were miserably dirty specimens of humanity, admirably in keeping with their surroundings. But in spite of their evident belief in the

theory that a good coating of dirt prevents bodily strength from oozing out, they were not wanting in a certain grave dignity which I afterwards ceased to consider incongruous. The temple walls were painted in gaudy, vulgar colours, roughly representing flowers and personages. The roof was gabled, the woodwork being concealed by red and yellow calico, of various patterns. The furniture was a low stool or table on which stood certain brazen vessels for water, incense, the lamps used in the temple service. Tom-toms on stands, a conch on which a mighty blast was blown for my edification, and a small stool on which rested a sacred book bound in wood completed the furniture of the main room of the temple. Opposite the door was an inner chamber, small and dark, but I could see a great image of Buddha, probably about as faithful a representation of Siddartha as a Dutch doll is of its owner. It was gaudily coloured red and yellow alternately in three great bands from neck to waist, the right arm extended had three similar bands, the face and hands were daubed with white paint. All this time my jampannies were squatting down in a tiny courtyard, observing the scene with considerable interest. One of their number being a Buddhist entered the sanctuary: he wanted to take the strap from the old man and turn the cylinder, but this was declined. He then began to say "Mani, pani" on his own account, but the old man resented this and said: "I'm saying it," the theory being that the cylinder serves for all present. Determined to assist somehow, the coolie kept giving great pushes to the cylinder, causing it to rotate much more quickly.

The Enlightened One.

I was sitting on the temple step where the priests could not see me well. They kept craning their necks to catch a glimpse of what must be rather a rare sight in these parts, a mem-saheb, so I made the first advance by moving within view. Soon the temple service had degenerated from its solemnity into a display of curiosities; gradually I had most of the ornaments and utensils around me, and the great wheel was stopped. "Let me look at your 'mani-pani,'" and I was permitted to whirl it round, and even taught how to pronounce the words properly. "Now bring out the books," and the sacred but very dirty books were shown me, the junior priest reading a page or two for my instruction. A blast was blown on the conch, a beating administered to the drums, and then I insinuatingly asked if I might enter and turn the big praise-wheel, but this was not permitted. They made not the least objection to my purchasing a small lamp belonging to the service, and held out their hands for buckshish just like ordinary people. I was allowed to make a salaam to Buddha by means of a big bell, and passing through a narrow passage which went round three sides of the temple, I turned each of the eight small praise-cylinders, made of wool and covered with skin, but doubtless containing the sacred prayer. I could not but think what a terrible result this is of Buddha's protest against formalism, of his longings for Nirvana, for the attainment of deep spirituality by calm meditation. That the enlightened teacher who laid great stress on conduct and character, who summed up his moral code in four noble precepts: reverence to spiritual teachers and parents, self-control, kindness to other men, and reverence for the

life of all creatures, opposing these duties to empty rites and useless sacrifices, that *his* life lessons should produce a prayer-wheel as a part of devotion, is one of those bitter satires on human effort that mock our best and highest hopes.

My mate spoke to the lambardar or headman of the village to procure me a small hand praise-wheel and produced the rajah's permit commanding that I should be able to purchase whatever I desired. No one could read it, but when they saw the great seal affected by His Highness, they said "Hăn! Rajah Saheb!" and a bright and trustful smile broke out on several countenances. Now the purchase of a praise-wheel is a matter of great difficulty. A Lamaist will no more part with his mechanical prayer device than a well-regulated Englishman will sell the family-Bible. At one village when I had just uttered the word *purchase* to a man who was using one, he turned on his heel with indignation. Wilson declared he could not buy one at any price, he had to get it made. I was informed that an idea prevails that if the praise-wheel were to be turned in the wrong direction, all the blessings it had implored would be turned into curses. I therefore listened and looked as grave as possible when my mate represented to the headman that the consequences would be serious if the Rajah's orders were slighted.

Whilst Sukhram made a fire and prepared my lunch under the shade of a mighty deodar, the headman returned bearing a rather shabby praise-wheel in his hand. I thought I recognised it, and felt more certain when he approached with a larger and better specimen. They were the very cylinders the priests had been turning in the temple

that morning: evidently the poor fellows were not above turning an honest penny too. I purchased the cylinder, but at rather an exorbitant rate.

I went to take a turn through the village to learn as much of the manners and customs of the natives as the eye could observe. It was impossible to learn anything by questioning them: either they did not or would not understand. In addition to the Lama temple, Rarung possesses a Hindu one, so that probably religious dissension enters into the life of the humble villagers. The headman made not the slightest objection to my viewing the temple, and at once opened the door, which instead of paint had a heavy coat of dirt, enough to affect the relief of the rough carving. Inside was the handsomest ark I had yet seen, and the headman showed off its beauties with all the pride and pleasure of an interested showman. The Devi or goddess had twenty faces in all, the two top tiers being almost concealed by a heavy fringe of the most lovely yak's tails. I inquired where I could buy similar ones, and was told at the great Rampoor fair in November. Two really beautiful silver faces of the Devi made me wonder if the rivalry of the neighbouring Lama temple might not entail extra effort on the part of her worshippers.

On walking through the village I remarked quite respectable houses or barns in which grain was stored, far superior to the dwelling houses. These, and also the persons of the natives were abominably dirty, but worse than both were the approaches to the houses. There was not the faintest pretention to anything resembling a street: the huts were all higgledy-piggledy, squalid, noisome passages filled

with offal separated one from the other, and through these I threaded my way with growing disgust. The bright, pure, exhilarating air was poisoned with every imaginable abomination.

Passing the Lama temple door again, I did however observe two sets of efforts on behalf of personal cleanliness, trifling as the results appeared to be in the persons of the natives. A woman was pursuing entomological researches in the head of her neighbour, and not fruitlessly, for every now and then she carefully placed something on the ground. As I was just on the eve of departing, it was not worth while concealing my mirth. I laughed heartily, at which the ladies rose and went away looking much displeased.

Just by the side of the sacred temple, not more than a yard removed, was a small stream brought from some distance in half the hollow trunk of a tree. It poured down from a height of two feet and some of the water rushed into two round stone tubs, sunk into the ground amidst much unsavoury puddle. Being not unacquainted with the Scotch Highland custom of dancing on clothes in order to wash them, I was much amused to see a strong dark Highland lass who had divested herself of the main part of her raiment, a striped petticoat and plaid, place them in a stone tub, and dance on them with an energy utterly inadequate to the desired result. I never saw dirtier water used for purposes of cleaning and stopped to watch the process. Very little time was needed. After a too brief dance on the offending raiment, she placed it under the spout of clean water for two seconds, danced again, and hung it up on the temple wall to dry.

There being no bungalow at Rarung, I left its rugged snowy peaks to return to the one at Pangay. I observed particularly a glorious mountain torrent, which came tearing madly down a rocky ravine, appearing to have as its sole aim to upheave and dash forward the great boulders strewn around, many of them in mid-stream. One of the centre ones had been utilised by the road engineer as a buttress for a wooden bridge. Just below it was a collection of these boulders, on which soil had gathered in course of time. It was covered with flourishing young trees and formed a delightful oasis amidst the granite rocks. These mountain torrents are much used by the forest department for floating timber down to the Sutlej, especially railway-sleepers. An enormous impetus has been given to the destruction of the magnificent Himalayan forests by Indian railway extension. However needful the opening up of the country may be, one cannot but regret the fall of many a monarch of the forest. I often saw dry torrent-beds containing logs waiting till the next heavy rain should float the timber down to the river. This method is costly and ruinous, the unseasoned wood being injured by the action of the water, and its durability deeply affected.

On my way back to Rogi, I met an Englishman belonging to the Trigonometrical Survey going to the field of his labours for the next month or two. He marched first, patriarchal fashion, and was followed by a great train of coolies, servants, baboos, etc. It is proverbial in India that persons travelling at the expense of the government present a much more imposing appearance than individuals travelling

at their own expense. He was an uninteresting-looking young man, but as I had not seen a European for a fortnight, I stopped and spoke to him, which threw him into great confusion. He did just manage to articulate replies to some of my questions, but as it was evident he would require half-an-hour to recover his composure, I had compassion on him, and bade him good morning.

Englishmen who know the Indian character thoroughly, declare that no characteristic is more striking than kindness. I was much amused once when, whiling away the long hours of a hot afternoon in a railway bungalow, a young Englishman showed me a native's book of testimonials. This man it appeared had a right to a chair even in the presence of a Saheb, but this high honour did not render him superior to the native fashion of obtaining chits from Englishmen. It was not that he required a situation, I was told, he just obtained these letters for the pure pleasure of possessing them. Turning over the pages I read one dated 1858, from an Englishwoman, which certified that amongst other virtues the Kursi-Nishin was very kind *for a native.* If the English lady had but known, the praise was high indeed. One day, just as she had been dependent on natives in the terrible time of the Mutiny, I found myself quite dependent on them on the Himalayan-Thibet road. It was on my return journey at Nirrith. Up till now I had always been able to obtain jampannies good or bad, too often the latter.

One entitled to a chair.

It was the time for planting out sprouted rice, and often one could see women standing ankle deep in flooded fields, so intent on the work that nothing less than the

passage of strangers on the road could induce them to straighten their backs for a moment or two. The lambardar knew perfectly well of my arrival for he had supplied me with milk. In the morning he appeared with three coolies, saying he could find no more as everybody was rice-planting, recent rains having sufficiently prepared the soil. Whatever theories may obtain as to the substantial equality of our Aryan brother, there are many occasions when, and individuals to whom, it would be unwise to concede such a principle. I therefore replied in an authoritative tone that unless at least three more coolies were quickly brought round, a report of his neglect should reach the Rajah-Saheb. Exit the lambardar with a low bow which seemed to say: "Your will shall be done," and I flung myself on the charpoy with a book to while away an hour. The lambardar I have never seen from that day to this. The sun was getting very high, everything promised a stiflingly hot day in the narrow Sutlej gorge, and I drew little satisfaction from remembering that this was the last of the three hot stages, for it was also the worst. The stage was long, twelve miles, and all uphill, it was useless to think of walking it. To sleep in that miserable bungalow another night was a more formidable prospect than walking to Kotegurh; it was small, suffocatingly hot, filled with sand flies, so that sleep on both occasions I stayed in it had been impossible till dawn. Besides who would guarantee that coolies could be found on the morrow?

