The SANCTUARY

OF THE

HIMALAYAS

AND

FACTS, STORIES AND NEWSPAPER REPORTS

CHARACTERISTIC OF

INDIA

AND ITS PEOPLE

By

J. CAMPBELL FORRESTER,

F.R.G.S.

The SANCTUARY

OF THE

HIMALAYAS

AND

FACTS, STORIES & NEWSPAPER REPORTS

CHARACTERISTIC OF

INDIA

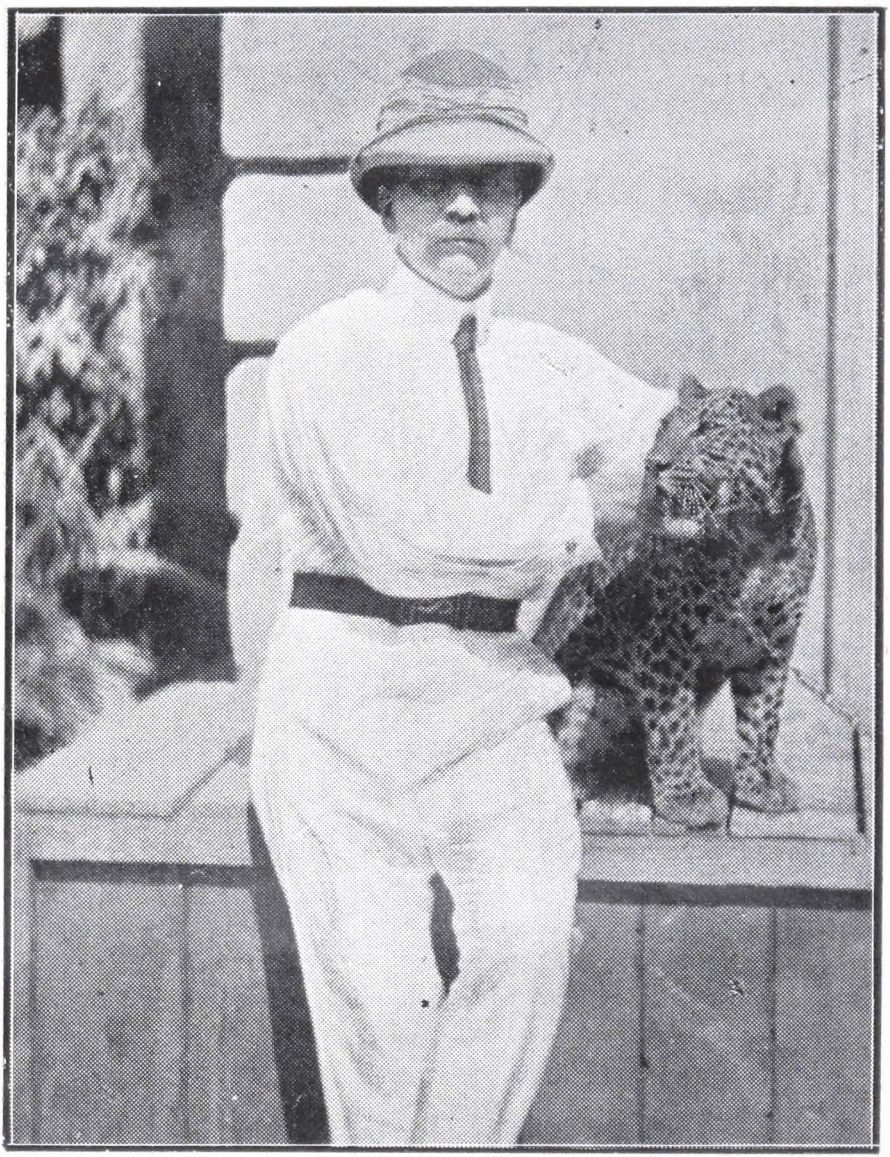
AND ITS PEOPLE.

By

J. CAMPBELL FORRESTER,

F.R.G.S.

Printed at "The Empire" Ld., 1920



THE AUTHOR WITH PET LEOPARD.

Calcutta, 1918

To

My Dear Daughter,

It is over twelve years since I reluctantly left you in deep sorrow, mourning the loss of your mother, and I have thought of your loneliness, which was perhaps accentuated by your father's departure for India. I have tried in these years to keep you in touch with my life and doings in India.

I now send you my latest humble effort to describe the scenery of Darjeeling, Mount Everest, Phalut, Sikkim, and my wanderings therein.

I have added a few personal experiences, stories, and newspaper reports, characteristic of the people and the country, in the hope that it may create an Indian atmosphere around you, bringing you into closer touch and showing you more clearly the great problems that the Europeans have to solve in this vast country.—Your loving father,

J. CAMPBELL FORRESTER.

SANCTUARY OF THE HIMALAYAS.

CHAPTER I.

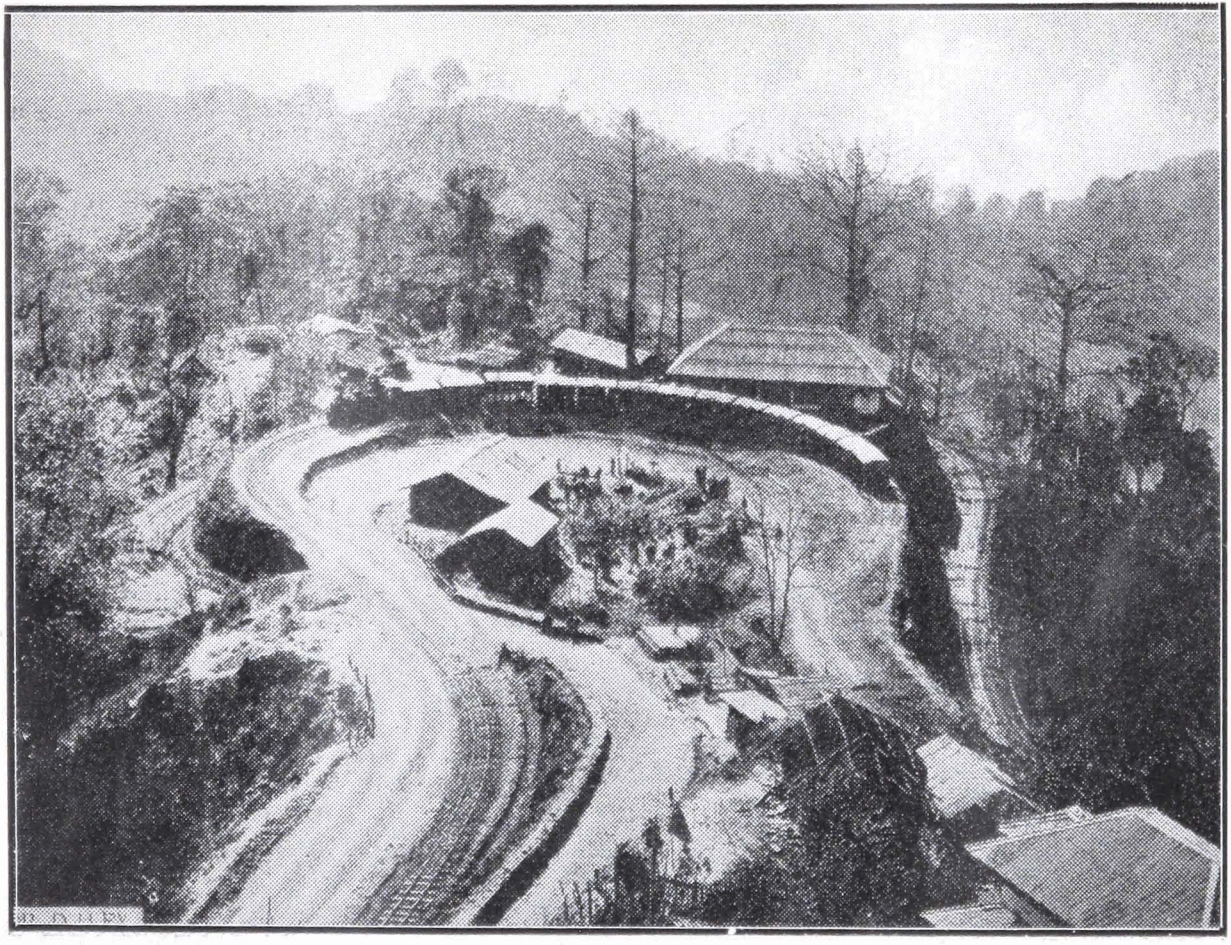
I left Calcutta for a short ramble in the Himalayan Hills making Darjeeling my centre. The journey to Darjeeling is one of comfort; in fact it may be said that it is one of luxurious comfort. You leave Calcutta at 5-24 p.m. (Calcutta time) and arrive at Darjeeling the following day, at 1-5 p.m. You travel in a beautifully fitted corridor train with first-class baths and lavatories. When you pass Ishurdi at about 7-38 p.m. dinner is served in the restaurant car. You then arrive at Santahar at 9-46 p.m. and change to the metre gauge at Jalpaiguri, at about 5 o'clock a.m. and you can get an early cup of tea here. At 6-10 a.m. you reach Siliguri and change into the Darjeeling Himalayan Railway, and as you do not start your journey up the hills until 7 a.m. you have just time for "chota hazri." As you then proceed to take your seat your atten-

tion will be attracted by the appearance of the tiny looking engine and miniature carriages; but although the engine looks tiny it is powerful, weighs about 14 tons and can take a train of 50 tons up an incline of 1 in 25. The carriages are small, narrow and low in roof; the wheels are only 29½ inches in diameter. You start off in this miniature train from Siliguri, and it takes you to an elevation of 6,812 feet at Darjeeling station. It brings you up some very steep gradients; the line, for instance, between Ghum and Darjeeling, being one in thirty-one and a half feet; and in places the difficulties are overcome by loops where the line mounts on long spirals and reverses on a zig-zag trail, and the train is shunted up grand ascending inclines on a two feet gauge.

IN THE OLD DAYS.

It was not always so easy to get to this great sanitarium of Bengal, which is the summer residence of His Ex-

To face page 2



DOUBLE LOOP, D. H. RY.

cellency the Governor and his staff. The journey thither was made by a traveller in the year 1874. He says: "We have to go eleven hours by rail from Calcutta four hours in a river steamboat, 124 miles in a "dak gharri," bullock 'shigram' or mail cart; then fourteen miles on horseback or in a palanquin to the foot of the hills and by similar means of carriage up to the top of them in order to reach Darjeeling. In the rains this is a horrible journey to make; and except in the very hot season the measma of the Terai or jungle forest between Siliguri and Pankabarri is so deadly that the traveller is always advised to pass it by daylight—a proposal which in all probability he will be glad to accede to, unless familiarity with tigers and wild elephants has bred in him a contempt for such road fellows."

"Know'st thou the land, where
towering cedars rise
In graceful majesty to cloudless skies;

Where keenest winds from
icy summits blow
Across the desert of eternal snow?
Know'st thou it not
Oh there! Oh there!
My wearied spirit let us flee
from care!"

THE GYMKHANA CLUB

Having arrived in Darjeeling I found that it was so crowded that I could not get rooms in any one of the hotels, without difficulty; but I eventually found accommodation in Woodland's, where I was fairly comfortable; but somewhat inconveniently placed as the building I resided in meant a good steep climb to the hotel for meals. Not that I object to climbing. As a matter of fact I rather like it; but to be forced to do it is another matter; and I did not like being such a long way from the Gymkhana Club, which I had joined, principally for tennis, although I will not say I did not enjoy the other amusements that are kept up all day long; and as all

Calcutta and their wives were there I did not lack company. Let me add here that the Gymkhana Club is synonymous with all that means social Darjeeling; to visit Darjeeling without becoming a member of this excellently conducted establishment is to miss a treat which is to its members the most enjoyable part of a holiday. A week of gaiety at the club was enough for me; and as I was interested in fibres and had a business scheme that I hoped with the aid of the government to push forward to a successful finish,—at the end of this article you will find the results of my experiment—I was anxious to get on the move and to wend my way up to greater heights. But before describing my tour through the hills, I will endeavour to give you some idea of Darjeeling, and the different castes residing there.

THE MYSTIC THUNDERBOLT.

The meaning of the word Darjeeling I am informed is a corruption of "Dorje"

the precious stone or ecclesiastical sceptre which is emblematic of the thunder-bolt—Sakhra (Indra)—and of "ling," a place. It means therefore the place of the "Dorje" the mystic thunderbolt of the Lamaist religion, this being the name by which the Buddhist Monastery which once stood on Observatory Hill was formerly known. It is no larger than a small English country but it ranges on altitudes from 300 ft. to 12,000 ft. above sea level. The interior of the district has more than once been described as a confused labyrinth of ridges, deep valleys and dense forest; masses of trees festooned with moss and generally dripping with moisture on account of the humid atmosphere. It contains a polyglot population, 19 different dialects being shown in the census returns of 1901 You have the Lepcha, speaking their "Rong Ring" language as they call it —a language that General Mainwaring believed to be the oldest in the world.

TIBETAN MAN.

To face page 7

Darjeeling has been described as a "Babel of tribes and nations," and rightly so.

THE LEPCHAS.

Let me now endeavour to describe some of the castes. I will take first the Lepchas, as I have "en passant" mentioned them. They are aboriginal inhabitants of the country who call themselves Rong i.e, the squatter of this country, the land of caves. The word Lepcha, or, as it should be spelt, Lapecha or Lapcha, means, the people of evil speech and was a contemptuous appellation given to them by the Nepalese. Formerly they possessed all the hill country of Sikkim and Darjeeling, but their country was invaded about 250 years ago by the Tibetans who drove them to the lower valleys. They have been for generations a conquered race and are a timid and peaceful people. They dislike fixed employment and are happiest when in their native woods. A kindly placid but, somewhat indolent

people. The self assertive Napalese are supplanting them and gradually pushing them out; and they (the Lepchas) are by degrees losing the best land in the district, and with the introduction of settled cultivation and the reservation of the forests they have had to give up their old nomadic cultivation. They had a wasteful system of "Jhemung" or shifting cultivation, which consists of burning down a fresh patch of jungle each successive year and raising crops in the ashes.

THE TIBETANS.

We will take the Tibetans next. The Tibetans as their name implies are the inhabitants of Tibet, but have emigrated from the tableland of that country. The word Bhotia means properly an inhabitant of Bho or Thibet and is synonymous with Tibetan. The native name of Thibet is Bod and the Sanskrit word from it was Bhot. The Sanskritic speaking races of India have accordingly called the inhabitants of this

TIBETAN LADY.

To face page 8

region Bhotias. As a race the Bhotias are considered turbulent and quarrelsome; but I must say that I found them very agreeable, biddable willing and obliging. The majority of them are markedly Mongolian, with oblique eyes and little or no moustache; they are undersized but tough and wiry as whipcord and so full of energy that it is quite common to see quite old people scampering nimbly up hill and down dale. They seemed to me to be a cheery mirth-loving merry lot and honest workers.

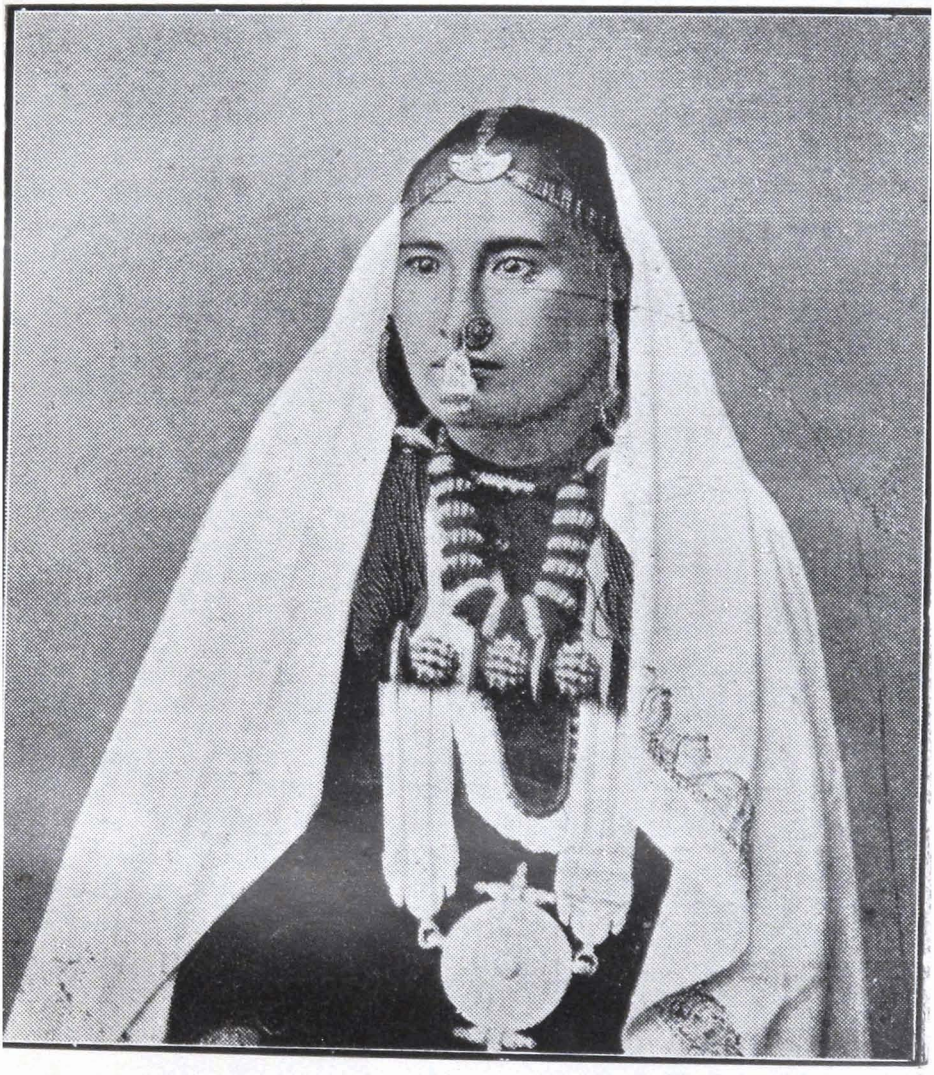
THE NAPALESE.

The Napalese are the dominant race in Darjeeling. They number about 140,000. They are alert, cheerful and virile, quick tempered, resent injustice, but willing and loyal when treated with consideration. They are born cultivators, resourceful, and hard-working. They possess most of the best agricultural land in the district. They have a proverb: "There is no

answer to an order, there is no medicine for death." Colonel Waddel describes them as small in stature but with big hearts and in many ways resemble the bright joyous temperament of the Japanese though lacking the refinement of the latter. They are vigorous, excitable and aggressive. They are law abiding, driven as they have been to abide by the drastic punishment of their Gurkha rulers.

CHAPTER II.

Having tried in my last article to describe the different castes and the Darjeeling-Himalayan Railway I will now endeavour to detail the different stages of my journey. I left Darjeeling winding my way up past Jalapahar through Ghoom and on to Jorapokria. About four miles past Ghoom you pass the well-known Ghoom Rock. This rock stands at a heavy list and is about 95 feet high. From here you get a good view of the Nepal frontier as



NEPALEE LADY.

well as the plains around. It is stated that at the time the Nepalese held sway here they hurled their criminals from this rock. About seven miles further on you reach a village named Sukiapokri, and about a mile and a half from this village up in the forest is JORAPOKRIA BUNGALOW, about 7,400 feet above sea level. It contains three rooms and seven beds. There is a good cart road most of the way up to Sukiapokri village. You can see from the village of Sukiapokri the fort of Elam on the borders of Nepal. I reached Jorapokria at about 4 o'clock. Jorapokria means "a pair of pools." It is situated in Lepcha jogot forest. I need not go into details of the delightful journey up here as I have before described the hill scenery or I should rather say have "tried" to describe the great awe inspiring snow range capped by Mount Everest 29,000 feet and Kanchanjanga 28,156 feet above sea level, glistening so white and pure as

if touching the heavens and reflecting the purity we associate therewith. Being neither a poet nor a painter it is impossible for me to convey to you the scenery as it appeared to me.

TURNED BACK FROM NEPAL

As I write I have just returned from Nepal or I should rather say practically the borders of Nepal, for I was not allowed to go far into the interior and soon got back again across to British India. I am interested in some fibrous plants, and so I engaged some coolies to assist me. We collected all round the hills and sent a fair quantity to a specialist (result of these experiments are given at the end of book). Having returned to the Dak Bungalow I was sitting alone and the stillness of the atmosphere, a stillness that almost could be felt, although we were only about one mile from a tiny village which contains a wonderful mixed lot of inhabitants consisting of Tibetans, Bhutanese, Nepalese and a few but very

To face page 12

LEPCHA HUT.

few, Marwaris and Bengalis. They were a cheery lot and were singing and laughing all day long having little else in which to engage themselves. One's mind is inclined to make comparisons between the morose temperament of the people in the plains and the cheerful disposition of the people in the hills. And one is forced to the conclusion that it is a matter principally of environment. I found myself singing and reciting for pure joy when the sun broke through on some of the mist clad peaks, revealing such beauty that would stir the soul of any one who is not absolutely a piece of earthly material.

HILL SCENERY.

The following pen picture of the scenery is put in the most graphic language of any book I have read on the Himalayas. I regret I cannot recall the name of the book or the author. "When God gave men tongues he never dreamed that they

would want to talk about the Himalayas. There are consequently no words in the world to do it justice. It is given to some of us to climb into the heart of them, to look down over the awful verges and out upon the immensity of their slopes, to be solitary in the stupendous surging heaving mountain sea that stands mute and vast here upon the edge of the plains of India. And since it is permitted to us that by mountain and by valley we may journey to look upon the snows our souls do not perish utterly in India and our exile is not without its advantages. Watch that magical drifted white picture on the sky so pure as to be beyond all painting, so lifted up as to be beyond all imagination. The vast wheeling sky was blue and empty except for the snows. It is their remoteness their unapproachableness that makes these Himalayan snows a sanctuary from the foot of man anywhere, they are prodigiously far off so they look to him always

the country of a dream just hanging above the world he knows: suddenly a mighty torrent of wind comes sweeping along as if direct from the other world. Mountains that swelled again and again purple and blue, looking as if some great gigantic artist had painted them on the vast expanse of sky. How little one thinks of being thankful for this sort of thing in England as one sniffs the frosty air with joy. The pleasure of your bath tub in the plains now becomes a horror to be avoided or got hastily over." You do not require on the hills to put your butter on with a brush as you certainly would have to do on the plains if it was not packed with ice.

COMPANY IN THE WILDERNESS

On returning to the Dak Bungalow on my pony I came across a lady and gentleman. They asked if my name was—well—what it is. I replied in the affirmative. They stated that they

heard that I was staying at the bungalow and asked if I would be upset by them putting up there. Needless to say I was only too delighted to have their company; so we all rode to the Bungalow together and spent a very chatty afternoon and evening. He was evidently a gentleman of military position and she was a lady that I would say had at one time belonged to the theatrical profession. She was intelligent and interesting. By their conversation at meal time they were either in the habit of taking their meals separately or had just got married, at all events his definition of a wedding was humorous he said it was a trade in which the bride is generally given away and the groom is often sold.

THE DAILY MENAGE.

As the cold drove me in beside the log fire, and having nothing to read and no one to talk to, I jotted down in detail the

retinue of servants that one requires to travel on a journey such as this:—

Cook	Re	1	per day.
Combined Bearer and Kit	,,	1	,,
Sweeper ...	,,	1-4	,,
5 Coolies 12 annas each	,,	3-12	,,
One pony inclusive of one syce and food	,,	5	,,
Dak bungalow ...	,,	2	,,
Food say ...	,,	3	,,
For various small tips say ..	,,	1	,,
Total Rs.		18	

BEASTS OF BURDEN.

These coolies are capable of carrying great weights for long distances and show a wonderful power of endurance. It is a common thing for a cooly to carry a tea chest weighing about 130 lbs. for distances of over 6 miles up an ascent of about 3,000 feet and the coolies who bring the merchandise from the different frontiers have to perform journeys of many

day' duration carrying loads up to 200 lbs. along rough ridges ascending and descending thousands of feet in elevation from deep down in the hot valleys up to the tops of icy cold mountains. It is stated that a single cooly woman, a Bhutia, carried a grand piano up to Darjeeling before the Railway was opened, a distance of 50 miles and 7000 feet in elevation. I find it is more expensive than travelling on the Almora side and in my opinion not nearly so pleasant. The summers there are warmer and less humid. The rainy season is shorter, and the sun shines so much more frequently between the heavy showers. The coolies on this side are women and on the Almora side men. And while they are both good I prefer the men. They are less troublesome and seem to get through with their work with less fuss.

A NARROW SHAVE.

My pony was a fairly decent one, well fed and well groomed; but he wanted managing. We had a good deal of differ-

ence with each other. When he started he wanted his way and I wanted mine. So I used my riding crop to some purpose, much to the consternation of the syce who, at one period, got greatly alarmed and ran up shouting: "nah sahib, mut marrow idder" and seized his head as he was about to stumble over the cliff. The pony seemed dreadfully nervous and shied at every shadow. But he moved well enough.

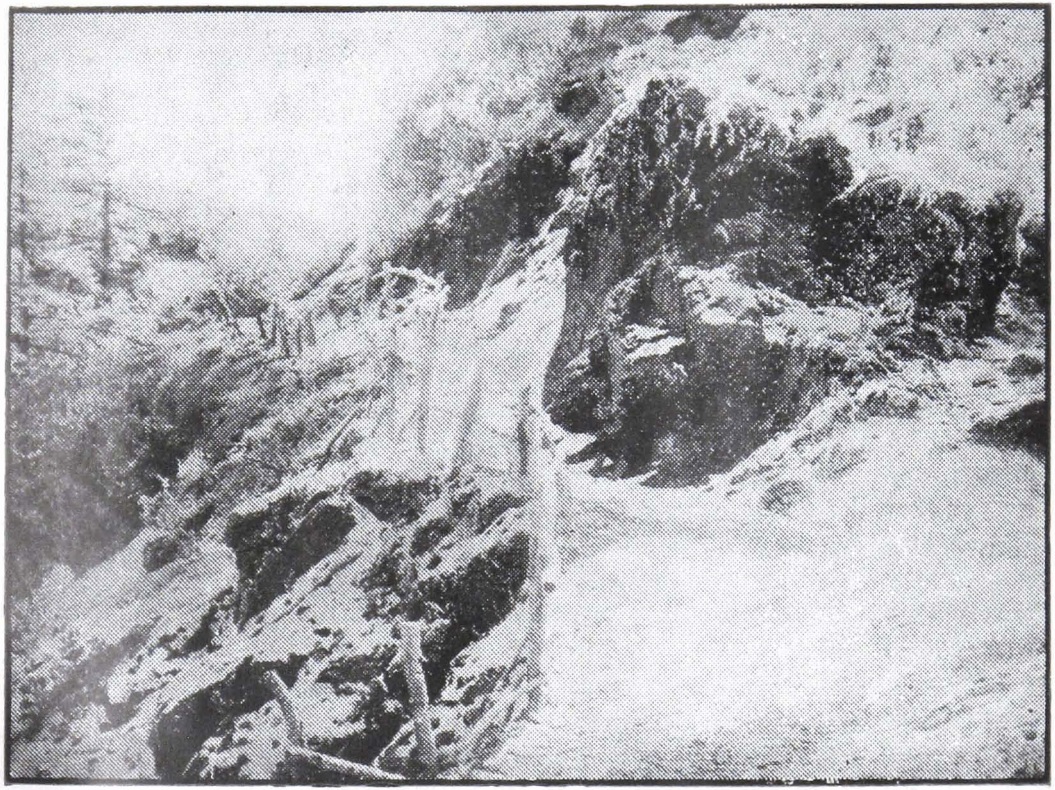
I said good bye to the interesting couple the next morning, as they were journeying in a different direction. I wended my way up to the Touglu Dak Bungalow, 10,074 above sea level, and as Jorepokia was only 7,400 you can understand that it is a fairly steep climb. During most of the journey I was passing along the border of Nepal, and I had the misfortune to lose myself for a little. My syce took a short cut up across the hill, a pathway that the coolie-log used. I came across two roads, or bridle paths, and with my usual bad luck took the wrong

one and had to return a mile or so; but I soon found the right way again. As you descend into the valleys you will be interested in the echos which by the way is said to be the only thing that can cheat a woman out of the last word.

SOUR GRAPES

As I was riding along I came upon a beautiful orchid; being suspended from a branch of a tree overhanging the path-way it looked extremely pretty and hung as precisely as you find the flowers suppended outside your swell hotels in London. I wanted it but I did not know how to get it. To climb the tree was not possible as it overhung a steep ravine; so I dismounted sat down and thought it out. Just then a Nepalese came along with a big stick. I made known to him my wants in the best manner I could with my imperfect knowledge of the language and suggested that if he threw his big stick up at it and if he was a good shot it would break the tentacles that were

To face page 21



THE ROAD TO PHALUT.

holding it to the tree. It took some explaining, but when a rupee reward was offered for success his intellect was quickened and after several attempts he succeeded and it fell to the ground. So I tied it up in my big "hanky" and have now possession of it. It grows well in my garden; but has blossomed only once. I found when I got to Sikkim that the orchard family was extensively represented there, there being about 350 species out of a total of 5,000 for the whole world.

THROUGH THE CLOUDS.

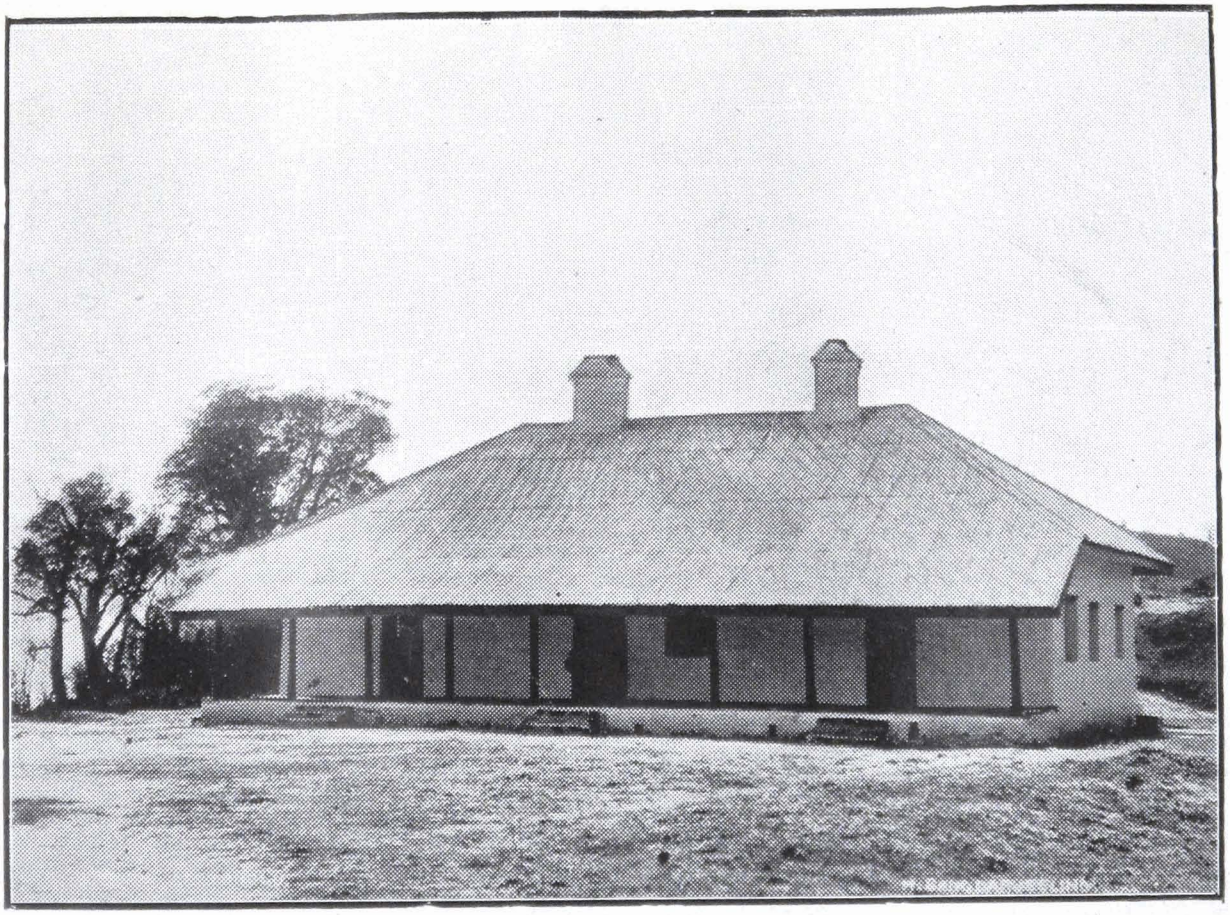
I rode through the clouds all morning and arrived at my destination damp and cold and could have done with a good stiff peg and a good lunch. I could however, indulge in neither. I did not intend taking such a long trip and had neither sufficient food nor drink, one cigarette per day being my allowance until my return to Darjeeling. When I once got on the way the hills seemed to keep beckoning

me on and I could not resist the spell, the call of the wilds, that subtle undefinable influence, that seems to mesmerise and carry on away.