I sent Karim into the village to hunt up men, and then told him to go to a small hamlet about a mile further on the road, up a steep cliff, and off he set. I decided to walk

on to that point, and told the three coolies to shoulder the dandi and march. No men at the next village either, all rice-planting. There was nothing for it but to walk to Naulah, on that awful road whose rocks reflect a terrible heat on the wayfarer, a road I had found almost unendurable when I had been carried down it. I panted up, resting every quarter of a mile on convenient stones which almost burned me; I wished I had never left Simla, or even stayed in Dehlie's burning plains. I was like a fly in the bottom of a basin, I must crawl up that awful mountain side, scored with its hateful zig-zag road, in the burning heat of an Indian afternoon in July, and when I had reached the top, many more weary miles must be traversed ere I could rest in that much-desired haven, the dâk bungalow. When I reached Naulah, a village whose terraced fields are picturesquely laved by the Sutlej, I recognised it was a physical impossibility for me to walk; I must beg the shelter of some vermin-haunted hut, and rest there at least a few hours, attempting to walk when it was cooler. A path from the main road led to Naulah, and I soon reached a tiny hut, of doubtful cleanliness. Its owner brought out a charpoy, and probably grasping the situation from my appearance, insisted on my sitting down to rest. Intent on hospitality he fetched a lota full of milk, and stirred it with his black forefinger. Determined not to be weakly squeamish, I raised it to my lips and tried to drink. But it was sweetened and flavoured with some curious compound and I was forced to ask for water. The man's kindness and sympathy made quite an impression on me; he and the bunniah found me bearers, and in half-an-hour I was in

my dandi. The humble villagers are seldom above receiving payment for the services they render, but these good-hearted fellows drew back from my open purse with such decided gestures that I restored it to my pocket half-ashamed. So intense was my relief that I could have almost found it in my heart to kiss my dark-skinned friends for their kindness, but "it was not the custom" and I refrained from making an innovation in a land so averse from it. The bearers proved to be an exceptionally good set, one tall, strong, handsome fellow set a good step, chaunting out orders in a queer sing-song tone that his mates seemed to find stimulating. I soon perceived his excellence and told him to stay all night and go with me next day a stage further, promising buckshish. He readily acquiesced, but when the bearers came next morning I found he had returned to his village. In the evening I was laughing heartily over the day's adventures on the verandah of the German missionaries at Kotegurh, who received me with open arms as an old friend. "Ah yes!" said Herr Beutel, "people often can't get coolies at Nirrith and walk as far as Naulah." And I had fancied that it was a unique experience and grievance, and but for the padre-saheb's observation would have described it as such! The misery of the morning soon melted in the genial warmth of the Beutels' welcome. I talked with flushed face and aching head, for I had hardly used the English or any language for three weeks and found an audience of three Germans exciting in the extreme. Kotegurh was exquisitely beautiful that day; torrents of rain had fallen since my last visit and a profusion of exquisite ferns and wild flowers, of tender green over-

shadowing musical waterfalls, made the ravines a tangle of lovely shades and shapes and sounds. As I approached the dâk bungalow, an unwonted sound struck my ear. It was a young Englishman whistling, whistling in a manner that betokened imperturbable serenity of temper and conscience, calm unswerving conviction of his own merits, belief in his luck and contentment with his lot. He is the only individual I ever heard whistle in India, for there many causes combine to pull down the corners of the mouth. Nor did his cheerful note cease when I alighted on the verandah, he merely withdrew a little into his own room and whistled the more. Later on, when he gave me the chance of bowing and exchanging compliments, I found it most meritorious in him thus to keep up his heart, for on the previous day, one of his mules had slipped down the khud smashing his supply of whiskey, jam and various stores into a curious amalgam, and he going into Ladakh on government service there to stay some weeks at least. I invited him to dine with me and for a couple of hours we talked over life in the hills.

The following morning I adopted Mrs. Beutel's advice and spent a day visiting Baghee, where enormous deodars shoot up their massive trunks to the sky, well worthy to be seen. I got an impression that the forest was a fine one, but the weather was most unpropitious. I had entered the monsoon, the region of clouds, mists, streaming rain, swollen streams, muddy and even broken roads, cold and damp. The previous day at Nirrith my lightest summer garments were oppressive; in the evening my warmest winter ones still left me shivering,

and I sat over the blazing wood fire with a heavy mantle on.

The bearers rushed me over the ground with remarkable speed; once when the rain stopped, mists began to roll about, luminous fog reminded one that yesterday's sun might not be gone for ever, but just as some tree tops down the side of the valley pushed through the misty shroud, rain began to fall once more, and I never saw the Baghee forest. Rain accompanied me from then till the day I left India. At Simla it poured the day I arrived as it had done for a full month, and continued to do for many days after. No weather could have been more suitable for the arrival of any one who wished to create a sensation. Most of the friends I had left were still there, including the consumptive young lady, and I had to answer numerous questions. "Now begin at the very beginning and don't omit anything," said the Major, and I attempted to obey the injunction. "You might have asked me to go with you," was his aggrieved comment when the story was ended.

On leaving Simla for Kalka and Umballa on my southward journey, only one incident of any note befell me. Alarming tales were current at Simla of the awful state to which the rains had reduced the roads. Had I had to turn back on account of gaps, chasms, and washed-away bridges, I could not have simulated surprise. Tales of the River Guggur in flood, and of passengers crossing on elephant-back seemed to be as probable exaggerations as the state of the road between Simla and Kalka, which only struck me as having been recently repaired in

several places. But at the hotel at Kalka it was evident that the tales were not all exaggeration, and I was hurried on to cross the Guggur by daylight. I saw an Indian river in flood that day, and was much puzzled to know which was river, field, or road. My questionings of the driver simply resulted in an assurance that he knew the road, and would take me all right to Umballa. Soon the splashing of water made me put my head out of the window. Two enormous white bullocks were drawing the dâk-gharri through what seemed like a shallow lake; the driver vouchsafed a long explanation, of which I only caught a word here and there. Then we came to a piece of dry land, then more water. I gave the problem up, it was inscrutable. Finally the driver requested me to alight. This really must be the Guggur, for there were elephants, mahouts, a great expanse of water, innumerable gharries on this side and that, and many of the adjuncts of a full grown camp, including a fat old ayah who provided tea for travellers. Just as I alighted an elephant was made to kneel down, and I climbed on to his broad back by means of a step-ladder. Enormous canvas pockets at his sides were soon filled with my trunks and gear, while Hatti knocked his trunk about, perhaps impatient for his supper. Presently sensations of earthquake made me grasp the mahout and gharri driver round their respective neck and waist, for the playful Hatti was rising to his feet, and upsetting the equilibrium of unpractised travellers. With slow, majestic movements he dumped his mighty feet on the ground; in the water they looked rather like the buttresses of a bridge, round which the water eddies and swirls, but

Elephant driver.

produces no visible effect. I was much interested in a group of natives who were fording the river. Some had bundles on their heads, but nevertheless joined hands in a long row, and seemed to find much amusement in stemming the current. Hatti viewed their feeble yielding to the stream with dignified disdain, slowly making for the spot where he intended us to dismount. Soon all my kit was in another gharri, but despite the driver's speed, the flood of the Guggur made me lose my train that night, and once more I slept in a dâk bungalow. But this time I was in the steaming plains, their drenching and exhausting heat relieved only by the monotonous creak of the punkah rope.

CHAPTER VIII.

ON CONGRESS.

ANGLO-INDIAN hospitality! Who that has tasted its sweetness can do aught but praise it? To reach firm land after a month of constant motion, to change your company when it has been necessarily limited for that period, not to hear nor feel the motion of the propeller, to see palms and flowers when you have long seen nothing but water, sky, stars, and cockroaches, each and all of these is a cause of rejoicing. But when they all happen simultaneously, when in addition a white-haired, well-developed Englishman comes on board the ship that has borne you 6,000 miles safe to the desired haven, claims you as guest, and whirls you off in his carriage to a charming old-fashioned Indian bungalow, standing in a great compound in a favoured situation, you then realize what true bliss is like.

"My house and all that I have is at your service." I should have opened my eyes if any of my hosts had addressed such high-flown language to me, yet they acted up to the noble sentiment fully. At Bombay, Matheran, Mooltan, in Adam Khan's tomb near the Kootub Minar, I felt that I was made thoroughly welcome. I calculate

that I enjoyed two happy months of Indian hospitality when the barometer of my circumstances stood at "Set Fair,"—that period is the 234th part of the British average of life, and though too small a fraction of pure enjoyment, is a large one for misery. "You must rest a few days in Bombay, and then we will go up to Matheran to join my wife in the hills," said my host. I firmly declined; but to make yourself thoroughly at home among strangers is an unwritten law of Anglo-India, and for once I found the will of another preferable to my own, and carried out the programme as it was arranged. All that was necessary for me to do in return for the loving kindness showered upon me was to talk, or listen while others talked, and both these duties coincided entirely with my inclination. Shall I ever forget those long drives through the magnificent streets of Bombay in the late afternoon and short Indian twilight, moving without exertion through scenes half Asiatic, half European, but wholly attractive to eyes never tired of gazing on them? It was then we talked as we drove down Rampart Row, on the Esplanade skirting the noble bay and backed by magnificent buildings, on the Apollo Bandar, a landing stage that is worthy of Bombay and her public-spirited merchant princes.

At Mooltan I had the misfortune to arrive at three o'clock in the morning, owing to the strange habits of Indian railway officials, who will permit you to travel twenty-four hours without disquieting themselves or you over the ticket nuisance. The lights were twinkling very dimly at the Cantonments station when I alighted on the platform. I had not seen my host and relative for more

than twenty years, but the voice was the voice of his family. One's courage is at a low ebb at three o'clock in the morning, indeed one hour later is the fatal hour, the time at which most deaths occur in India, and, I suppose, everywhere. I half thought of descending into the space between the footboard and the platform, and pretending I had not come, so penitent, crestfallen, and unequal to the occasion did I feel. The cheerful voice of my host raised my broken spirit; contrition was unnecessary, and as we bowled along the flat roads I might almost have thought rom his bright conversation, or rather monologue, that of all things he enjoyed rising from his bed to meet visitors.