CHAPTER III.

The next stage of my journey brought me to TUNGLO BUNGALOW, ten miles from Jorapokria, which, literally interpreted means the hill of the fir-tree, a peak on the Sinalela range, 10,074 feet above sea level. twenty-three miles west of Darjeeling. It is more generally known as Tumling among the natives of the district. A bungalow on the summit, close to the frontier between British India and Nepal commands a fine view of the Nepalese valleys and the plains of North Bengal with the snow fed Teesta eastward the Kosi on the west, and a number of smaller rivers between them. Here I went without food for a day or two—a fine rest for the digestive organs; and I felt lonely, with no one

To face page 22



TUNGLO BUNGALOW.

to talk to. The following account of the view of the snowy range from Touglu is taken from Sir Joseph Hooker's Himalayan Journals.

"From the summit of Touglu I enjoyed the view I had so long desired, of the snowy Himalaya from noth-east to north-west, Sikkim being on the right Nepal on the left, and the plains of India to the southward. In the early morning the transparency of the atmosphere renders this view one of astonishing grandeur. Kanchanjinga bore nearly due north a dazzling mass of snowy peaks intersected by blue glaciers, which gleaned in the slanting rays of the rising sun, like aquamarines set in frosted silver. From this the sweep of snowed mountains to the eastward was almost continuous as far as Chola (bearing East North East) following a curve of 150 miles and enclosing the whole of the northern part of Sikkim which appeared a billowy mass of forest clad mountains. On the north-east horizon rose the

Denkia mountain, 23,175 feet, and Chumulari 23,929 feet. Though both were much more distant than the snowy ranges, being respectively eighty and ninety miles off, they reared their gigantic heads higher, seeming what they really were by far the loftiest peaks next to Kanchanjinga; and the perspective of snow is so deceptive that though 40 to 60 miles beyond, they appeared as though almost in the same line with the ledges they overtopped and Juno one of the western peaks of Kanchanjinga No continuous snowy chain was visited; the Himalayas seemed suddenly to decline into black and rugged peaks till in the far north-west they rose again in a white mountain mass of stupenduous elevation of eighty miles distance to the west; the black ridge of Sakkiazung bristling with pines cut off the view of Nepal. But south-west the Myong Valley could be traced to its junction with Tamber, about thirty miles off. Beyond which to the south-west and

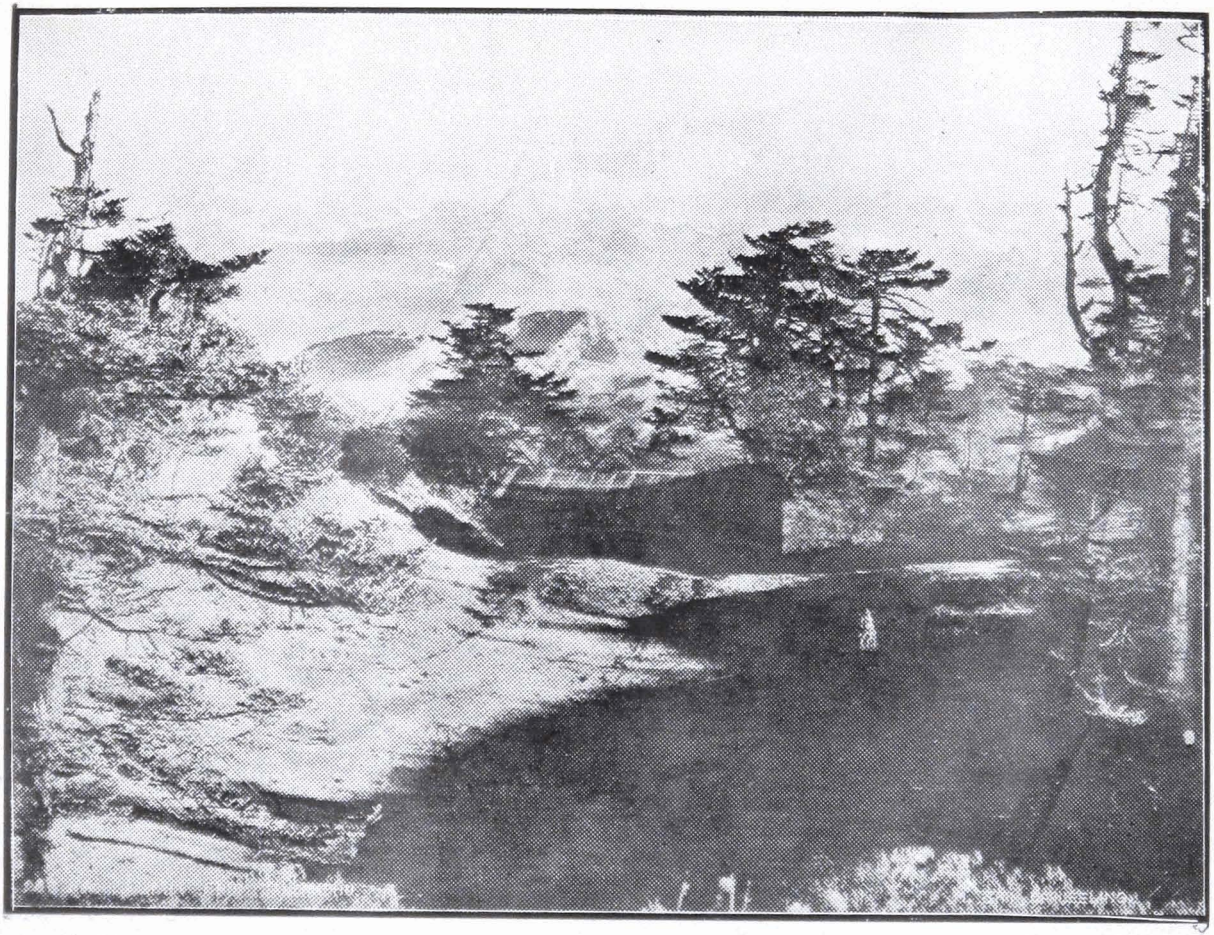
south low hills belonging to the outer ranges of Nepal rose on the distant horizon seventy or eighty miles off south and south-east.

FALLEN AMONG THIEVES.

On my entering the Touglu bungalow I scarcely think I ever met a more repulsive looking Chowkidar. He reminded me of a great ugly black beetle set up on two legs. He had a ragged old coat on, about three sizes too large for him, that was broad at the shoulders but clung to his legs, and from the sleeves protruded his twisted deformed fingers. His mouth extended from ear to ear and reminded me of the story of the teacher, who asked the school children if there was anything impossible to God. "Yes" said little Johnie. "Well" said the teacher, "What is impossible Johnie?" "Please teacher it is impossible to make our Sandy's mouth ony bigger unless he shifts back his lugs." In the evening a great misfortune befell me. My tin of biscuits

my bread and my cheese had been stolen, and so I had another six days' journey to do before I could get them replaced. It meant that I had to go breadless. But, on the other hand, I was thankful, because I was able to procure what you cannot get in England just now except at fabulous prices—potatoes! However, as there was evidently a thief in the camp I had to find him out. I sent to the nearest outpost station for a (parawallah) policeman, a never present help in time of trouble. Three of them arrived. The position was explained to them in my best broken Hindusthani. There was the usual tremendous amount of talk. Every man in camp was searched, and one of the parawallahs said he thought the 'cooly-log' had eaten the biscuits, but I pointed out that although the coolies might have eaten the biscuits they could not possibly have eaten the tin. This sage observation seemed to have upset the

To face page 26



KINCHINJUNGHA FROM SANDAKPHU.

policeman's crime theory, somewhat; at all events, he and his companions came to the ultimate conclusion that is was up to them to do something. Then they arrested my bearer; and after a little conversation thought it was better to take the lot—bearer, syce, 'coolie log', they were all to be taken away to (choki) jail. But I pointed out to the head 'hobby' that he would be punishing me if he did that. Then he said: "What can do, sahib." I said: "'Come here to-morrow morning and if the biscuits have not turned up by then there will be nothing for you to do but take them all to jail." I thought that might have the desired effect; and it did; for in the most mysterious manner the bath room door had been opened during the night and the biscuits and the cheese were deposited in a corner that the police had thoroughly searched the night before.

SCOTTISH COMFORT.

When I opened my eyes the next morning and got up at 4-30 a.m. there

was no sunrise, but instead a cold bleak dull heavy mist that reminded me of a grey November day in Scotland; and as I found my breathing a good deal affected I did not quite know whether to put it down to the fog or the high elevation. Perhaps it was due to a little of both. I left the Touglo bungalow about 7 a.m., having sent on the coolies an hour before; and taking it all round it was a most uncomfortable journey. The heavy drenching mist developed into a pouring rain which lasted more or less the whole journey. The occasional views that I had when the sun broke through the clouds called for no special comment. For a long part of the way the view was obscured by long, thin feathery blue stemmed Sikkim bamboos, which grow along the bridle path for nearly a mile you can travel for miles through practically impenetrable scrab of rhododendrons along sheep paths. The flowers are in varied colours but I saw none blue; when brue-

sed or trodden upon they exhale an overpowering scent. Loads of these twigs are annually collected and taken to the Buddists Temples of Sikkim where they are burned as incense in great abundance in this locality. It was a long and tedious descent from the bungalow. At about the 19th mile-stone anyone who pursues this trip will see, if the day is clear, the top of Sandakphu. He will recognise it by its knoblike masses of rock on the summit. To the left of these the Mount Everest groups may be seen. The bridle path is a narrow one, and exceedingly steep in parts, and at about the 24th mile-post you reach a neck which generally means a steep ascent. Then vou come to a ridge near boundary pillar No. 14. Then more ups and downs until you reach a small village and pond called Kalapokri. This is about five miles from the Sandakphu bungalow, and fourteen miles from Touglu. There is some stiff climbing to do after this, and finally you come to

nasty pieces of road and a final stiff climb to the Sandakphu bungalow, 11,929 feet above sea level. It looks exceedingly hazardous for a nervous person to ride a pony up here.

A WELCOME BLAZE.

I arrived at SANDAKPHU about 12-45 after something like five hours' journey. It was not done with undue haste but I do not think that it could have been done in much less time with comfort. I was drenched and almost frozen with cold and the big roaring log fire was a most welcome sight. I had a light tiffin and slept for an hour; then went for a climb into Nepal. You have a very precipitous descent at this part, and as there was a cruel biting wind I did not go far and returned to the bungalow, and had a hot cup of tea. There is a great wealth of rhododendrons all round this spot, which beautifies an otherwise bleak outlook, which is intensified by

To face page 30

SANDAKPHU BUNGALOW.

the heavy mist and dripping trees. It is difficult to imagine that one can have such a tremendous change in temperature in about a six days' journey from the steamy heat of Calcutta. Alone with my thoughts, in a stillness which can be felt, in which one can hear the beating of one's heart; and five days without any news! Under such conditions one begins to appreciate the services rendered to the public by the newspaper press. With no one with whom to converse, however, and with nothing to read in light literature in the dreary stillness there is much to please the eye, and I regretted that I had not brought a camera with me because I could have made instructive use of it. I ventured to pat my nose out of the bungalow again; but it was so cuttingly cold that I made up my mind not to stir from the fire but to finish an article I was then reading on the "Schism of English," dealing with Germany's scheming for

world domination and showing how well she played her cards.

A POISON PLANT

Sandakphu means the hill of poison plant i.e., the Aconite. The name has been given because of the deadly aconite plant which grows thickly along the slopes for about 2,000 feet below the summit. And all the cattle have to be muzzled in order to prevent them eating this succulent but deadly edible. So much for the so-called "instinct" of the bruts creation! The view from Sandakphu on a clear morning is one of the finest in the world and from here is obtined the best acessible outlook to view Mount Everest. It is situated thirty miles to the north west of Darjeeling on the Songalala range and rising to a height of 11,929 feet. It is the loftiest peak in the district, and commands the finest view of the Himalayas to be obtained in this part of the world. In the fore-

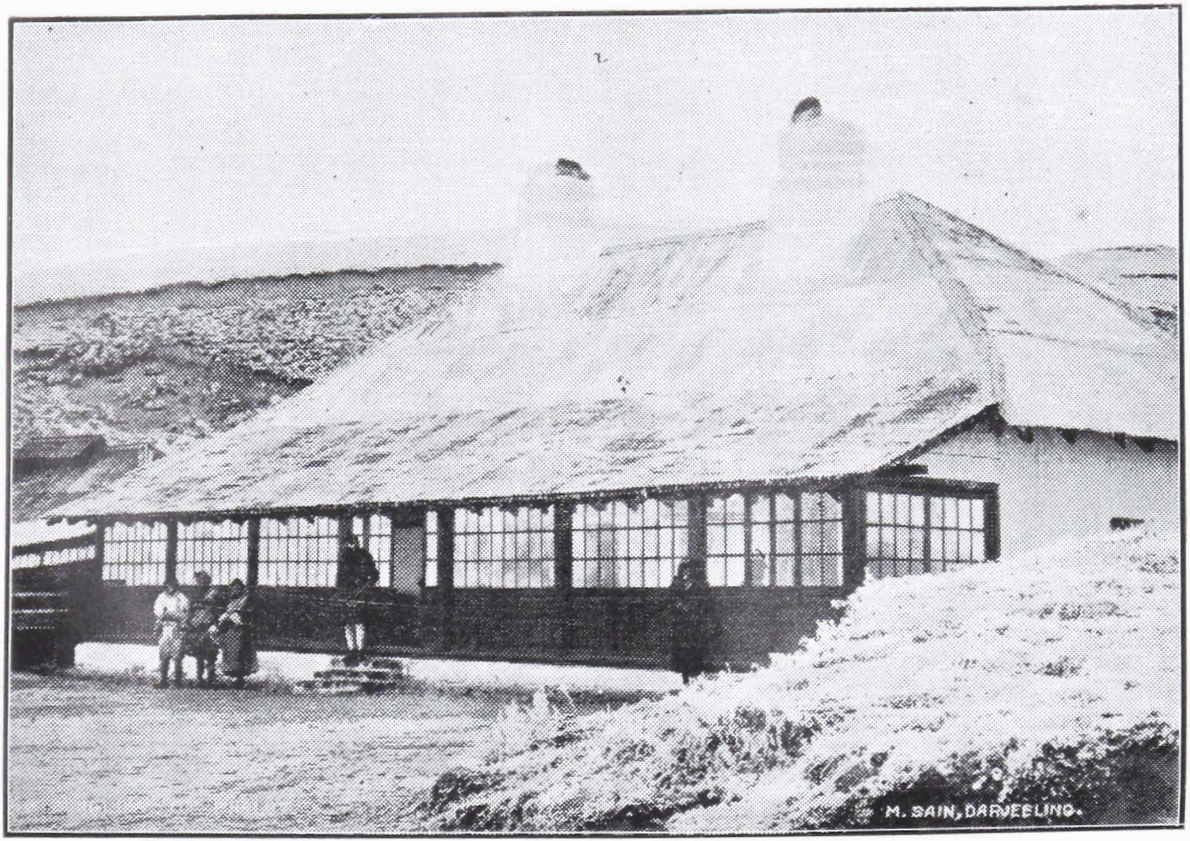
ground is a great basin set in the midst of the hills, the slopes of which are covered by masses of rhodolendrous and fragrant pine forests of imposing bulk and massive proportions; while Everest, soaring above a series of valleys, is even more graceful and majestic than it appears to be when seen further off. The space between the two is occupied by snowy ranges of smaller proportions; and eastward, beyond Kanchanjinga, are visible first the Narsingh group and then the Dongkya and Chola ranges on the Tibet frontier, with Chumulhari lifting up its head in the rear. The whole snowy range of Bhutan Sikkim and Nepal, about 200 miles in length, is visible; but the panorama is completely dominated by the Kanchanjinga and Everest groups.