And at Adam Khan's tomb I tasted Indian hospitality once more. A springy dog-cart, such as the Saheb loves, drawn by a high-stepping chestnut, had carried us ten miles out from modern Dehlie to the ruins of an older Dehlie, where the Kootub Minar, one of the most graceful pillars in the world, raises its head to the Indian sky. Dehlie is the city of tombs, immense buildings raised in honour of individuals who have been great in their day, but the memory of whose past is dim, most Indians seeming to have a faint knowledge of their deeds, and Englishmen ignoring them utterly. The government had moved Adam Khan's sarcophagus on to the verandah, where he peacefully enjoys the balmy air; a dining table is placed in its former situation, right under the great dome, and here we dined, and talked, and played, only recollecting poor Adam when a ghostly echo in the lofty dome mocked our laughter. The Frenchman says, 'Place aux dames;' in India the Englishman

literally acts it. Few Englishwomen but must at some time have had the chance of paying a visit to a countryman in the jungle. The whole bungalow, often built merely to accommodate one, is placed at the lady's disposal; where her host sleeps and dresses is a problem she is not called on to solve, and he usually succeeds in impressing her with the idea that she has conferred a lasting obligation on him by accepting his hospitality. "This is the second time a lady has slept in my bungalow," said a young engineer to me on an occasion of this sort. I said I was delighted to have found a spot where ladies were scarce, but perceived no responsive smile on the jungleywallah's face.

Yet charming as that hospitality is, freely and frankly extended to many, it has its undesirable side. "Do you want to know India and the Indian people?" asks one deeply interested in the many social and political questions that have arisen on the Indian horizon. "Then never enter an Anglo-Indian bungalow; put up with the dirt and discomforts of Indian hotels and travellers' bungalows. For the Anglo-Indian ignores and frowns down all such questions; he knows nothing of them, and will throttle all your attempts to solve them."

My own personal experience in this respect was rather fortunate, but there is strong evidence, almost overwhelming, of a strange apathy and even positive aversion in Anglo-Indian society from the modern movement in India known as the Congress movement.

For many years, perhaps the work began with the rise of the East Indian Company, a great three-sided revolution

has been preparing in India, an intellectual, industrial, and political development, the results of which surprise men who are toiling in these very fields, who at least should have been prepared.

Of the grafting of the Western civilisation, literature and ideas on the Eastern mind, it is perhaps too early yet to speak: keen critics declare that the English education widely adopted by Indians is empty and superficial to a great degree. Yet there are exceptions, and it must be remembered, the growth has been new and rapid. The industrial revolution has begun beyond doubt; in it ancient Indian hand manufactures have gone to the wall, and she is slowly and painfully re-organising old industries and founding new ones on Western models. She is learning laws of competition, the hateful strife between labour and capital, a bitter fruit of the tree of knowledge, that were it possible, she might have dispensed with. Is it surprising that young India is laying to heart the lesson that we have indirectly compelled her to learn, the need, the absolute and undeniable need, that exists for her to assist in the re-arrangement and re-organisation of society? Politics is mostly used as a kind of word to conjure with, a Greek word of uncertain, indefinable meaning, but in any case something the vulgar mind cannot grasp. A kind of word related dimly to proletariat, solidarity of the race, diplomacy; a word far-removed from simple words like home, duty, country. Yet it implies and meddles with every one of these last, it touches society from its lowest layer to its useful or ornamental head; it enters the home, and sometimes makes and sometimes mars it, and when it

does neither, it shouts "give!" like the daughter of the horse-leech. "'Tis a most potent word," but sorely do the ideas for which it stands require another label, some comprehensive word to betoken the better arrangement of vast numbers in amicable communities, a word which will at a glance convince the ordinary understanding that it is the duty of conquered nations, and even women to assist in . . . But this is mere raving. Words only present deep meaning to superior minds, and ordinary ones are alluded to. Seeing what a vast part politics is destined to play in India's future, the sons of her younger generation, who are not wanting in acuteness, say: "We must be in at this." Englishmen want to keep them out, and yet feel hurt and aggrieved when foreigners call their government of India a despotism. Whilst doing justice to English practical ability, Frenchmen never cease declaring that we are an illogical nation. Whether it is true in the main, or whether the criticism deserves to be passed on Englishmen more than on any other nation, may be an open question, but at least the attitude of the average Anglo-Indian towards the Indian demand to share in the government is illogical to a degree.

England laid the foundation for such a demand, else why did she ever open up the learning of the West to her Eastern subjects? Why found Universities at Calcutta, Bombay, Madras, Allahabad, Lahore, where physical science, ethics, philosophy, mathematics, history are all taught in the English language? Thousands of students are thence poured out yearly to swell the ranks of educated Indians, who, saving some curious and amusing faults, to all

appearance know our language as well as we do. A happy result of their inability to frequent our society is their ignorance of the slang and slipshod vulgarisms which to-day pass muster for English with too many young men and maidens.

Lord Macaulay, appointed member of the Supreme Council of India in 1834 by the East Indian Company, rendered India great service (if the reader will admit the need or desirability of anglicising India) by his labours in arranging and organising the Indian Criminal Code, and also by his strenuous exertions to forward Western education. The great question when he landed at Calcutta was should this education be given in English, in the Vernaculars, or in both. Macaulay declared for the former, and extended that system which some critics declare to be empty and superficial beyond all the educational systems of Western Europe. The story of his labours in regulating appointments of teachers and inspectors, in discussing the use of school books, in the offering of prizes, the founding of colleges, the opening of fresh schools, his recommendation as to what subjects should be taught, are of deep interest, and Indians gratefully remember his name and often quote his sayings. Especially one that he uttered after mentally reviewing the greatness of the task on which he had been engaged: "The destinies of our Indian Empire are covered with thick darkness. It is difficult to form a conjecture as to the fate reserved for a state which resembles no other in history, and which forms by itself a separate class of political phenomena. The laws which regulate its growth and its decay are still unknown to us. It may be that the

public mind of India may expand under our system till it has outgrown that system; that by good government we may educate our subjects into a capacity for better government, that, having become instructed in European knowledge, they may, in some future age, demand European institutions. Whether such a day will ever come I know not; but never will I attempt to avert or retard it. Whenever it comes, it will be the proudest day in English History. To have found a great people sunk in the lowest depths of slavery and superstition, to have so ruled them as to have made them desirous and capable of all the privileges of citizens, would indeed be a title to glory all our own."

That day has come. The form the demand for European institutions has taken is the Congress movement, but it is not welcome, and the loud-voiced disgust of the Anglo-Indian when he is roused out of contemptuous silence and indifference, is a thing to be heard. The attitude of Anglo-India is not entirely hostile, but it is mainly so. Hume, Wedderburn, Yule afford examples of members of the Civil Service itself, active or retired, coming prominently forward to support the movement, and others, more particularly that small minority who have been at the trouble to endeavour to understand what Congress wants, have embraced it with a certain amount of cordiality.

It ought to be acknowledged that our countrymen labour under a grave disadvantage in coming to the study of such a question as this. It is an article of their most sacred Anglo-Indian belief that the government of India is not only admirable, which may be conceded, but that it as

nearly approaches perfection as human governments are permitted to do, which may be disputed. "Rome knew nothing like it in her palmiest days," either for size, devotion on the part of the governors, meek submission on that of the governed. Even the critical Darmesteter admits that "the Indian government is one of the finest things in the world to-day. I saw an insignificant young man of twenty-one administering without trouble or effort a city of 100,000 souls; and I admired. I travelled in forty-eight hours from Bombay to Dehlie; the great Moghul would have needed two months, and I was grateful." "But India," he continues "does not love the Englishman; this is just, because the Englishman does not love India."

Other foreigners, amongst them Barthélemy Saint-Hilaire declare that our government is gentle, liberal and enlightened, a matter for just pride. James Mill affirms there never was a better government of the autocratic type. For Russia to wrest it from us would be an unparalleled disaster for England, for India, and for the progress of civilisation.

Yet most of the writers and critics express doubts as to the probable permanence of our rule, for they clearly perceive its weak spot, that despite our solemn promises to the contrary in 1833 and 1858, we have failed to associate natives with ourselves in the government of the country, and with few exceptions our conduct towards them is marked by haughty aloofness, in too many cases by insolence and arrogance.

It is certainly extremely doubtful whether any Occidental

nation could have succeeded as well as England in a task so difficult and delicate as the government of a most ancient Oriental nation. It is perhaps not going too far to assert that none could seriously compete with us for a moment. Certain it is that our predecessors in India, the Portuguese, who had acquired much power on the western coast, made themselves a byword for cruelty, debauchery, dishonest dealing and crying injustice, so that the very word Christian became a reproach. Let us hope it was a result of intercourse with the Portuguese that made natives in the seventeenth century give the following unflattering opinion of our religion, fully as bad as our own of the "poor heathen:" "Christian religion, devil religion; Christian much drunk, Christian much do wrong; much beat, much abuse others."

Yet whilst admitting our greater fitness for the task of governing India, the faults of our Government at home, admired and copied as it is by rising nations, parts of it, such as trial by jury, being adopted even by old countries, render it likely that Englishmen will commit certain errors in the government of a foreign country, errors which a person possessing average powers of observation sees reproduced in India with startling clearness. The chief of these in her own home government are England's tendency to centralisation, visible in her determined abolition of Welsh, Scotch, and Irish Parliaments, regardless of the wishes of the peoples concerned, a policy that whatever its benefits are for warlike purposes, has on every occasion produced grave discontent, and in its tendency to override national distinctions and individuality, appears to be based on no sound principle. Such a policy may be suited to a power like

France, with a strong and active enemy on her frontier, but thoughtful Frenchmen deplore its remoter consequences on character and on the national sense of responsibility in the conduct of affairs. An able governor of one of the English prisons states that this same centralising activity prevails in his department: where formerly governors were permitted considerable licence in the government of the prison, carrying on sugar-cutting, weaving, carving, iron-forging, tailoring, laundry-work, by means of which large sums of money were earned to assist in defraying the maintenance of the prison, now the centralisation fever has seized St. Stephen's, and the prisons are reduced to one awful level of oakum-picking blankness. The cry for the restoration of Scotch, Irish and Welsh Parliaments, for increased powers to municipalities and County Councils, for local option in the sale of liquor, our modern system of election of school boards is nothing but the cry for decentralisation, which we have begun to hear in India too.

England's unjust land laws, explicable only on the ground that landlords made and administered them, are perhaps the worst and certainly the most glaring of the blunders exposed in her history. The disappearance of her sturdy peasantry, her yeomen and villeins, the depopulation of agricultural districts and consequent crowding into towns of spiritless and often ruined cultivators with no trade at their command; the shifting of the heavy taxation which lay almost entirely on the land on to the backs of the people at large; the concentration of six-sevenths of the land in the hands of a very small number of persons; glaringly foolish laws with regard to its testatorship; the shameful enclosure

by landlords of the common lands, are all effects of the same cause. It is not too much to say that our peasantry have been delivered bound hand and foot to the landlords, who majestically announce: "I stand here for law." The historian who writes the story of England's decadence may safely begin with that mass of confusion, absurdity and iniquity known as English land laws. By them labour has been enslaved: the undefined, unwritten, traditional rights of the small cultivator or villein became his cruel wrongs. When can "the poor and him that hath no helper" stand up against the wealthy and powerful, when can a Naboth refuse his vineyard to an Ahab who can direct the legal machinery and command its minions to crush him? The peasantry may rise to assert their rights, but the "historic muse," who so rarely muses on the difference between legal right and moral wrong, calls our attention to the king who "behaved with great bravery and presence of mind," and thereupon, perhaps out of sheer surprise, we forget all about Ahab and the vineyard in contemplation of royal valour. Might it not be shown, or rather can it be disproved that the profound strife between labour and capital, which for long years to come our society must toil to lessen and banish, is attributable to any other major cause than the deep wrongs of our peasantry? The seeds of that mighty upas-tree, by far the vastest problem that our civilisation has ever had to cope with, lie here. Accustomed to venerate his home government, to hear its praises sung on every side, to perceive it imitated by nations old and new, unused to distinguish between the science of government or politics and the science of the laws of society, it remains to inquire

whether the Englishman has introduced into India any of the faults that distinguish government and society in England. His insularity, largely compounded of proud faith in England's superiority in all things earthly and heavenly, render it probable.

The tendency to centralisation is observable in the government of the East Indian Company; it seems to have descended to the rank of a mania since the English crown assumed the sole right of government in 1858. The Supreme Council at Calcutta governs from Peshawur to Cape Comorin, from Kurrachee to Manipoor, a feat that has cost much labour, strength and time. Deputy-Commissioners and Collectors, the proprætors of our Indian Empire, bitterly complain of the rigidity of the British system, of the necessity which arises every now and then for governors to act on their own responsibility and not appeal to a high official at Calcutta, who, though an administrator of the highest talent, is not so well qualified to give a valuable opinion as the man on the spot. Days and even weeks are sometimes lost in thus appealing to the Central Government when speedy decision and action are of prime importance; and not unseldom, after heart-breaking delay, permission is given to the Deputy-Commissioner to act according to his judgment. When strong in the right of his case he decides to adopt this latter course first, a reprimand for exceeding his powers in all likelihood awaits his presumption.

After the completion of such a great labour as the centralisation of the Indian Government it is found to be heavy, cumbersome, unwieldy to a degree. It has been

well said that our government of India is one of experiments. Possibly the next experiment will be decentralisation, for more than one high authority inclines to the opinion that a federation of perhaps a dozen great provinces with separate legislative powers would give better results than the present system. No doubt the Supreme Council of India would retain military and financial supremacy, the direction of the foreign policy and other powers in its own hands.

Centralisation is not the only feature of their home government that Anglo-Indian statesmen have reproduced in India. Civil law is so costly and lengthy a process in England that it is practically placed out of the reach of all but the well-to-do; hence the strong tendency observable of late years to appeal to arbitrators and boards of conciliation in order to dispense with expensive civil suits. In India we have practically trampled out the ancient system of friendly arbitration of local differences common to every village and every caste, substituting expensive litigation on the English system. Expensive justice always means its denial to the poor, and India's poverty is almost beyond the power of the imaginative to depict.

In the matter of taxation can England be said to have succeeded better? English statesmen up to the middle of the present century saw corn, the chief food of the poor, taxed at home; large numbers of them would willingly see it taxed again, though it is contrary to every principle of sound and just taxation. India is vegetarian, a diet that of all condiments and seasonings demands salt. A pennyworth of salt in India is taxed half-a-crown, 3000 per cent. is levied on its value. The dweller by the seashore who should

venture to scrape up and purify the saline incrustation formed by rapid evaporation is proceeded against at law. Even within the last forty years, when men have probably reflected more on the just incidence of taxation than they have ever done before, the Government of India have increased the salt tax three times in value.

The land tax in England stands on an altogether different footing—it is mainly a tax on the wealthy, assessed by landlords themselves in 1693, after hundreds of years of effort on their part by which they well-nigh got rid of it altogether. Here they dealt very tenderly with themselves, so that in our wealthy land, where even to-day after a period of considerable agricultural depression, rents are high, the land tax only yields the most insignificant amount. It is mainly a tax on those whom the community supports, and who in return yield it no adequate service. In India the land is owned by millions of small cultivators who live from hand to mouth. After a season of drought, when the harvests fail, great numbers of them die of famine, for they live perilously near the starvation margin, and are utterly unable to save against un-rainy days. Here if anywhere the Anglo-Indian statesman could have mercifully followed the unjust example afforded at home, and collected as easy a land tax as in England. But no. It is precisely here that a stand has been made for the just principle of a considerable proportion of the taxation resting on land, and out of a total revenue of £70,000,000 per annum in India £21,000,000 is raised from this source. Compare this with the paltry sum of £1,200,000 raised from land in England out of a revenue of £90,000,000. If it be urged that

England is no longer, like India, an agricultural country, it must not be forgotten that a just land tax would also include ground rents, whose immense and ever increasing value in great cities is not created by the labour of a few individuals, but by that of the community.

But whilst the policy of a heavy land tax can be reasonably defended even in India, the treatment of the ryots or cultivators in Bengal, Orissa, Behar and Oude never can. The method of assessment of the land tax under previous governments in India was very various, but neither Hindu nor Muhammadan ever invented so hatefully unjust a system as the Englishman, by simply copying his home institutions, succeeded in reproducing in his new Empire. In many provinces the English found a personage who had been used as a tax-collector under the Moghuls, called a zemindar, whose business it was to collect for government one third of the gross produce. Government, using the men they found to their hand, entered into temporary engagements with the zemindars who were to pay a lump sum for a certain area. Sir Philip Francis urged upon Warren Hastings the advisability of making the assessment permanent, and in 1793 it was so declared by Lord Cornwallis. But by an arrangement which appears so simple and desirable, irreparable mischief was wrought. *In twenty years men who have been mere tax-collectors emerge as landlords of the English type, with rights of transfer, inheritance, eviction.* Legal, written rights were bestowed on them, before which traditional, customary, unwritten rights melted like snow. The ryots became tenants-at-will at the mercy of rack-renting landlords. The story of the

English villeins, Irish cotters, and Scotch crofters once more. In Oude the taluqdars were made to resemble English landlords even more closely than the Bengal zemindars. The State conferred on them the right of succession by primogeniture and of bequest, the last being utterly unknown to Hindu or Muhammadan law. In Madras the indigenous method of assessing the land tax is by means of the village with which the State dealt; Sir Thomas Munro urged on government to deal directly with the ryot or peasant proprietor, and a jamabandi is held every year to ascertain the revenue for the current season. In the Punjab the village community has been left intact, the government recognising it as the rent-paying unit. Probably wiser counsels prevailed here because we did not annex the Punjab till 1849, when we had had time to learn what errors we had committed. Is the coincidence accidental, or was it because we governed fairly that this province remained faithful in 1857? Anyhow there seems some foundation for the assertion that the English Government is most popular when it leaves the people most alone.

An inquiry by the collector.

The changes England has introduced in India in the relations of labour and capital are not less profound than those affecting the land laws, and they are, so far as present effects permit us to judge, most disastrous. Unlike England, India is a self-sufficing country, grows her own food and clothing, except a few articles of luxury for the wealthy. In many cases each village is a complete community, every necessary trade or art being represented. By an ancient system of trade-guilds founded upon caste, wages were regulated, differences between members or

branches of a trade equitably adjusted, and competition, which many virtuous English manufacturers declare alone prevents them from granting high or at least fair wages, utterly shut out. Ever since our connection with India we have simply poured our machine-made goods into her ports, to the utter disorganization of native manufactures. Indians have learned by a crushing experience that hand-made goods cannot compete with machine-made ones. America and Australia resent the swamping of their home industries by British goods, and protect themselves against us by duties. Free traders think the policy an unwise one, but even the freest trader that can be found must admit that the crushing of the home industries of a new country is the veriest trifle compared with disorganising those of an ancient civilisation, and of a population of most unwieldy size. In return for this flooding of her bazars with English goods, England imposes a duty on Indian silver and tea exported to England, and Indian merchants feel aggrieved at her styling herself the apostle of free-trade among the nations. Slowly India has learned the lesson that to compete with her powerful rulers, even in calico-weaving, she must have steam-driven looms. Tall factory chimneys now stud Byculla and other parts of Bombay; in ten years Indian mills have doubled the production of cotton cloth. Indian labour is very cheap, 2d., 4d., 6d. a day, and moreover the labourer toils mostly from sunrise to sunset. Industriously weaving much calico at a low wage compared with English rates, the native calico undersold that of Manchester to the joy of English and native employers of Indian labour. Suddenly there was a voice heard in South

Lancashire, a voice of weeping and wailing of mill-owners over the injury inflicted on the health of Indian workers by excessive hours of labour. Lancashire Members of Parliament, moved by the groans and tears of their constituents, approach the First Lord of the Treasury on the subject of an Indian Factory Act to shorten the said hours of labour; Her Majesty's Government thereupon urge the Government of India to prepare such a bill, and it is even now in course of preparation.

Oh, England! how often dost thou conceal acts of greedy, grasping tyranny from some of thy sons by a thin veil of philanthropic humbug? Didst thou not say thou lovest free-trade, and what is this but protection of English merchants? The educated Indian is too astute not to see through thy devices—he has already experienced thy broken promises of 1833 and 1858 touching the admission of natives to the Civil Service. Perhaps he also will style thee, "La perfide Albion."

It is singular this hallucination many home-staying Englishmen labour under: that our motives are of the purest, our faith unsullied; limpidity, ingenuousness, candour, and simplicity distinguish us among the nations of the earth. Tricky, cunning, treacherous, shifty, faithless, what but Asiatic can suitably follow such qualifying words? Yet from the day that Clive tricked Omichund out of three million rupees by the counterfeit treaty with Meer Jaffier, up to this day, England's dealings with Indians too often deserve grave reprobation. It may be that falsity and treachery are necessary weapons with which to fight the Asiatic, certainly it is not an easy matter to define his

standard of honour, but why the absurd pretence of guilelessness and directness on our part, for which in our Indian Empire we do not obtain credit, and which our actions have so often belied?