MOUNTAIN GIANTS.

If you mount the rocks above the bungalow you will see away in the

north-west the Mount Everest group. The first peak you will see is Makalu, and over the left shoulder of Makalu is Mount Everest, 29,002 feet, the highest mountain in the world. You cannot mistake Makalu, because of the great arm-chair-like hollow filled with glacier ice. There are about six other great peaks close by, all over 25,000 feet in height. In the background is a continuous barrier of snowy mountains, the most prominent of which is Kanchanjinga, towering up in gigantic height and breadth with its attendant peaks, Kabul Jano and Pandim, clustering closely round it. Mount Kabru is here foreshortened and does not present the same graceful outlines as when seen from Darjeeling; but Juno rises far higher above the spectator with its lofty peak standing up like a great icy horn. Far off to the west at a distance of one hundred miles

To face page 35



from the observer the graceful peak of Everest is seen among a group of other snowy mountains rising from behind the crest of peak No. XIII, which in shape curiously resembles a great arm-chair of snow; and further to the west towards Nepal there is a wonderful square mass of mountains looking like a great white wall, the contrast between Everest and Kanchanjinga is very marked.

CHAPTER IV.

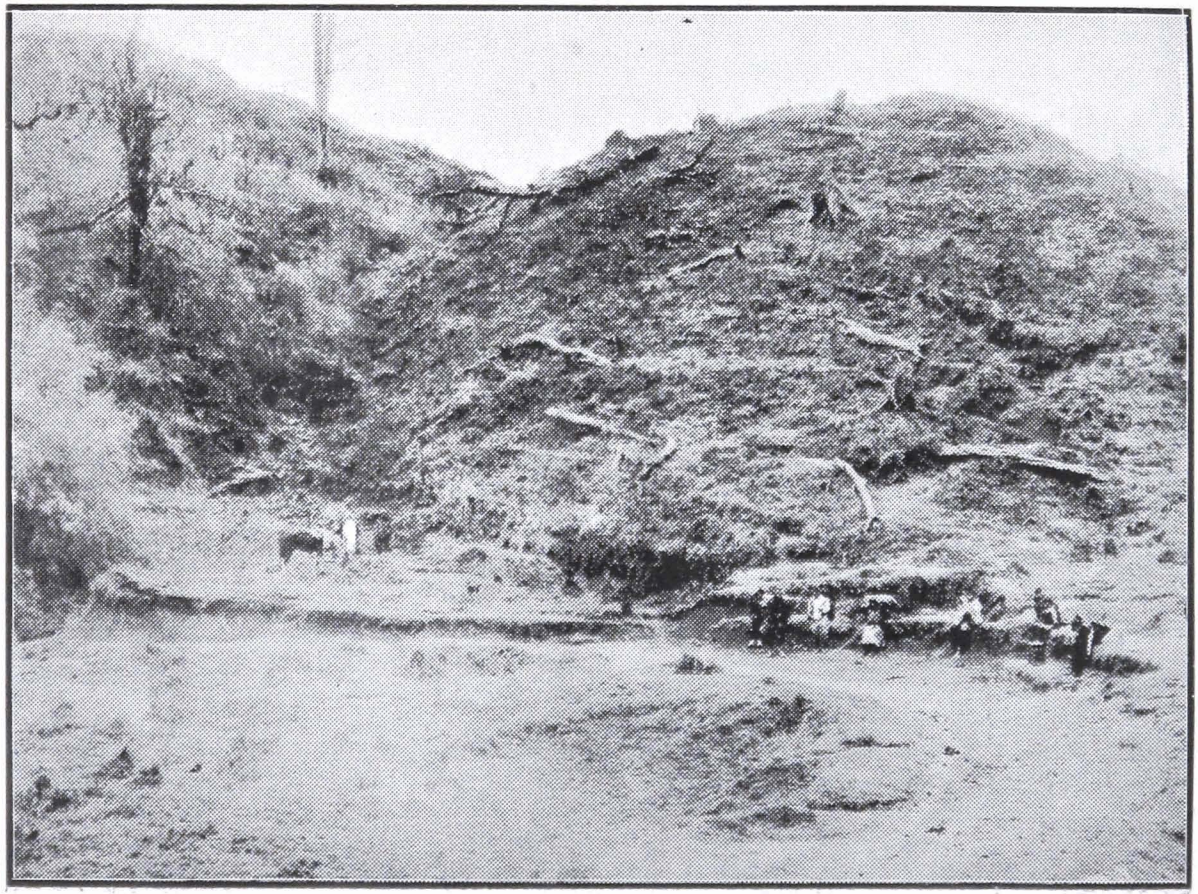
PHALUT or the denuded peak is so called because the top of the mountain is bare of forest. The name has been corrupted by the Bhotias to Phalilung, meaning the held of the winds, and apparently referring to the fact that the mountain helps to shield Lower Sikkim from the south-western monsoon. The mountain is accordingly called Phalalum in the statistical ac-

count of Bengal. It took me about four-and-half hours to complete this journey and it was the most pleasant march of any so far. My pony felt disinclined to continue the journey and in our battle for mastery he nearly had me over the khud. I, however, got him away; but he is not a desirable pony for a journey like this. If you do take a pony of this description you are looking for trouble, something which many others are looking for but no one wants.

DESOLATE SCENERY

After leaving the Sandakphu Bungalow you have a delightful ride of about half a mile through beautiful full blown and lovely coloured rhodendrons but when you came between the thirty-seventh and thirty-eighth milestones the scenery is very desolate. Thousands of trees have been blown down, while others stand like giant skeletons—some without a branch at

To face page 36



A HALT ON THE WAY TO PHALUT.

all and others with branches but no leaves. It brought vividly to my memory the pictures in illustrated London papers showing the desolation left by the Huns as they retreated after the battle of the Ancre.

MARCH WITH RAIN.

For over a mile you will ride along a path of sand as if you were riding along the sands of Whitley Bay and almost immediately afterwards you come upon a soil of gravel not unlike the gravel on the beach at Eastbourne. This is the first march I have done without any rain but it is still bitterly cold. I noticed a remark written on the Phallut Bungalow book by Lieut.-Colonel W. J. Buchanan: "Fine view 9 a.m., Everest Min. Temp., 36 Fr." the temperature appeared to me to be much lower than that while I was there. There is a notice at the

forty-first milestone directing travellers to the following places:—

		miles.
Subarkam to	Begunbari ...	23
Do.	Sirkhold ...	6¼
Do.	Lodmakhola ...	13½
Do.	Konkebong ...	16¾
Do.	Jhepibazar ...	19¾

I was afraid I was not going to get a good view of Mount Everest for when I arrived you could not see beyond two hundred yards on account of the thick heavy mist hanging around. However on the following morning I arose at 4-30 and had a very clear view of Everest at 5 a.m. It was a magnificent sight but as I have tried to give you my impressions at Sandakphu it is superfleous to go into further detail. The keen clear cold frosty atmosphere was very exhilerating.

Hitherto it has been supposed that

Mount Everest has no distinctive native name, but according to Major J. E. Noel there is a monastery near by connected with the worship of the mountain Kangchen-Lembu-Geudyong of which it commands an open view. From the description of lamas he concludes that this is the native name of Mount Everset. These lamas recognise two sacred mountains, Kangchenjunga and Kangchen-Lembu, the former being the more sacred owing to its five heads while the latter (Everest) has only one. Kangchen-Lembu signifies Kangchen's minister.. The word Geudyong signifies the crater formation of the mountain which is said to contain an interior lake. It remains to be proved, however, whether the Tibetans did not have in their minds the Mountain of Makalu which is known to hold a curious glacier filled basin on its summit.

When you reach the forty-eight milestone you have a very heavy climb of about

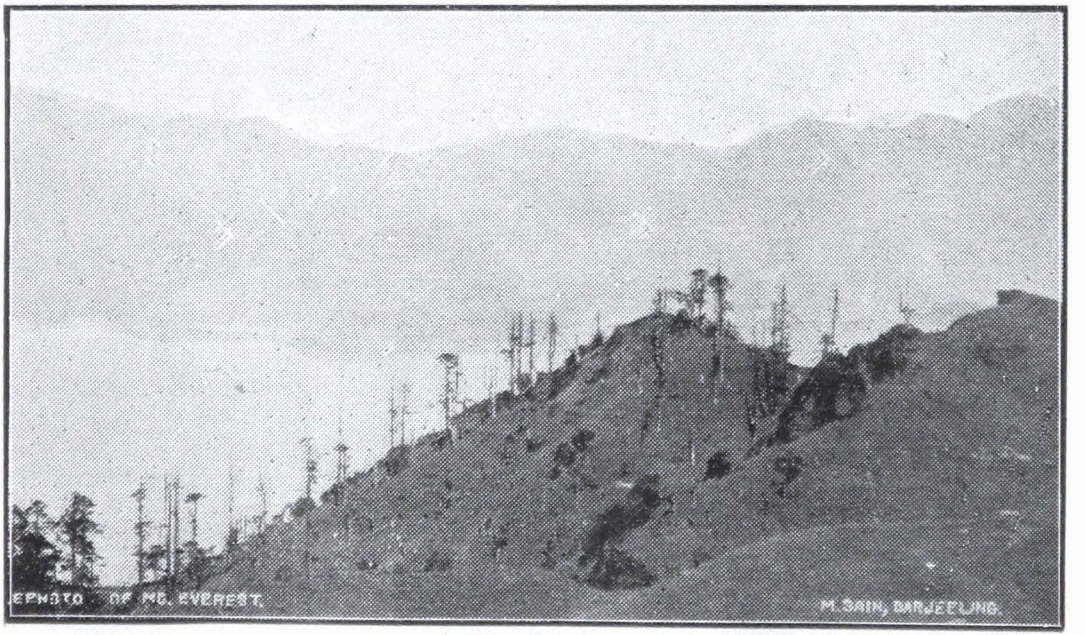
1,000 feet and when you reach the top of the hill you find a mondong. This is regarded with considerable sanctity and is rarely passed without a contribution of some sort however small. It is erected at an altitude 12,614 feet. You will be glad to have a rest, and this will be all the more appreciated because of the splendid view you have, you get a clear view of the bungalow you have just left. And away beyond that you will be entranced with the view of the snows to the north-west and north—the highest mountains in the world.

As you pass several of these mondong it may interest you to have an explanation of what they are.

MONDONGS.

Mondong's are faced with blocks bearing rudely cut characters the sex syllabelled mystic sentence "am mani padme hung". The same which is

To face page 40



MOUNT EVEREST IN THE DISTANCE.

revolved in "the prayer wheels". As it is a pious act to add to these "mani" slabs a mason is kept at the larger temples and places of special pilgrimage who carves the necessary numbers of stones according to the order and at the expense of the pilgrim who desire to make the donation. Mondongs must always be passed on the right hand according to the ancient Hindu ceremonial of Pradakshing as a tribute of respect and thus it is that the prayer cylinders must always be turned in a similar direction.

BAD ROADS.

From the 50-51 milestone you will be unable to ride your pony. The roads are in a deplorable state. A few logs of wood have been laid down with the object of making it possible to travel over this part as the soil is so spongy, that were the logs not there you would probably sink up to the knees. But they have now become tilted at all

angles and it is impossible to ride over them. The road is fairly steep and between stones, wood and soft soil it is a very unpleasant part of the journey. Then from mile 51 to 52, shortly after passing the latter, you come to the open grassy ridge of Chiabhunjan, the hollow where one peeps over from Nepal to Sikkim, followed by the ruins of an old stone bungalow. After this your pony will slide almost the whole way until you come to the bank of the river Kulhait. The milestones have now changed and I think it is about mile 60. You pass over a huge boulder strewn tabes and then you have a fairly decent ride amidst superb scenery. Here the fine thickly wooded slopes makes one think of shikari.

The tiger is an occasional visitor only but the leopard and the clouded leopard are permanent residents, the wild

To face page 42

CLIMBING AFTER SAMBHUR.

dogs that hunt in packs and kill wild pig, deer, goats, and occasionally attack cattle they are of a uniform reddish colour are also found there. Then you have the cat bear which is a vegetable feeder and is easily tamed. This is one of the most interesting of the Sikkim mammals, monkeys and bears are plentiful.

BEAUTIFUL WATERFALLS

You pass beautiful waterfalls and this part attracted me so much that I spent a considerable time admiring it. We came to a tree that had fallen across the very narrow path that made little difference to ourselves as we could climb over it but the pony refused to attempt it, so we had to wait until the coolies came along and altogether we managed to push it over the cliff. And then we continued on our journey. Two snakes came across our path one of which we killed. The

other got away. Snakes are not infrequently met with in the lower valleys, amongst them are the Cobra and the Krait, also a pretty coloured slender tree snake, a handsome green whip snake which grows to seven feet in length, also the Python up to 16 or 20 feet: they feed on small deer and other mammals which they kill by compression. About four miles before you reach the DENTAM Bungalow from the Phalut side I observed in one of the small pools that run across the pathway that oil was oozing out of the sides of the stones surrounding the pool and all on the top of the water oil was floating which denoted that there was oil in this neighbourhood. I had difficulty in getting my pony to cross it.

The Dentam bungalow itself is a perfect picture. Both sides of the verandah are covered with orchids and in the intervening space

are shrubs suspended in flower baskets surrounded by moss and immediately opposite there is a beautiful little well laid out garden on the brink of the hill. It is all set round crescent shape with orchids all over. I shall be reluctant to leave this bungalow. Here I am at present sitting with little or nothing to do and feeling very comfortable. He would be a strange man indeed who would not feel his heart full of delight at such a charming and peaceful view as the one you get from this bungalow. There are a few cattle grazing and patches of cultivated land dotted on the hill side. There is a roar from the river which is just about 500ft. below this bungalow. That puts me in mind of nothing so much as the buzzing of a jute mill machinery when you are about fifty yards outside of the mill. It is extraordinary the change of temperature that takes place within a

few hours. While at Phalut, I was wearing the warmest clothing I could procure and shortly afterwards at Dentam I was sitting out in the verandah in my pyjamas. I think it must have been here that Colonel Moriarty formed such enthusiastic opinions of the Indian climate—"all nonsense" he says "there's no better climate in the world, but there are a lot of young fellows who come out to India, and they eat and they drink and they drink and they eat, and they die, then they write home to their friends and tell them the climate has killed them. Of course lots of people die in India; tell me where they don't and I will go and end my days there—as a "bull." I think this a priceless gem.

UNCLEAN BHUTIYAS.

On looking out of my bath room door about five o'clock in the afternoon I was a little disgusted to find the cooly log (they are Bhutiyan women on the

side of the Himalayas) boiling their under garments in the alluminium cooking pot that is used for all visitors to the bungalow for preparing their food. It is needless to say I had not a keen appetite for dinner that night. I am suffering a good deal from thirst and would give good price for a peg, a bottle of bear or good water but I do not like to risk the water and prefer having it boiled. But I have hit on the idea of drinking cold tea which I carry in an old Scotch whisky bottle, but that did not deceive me into thinking it was any better or there was even the flavour of a Scotch distillery about it. On the other hand it became something like castor oil. The tea was bad and the sugar was mostly sandy. "As he brews so shall he drink." It is not very satisfactory but you must take things as they come. Of course I don't want you to believe that I was like the Scotchman, when he stated

he only took drink twice a day: when he was thirsty and when he wasn't. I left Dentam about 7 a.m. and it is the only bungalow on this journey I left with regret. It was so beautifully situated and so restful. The cooly log syce, mehtar, cook and bearer all got on the spree last night. They had a great time of it. They got some native wine and altogether became very rollicking. I heard them singing up to about one o'clock, but I did not feel inclined to stop them, because it seems to be inherent in human beings to kick over the traces at times.

NATIVE WINE.

When I was complaining of thirst my "khit" said that the "chowkidar" made good wine which the "sahib logs" took and that he could also make soda water with sparklits. I tried both and found them both failures. The native wine was passed into me on a plate and

there was a thin bamboo tube inserted into the centre of a bamboo two inches in diameter and I sucked through this tube (in the same manner that you suck your iced lemon squashes). It appeared to me like hot half ripe gooseberries and there were also seeds in it like gooseberry seeds the native name of it as far as I can remember was Marwa. I understand it is fermented from millet seed.

CHAPTER V.

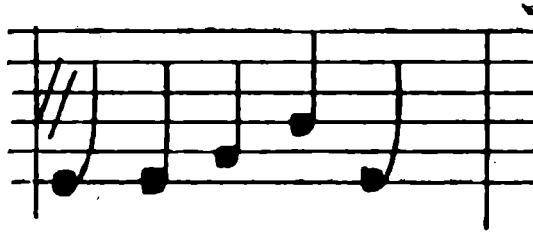
We, that is to say myself, the pony and the "coolie log" took about four and a half hours to reach RINCHINPONG. The road was quite good and the journey called for no special attention. The scenery was of the ordinary type round the hills and was not to be compared in beauty to the previous day's journey. I had just returned after a two hours' outing with the gun. I wanted something for dinner badly, and—well, why

go into details—I got it. I had to change afterwards as I was perspiring and I got my first bath for three days. Hot water was not procurable in the higher altitudes and the thought of the cold up there was enough to give one a fit.

A TRYING CLIMB.

We left Rinchingpon at about 7 a.m. This bungalow equals, if not surpasses, Dentam. The chowkidar got the first prize for his garden. The authorities evidently do that sort of thing on this side of the hills. The idea is a commendable one and should be extended to all public bungalows. We arrived at Chakiong at about 12-45. The last stage up to the bunglow was a long, steep, trying climb. The day passed in the usual manner riding along a path that was in some places not much wider than the broad sill of a window in a well-built Scotch-house. I was pleased to know that I had not lost my nerve. It is simply marvellous what these Bhutan ponies can get over.

They pick their way up a steep, stony and dangerous looking path better than a human being and some of the declines are as steep as an ordinary staircase, patched with a slippery peaks of rock. One wonders why one does not go down heels over head. It looks extremely dangerous at first, but one soon gets used to it. The pony behaved much better than when it started. It got used to the pathways and the rider. I spent about three hours out after the game, but with little success. There was a bird that kept following me about and seemed to keep mocking me and my bad luck at shooting and kept on whistling: "You are of no use:" "You are of no use!"



Those who have travelled through the hills will recognise the sound and no doubt know the bird. I leave for Darjeeling

to-morrow this being the last stage of my journey. I have to do twenty miles. That is not much, but somehow the road seems much longer without a companion. And the twenty miles is not an ordinary twenty miles. There is a heavy climb which is very fatiguing.

I came across numerous specimens of Butterflies. I find they are very abundant in Sikkim-in a catalogue published by Elwes and Moller 536 species are enumerated. At times immense crowds of butterflies, composed of many species may be seen feeding on certain spots by river sides in the lower valley, many species may be caught in a Single tree when covered with its scented flower. Sikkim is also exceptionally rich in species of Moths—the largest of them measuring nearly a foot across. I refer to the Atlas Moth.

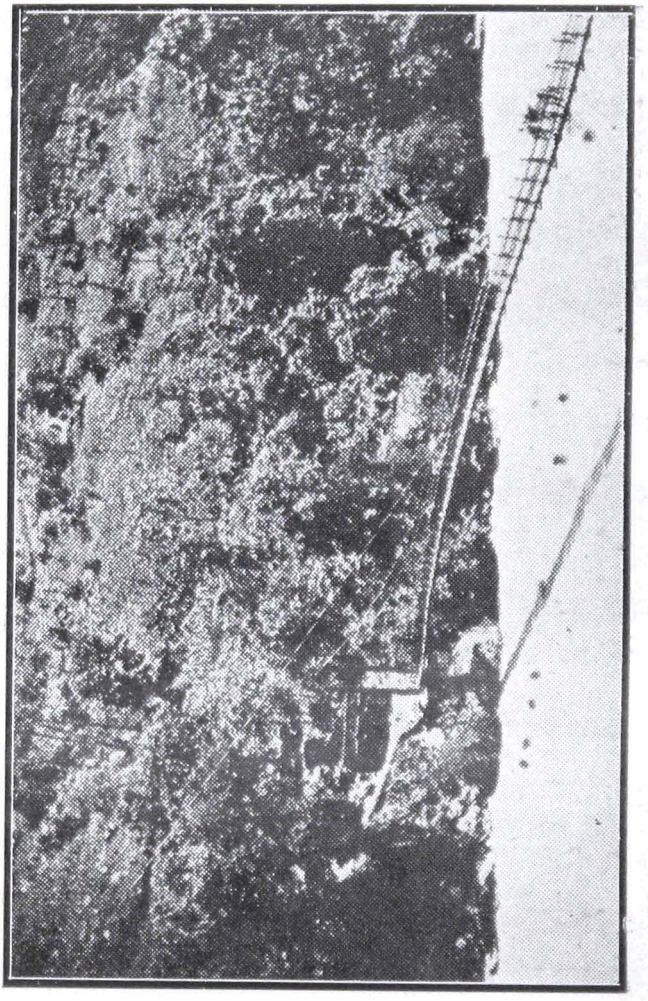
AN UGLY SIGHT

On my return to the bungalow after two or three hours in the jungle I felt something trickling

down my legs. At first I thought I had been seriously wounded. My boots were actually full of blood, the blood was oozing through my riding trousers and I soon discovered the reason: I was covered with leeches. I think they had got under my leather leggings, when I slipped down the hill. The decayed leaves that had lain there for generations give one an insecure holding and I think they were forced up the lower part of my leggings. The saying "He is a perfect, leech" has a world of meaning to me now. While relating this experience to a friend of mine, he remarked. "It is the first time in my experience that I have ever heard of a Scotsman being bled by any creeping, crawling or living thing." I did not know whether he was referring to my meanness in particular or to my countrymen's proverbial meanness in general. "Yes" I replied "Scotsmen are reputed to keep the Sabbath and everything else they can lay hands on, but as Lord Rosebery

has said they can also keep their word." From Rinchingpong to Singla Bazar is a pleasant ride. We descended to the river Chota Rangneet and crossed a swing bridge that leads to the bazar. Here you cross the frontier of the state and return again to Darjeeling.

Before crossing the frontier of Sikkim let us look a little into its history. We find it is an independent state. The Rong-pa (Ravine Folk) claim to be the autoch-thones of Sikkim proper. Their peculiarities of language and religion and their physical characteristics stamp them as members of the Mongolian race. It is probable that the tribe is a very ancient colony from Southern Tibet. The legendary account of the founding of the Sikkim Raj connects the establishment of settled government in that country with the great ritualistic schism in the Tibetan Church. Three monks of the dukpa or red Hat Sect, flying from the persecution set on foot by the reforming party in Tibet met after



SWING BRIDGE.

To face page 54

many wanderings at the village Yaksun under Kanchonjunga; they sent for the ancestor of the Rajas of Sikkim, an influential Tibetan then residing at Guntuk and an alliance was formed the object being to convert the Lepchas to Buddhism. The easy going Lepchas readily accepted the externals of Buddhism, monasteries and churches made their appearance and preserve the memory of the missionary monks, and the decendants of the Tibetan settlers are recognised to this day as the rightful rulers of Sikkim. About 1849, Dr. Campbell, the Superintendent of Darjeeling and Dr. Hooker, where travelling in Sikkim (with the permission of the British Government and the Raja), were seized and imprisoned by the influential Namguay popularly know as the "pagla Duran" or mad Prime-minister of Sikkim. This treachery was punished by the annexation of the entire Terai and a large area of the middle hills bounded on the

north of the great Rimgeet river. Criminals were harboured in Sikkim and British subjects were kidnapped from our own territory for the purpose of the slave trade between Sikhim and Bhutan and as all ordinary forms of protest were ignored, the Government of India found it necessary in 1860-61 to occupy Sikhim by force under Colonel Gawler accompanied by the Honourable Ashley Eden as envoy and special commissioner. A treaty was completed at Tumlong which regulates our relations with the state up to the present day. Criminals, defaulters or other delinquents are to be seized and given up on demand and may be followed by our police. Our suzerainty in questions of foreign policy is recognised and Sikkim undertakes not to cede or lease any portion of its territory or permit the passage of troops without our consent.

At the police outpost I was asked to show my pass but having none I was unable to do so. Consequently I had

great difficulty. I was stopped by the police. I did not know their language and they did not know mine, so there was nothing to do but to force my way past them. This I did. I was on my pony but they held on to the pony and a struggle ensued. But I was able to force my way as far as SINGLA BAZAR. A Bengali babu was found and was asked to explain matters to me. I told them I was sorry but I must get on my journey as I was tired and hungry. So after giving them a chit with my Darjeeling address they allowed me to pass. As we arrived on Sunday the bazar was in full swing. The merchants were displaying their wares and doing a fair business and the native wine shops were by no means forgotten. After leaving this we crossed another swing bridge and then we had a very stiff climb up all the way to Darjeeling.

The Himalayas remain unsurpassed in point of scenery. Nowhere in

the world is there to be seen such rugged grandeur, the faces of the mountains having been scarred by the mighty action of frost. And the melting of the snow causes great midday floods. We passed numerous tea gardens that could not perhaps be better described than in G. W. Christenson's words. The surroundings were altogether beautiful and the buildings with whitewashed walls and shining roofs studded over the hill sides surrounded by the green gardens present to the traveller at all points striking and pleasant features of the landscape.

TEA PLANTING.

According to Christenson "in the past the tea planter in Darjeeling has been his own architect and clerk of works, planning and estimating for and vigilantly superintending every operation from the sawing of the timber of the forest, the making and burning of the bricks, to the completion and full equipment of the edifice. The buildings have

TIBETAN LAMA.

To face page 59

generally to be designed to suit the sites after costly excavation on the steep hill sides and in the case of amalgamation of factories, for instance, ingenuity has to be exercised in the erection of a main central building to connect two others at different elevations. The ground floor of the one being near but not on an identical level with the first floor of the other; the whole has to be designed for convenience to deal with increased crops and meet modern requirements. The manager's bungalows are generally charmingly situated, little being required in the shape of landscape gardening as nature has already done so much." In our journey back we passed a long line of flags which transport the prayers of the Buddhists to the gods. The Observatory Hill at Darjeeling was formerly crowned by a Buddhist monastery but destroyed by the Gurkhas when they overran the country in the early part of the nineteenth century. In the site of this monastery is a branch of the Daling mo-

nastery in Sikkim rebuilt above the cave which is reputed to lead underground to Lhasa, but it was subsequently removed to the Bhuta Busti lower down the hill to the spot where it still stands.

IN DARJEELING

I arrived in Darjeeling on Sunday about four o'clock—wet, tired, hungry, thirsty and dirty and had a hot bath and the best things that the hotel could provide in the way of food sent up to my bed room. I was so hungry I prefered to have my food and drink in private so that I would not be interfered with, while I did ample justice to the good cheer that I was so badly in need of, not having tasted any food from four o'clock in the morning. I was somewhat surprised and perhaps a little amused when, on the following morning, after my arrival, I was informed by the manager of the hotel that the police were after me. So when I went to the Gymkhana Club and sat down to have a little coffee I saw an officer and two policemen coming

To face page 60

DARJEELING RICKSHAW COOLIES.

towards me. Knowing what was likely to happen I cleared out and went back to the hotel and when I saw the officers coming to the hotel I came back to the club. This was repeated for some days until one morning they were seen watching my arrival from breakfast. They asked me if my name was J. C. F. I said it was. They informed me that I was wanted, and wished me to accompany them to the police station. I said I would not go with them as I did not like their appearance nor their company. But I would call round and see their chief later. There was considerable argument over this but eventually they seemed to take me into their confidence, adding that it was impossible for me to leave Darjeeling without their knowledge.

WITH THE POLICE.

I then went and saw the Commissioner knowing that when the police had once taken up the case there would be some difficulty in getting them to withdraw it. It seems that I was charged with travel-

ling in Nepal and Sikkim without a pass and it transpired that I had been watched as the authorities took me for a German spy trying to raise insurrection in Nepal and Sikkim, thus showing how carefully the authorities were guarding our frontier during the war but as full details and explanations were given to the Commissioner matters were put right and I was not molested further. I returned to Calcutta much improved by my wanderings.

CHAPTER VI.

SISHMA FIBRE.

The time I spent at Jorepokri was most interesting and instructive in every way, particularly from an industrial point of view. Bundles of various fibrous plants were collected and despatched to Calcutta, and after full reports and consideration of the same we considered it advisable to confine our experiments to the sishma fibre principally because there were larger quanti-

ties of this stuff procurable than any others. Amongst the other fibres were the following :—

Boehmeria Plaliphylla (native name sishma).

Boehmeria Macrophylla.

Boehmeria Malabarica.

Urtica Dioca.

Urtica Paryflora.

Delregeasia Hypoleuca.

Gerardenia Heterophylla.

Laportia Eremulata.

Macertia Puya.

Boehmeria Nivea.

Daphne Cannabina.

Urina Lobata.

AN EXPERIMENT.

It is a well-known fact that many excellent fibres are to be found in this neighbourhood. In fact India above all is the country of the world for fibres, but they must be procured in sufficient quantities or it will be useless trying to make a commercial success of the same. There seemed to be plenty of

sishma fibres to carry on with, so we started a little factory at Jorepokri and set to work. We used to clean the ribbons and bale and despatch them to the plains. As the fibre was a particularly strong and fine spinning one we had hopes that it would take the place of flax, this at the present time, being practically unprocurable on account of war conditions. But after about three months' experiment we were reluctantly compelled to desist as the obstacles that had to be overcome were too much for us. It might, however, be of interest to anyone who in future may desire to follow these experiments to go into a few details and give a report showing some of the difficulties we had to contend with.

DIFFICULTIES

There having been a misunderstanding over the price of the ribbons the contractor refused to supply us with the Sishma at less than Rs. 2-8 per maund. It was arranged that the forest jama-

dar would send coolies into the jungle and ascertain what quantity each man could collect in a day. He would then let us know the price at which he would be able to supply. In the meantime an assistant went to the jungle with three coolies and had the ribbons collected in his presence. He worked from 8-30 a.m. to 11 a.m., i.e., for two and a half hours only, and collected 21¾ seers of the ribbons. Considerable difficulty was experienced in having water, firewood, ash and white earth which we used for decocating the ribbons. The ribbons could not be boiled for a day on account of this. The forest jamadar reported that he did not send more than two coolies to the jungle as he was unable to procure more that day but calculated that he would not be able to supply the ribbons at less than Rs. 1-8 per maund. Ash could not be procured and work had to be stopped for the day. During the night all our fuel had been stolen. The women engaged to

clean and boil the ribbons worked by taking them out one by one. In spite of hard and careful work they were not satisfactorily cleaned, much chlorophyl being still left. Instructions were then given to beat the ribbons with a mallet and this produced better results.