If England ever had had India's welfare at heart, it is open to serious discussion whether she would not have protected her dependency, not from long hours of labour, but from English manufactured goods, especially cotton, which India has had reason to hate and curse. The aggrandisement of the nations is seldom achieved but at the expense of others, and there lies food for the reflective mind in the hypothesis that England's greatness may be partly built on India's weakness. For nearly the first two hundred years of the connection of the East India Company with India, East Indiamen returned home to London or Bristol laden with calicoes, Madras and other muslins, bandanas dyed with artistic colours. Now English ships bring home little but raw produce, and give India in exchange the calicoes and muslins with which she formerly supplied the world, no other nation being able to compete with her in this particular. In the minds of most English people cotton-weaving is about a century and a half old. But in reality it is very ancient, reaching back in India to a time anterior to the composition of the Mahábhárata, which Brahmans date 3101 B.C. The Greeks went to India for *Sindon* (Sind), cotton cloth; the English in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries always founded their factories in cotton-weaving districts.

Hunter shows the chief cause of the decline of India's great industry: When England was building up her own cotton

manufacture, she excluded Indian fabrics not only by protective duties, but by *absolute prohibition.* Then came the high prices of raw cotton during the American war, which were beneficial to Indian cultivators, but ruinous to Indian manufacturers who could not compete with Lancashire. "Above all the necessity under which England lies to export something to India to pay for her multifarious imports has permanently given an artificial character of inflation to this branch of business."

"But the consumer is benefited," says the free-trader, "it is not all loss to India." Perhaps not; and yet when his benefits and losses are all duly compared, it may be that the balance lies on the wrong side. "To me it is wonderfully solemn and affecting," writes Sir Thomas Munro, a Scotchman who rendered the East India Company great service in the end of the last century, by assisting to overcome Hyder Ali and settle Madras, "this meeting of the Saxon and Asiatic, who originally came from the same home in Central Asia's plateaux, and who now, after a separation of many ages, meet again in Hindustan to contend with each other." Had the gifted collector lived to see some of the later developments that have ensued from the meeting, he might have been justified in terming it tragic.

Gazing on the enormous wealth concentrated in London, even the dull imagination must be faintly stirred to answer the question where it has all come from. It is not sufficient to show that the luxury of West London contrasts sharply with East London and is partly founded on its poverty. A thoughtful man could trace a considerable portion of

that vast wealth to India, a portion whose effacement would cause an appreciable blank. There is a connection between India's millions dying of absolute starvation and the fortunes of England's merchant princes.

Commenting on the probable fate of India, Darmesteter says: "The future that the modern movement prepares is the exploitation of India by the Baboo under English protection." Probably the Baboo, if by him is meant the native capitalist, will profit to a certain extent by the application of Western principles to Indian trade and manufactures, but it would be incredible shortsightedness and a miserable result of her labour of many years, if England suffered any nation or class thereof to filch from her the gains certain to result from the policy she has pursued steadily and unrelentingly. With a hold so complete on India's commerce, on her railways and public works, subscribed for almost entirely by English capital, our merchants and capitalist classes will not permit the Baboo to exploit India for his sole benefit. If he pockets one-tenth or one-fifth of the profits, he may consider himself fortunate.

The object aimed at in the foregoing pages is to prove that Englishmen in governing India would be likely to reproduce the faults of their home government—and that they have done so. It would be an easy task to show that other errors, such as the encouragement of opium eating and of the consumption of raw spirits for the purpose of increasing the revenue, have also brought reproach upon us in the country. But the former are perhaps sufficient to prove that it is unwise to accept without

hesitation the assertion oft-repeated by the ordinary (never by the superior) Anglo-Indian, that the government of India is admirable in all save a few trifling respects, and that those who maintain the contrary are impudent agitators, undeserving of a moment's consideration. Even if it be conceded that England earnestly desires the good of India, yet it is *our* idea of good, not theirs that we set before ourselves; it is to be atttained by *our* methods, not theirs.

Ideas and methods may easily be faulty, or if admirable in themselves, unsuited to the needs of India or the conditions of life there. Within the last thirty years the Indian Government has become more and more highly Europeanised, the rulers have withdrawn themselves more and more from all association with natives other than is strictly necessary, they visit England oftener, they form a highly exclusive class, almost unapproachable by the natives. It is undeniable that this exclusiveness has grave consequences. To many an Englishman the Mutiny came as an appalling surprise, and in famine years numerous deaths had frequently occurred in a district before its governor learned the cause. Even at St. Stephen's, whose authority is final in all things Indian, knowledge of India does not appear to be rampant, for recently Lord Salisbury alluded to the President of the Calcutta Congress in 1886, Mr. Dadabhai Naoroji, as a black man. *

On the face of it, nothing appears more natural nor more

* A Hindu gentleman of my acquaintance recently returning to India was much diverted on finding that one of his fellow-passengers, an Englishman who had lived eleven years in Bombay, imagined that Moslem is a Hindu caste!

reasonable than that we should associate natives with ourselves in the government, for necessary knowledge that they can afford us, for their supposable ability to translate our European ideas to the native mind, for the winning over of the chief men of a conquered state to our side by means of office. Far-seeing men such as Hunter, Cotton, Garth, Yule, Hume, some of whom are members of the Civil Service, though happily not blinded by the glamour of officialdom, advocated this and other demands of Congress long before that body came into existence. Congress cannot claim the merit of inventing such a policy; it is at least as old as the Roman Empire, and probably much older. Akhbar gave posts in conquered India to the natives, and even Russia does not disdain a system so obviously conciliatory.

In her relations with India, perhaps England has no more just cause of pride than the number of her devoted sons who have given the best years of their lives to the difficult work of organization and government. Mr. John Morley tells us that the consciousness of having reflected seriously on important questions, whether social or spiritual, augments dignity, and in this sense adds a cubit to the stature. Even to-day, when the force of circumstances seems to drive Commissioners further apart from the Indian people, it is a common observation that they are men possessing this added cubit; their integrity and high purpose have become part of their bearing. The man who saved our Indian Empire in 1857, who stood pre-eminent among a band of noble Englishmen, Lord Lawrence, gave it as his emphatic opinion that: "The people

of India are quite capable of administering their own affairs. . . . The village communities, each of which is a little republic, are the most abiding of Indian institutions. Holding the position we do in India, every view of duty and policy should induce us to leave as much as possible of the business of the country to be done by the people."

The government itself has partly recognised the need of gaining native support for unpopular acts, and has instituted municipal councils in many cities, chiefly composed of natives. An old native gentleman perceived that these councils lack an incentive to duty which the Anglo-Indian does not often forego in his own case. After hearing an explanation of the method on which the council was to be worked in his town, he remarked: "Ah yes, I see. It means that whereas you formerly got out of us rupees, you now hope to get both rupees and work."

The Congress movement is founded upon two Magna Cartas which Britain surely gave India in a weak moment, from the Anglo-Indian point of view. The first, that of 1833, declares: "That no native of India shall by reason only of his religion, place of birth, descent, or any of them, be disabled from holding any place, office, or employment under the said Company."

The Charter of 1858, when India came directly under the rule of the Crown, is even more emphatic: "And it is our further will that, so far as may be, our subjects, of whatever race or creed, be freely and impartially admitted to offices in our service, the duties of which they may be qualified by education, ability and integrity duly to discharge."

The natives declare these promises have been violated. In 1869 the Duke of Argyll, speaking on the East India Act, stated that with regard to the employment of natives in the government, "we have not fulfilled our duty or the promises and engagements which we have made."

Nor is Lord Cross in the least diffident in declaring that we do not intend to fulfil them. In the course of some correspondence from his office on the subject in 1890 we observe that: "The Civil Service must always be essentially English in character." Nor could: "The Secretary of State consent . . . to any change of system likely to prevent the Government of India from obtaining the most highly qualified Englishmen."

To obtain from England the loyal fulfilment of these promises is one of the main planks of the Congress platform. Congress, moreover, seeks to weld together the various races of India into a national whole; to obtain reforms in the land, income and salt taxes; to obtain a representative element in the Supreme Council at Calcutta and in the provincial Councils; the separation of judicial and executive functions when united in the same person; the reform of the liquor laws; reform of the police, which the Government admit to be a "weak point in the administration," and so forth. "If these things are granted," said a Maharajah of Northern India to whom the objects of Congress were being explained, "the British Government of India will last for ever."

Possibly because they also are of the Maharajah's opinion, men who favour Russian government, the enemies of English rule such as Duleep Singh, are anti-Congress; they have sense enough to recognise that the success of the

movement is a check on their aims and hopes, and obstruct it at all hazards. It seems regrettable, short-sighted in the extreme, that Anglo-India is also mainly hostile to the movement. Its demands are extremely moderate, its methods of enforcing them strictly constitutional, its members have a common tongue, English, it is favoured by ninety-nine per cent. of the educated classes of India, it evokes considerable enthusiasm, its loyalty is unquestioned, indeed some consider it too obtrusive.

But though hostile, the Anglo-Indian is so more from race prejudice and contempt than from fulness of knowledge. Most of those with whom I talked would thoroughly despise a knowledge of Congress and its aims. Nevertheless they promulgate their own extraordinary notions on the subject, and with the utmost effrontery palm them off on innocent globe-trotters or on friends at home as articles of the Congress programme. The most common explanation they afford of the aims of the agitators is that they want to govern India by means of a *parliament.*

Mr. Dadabhai Naoroji declares that nothing at all like Home Rule or the British Parliament, has ever been contemplated by those who have taken part in the deliberations of Congress, and Lord Dufferin states that he does not believe it has been seriously advocated by any native statesman of the slightest weight or importance, nor has he ever heard a suggestion in favour of a Parliament like England's.

"Congress-wallahs," says Anglo-India, "are disaffected and self-seeking," and in many cases this attitude of disapproval is exchanged for invective more or less insolent, and even for direct opposition.

At Allahabad, where Congress was held in 1888, Anglo-Indian officials threw difficulties in the way of the Reception Committee to prevent them obtaining a site. Rajah Siva Prasad and Sir Syed Ahmed are prominent natives opposed to Congress. The former has been secured as the mouth-piece of Anglo-India, and it is even rumoured that he telegraphed to Lord Cross to proclaim Congress. The latter is a Muhammadan, unorthodox, old, and bumptious. Thirty years ago he advocated principles not very unlike those he denounces now, but one could hardly expect that the new wine would ferment without evil results in so old a bottle as Sir Syed. It is said that through him certain officials seem almost to be bent on fanning hostility between Hindus and Muhammadans, pointing out to the latter that if anything like an elective principle should ever obtain in India, they will be fairly swamped by the superior numbers and education of Hindus. This despite the fact that in elections in some towns Hindus have chosen Muhammadans and vice-versâ, and that a Muhammadan entertained the Hindu President of the Congress at Allahabad. Recently a Committee was formed at Balasore to promote education among Muhammadans, they having on the whole neglected the Western methods of education that now prevail in cultured India. It was found that a majority of the Committee were Hindus. So usual is it for Hindus and Muhammadans to live together in amity, that in some districts the latter have been known never to eat beef, out of respect to Hindu worship of the cow. Says Mr. Hume, who, according to the *Manchester Courier*, may "claim the very dubious honour of being one of the

originators of the movement," "Congress can be neither ignored, nor despised, nor suppressed," but an Anglo-Indian can be found who advocates the use of force to suppress Congress. Surely no other medium than the Anglo-Indian press, at least that of North India, could be used for a proposal so extraordinary, a press, says one who knew it well, that for downright scurrility, unbecoming invective, and phenomenal stupidity can hardly be surpassed. Officials of the Indian government, who are hedged in by all the state of office, frequently deceived for want of personal knowledge, are further deprived of a valuable means of education by the lack in many districts of a fairly impartial newspaper.

It is usually considered a most crushing criticism on the Congress movement to point out that its promoters and supporters are a minute class, numerically nowhere in so vast a population as that of India. Sir Auckland Colvin, the Lieutenant-Governor of the North-West Provinces, gives it as his opinion that if we grant representation to New India, *we must give it no more weight than its numbers justify*. An argument, if one may so style it, of this description may pass for admirable in Anglo-India, where it is probably quite up to the average excellence of Congress opposition, yet it will hardly pass muster amongst thoughtful persons at home. It is allowed that Congress represents a few millions of men, that most of its leaders are enthusiastic and in deadly earnest. The whole history of Reform in England from Magna Carta onwards, is the history of victories won, or at least begun, by small minorities. Even if the national movement stood still

for a few years, which is the last thing it is likely to do, it might easily win important concessions and high consideration from the English government at home, and very possibly will do so ere long.

No more weight than numbers justify! England herself, up to the defeat of the Armada, was among the least significant of the nations of Europe, both in extent and numbers, not even shopkeepers, but cowkeepers were her inhabitants. To-day, after the use of means various but mostly doubtful, she possesses an empire the like of which Rome never knew. It ill becomes England or her sons to disparage minorities or their importance. In India, including the British army, Civil Service, women and children, the number of white people is at most some 150,000. It is a most insignificant minority out of a population of 286,000,000, but one whose astonishment would be profound to learn that "no more weight would be assigned to it than its numbers justify."

We may yet have reason to be grateful to those who have assisted India to find a Voice—a Voice which though distasteful to the close and powerful ring of the Indian Civil Service, may easily be one that England needs to hear; for it seeks the only firm basis on which government can ever rest secure, the welfare, not of the Simla clique, but of the Indian people. May those who oppose their own prepossessions and pretensions, who advocate the greatest happiness of the smallest number principle, be induced to endure silently since they will not lead, a movement that was inevitable under the circumstances, and which their most determined opposition can only hurry forward.

CHAPTER IX.

ON THE GROWING POVERTY OF INDIA.

WHEN in an idle moment a man picks up the idle book of an idle woman he has just cause for complaint, for demeaning himself as an ungentle Reader, if anything like an attempt to introduce a dose of political economy into his hard-earned leisure is perpetrated. What follows cannot be classed under so scientific a head, for much of it is only highly probable or merely possible. Yet none of it is romantic; there is but too much reason to suppose that though English rule in India is one of the noblest things in the world to-day, though its subversion would be a heavy blow to civilisation, yet it is impoverishing the country. Britain has secured peace for India, but compels her to pay a price so heavy for the service as to make the invasions and pillaging of all previous conquerors insignificant by comparison.

It is admitted on every hand that India has increased in wealth in the large towns, that is, in about one-tenth of her total population, though even there it may be doubted whether any but the capitalistic classes, bankers, money-lenders, contractors, large merchants, have, in this respect, profited appreciably by British rule. But what of the remaining

nine-tenths—the vast agricultural and rural population, classes that never have thriven under British rule at home, whether we examine them in England, Scotland, or Ireland? The problem is not an easy one, for the conditions of life vary so greatly in Britain and India that the standards of comfort do not seem reducible to a common denominator.

We learn that the English standard of comfort among the labouring classes has increased since the time of Henry VII., because shoes and stockings are now a necessary, not a luxury, that mattresses and feather beds and pillows are now quite common where formerly a truss of hay did duty. But in India we have hardly any data to judge by, "mean folk" were even less observed in the East than in the West, not to mention that the standard of comfort does not run to piling clothes on one's person in the East, still less to feather beds.

It must be a perception of the difficulty of finding facts on the subject and of marshalling them so as to elicit any meaning or definite conclusion, that makes optimists favourable to English rule and its immense benefits, have recourse not to an attempt to compare standards that are hardly comparable, but to a totally different class of facts, facts which cannot be controverted except as to the bearing they have on the subject under consideration.

India's prosperity under our rule is commonly as much assumed as are Euclid's twelve axioms. Should any bold Griffin at an Anglo-Indian dinner-table decline to admit the assumption, of course merely in jest, any one of the following is supposed to prove the conclusion completely; the whole taken together form an imposing array of premises

leading irresistibly to the conclusion for which the bold one demanded proofs. There has been a rise in rents under our rule; population has increased; so have exports and imports; produce has risen in price; railways, bridges, irrigation canals and other public works have increased at an unprecedented rate; the government takes only a small share of the gross produce of the cultivators, probably one-sixth or even a seventh. Only the last of these can be disproved; but even if all the other statements could be fully established, there is not one of them that fully proves the conclusion desired.

Take the rise in rents which is adduced as a proof of Indian prosperity. It is a law of political economy that whenever poor land in any appreciable quantity is taken into cultivation, the rent of land of every degree of fertility above this poor land rises, because it is land on the margin of cultivation that determines rent. Now if for any reason such as increase of population, the decay of native manufactures or kindred causes, waste lands should be reclaimed for cultivation and rents rise in consequence, this in itself would not prove national prosperity.

Increase of population is an equally unreliable argument, especially in a country that is miserably poor. In Ireland, up to the potato famine of 1847, population increased to a large extent under a government that no candid person will pretend achieved the happiness or prosperity of the people. Famine commissioners in India pointed to over-population as a powerful factor in the awful misery of Behar, Orissa, and Bengal. But indeed any arguments based on population could not be of great value. No complete census of

British India was made till 1872; by improved methods more people might be counted on a second and third occasion than on a first. Some excellent authorities are of opinion that the Indian population is a very stationary one, more so than might reasonably be expected after many years of settled government.*

The increase of Indian exports and imports is a much more specious argument, one calculated to deceive the very elect. At the first blush it presents a conviction of prosperity which cannot be maintained when it is subjected to closer examination. It seems reasonable to suppose that an unfettered nation will find out by a process of natural selection whether it is desirable for that nation to trade with others, and if so, in what commodities, what shall she give and what take. It was by such a process England found she needs raw produce and can buy it with manufactured goods. When mother countries begin to quarrel with their colonies' exports and imports, it is almost invariably because they are interfering with this process of natural selection. If a branch of trade is found not to pay, it is lopped off. England makes her own trade repay her handsomely; for every £100 worth of exports she receives £133 of imports, the average for Europe is £119 worth of imports for every £100 worth of exports. But India is differently situated; not only does she make no profit but receives less than £70 for her £100 exported. Where do

* Since writing the above the returns of the Indian census have been published, which show that the population now numbers 286,000,000, an increase of 30,000,000 on the returns of 1881. The main argument in the text is however untouched by this fact.

the deficit and profits go to? To England, where they have to pay for dividends on guaranteed railways, home charges and so forth. Said Mr. J. Geddes, a Bengal Civil servant, when giving evidence on the Orissa famine in 1863: "Increasing exports are by no means a conclusive test of the prosperity of India; often the reverse of prosperity, because the exports are largely compulsory. The province of Orissa was depleted of produce which was exported to pay the government taxes." Indeed it can be shown that the Indian people have increased the growth of crops such as cotton, opium, indigo, jute, interfering thus with the growth of their own food stuffs, because England requires these products for her manufactures. The amount of wealth thus diverted from India to England is not £32,000,000, the sum with which Nadir Shah returned to Persia as his loot in 1739, in what may be called a pool, but a stream of great volume, ceaseless in its flow, and one that may be draining India of her resources.

Nor can the rise in price of Indian produce be looked on as a cause of national prosperity. Food is dearest when scarcity or famine prevails, but this is not ordinarily supposed to be a prosperous condition. It seems probable that if the foreign buyer enters into competition with the native consumer, food should grow dearer. At the same time there seems to be a concensus of opinion that wages have remained stationary, except perhaps in large towns. Should this be so, all that class who do not own land and yet depend upon it, would be depressed. Should the cultivator be a rent-paying tenant, it is more than likely that the increased price of his produce is cancelled, or

partly cancelled, by the increased rent. But indeed the enhanced assessments the government of India has imposed on the land account to some extent for the rise in the price of produce.

The extension of railways, building of bridges, digging of canals, are in themselves all admirable works, the drawback is they must be paid for, or debts incurred meantime, the interest of which must be paid. India's national debt now amounts to £160,000,000, and of this only a small fraction is payable to her own capitalists, who would naturally spend their gains in their own land. She is deeply indebted to British capital for the construction of her public works, for London presents such opportunities for the speedy collection of money at a moderate rate of interest, that no one who values time and energy dreams of looking for it elsewhere. No one can deny that capital thus renders an immense service, but it can also be maintained that a foreign nation sweeping into her coffers interest that might assist to collect native capital for future use, is a condition likely to produce morbid results. It may be conceded that all the statements commonly quoted in proof of India's growing prosperity are correct in themselves, yet there are very strong reasons for supposing not only that they do not lead to the conclusion desired, but that they mostly tend to prove the increasing poverty of India.

The following arguments are intended to prove the growing poverty of India. One or all of them may be disproved, but hardly one can be shown to be really an argument on the opposite side, capable of being adduced in proof of India's growing prosperity.