DISAPPOINTING RESULTS.

The fibre obtained from the $21\frac{3}{4}$ seers of ribbons was treated with white earth. The air being saturated with moisture and there being no sun for three days it took a long time to dry. On being weighed, however, it was found very disappointing, there only being $1\frac{1}{4}$ seers of fibre in half a maund, that is to say, $2\frac{1}{2}$ seers a maund or $6\frac{1}{4}$ per cent. of the fibre was produced from a maund of ribbons. The fuel having been again stolen work had to be stopped. There was no labour procurable. The idea was then mooted out to make it a cottage industry. And with the object of encouraging the inhabitants to take up the matter in their spare moments we en-

gaged public criers to proclaim by beat of drums that anyone bringing in one seer of ribbon would be paid one pice in cash; and that anyone bringing in one seer of prepared fibre would be paid thirteen pice in cash. The place is surrounded on all sides by reserved forests and consequently very sparsely inhabited. The idea, therefore, had to be abandoned. The trouble was that we were never able to get sufficient quantity of the fibre. It is difficult to ascertain the accurate cost of preparing the fibre, but roughly it is estimated to cost about Rs. 25 per maund. This, of course, was entirely prohibitive. Fuel, too, was a very expensive article.

THE FUTURE.

Our experiments were sufficient in my opinion to show that there is a future for the sishma fibre to anyone who cares to take it up properly. Had I been a younger man and had a larger command of capital I would have carried on. I believe that by a thorough system and

good organisation this fibre would eventually become as cheap as the finer qualities of jute. Sishma plant is a noxious weed. The cattle feed upon it and the natives use its tender leaves as a herb. It is not an annual and therefore it is not necessary to sow it every year. I understand it sends out new shoots from the lowest parts of the stem. If the Government would grant about, 16,000 acres in Assam where there is plenty of ground available and if the coolie labour could be housed properly I think it would turn out to be a sound investment. I mention 16,000 acres because it has been worked out as follows:—

1.—A square yard of land may hold eighty plants.

2.—270 plants or stalks weigh a maund.

3.—A maund of stalks yields 6½ seers of ribbons.

4.—A maund of ribbons yields 2½ seers of fibre.

This has been ascertained by actual experiments. An acre of 4,840 square

yards will hold eighty plants to the square yard. 4840 multiplied by 80 will produce 3,87,200 plants. 250 plants yield 6½ seers of ribbons. So that 3,87,200 plants yield 9,322 seers or 233 maunds of the fibre. Then, again a maund of ribbon yields 2½ seers of fibre, so that 233 maunds yield 582 seers or 14½ maunds. Now, 8,000 tons are equal to, say, 2,20,000 maunds. 14½ maunds of fibre are a yield of an acre. Form which it follows that 2,20,000 maunds are the yield of 15,555 acres. Therefore 15,555 acres will be required to produce 8,000 tons of fibre and it would take this quantity to keep a small mill going.

DISAPPOINTMENT

I was keenly disappointed that we were unable to carry on. The labour difficulty, I fear, would always be there, but it is accentuated just now on account of the government recruiting in all the forests. We got every as-

sistance possible from the officials. Personally, I feel myself under a deep debt of gratitude to that most kind-hearted, obliging and courteous of officials—Sir H. A. Farrington.

England and India are indissolubly united. India is rich in fibres and minerals. The inexhaustible sources of wealth are lying here waiting for British energy, enterprise and capital to reap large fortunes to the benefit of themselves and to the mutual benefit of both countries. Much has already been done but India is still in its infancy. With its vast resources of raw material and its abundance of native labour it should ultimately be one of the principal industrial centres of the world.

Facts, Stories and Newspaper Reports,

CHARACTERISTIC OF INDIA.

AND ITS PEOPLE.

POLITICS.

My Dear Daughter,—As you are aware I used to take an active interest in politics in England but out here well: there is practically no politics and what energy this enervating country leaves you, is devoted principally towards furthering the business interests you are associated with in the hope of a speedy return to the old country but we (the Europeans) have been awakened out of our political lethargy by Messrs. Montagu and Chelmsford who by their exertions combined with the lack of interest of the British public in Indian affairs have been enabled to pass the reform act which will come into force sometime this year. Now I believed (as the majority of my countrymen still believe in) "The Government of the people for the people by the people." But that is in Britain where you are dealing with an educated population and generations of enlightnment have freed them from

vile superstitions, but my fourteen years sojourn in India where I have mixed freely with the people does not inspire me with confidence in ultimate success of these so called reforms. This ponderous document with its 300 pages and 14,000 words is going to bring more hardships to the Poorer natives of India the people it is meant to assist. It is so difficult to get you Britishers at home to understand, that India is not a country an entity, a nation, in the European sence of these terms. To start with you have no such barriers as this unsurmountable caste system. In Europe you have approximately 60 different tongues spoken on the continent of Europe. In India there are over a hundred and forty. Then you have apart from this at least three hundred dialects which are so distinct that for all purposes they may be called different togues. You have a population of about 340 millions and offi-

cial figures show that about 5 per cent. only of the Indian population can read and write and less than 3 per cent. can be classed as educated. The imaginary demand for home rule did not come from the people but from a microscopic minority of a single caste, a mere handful drawn from a purely political section of the priestly Brahmineral caste. It is not votes that the Indians want nor is it self-government but education, for by this means only will you be able to break down the caste system that holds the Hindu people in bondage. You have also to realise that until this Babel of hundreds of different vernaculars are educated to speak and think according to our western ideas of civilization, and by giving self-government to India before that time has arrived, you are running a great risk of handing it over to a tragic fate similar to what has befallen a once great power because in both cases the peasants are ignorant and

superstitions. What India is in need of most of all is education, irrigation, and railways.

VAST COUNTRY

From 1668 when Bombay was handed over to the East Indian Company down to the present date the British Raj has had a tremendous task in developing and governing this great country with its wonderful mixture of savagry and knowledge. And I fear that that task is not to be made lighter by the so called reforms. Let me try and create an Indian atmosphere by giving you a few personal experiences, a few stories and newspaper reports, all characteristic of the people and the country and thus bring more forcibly home to you "The white man's burden." First of all let us imagine the extent of India. It is estimated as covering more than one million eight hundred and thirty-five housand square miles stretching from its magnificent frontier of mountain ranges on the N. W.

to the alluvian plains until they reach on the one side the Arabian Sea and the Bay of Bengal on the other containing its vast and varied population Mahomedans Madrasis Oorias, Sountals, Rajputs, Sikhs, Jains, Parsis, Bengalis, the Aboriginals, etc., etc., with its wild animals, tigers, leopards, bears and also its snakes, which are responsible for over twenty thousand deaths yearly. Its yearly troubles with plague, cholera, small-pox etc., etc. Try to get this all on your mind, and it will assist you to realise what an extraordinary country this is.

Let me now give you some of the reports which will no doubt be interesting to you as, showing you the awful ignorance and superstitions that still prevail here. And as you read remember, that these are a few of the 340 millions who are clamouring for the right of self-determination (according to Mr. Montagu.)

NEWSPAPER REPORTS.

TERRIBLE IGNORANCE AND SUPERSTITIONS.

A case of ritual murder is reported from Azamgarh District. In connection with some enquiry the Thanadar visited the burial ground and found there four men standing by the side of a newly-filled grave. A little later a sound, which he described as "ma-a-a" came from the ground directly under his feet. He jumped about four feet into the air, and then though shaking as if with the palsey he had the presence of mind to capture three of the four grave-diggers. Another cry like the bleat of a lamb was heard: so the Thanadar hastily ordered the grave to be opened and soon there came to view a month-old baby-girl alive. The Thanadar did his best for it, but it soon died. Enquiries, it is stated, elicited the following story:—The little girl, it seems, had one tooth when she was

born and this fact created a sense of disgust in her parents who prepared their minds for untoward events. Unfortunately for the baby circumstances increased their suspicions, three days after her birth, six suckling pigs of the village were found dead, and it was attributed to the presence of the baby with one tooth. Next day a calf died and the day after a house in the village was burnt down. So they called in a Brahman to evorcise the spirit of bad luck. The soothsayer confirmed the theory that the baby with one tooth was possessed of a Rakshasha but volunteered to expel it on the usual terms of liberal hospitality for him and his party. But that night the luckless baby's father fell ill, and coming to the conclusion that the Rakshasha in his daughter was too strong for the Brahman's mantras, he determined to get rid of the baby. To kill her would be murder; but it occurred to him that if he had her buried alive he would be guiltless

of blood and so, it is alleged, the tragedy was enacted.

The Publicity Bureau has issued the following:—Foolish rumours have been about Madras now for a week to the effect that a child was to be sacrificed at the site of the new bridge. The rumours apparently took their rise in the fact that one Mahomedan and three Hindu children have been missing in Madras and have not yet been traced, though the circumstances attending their disappearance did not suggest foul play. But once rumour had got about, false alarms began to be raised whenever a child slipped out of sight for a few minutes. Thus people's minds became excited and they fell into a panic. As a result in the last two days several innocent people have been savagely assaulted by excited crowds in different parts of the town, having come under suspicion for perfectly innocent actions. Thus one man seen carrying his own child on a motor cycle was stopped and

assaulted. The Commissioner of Police has taken all possible steps to restore confidence and the Corporation has been invited to assist. It is hoped that all the members of public will help in allaying this foolish panic which has already had such tragic consequences. Investigations show no reason to suppose that any gang of kidnappers is at work in Madras. To calm public alarm special precautions are being taken and special vigilence is being exercised.

ALLEGED HUMAN SACRIFICE.

Mr. H. C. Maitland, 1st Additional Sessions Judge of Midnapore was engaged in hearing a case in which Hari Pala Kulavi, of Goura, stood charged with having killed his 1½ months' old son as a sacrifice to the goddess Kali.

Babu Jagendra Nath Chowdhury, the pleader for the prosecution, stated that on December 16th the accused, bolting the door from inside, performed the pooja rites of the goddess in the room

where the child was sleeping. The sudden screaming of the child attracted a crowd outside. The door was opened and it was found that the child's head had been totally severed from the body with a dao.

Both assessors returned a verdict of not guilty. The Judge, disagreeing with them, convicted the accused and sentenced him to death.

TERRIBLE STORY OF CHILD MURDER.

A Sessions Judge disposed of a case in which three women and their Guru (religious preceptor) were charged with killing two little boys. The case for the prosecution was that the mother of two children having lost her husband went to live with her mother and sister in a village near Chuadanga. The Guru came one day and asked the mother to kill the boys to cook their flesh and to present it to the gods. He brought

the women completely under his control and the mother agreed. The Guru told them that after the cooked meet had been offered the gods they would find the children alive in the upper Court mother retracted what she had stated before the lower court. She denied the complicity of the Guru and the other two women in the crime and took the responsibility on herself. The jury gave a unanimous verdict of guilty against the Guru and the mother under section 302, P. C. (murder). The Judge accepted the verdict and sentenced them to transportation for life. The other two accused (mother and sister of the convicted woman) were acquitted.

CHILD DEVOURED BY CROCODILES

A shocking case of infanticide, an outcome of an extraordinary type of belief, occurred at Baglarhat. A man named Bharat Bepari of the village of

Kanthali, in P. S. Fakirhat, a Namasudra by caste, all of whose children had died shortly after birth, had made a vow that he would offer his next born as a sacrifice to the crocodiles living in the famous Khanjehanali tank in the neighbourhood of Bagarhat. These crocodiles are regarded as holy and believed to be absolutely harmless by the lower class people of this locality; and rumour has it that children had been offered to them in the past by ill-starred parents and brought back quite unhurt and untouched. In he beginning of May last, Bharat's wife gave birth to a son and on the 31st May, when the baby was only 23 days' old, the parents carried it to the tank and placed it on the landing as an offering to the holy crocodiles who to the utter bewilderment of the parents came there in a shoal at their call, and devoured it at once. Bharat and his wife have since been arrested and placed in custody on a charge of culpable homicide.

CASTE, PREJUDICE AND STUPIDITY

A remarkable instance of the caste system seriously contributing to economic waste and backwardness comes from Madura, where, upon an ordinary village well, costing about Rs. 250, over a lakh was spent on litigation. Two castes had been fighting over the well for years and money which might have been used to improve the village, roads, sanitation, and education, went to pay lawyers and to swell the stamp revenue of the Government. Another common occurrence in this caste-ridden southern village is that women belonging to lower castes have to wait outside the well enclosure, depending upon caste women who approach the well for a pot of water. They cannot touch the well, for the water would be polluted and be unfit for consumption for the higher castes! These low-caste women have to wait for hours before their pots are full—hours which could be spent on work in the field. From the economic point of view,

it would be worth the while of the higher castes to construct separate wells for the agricultural labourers if their deplorable prejudice must be persisted in.

Calicut, Feb. 20.—An interesting case involving the question of "theendal," or pollution by approach, came up for hearing before the local sub-magistrate, the accused being Dr. K. V. Choyi, a medical practitioner belonging to the Tivva caste, and one Sankara Iyer. The charge against Dr. Chovi is that he polluted a certain temple tank by passing through the footpath at the side of tank, while the charge against Sankara Iyer is that he aided and abetted the offence. Dr. Chovi pleaded not guilty.

At a moment when the so-called "Lucknow Contract" arrived at between a handful of Hindu and Mussulman leaders is being gravely discussed by a committee in London, it is of interest to note the existing relations between

Hindu and Moslem villagers—who form at least 75 per cent. of the two communities—as revealed in a non-political work. In a recently published Manual of District Board Work dealing with Water Supply, Mr. L. C. Sen-Gupta, B.E., District Engineer, Berhampore, is obliged, for practical purposes, to consider, the prevalent customs of the people with whom the District Boards have to deal. He notes the following curious one: "Amongst the Hindus," he writes. "the prevalent custom is that a well in which a cow cannot turn round and round cannot be used by both Hindus and the Mahomedans, that is, if a Mahomedan once touches such a well, the water of it is spoiled and no Hindu with religious scruples will use its water any more. In many districts where the population consists of both Hindus and Mahomedans the wells are for this reason made of six-feet diameter, it being taken for granted that a cow can turn round in a six-foot diameter well."

Even in purely Hindu villages Mr. Sen-Gupta thinks it better to construct the well of six foot diameter because "if the well is touched even accidentally by a Mahomedan traveller, the Hindus will never again use the well until it is purified by some religious ceremony."

Those in India who labour in the cause of social and racial unity and the "brotherhood of man", are evidently faced with a stupendous task in the benighted Presidency, for here is what the Madras Government says in the course of a Press communique:

The question of the amelioration of the untouchables is a much larger problem than that of either the aboriginal or the criminal tribes. They form about 17 per cent. of the population and in no less than six districts of the Presidency more than one person in every five is theoretically not allowed to come within the distance of 64 feet of the higher castes without pollution.

PERNICIOUS, SOCIAL, CUSTOM.

A public meeting, composed mainly of students, was held at College Square in connection with the suicide of the fourteen-year-old Hindu Brahmin girl Snehalata Devi. It appears that the grl burnt herself to death in order to save her father from ruining himself by providing the dowry without which it is impossible to secure a suitable bridegroom for a high cast Bengali girl.

Babu Krishna Kumar Mitter, editor of the "Sanjibani" who presided, remarked that students had it in their power to eradicate a social evil which was the cause of so much misery in Bengal life. Before the meeting dispersed several students made vows not to be parties to a marriage in which an inordinate sum was extorted from the brides' father.

The facts leading to this tragic incident will bear repetition.

Babu Harendra Chandra Mookerjea, an inhabitant of Kadgai, a village in the jurisdiction of the Palong Police Station in the district of Faridpur, has taken his residence at 43.1, Raja Rajballav Street, Calcutta. He earned his livelihood as a broker. He had two brothers—one a doctor at Mymensingh and the other Zemindary naib at Muktagachia.