The death-rate in India is very high. The Bombay and Madras governments admit that theirs is thirty-five and thirty-six per thousand respectively; in some cities and towns not addicted to sanitation it is known to be one hundred. Closely connected with the death-rate must be deteriorated physique and the vast proportion of children to adults, always a striking proof of the poverty of a nation. There are in India almost 67,000,000 children out of a population of 191,000,000 (census of 1881), being fifty-four children to one hundred adults, whereas in England the proportion is forty-one. In the census of 1872 the Central Provinces gave sixty-two children under twelve to one hundred adults. It is an admitted fact that early marriages in India do not result in large families, rather the opposite. The rate of increase of population is calculated to be 0·75, whereas in Britain it is 1·33. If therefore the rate of increase is rather low, if the death-rate is high, and if there exists an immense proportion of children to adults, the conclusion would seem to be irresistible that the average of life is a low one, and that in addition to a high infant mortality there is a high adult one. In connection with the proportion of children to the general population it has been advanced by some, with a show of probability, that one reason why France recovered with such extraordinary rapidity from the effects of the Franco-Prussian war, is that she has an abnormally large adult population, and was thus enabled to bear the strain with greater ease.

During the last thirty years much anxiety has been caused to the Indian government by frequently recurring

famines, causing enormous loss of life, famines unequalled in severity during England's connection with India. From 1802 to 1854 there were thirteen famines with a probable loss of 5,000,000 lives. It will be remembered that the Mutiny forms a unique epoch in India's history, it marks the end of government by the famous East India Company, the assumption of all its powers by the Crown, the commencement of rapid steam navigation, which now brings Bombay within sixteen days of London, an immense impetus to trade between India and foreign lands, the development of the centralisation mania, and of railway communication. It is Modern as distinguished from Ancient India. What may be the exact bearing of some of these particulars upon the question of the increasing poverty of the Empire it is not easy to shew. But it is indisputable that between 1860 and 1879 sixteen famines occurred, and 12,000,000 lives were lost. The figures are the official admission. Probably the loss was 18,000,000 or 20,000,000. It may be that the terrible scourge has now done its worst, and will not reappear for long years to come, or it may be that India is growing poorer and weaker, and succumbs more readily and unresistingly when gaunt famine stalks the land. Even the government admits "that a good harvest yields just sufficient food for the people, and thousands of lives depend each autumn on a few inches, more or less, of rainfall. The government may, by great efforts, feed the starving in time of actual famine; *but it cannot stop the yearly work of disease and death among a steadily underfed people*" (Imperial Gazetteer of India, iv. 168.) A wonderful admission, and calculated to induce

men to hope great things of the government that can make it.

Between smiling plenty and the havoc wrought by the famine spectre is an entire scale of life; it is certain that India lies at the meagre end of it. The greatest authority on matters Indian, the Director-General of Indian statistics, and author of the Gazetteer of India, Sir W. W. Hunter, after admitting the poverty of four-fifths of India, declares that the remaining fifth, or forty millions of the people are half starved, obtaining only one full meal a day where two are necessary, and sometimes not even that. Entire unanimity exists as to this state of semi-starvation, and many commissioners and collectors are of opinion that physique is visibly deteriorating, an opinion shared in some districts by the recruiting officers of the army.

Closely connected with famine, and life on its margin, are the innumerable deaths by fever, the universal enemy in a warm climate, corresponding to cold in higher latitudes. It is contended that a well-nourished, healthy individual receives a more or less severe shake by an attack of fever, but the ill-fed, he whose constitution is enfeebled by poor and insufficient diet, and a long course of it, succumbs rapidly. It is stated that between 1880 and 1888 more than 4,000,000 *excess* deaths occurred through fever, 1880 being considered a normal year. It is admitted by the India Office that for those who exercise sufficient care the Indian climate is as healthy as the English. The government inquired into the matter, and in the report which followed the inquiry, insufficient food and clothing were among the causes assigned.

The chronic starvation of a large proportion of the Indian people is a fact admitted even by their alien government. It is not surprising, when there is not enough food for the people, to find that there is not enough for the cattle, and that they are diminishing in numbers and breed. In the Punjab, considered to be one of the most thriving provinces under British rule, perhaps because it is the most recently acquired, a cattle census was held in 1874, when it was ascertained that the cattle had diminished three-and-a-half per cent. in five years. A similar census in the Ahmednuggur district showed that cows, sheep and goats had decreased nineteen per cent. in thirty years.

Another proof of India's increasing poverty lies in the fact that whereas food has risen in value, wages have remained stationary, except perhaps among certain classes of labour in the great cities. The foreign buyer goes to the Indian villages, buying up immense quantities of wheat and other cereals, and by entering into competition with native consumers, forces up the price. To pay his taxes and rent the producer must grow the crops which the buyer will buy most readily, and thus it is observed that where formerly millet, bajra, rice were grown, now cotton, opium, indigo, jute have taken their place. Thus articles are grown for export to England instead of the food of the people; railways are made to carry off this "surplus" produce, steamers await its arrival at the ports, coolies, in most slender attire, store it in the ship's holds for four annas a day, and India's trade grows enormously, an overwhelming proof of her prosperity under

British rule. This very day (May 30th, 1891,) turning to the commercial column of a provincial paper, I observe that:—"The shipments of Indian wheat from Bombay for the first four months of the present year have been unprecedentedly large, and the total for the year bids fair to beat the record." The *Times of India* remarks:—"Never since 1874 (a terrible year of famine), when the wheat trade practically began, have the receipts of wheat in Bombay been so large, or nearly so large, as in the first four months of the current year—that is, from 1st January to 30th April, 1891. They have reached during that period the enormous total of 198,097 tons as compared with 97,420 in the corresponding four months of the previous year; 178,686 in the same period of 1886, in which year the shipments were larger than had ever before been known." A truly delightful picture, always supposing it is *surplus* food India is sending us, for it must not be forgotten that one fifth of her population is starving. And what does England send India in return for food and raw material for manufactures? Turning to the Statistical Abstract for 1888-89, we find that India imports (always at a loss: for every £100 exported, £70 imported) apparel, coal, manufactured cotton, machinery, metals, provisions for the Saheb lōg, railway plant, silk, etc. Railway plant and cotton cloth for India's starving millions when they care little about the first and cannot afford the second!

No fairly thoughtful person can here help asking why India sends to England the very food she needs for her own people, receiving in return things she could dispense with quite well. The answer lies to hand. India is very

heavily taxed by England, taxation is twice as heavy per head as at home, and India must grow those crops which will pay that taxation, the summing up of home charges, guaranteed railways, interest on British capital, profits of Indian trade in British hands, and so forth. India sends out her crops because she cannot afford to eat them. "Increasing exports," said a Bengal Civil servant in giving evidence with regard to the Orissa famine of 1863, "are by no means a conclusive test of the prosperity of India, often the reverse, because they are very largely compulsory. The province of Orissa was depleted of produce which was exported to pay the government taxes." Another government official says:—"The export trade is as brisk as ever. This is a great cause of the present scarcity. The grain grower is always in debt to the grain merchant, and is bound to deliver so much rice after each harvest. He may be starving, but that is no affair of the grain merchant." A third somewhat timidly observes that the "railways may be carrying off more than it is safe for the agricultural class to part with." Says Sir W. W. Hunter:—"If all the poorer classes in India ate two full meals every day, the surplus for export would be much less than at present."

Can it possibly be that Free Trade, the beloved Fetish of modern English Liberalism, by which alone England can maintain her vast population in a small country in unsurpassed wealth, does not suit India? Whilst musing how this could be, my eye fell on a portion of Mr. Geddes's report:—"Exports are very largely compulsory." India has not Free but Compulsory Trade: England arranges it all

for her, and India's debts, charges, loss on trade, interest, flow out, not in money, but in wheat, indigo, opium, cotton, jute, tea, crops to some extent grown instead of necessary food.

Passing over her trade relations with Scotland and Ireland, which by no means favoured Free Trade, England once had the pretention to prescribe a colony's trade for her, but fortunately for the cause of freedom, she urged her claim on a strong young country. Aided by France, America vigorously repelled the pretention, and England retired abashed to her island home. In India, she has the empire under her absolute domination. Whether she will ever yield to reason what a hundred years ago she only gave up to force, remains to be seen. It is significant that her younger colonies have never again had to fight with her for *their* free trade, for the right to ascertain by experience, by a process of natural selection, what should be their exports and what their imports. Will any one pretend that that country trades freely whose grain leaves famine-stricken provinces where people are dying by millions, a country which only receives £70 in return for every £100 worth exported? No; England's entire and irresponsible control over India has resulted in compulsory trade, conventionally styled free. More than one English governor of an Indian province has stood aghast and dumbfounded at his post to see shiploads of grain leave a famine-stricken province, wheat and rice streaming out, gaunt living skeletons with famished eyes assisting in its removal. Was it the grain buyer's business to feed the starving peasantry? And yet Anglo-India is greatly astonished that young India

should make a demand for a moderate share in the government of the country!

It must be admitted that laws and tendencies in economics have an unhappy tendency to make for inextricable confusion, in which cause and effect seem obscured, mingled, and even blent to all but the powerful minds of a small minority. Yet it would seem to be within the range of an ordinary comprehension that where trade, free or compulsory, has resulted in the utter disorganisation, in some branches in the disappearance of the manufactures of an ancient civilisation, every other industry will be affected and perhaps injured. It may be that this cause alone, by driving the manufacturing population to the soil, has kept wages stationary, raised the value of food, diminished the numbers of the cattle, raised the death-rate, made a longer, wider path for famine, depressed still further the submerged fifth and the majority of the remaining four-fifths. Whether this is so or not, in the reorganisation of her industries now slowly proceeding, even the rosy-hued *India in 1880* of Sir Richard Temple, cannot assert that natives are playing an extensive part. There seems good reason to believe that English capital is increasing its hold on Indian labour, and that the native master of a small trade is sinking to the condition of a labourer. I gather from *India in 1880* that: "Natives do not hold the stock of the Guaranteed Railway Companies," but English shareholders do. "Nor do they hold what is called the sterling paper of the Government securities, which is held by Europeans." "Natives hold about one-eighth of the national debt." The "internal trade of the country passes through the

hands of natives." It may indeed be added that it passes right through their hands, for the enormous extension of railways in recent years, causes an annual loss to the native carrying trade estimated at £40,000,000. There is not a well paid post of guard, driver or stationmaster that is not occupied by a European. Should English capitalists fail to get profits on the working of the line, and it is said lines are in some parts laid down where they are not required and cannot pay, the State guarantees shareholders from loss, assuring them so much of a dividend. And with a cumulative effect that must strike even the dull imagination as admirable, it is this very railway that carries the "surplus" of starving millions to India's ports.