Snehalata, the daughter of Harendra Babu, was the darling of the family. With a fair education and culture she combined in herself all that was best and noblest in Indian womanhood. The little girl of fourteen took upon herself all domestic duties to relieve her mother who was delicate health. With growing age, this precious jewel of the house became a cause of anxiety to her parents. Her marriage became a matter of the greatest concern to them. Harendra Babu therefore, looked for a suitable match for his beloved daughter. This he found in a young bachelor,

a B.L. student of the University. When he approached the party with a proposal, the father of the prospective bridegroom put his son on auction and set a price on his graduate son which, for a time, frustrated all the hopes of poor Harendra. But he rould not persuade himself to marry his dear Snehalata with a less quaified young man at a lower price, when he could get hold of a would-be member of the legal profession, no matter what the consequences would be to himself and his family. The price of the educated young man was eventually beaten down to Rs. 800 in cash and Rs. 1.200 in jewellery.

Where from was Harendranath to get this two thousand rupees? The helpless father decided upon borrowing this money on the mortgage of his only property on earth, the ancestral house.

Young Snehalata watched the progress of her marriage transactions with interest, and evidently felt the dire consequences of the attempts of her parents

to make her happy in life. Would she be a silent spectator of the misery that her happiness would bring on her parents? No. It occurred to her that she was an Indian girl to whom according to time-honoured traditions no sacrifice was too great. To avert a catastrophe to her father's family, she soon found out the means which staggered the whole community.

On the fateful day Senhal, as usual, cheerfully performed all household duties. From her smiling countenance who could ever think that she was at the time determined to take such a decided step to save her parents? At about 1-30 p.m., she dressed herself in her best and went unnoticed on to the roof of the house with a bottle of kerosene oil and a match-box. She drenched her clothes with the oil and set fire to it. In a moment she was engulfed in devouring flames which drew the notice of a Brahmin in an adjoining temple. He raised an alarm and ran

with the inmates of the house up to the roof where they found the young girl standing erect amid the raging flames. Snehalata so willingly embraced death that she did not move from her position nor did she struggle. Her hands and face were yet untouched by fire. Her face was calm and serene. The fire was put out and she was sent to the Medical College Hospital. When at intervals she gained consciousness she made signs indicating that medical aid would be of no avail. With the setting of the sun, she closed her eyes never to open them again.

Snehalata is dead. She has sacrificed herself at the altar of a pernicious social custom—the extortionate demand of marriage dowries.

A POOR FAKIR.

Remarkable evidence was given in the court of Mr. J. J. Cohen at Bankshall Street, in the course of the prosecution of Mowla Bux, described as

a "fakir" who was charged with the theft of Rs. 23-12 from Mr. A. D. Cohen, an assistant in the firm of Messrs. A. H. Wheeler and Co., of Park Street.

complainant stated that when he went to work, he saw accused standing at the gate of the house. Accused asked him the time and he, after consulting his watch, informed him that it was twenty mins to nine. He then said "Look here," and on his (witness) looking towards him, he squeezed some milk out of his hands. Witness went on: "I was dumfounded and could not move. I became as cold as ice and my hair stood on end," Accused, then ordered him (witness) to produce all the money he had in his possession, which amounted to Rs. 23-12, in notes and cash. Accused put the notes in his hand when he squeezed some milk from them. Accused then returned the money to him and told him to go away. He had proceeded a little distance, when accused beckoned

to him with his forefinger and he went back to him, "as if drawn by some irresistible force." Then accused again asked him for the money, and on his making it over to him he (accused) made him take an oath that he had no more money in his possession. Accused then told him to look away and said that if he turned round, he would kill him. Witness did as he was told, and when he turned round again accused was gone.

At this stage, an Inspector of Police, who was in court, informed the Magistrate that about four years ago he had been accosted by the same accused who squeezed some milk from some beads he had in his hand."

Complainant added that accused came on a second occasion to get money from him, when he had him arrested by the office "jemadar."

Accused denied the charge and stated that on the day in question, he met complainant and asked him for some money,

as he was hungry. Complainant gave him a copper and then abused him, and threatened to have him arrested. "I am a poor "fakir," he said, "and am not able to extract milk from notes or anything else."

He was sentenced to a year's rigorous imprisonment

A TARCENTENARIAN SADHU.

Kamarganj: Great interest has been aroused in the town by the arrival on Thursday of the well-known Sadhu Swami Shachittananda (better known in the Himalayls as "Kalambi Baba.") The venerable Mahratta saint is reputed to be over 350 years old, and claims to have been for 11 years the spiritual adviser of the King's of Nepal. People flock to see him, and to hear him speak. Hindi is the medium of the intercourse. He is everywhere treated with the greatest respect and affection. Like a true Shadhu, he observes no caste rules, and, provided he is not offered fish or meat

will eat-anything that is put before him. He says he remembers vividly the First Battle of Panipat 1526, while Plassy is an event of yesterday. He recollected having met on several occasions the famous Christian Shadhu Sundar Singh, of whom he spoke most appreciativelv. He also acknowledged the kind treatment he had received at the hands of Mrs. Besant.

He attributes his longevity solely to the attention he pays to the Yoga Shastras (involving correct breathing, posture, feeding and bodily discipline in general) and he wears the cinnamon coloured robe adopted by holy men in this country. He was accompanied by his disciple Beshudhananda, whom he describes as a mere child of 82 years.—"Statesman"

DOMESTIC.

An interesting article on the marriage customs of the Khasiyas and the Bhotiyas of the Almora District, United Pro-

vinces, appears in the July issue of the "Indian Antiquary." Marriage by capture still prevails in a modified form. In every small village of the Eastern Bhot of this district are meeting-places where the young folk intermix freely and get to become well acquainted before taking the final step. Dancing, singing and feasting go on nightly, a good singer being almost certain of having his addresses received with favour. Should the young lady frown on a suitor the latter has his remedy. He may waylay her with some sweets and cooked meat and put these to her mouth. No sooner does the meat touch the lady's lips than she becomes the young man's lawfully wedded wife. Release from the bond thus incurred is not allowed unless the captor formally presents her, with a piece of cloth. Cases are not uncommon where young women so constrained have been compelled to live lives of single-blessedness. British law courts

have sometimes interfered, but such interference has been without avail, because the ancient custom of giving the piece of cloth was not orderly to be complied with and prejudice is stronger among the Bhotiyas than the law. There is another form of marriage by capture, for a lover may tell his sisters, the name of the lady on whom he has set his affections. If they approve, they track her in the fields, on the wild pastures, or on the mountain side, and bring her to their brother's house by force.

Brahmanbaria, Aug. 22.—A few days ago a Mahomedan lady, the wife of Aminuddin Khan of Sarail gave birth to three sons and the next day gave birth to another child, a daughter. The mother and all four children are doing well.

HUMOROUS

SPECIMENS OF BABU ENGLISH.

Mayagan, Bombay. One Stamp for half

the anns enclosed for the honoured reply.

Most honoured Sir,—Understanding there are several hands wanted in your honours dept. I beg to offer my hands. As to my adjustiments I peared for the metrikulation examination at Oty, but failed reason for which I will deskribe. To bigin with my writing was illigible: this was due to clemit reason for I having come from a worm to a cold climit found my fingers stiff and very disobedient to my wishes. Further I had received a grate shok to my mental sitern in the shape of the death of my only fond brother besides most honored sir I beg to state that I am in very uncomfortable circumstances being the soul support of my fond brothers seven issue konsisting of three adults and four adultresses, the latter being the bam of my existence owing to my having to support two of my own wifes as well as there issue of which by Gods misfortune the femenene gendre predominates.

If by wonderful good fortune the few humble lines meet with your benign kindness and favourable turn of mind I the poor menial shall ever pray for the long life and prosperity of yourself and your honours posthumus olive branches.—I am your honour very duty-fuli servant.

Received by lady doctor in charge of Seward Memorial Hospital at Allahabad.

"Dear She,—My wife has returned from your hospital cured. Provided males are allowed at your bungalow I would like to do you the honour of presenting myself there this afternoon, but I will not try to repay you—vengeance belongeth unto God, Your noticeably."

"Dear and Fair Madame,—I have much pleasure to inform you that my dearly unfortunate wife will be no longer under your kind treatment, she having left this world for the other on the night of the 27th ultimo. . For your help in

this matter I shall ever feel grateful. Your reverently."

Gilbertian Police Case.—The Commissioner of Police passed orders dismissing a European sergeant from the Calcutta Police Force who had been found guilty of gross negligence of orders. It appears that the police-officer had been specially put on duty in connection with a cheating case against an ex-military man named Wilson who had been brought down from Bombay under escort. At the last hearing of the case the sergeant is alleged to have taken the prisoner to a hotel in Bentinck Street where he permitted him to remain for some hours. Wilson was eventually escorted back to the Presidency Jail and was refused admittance on the ground that prisoners are not accepted after late hours. He was brought back to Lal Bazar and confined for the night in the police lock-up. The facts relating to the incident were re-

ported to the Commissioner who passed orders discharging the sergeant from the force.

ORIENTAL EVIDENCE

The writer once heard a pleader of quite high standing wind up his instructions about a case to the very sagacious and experienced mukhtiyar who was helping him, with the words, "Shesh kotha, Mohashoy, shakhider besh bhalo kore porate hobe"—"above all, spare no pains in coaching the witnesses." On another occasion, the writer was present in Court, when several witnesses, "coached" by the said old gentleman, gave evidence as to the part played in an alleged riot by a man in his—the writer's—own employment. None of them seriously broke down under cross-examination by one of the best pleaders in a Sudder station. Yet it had so chanced that, at the very time when the riot was said to have taken place, the ac-

cused was sitting with the writer in his office, quite ten miles from the spot. It was not difficult to believe that many mornings that mukhtiyar's courtyard was just like a pathshala, but with "grownups" for pupils—witnesses being "finished."

Such to a very large extent is Oriental evidence; out of such raw material judgments have to be worked up. Stories are still current about the earlier days of British rule in India—days when there was less law and red tape, but, probably, not less justice and government—which describe the means some strong-minded magistrates employed to improve the quality of the said raw material. Here is a sample. An acquaintance of a certain magistrate's happened to be spending a few days with him. For lack of anything better to do one morning he went with the ejlash beside him began to watch proceedings. He noticed that, now and again, the witnesses, when giving evi-

dence, suddenly started or winced or barely succeeded in repressing a howl. In the evening he asked his friend the meaning of this curious phenomenon. "Well" said the magistrate, "some time since I got downright sick of the amount of lying that went on in my court, and determined to abate the nuisance I hit on the plan. An orderly stands close beside the witness with a long pin hidden in his hand. Whenever the witness makes a statement which I am sure is false, I make a slight sign with my pen, which the orderly understands, and forthwith he digs the pin well into the witness. Already there is far less lying in my Court than there used to be, and I'm in hopes to put it down altogether. Witnesses are coming to funk giving faked evidence before me." Probably they were. Such a literally pointed and aggressive embodiment of conscience was calculated to "make cowards of them all."—"Statesman."

ANIMALS AND SNAKES.

A story of a fight with an alligator comes from Leikathaung, in the Mergui district One of two brothers, while fishing was caught by the alligator just above the left ankle and dragged into the water out of his depth. His young brother aged 13, jumped into the water and held him by one hand, grabbing a pole with the other and a regular tug of war went on. The boy suggested to his captured brother to jab his fingers into the alligator's eyes but at first he only got his hand into the alligator's mouth and was bitten. He tried again and succeeded in striking the alligator's eyes, and the reptile then let go his hold. The boy brought his brother to land and later he was brought to Mergui where his left foot was amputated. He is recovering.

In the long voyage from Calcutta to New York, says the "Empire," the crew

of a German steamer have lived in deadly terror of a cobra says a New York correspondent. The mortal character of the reptile's bite was vividly proved on the fourth day after the steamer had left Calcutta, when the men heard a shriek of agony. It came from a sailor who had been walking along the deck in the darkness. He had been bitten on the leg, and a few hours later died in convulsions. The cobra escaped, and is still concealed in some unknown part of the ship. The steamer took 124 snakes aboard at Calcutta. They were consigned to an animal dealer in New York, the cobra having a box to himself. The snakes were fed from time to time by dropping live rats into their boxes. Early in the voyage the cobra broke from its cage, and its escape was not discovered until the night on which the sailor was fatally bitten. Officers and men hunted for the reptile without finding any trace of it, and at night the sailors became

so terror-stricken that they carried lanterns whenever they moved about the deck. Up to date of advices the reptile had not been discovered, and we should hazard the conjecture that it must have gone ashore—that is, if it did not walk overboard by accident some dark night at sea.

The some what unusual spectacle of a large snake wandering about the streets of Calcutta was experienced on the Strand Road late on Saturday night or the early hours of Sunday morning, when a huge python measuring about 12 or 14 feet was seen in Rajah Woodmunt Street on the Strand Road, near the Howrah Bridge.

Before it was observed the snake had collared a pariah dog and killed it and was busy devouring it, when some gentlemen who were passing got a gun and shot the snake.

CARRIED AWAY BY TIGERS.

One morning a Bengali, named Dhono Sirdar and several fishermen were fishing in a canal in Judge Babu's Lot at Joynagore, when a large Royal Bengal tiger pounced upon Dhone from the jungle and carried him away. In another case Khamanundo Halder and several coolies of Canning Town, one morning went in a boat to Jhalahati, to collect faggots from the jungle. On their way back a big tiger sprang from the bank on to the boat and seizing Khamanundo jumped back on the land and disappeared.

Major Howlett tells the following tiger story in the "Manchester Guardian." "I do not say I believe the story myself;" he says, "nor yet do I altogether disbelieve it. But a picture of India would be incomplete without it or one like it."

Two old natives came to the forest bungalow one morning and asked if I wished to go after the tiger, as it was close by, and they had seen it the evening before. I disclaimed all desire to do so, as I had only a small rifle, a .300 Winchester, which I used to carry in case of meeting trouble, but with which I was certainly not going to look for trouble. I asked them where they had seen it and how. They told me that they had been sitting in their hut in the semi-darkness with their fire burning in the middle of the floor, when the door was pushed open and the tiger himself came in. He did not molest them at all, but calmly sat down on his haunches before the fire, and remained there several minutes warming himself. After a time he got up and walked out as unconcernedly as he had come in. The two men were paralysed with fright, and could neither speak nor move. They sat there all the rest of

the night, not daring to stir out, but doing their best to keep up the fire till daybreak. They told the whole story so simply and with such a matter-of-fact air that I know I felt my hair rise as I pictured the scene. Their hut stood in a ravine less than a mile from the bungalow, and I must have passed it frequently in my wanderings. They were simple peasant-men, and they may have been the victims of an illusion, but I am positive that they were convinced that they were telling the truth.—"Manchester Guardian."

Naini-tal correspondent reported finding there in the jungles a female "monkey" child probably eight or nine years old. The report started that when first brought in the child was in a very frightened state, and could eat nothing but grass and raw potatoes, but later took to bread and milk. It cried and whimpered but was unable to talk, though it

could undoubtedly hear. Its fear has now subsided to a great extent, and it will take and eat "chapatties" and apples. That it was at one time a human child is proved by the fact that it carries vaccination marks on both arms but its exposure to the elements has caused a thick growth of hair down each side of its face, and down its spine. On its head are two or three heavy scars. There are some small circular scars on its knees and a few in other places. There can be little doubt that it has always walked upright as its elbows, knees and hands show no signs of continual contact with the earth. Its position when sitting is that of a monkey and its actions and mode of looking at one also simulate the ape, its hands being long thin and bony and its nails thick long and strong. This is undoubtedly a case of child abandonment, which is by no means uncommon during the periods of scarcity in India.