The Indian trade statistics are somewhat defective; part of the home manufactures are undoubtedly in native hands, but even of the cotton industry, by far the most important, it is estimated that two-thirds are in British hands. Of foreign trade natives own not even a tenth, so that India's outlook for long years to come is the industrious hewing of wood and drawing of water whilst her masters shake the pagoda tree. British capital is sunk in Indian enterprise to the amount of £350,000,000.—(Sir C. Dilke). Yet though Indian capitalists are not numerous in proportion to the vast bulk of the population, it is significant that they "bear a hearty allegiance to the foreign Government under which they flourish."—(Sir Richard Temple). But not astonishing, for England's pet lamb has ever been the capitalistic one. No desert too arid, nor way too wearisome, nor ocean too immense for her to cross to seek and save it, while she left the ninety-nine rural, agricultural lambs, which in her

A piece of seven rupees.

opinion needed no salvation, to the mercy of . . . the landlord. And if there were no landlords, if benighted countries like Oude, Orissa, Behar managed to exist without them, she created them, for how could civilisation advance or society ever flourish without so necessary an institution?

India has a further heavy drain on her resources in that she not only supports an immense native army of 130,000 men, officered by highly paid Englishmen, but her foreign government, having cause to doubt the absolute loyalty of this great force, a second and far more costly army of 66,000 Europeans is maintained partly for the purpose of watching the native one. Each English soldier costs India probably four times as much as a native soldier, so that it is not surprising to find that the cost of the entire Indian army is £20,000,000 per annum, almost the same as that of England, and this out of a total revenue smaller than England's by £20,000,000. Probably few persons who have not visited India are aware that she supports three armies for her three Presidencies, at a far greater cost than would be one amalgamated force. High military authorities advocate their consolidation, and even the abolition of the Madras and Bengal armies, their soldiers being feeble and inefficient, almost useless for bringing into the field against a European enemy. Yet a reform and economy so obvious and necessary for a poor country like India, is delayed from one generation to another, simply because vested interests, honorary colonelcies and their emoluments, three posts of Commander-in-chief instead of one, are of far more importance to India's masters than the much needed diminution of the salt tax.

Mention has already been made of the immense drain from India to England, visible in the entire disappearance of all profits from commerce and of a deficiency besides amounting to thirty per cent. This severe drain is partly composed of salaries paid to Indian officials, or rather of savings from these salaries. It is not easy to estimate the exact figures paid in this way to India's alien government; frequently one is met by an immense sum called Home Charges, assessed by Sir Richard Temple at seventeen millions of money annually remitted to England. The late John Bright, conspicuous for his interest and sympathy in Indian affairs, obtained from the British Government official acknowledgment of the fact that the Europeans in India, excluding the rank and file of the army, draw from the Indian treasury the vast sum of nearly thirteen millions sterling for their services; of this sum about four millions is spent in non-effective services, to a great extent a euphuism for pensions. "Our kingdom and people together," says Sir Charles Dilke, "draw from India some sixty or seventy millions sterling a year in direct income." Compared with this vast sum the thirteen millions seems trifling indeed, and one might almost be persuaded to accept the dictum of Anglo-India on the subject, that they serve the Empire for a mere trifle more than pure philanthropy.

It must be the contemplation of the seventy millions that causes Dilke to observe: "While we are apt, with our curious habit of self-depreciation, to think our own rule costly, foreign observers generally pronounce it singularly cheap, when account is taken of the value of the expenditure on public works and upon railways." But did

the intelligent foreigner observe that the pensions and a large proportion of the official salaries were spent in England, that the material for public works is purchased from England, that the national debt is held by Englishmen, that all the profits of trade go to them? Did that intelligent foreigner grasp the idea that £100 in India and the same amount in France mean two very different things; that you can hire an Indian man-servant for 16s. a month, out of which sum he feeds himself, whereas in Western Europe you pay a woman-servant 20s. or 25s. a month and feed and shelter her? The word cheap when applied to governments may lead to dire confusion, for there must be doubt whose standard is to be adopted. For instance, estimate an English judge's salary in the average annual income per head of the English population, estimated variously from £38 to £42 per annum. If we say £40 is the average and divide this into a judge's salary, £5,000 per annum, it requires 125 average English incomes to support an English judge. An Indian Chief Justice receives 5000 rupees per month; if we divide 60,000 rupees by the average Indian income per head of the population, 28 rupees, we shall find it needs more than 2000 average incomes to pay the Indian judge's salary. Compared with English administration, Indian is very dear, and probably if many such comparisons could be instituted, the results would prove what Indian economists and financiers (I need hardly say native) state to be the fact: that our government is ruinously expensive. An English general's pay is £5 13s. 9d. daily; is it reduced when he serves in India, so that something like proportion may pre-

vail between the salaries of public servants in a wealthy country and in a poor one? Not only does the general's pay remain the same, but India pays the cost of his transport from home. And this in the face of India's deep poverty, a poverty acknowledged by the highest officials, who in mass oppose the slightest increase in taxation, a tacit recognition that the utmost limit has been reached. But dire as this poverty is, it is India that pays the cost of the India Office, that pays the only contribution to the support of our navy worth the naming, that is plunged into Afghan wars and called on to contribute to an Egyptian one. When the Cooper's Hill Engineering College was established some twenty years ago, to train Englishmen for the Indian Public Works Department, the property, which cost £58,000, was paid out of the Indian taxes, and for many years the annual deficit was made up from the same source. How significant in this connection is the fact that the colonies do not pay the cost of the Colonial Office. It will be said, at least by persons who have not given much thought to Indian affairs, that we can hardly reduce the salaries of Indian Civil servants, else we shall not induce able and disinterested men to cross the seas to govern our Empire. There is no necessity for them to do so. Even a Conservative Indian official, Sir John Strachey, a man who inveighs as bitterly against Congress and its aims as Anglo-India could desire, suggests the alternative when he declares virtually in favour of giving all Indian judicial appointments to natives. It is conceded by many keen observers that natives are by their ability and integrity qualified for such posts; all that prevents them enjoying

these and many of the minor posts of the Civil Service is sheer greed on the part of England, her desire to keep berths open for her own middle class young men. Even if native judges lacked integrity, which is not suggested, their responsibility to a British governor would ensure the pure administration of justice. Whether, in consideration of the fact that his native climate could not justify such large salaries as English judges in India now enjoy, native judges' salaries suffer reduction or remain at their present figure, India would benefit by reduction of the drain to England. "Peace, retrenchment and reform," form an admirable motto for nations managing their own affairs; whether the second or third can be expected from a close irresponsible bureaucracy, whose actions are only open to the partial scrutiny dependent on a stray question in a House of Commons, where often a bare quorum of members can be assembled to discuss Indian matters, is a question that so far has been answered negatively. For the drain is steadily increasing. Members of the House of Commons not infrequently visit India for the cold weather. Anglo-Indian hospitality rises to the joyful occasion, their kind hosts possess members' ears, and when they return to parliamentary duties at home they may often be heard asking questions in St. Stephen's of the Under-Secretary of State for India. Such questions are: "May not uncovenanted Civil Servants have pensions in sterling money and not in the depreciated rupee; may not officers taking three months' furlough, count leave when they sail from Bombay and not when they depart from their station; may not Colonels have their allowances on retire-

ment paid in sterling. As there is no suggestion that England should pay the loss occasioned by depreciation of the rupee, and as India has always paid it heretofore, these interesting questions may be briefly epitomised: "Is it not possible just to lay it on a little more heavily? India won't feel it along with all the rest."

The exhaustion of Indian soil, adduced in further proof of growing poverty, is one on which evidence seems to be fairly unanimous. Native reformers declare it to be patent and even crying. They have won from India's English historians a partial confirmation. Even the rosy Temple admits that a slight deterioration in some parts of the country has set in, and this opinion is also held by Sir W. W. Hunter, on whose authority it is stated that wheat land in the North-West Provinces which yielded 1,140 lbs. in the time of Akhbar, now only yields 840 lbs. to the acre. This is partly traceable to the growing of exhausting crops such as cotton and jute, but more particularly to a recent alteration in the Revenue Settlement by which fallow land, which formerly paid no tax to government, has lost this privilege, and it becomes the interest of the cultivator not to permit his land to rest. It must be remembered that he has no system of chemical manuring by which to replace fallows. And this greedy rule has a further ill effect, in that the cultivator's bullocks lose the chance of a bit of pasture occasionally, so that the poor beasts, whose aspect often moves the Saheb to pity, would seem to have worse prospects rather than better in store. In closing this dry and somewhat lengthy chapter it must be observed in conclusion that India is a heavily taxed

country, twice as much so as England is, and that in taxed salt she endures a heavy poll tax, one of those shamefully unjust impositions where the rich man counts the same as the poor.

In all this is England seeking India's good? The answer cannot be simple and direct; good and evil are blent in the results, for the main motor is self-interest. It is undeniable that by the Lawrences, the Malcolms, Knights, Edwards, Humes, Munroes, India has been nobly served. They were men of a lofty type, who forgot self in their devotion to duty and their love for the people. Is it not possible that the prominence of their virtues alone catches the eye, overshadowing the low ideals and attainments of many of those who serve India as hirelings, and not as friends or lovers. It is well for us, and more particularly for these last, to have before our eyes high examples of conduct and character, well also to remember, when estimating the success of our rule, that such men are far above the average, high as the average is, and that to millions in India that rule is known only by unjust land laws, an oppressive salt tax, and by the personality of an overbearing Englishman, whose mind could never grasp the notion of any civilisation but his own, and only the inferior fruits of that. Possessed of a considerable faculty for self-deception, lulled often by a deep ignorance of the facts of the case, the English people work themselves into an almost genuine belief in the loftiness and purity of their own motives. As the Hebrews were of old the chosen nation, as the Egyptians were the sons of Isis, and destined to reunion with him, as the Greeks were the children of Hellas (light),

and all other nations sons of darkness, even so the English are a Providence to nations with whom they come in contact. I cull almost at random from a writer in the *National Review*, who complacently swells the chorus of general laudation of English rule:—"We are factors in India for Providence and God," and even Colonel Meadows-Taylor is "unable to resist the conviction that the intervention of England . . . in Indian affairs was providentially directed and sustained." Would a searching examination of this Providence result in anything but his complete identification with British Interests, interests that have been observed to coincide at times with right and justice, but not invariably, for their foundation is laid on expediency.

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