A Kurseong correspondent has sent an interesting account of a planter being chased a long distance by a cobra. He says: "An encounter with a cobra is no joke and Mr. Clifford Irwin was fortunate in escaping from one of the venomous snakes last week. Mr. Irwin, I hear, was in the lower part of the Singell Tea Estate and was chased by the snake from the banks of the Balasun for about half a mile. Then Mr. Irwin climbed a rock, and, not having a stick, took off his coat and kept the snake away by swinging it. In the meantime the native lad who was with him ran up and brought down some men form the garden who despatched the snake with a kurki. It measured over seven feet."—"Statesman."

A remarkable story of a maddened elephant's onslaught on human beings and its subsequent contrition comes from the Kistna district.

I give the story in full, with no alteration of the quaint phraseology, as it appears in the "Kistna Patrika:—

On the 27th ultimo at 5 p.m. an elephant of the Zemindar of the North Vallur, Kistna District, camped at Vasantavada, Ellore Taluq, was taken to a tank. A pariah it is said, used to be the mahout, but on account of caste scruples a golla man was appointed in his stead. After watering the elephant, :the new mahout brought his animal to the resting place and when he "Chakiri," who was also a new man, was fastening the chain to the fore-leg the animal got himself excited for some unknown reason and hurled off the "Chakiri" to a long distance. The unfortune fellow ran at once to the nearest hut and after covering himself with grass lay unobserved. The elephant quickly pursued his steps, but being unable to trace him, set himself to destroy the neighbouring huts.

Then one of the servants of the Zemindar furnished himself with a long weapon called "'Bala" and attacked the animal. This did not only serve any useful purpose but infuriated the animal all the more. Meanwhile an old woman who was living in one of the huts came out for fear of life and stood near her gate. Then the elephant fell upon the ground.

After having done this, to free himself of the burden of the Mahout who was till now on his back, helpless, he lifted up the two forelegs and shook the body in a terrible manner. The fellow unable to retain his position slipped one of the legs upon the tusk. Immediately, the elephant pulled down his leg by the trunk, dashed him upon the ground and killed him outright by piercing the tusks through his body and trampling him by the feet. While matters stood thus, the old woman who was lying unconscious came to her senses and raised a huge cry for help As

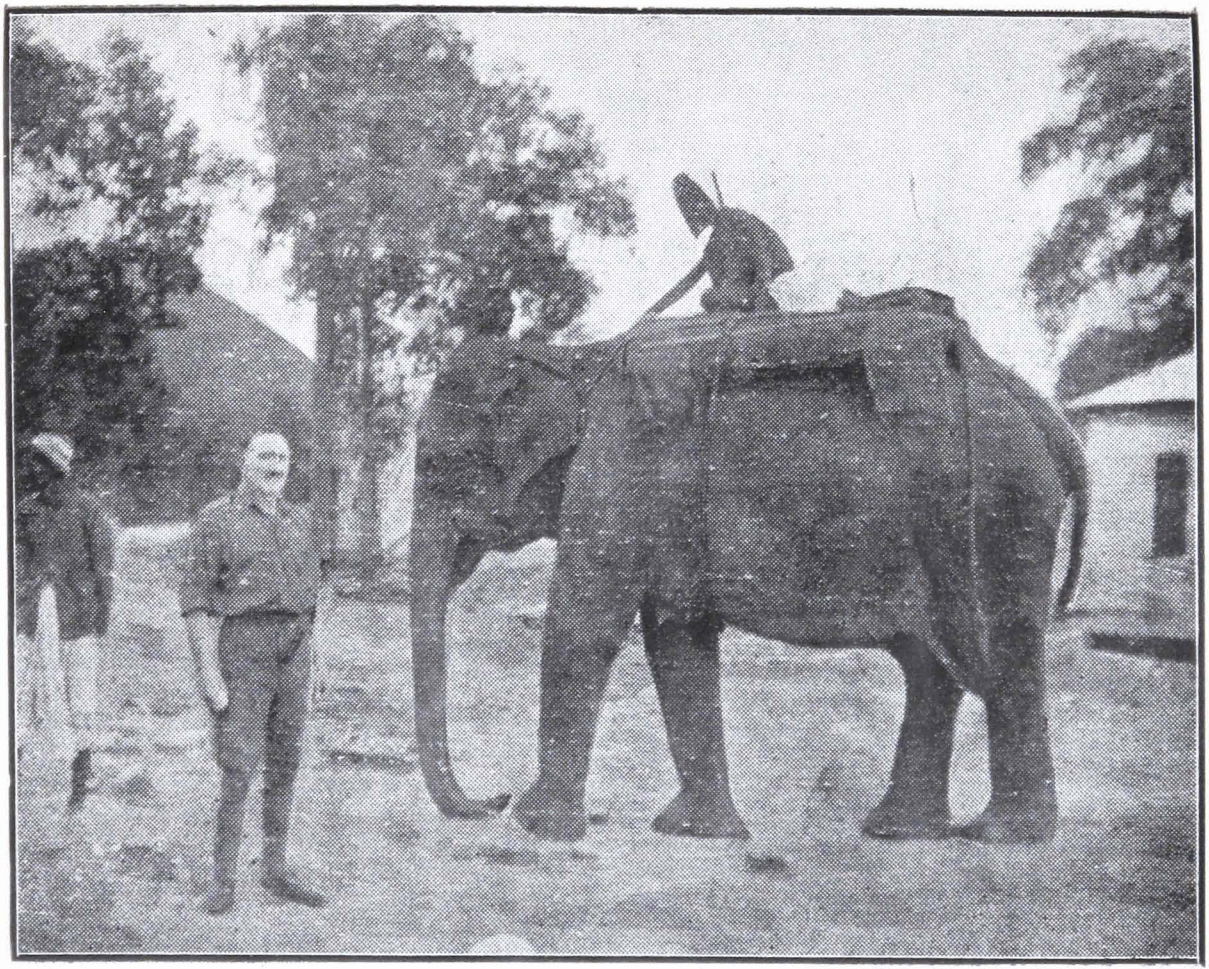
soon as the elephant heard the woman's voice he ran at once to her and carrying her to the nearest tree crushed her to death by pressing the body with his tusks against the tree.

The animal then marched to another neighbouring village called Totagudem and there killed two persons in the same cruel manner besides destroying several houses.

From Totaguden the animal walked to Pedapadu where, for nearly two days it rendered serious loss both to human life and property. Altogether, five persons, two being women and one child, were killed and ten persons wounded in a serious manner in this village. Immense was the loss caused to property by the destruction of houses and paddy stocks. Needless to describe the consternation of the people during these terrible days.

At last, informaion having reached Eltore on the 28th ultimo through the village officials. The Deputy Superin-

To face page 114



A Ferry Elephant.

tendent with some armed police left immediately to the scene of danger and attacked the animal with guns. No steps were taken even by the police to kill the animal a tonce. Shooting on the legs being of no avail, orders were at last issued on the 28th evening to kill the animal. Thirty shots were fired by the police but the animal was yet unyielding and caused a good deal of annoyance by running in all directions.

On the 29th morning the old pariah Mahout was sent for and when he approached the animal, he at once recognised his old master and in affectionate terms lifted him up and shed tears profusely and showed him, as the story goes, all marks of violence caused by gun-shots.

DACOITY BRUTAL ROBBERIES.

Lahore, Jan. 19.—The "Civil and Military Gazette" understands that the assistant Station Master kidnapped by the raiders at Khair-

abad Railway station has sent information that he is being well treated and properly fed. His captors are said to be Shinwards, from Afghan territory. They originally demanded Rs. 5,000 as ransom, but are now asking fourteen hundred and may possibly accept a still lower figure.

Telegrams have been received at Lahore railway station that the kidnapped assistant Station-Master of Khairpur has been recovered and brought into British territory. The Afghan Chief, Nawab Zarsah, is said to have been instrumental in tracing and recovering him and the Nawab promises to help the British authorities in capturing the culprits. Military arrangements are made.

The ordeal of the plots shares to which Mr. Riza appended on the case of the Wheeldons and an ordinary criminal procedure in the early middle ages. The famous traditional instance is that of Queen Emma, mother of

Edward the Confessor. Accused of familiarity with Alwyn, bishop of Winchester, the Queen, with the aid of St. Swithin, triumphantly vindicated her innocence and that of the bishop by walking barefoot over nine red hot ploughshares, whereupon the King, her accuser, was duly corrected with stripes. There was evidently some magic in the number nine in the case of this ordeal of hot iron, for in another form of it, that of carrying glowing iron in the hand, it was prescribed that the iron should be carried nine steps. The remarkable agreement of Hindu and European ordeal laws in this particular indicates their close historical connection.

A serious disturbance took place at Cooly Bazar in which some Indian cobblers and barbers armed with dangerous weapons had a free fight resulting in several men being injured. It appears that two barbers were being prosecuted for assault

at the Police Court and they expected some of the robbers to give evidence on their behalf, instead of which they deposed against them. After the parties arrived home a quarrel ensued and both sides prepared for a fight. The cobblers armed with awls and razors attacked each other, while others were armed with lathies and pieces of hoop-iron. Information of the disturbance reached Inspector Rigby of the Hastings Thana and with a posse of police he went to the scene of the disturbance. The police, who were assisted by conductors and military sergeants, succeeded in dispersing the rioters.

A case of dacoity attended with brutal torture is reported to have been committed at Napara in the Nadiya district in connection with which Inspector P. C. Biswas, of the Bengal C. I. D. arrested some 15 persons, mostly Mahomedans and succeeded in

recovering a large portion of the looted property valued at Rs. 12,000.

It appears that some 20 men, residing at Jagatdal and Calcutta, armed with dangerous weapons forced their entrance into the residence of Kedar Das, a wealthy merchant of Naopara, during the night. The owner of the house was ordered to produce the key of his safe. He refused and thereupon two of the dacoits pushed him down and sat on his chest and threatened to kill him if he refused to produce the key. The man still refusing the dacoits tore out eight of his teeth. He then dropped unconscious whereupon the dacoits left, looting what jewellery, cash and other valuables they could find outside the safe. Kedar Das was sent to the District hospital by the Nadiya Police who, failing to trace the criminals communicated with the Bengal C. I. D., with the result that most of the dacoits were arrested. Inspector Biswas raided the house of Idu Sheik

at Naihati and recovered the major portion of the jewellery and other articles carried away from the house of Kedar Das. It was secreted underground.

A quaintly-worded typewritten petition has reached a newspaper office from foureen "Tlmid Traders," as they styled themselves, of Machua Bazar. The petitioners spoke of a murder committed in broad daylight and said:—

'Badmashes' possess firearms by the connivance of the police, and point out revolvers on passers-by to threaten them. Machua Bazar has been a den of all sort of bad characters, and females of respectable people of the quarter are afraid to venture out in the streets. No one dares speak out his mind through fear of these 'goondas,' who are pests for the locality. In the public interests it is of paramount importance that a sifting inquiry be instituted and all the 'badmashes' severely dealt with. It

would embolden the 'badmashes,' if the heinous murder committed does not lead the cruel murderer to gallows, and it would be extremely difficult for the law-abiding citizens of these quarters to reside therein and carry on their trades in ease. The agonies of the murdered man are sure to find out the murderer, and the tenants of the street are confident that the strong hand of justice will doom the accursed murderer to his destiny.

ROPE TRICK.

(I have read this controversy with interest, but must say in all my wanderings I have failed to get any one to perform this trick or get any one to furnish me with definite proof that it has been performed.—J. C. F.)

The controversy in the "Daily Mail" regarding the Indian rope trick is still vigorous. Fresh stimulus has been given it by a letter from Mr. Sydney,

Japan, who writes: "I lived for 14 years in India, have travelled through the length and breadth of the country from Baluchistan to Colombo and from Mussoorie in the Himalayas to the Nilgirries. I could speak Hindustani fluently and have had long conversations with conjurors attached to the Maharajas of Patiala, Kapurthala and Maharajas of Patiala, Kapurthala and Mysore but have never seen this trick performed.

Lieut.-General Sir A. Lyttelton Annesley confirms Mr. Vipan. He writes: "I was 16 years in India; I visited all three Presidencies, also the Punjab, North-West Kashmir, Lanakh, and Gilgit. Wherever I went I inquired about the rope trick but no one knew of it. I also asked several native Princes to arrange for me to see it and they all said it did not exist. It is curious that tourists who only visit India for a few months or weeks manage to see this trick."

On the other hand, Mrs. Lulu Nichol says: "My mother, brother, and myself saw it performed outside Galle Face Hotel, Colombo. The Indian unwound a long thick rope, threw one end into the air, where to our amazement it remained, a boy climbed up the rope and when he descended it collapsed and fell."

At a meeting of professional conjurors known as The Magic Circle" at Anderton's Hotel, Fleet Street last night general scepticism was expressed regarding the trick. Major Branson, of the Indian Army, stated that he had offered Rs. 205 to any soldier in India who could give the name of a magician who had perforced the trick. He had come into contact with half the regiments of India but the reward was still unclaimed. On the other hand Lieutenant F. W. Holmes, V.C., said he had seen the trick and exhibited a phoograph showing the rope vertical in the air and the boy sitting on the top of it.

IN INDIA.

THE SYCE.

My dear daughter,—I have written you this little story. Mainly with the object of showing you how the Syce's (groom's) mind works. The syce caste are a very ignorant one they live with their horses, sleep beside them and all their conversation is about horses and when they relate any story or experience the horse is used to illustrate it.—J. C. F.

A stifling hot evening in June, everyone longing for the rains, so that the air may be cooled a little. Big heavy clouds are rolling up, the fore-runner of the monsoon not a breath of air. The trees and foliage stand, as quiet and still as the figures in Madame Tussaud's. The numerous large electric fans are frantically whirling, giving a refreshing coolness to the club room, that brings forth remarks of gratitude at the changed days from when the "Punkah Wallah" lazily pulled as he dozed; then

with a spasmodic burst of energy, as he was persuasively reminded, by a boot coming into contact with him, that he was paid to pull and not to sleep.

A group of people are sitting out in the verandah playing bridge with such earnestness that they are apparently oblivious of the plague of insects which herald the rains. Outside are various vehicles drawn up and horses unharnessed, too lazy to run away while the attendant syce (grooms) sit together talking in groups.

"Hai Mai" said one yawning, "when will the rains come, this place has the heat of a little Hades." "Yes," said another, "it is fairly hot." "Thou go up North to the district I come from, there the heat is worth talking about." "Anyhow this serveth to make Sahib's visage stern and his temper short, thou wilt agree at least in that." "Aye, aye thou art right there."

"Brother, hast thou ever seen a Sahib's (Burra Nautch) big dance?"

This query came from a Ghascatt, low caste Hindoo, who was sitting in the attitude of a Northumberland pitman, to use a localism, on his "hunker." "Arrch Burra Phunnus." (Great illumination and commotion), this is uttered with glaring eye and his "hubble-bubble" (Indian pipe) held aloft in his left hand. He then takes another pull of his "Hubble-Bubble." And in the stillness caused by the curiosity he has aroused, you hear the gurgling sound which is caused by the smoke being drawn through the water contained in the "hubble-bubble." Then the narrator continues, "I crept cautiously up and peered into the room. There I saw all the Sahibs and Memsahibs sitting round the room. Suddenly "bane baja bajaya" (the band struck up).

"The Sahibs then got up and went to the Memsahibs, not their own Memsahibs, my brother, but someone else's Mensahib, pulled them off the seat and put their arm round their waists. In

the same way as you walk alongside of a horse leading it, in the same way were the sahibs leading the memberships. "Arrah Burrah Phunnus." (Great illuminations and commotion. In the same way as we "lounge" our horses, the Sahibs were lounging the Memsahibs after the same fashion. Furiously making them go round and round, my brother, and after the Sahibs had "lounged" the Memsahibs round and round they took them to the verandah and patted them. The same way as we pat our horses to encourage them to work."

"Arreh Burra Phunnus." (Great illuminations and commotion.)

They brought the Memsahibs back again not their own Memsahibs my brother and lashed them round and round, and then when they were quite tired, after the same fashion as we take our horses to have a drink, the Sahibs took the Memsahibs and gave them a drink. "Arreh Burra Phunnus." (Great illuminations and commotion). My brother,

when I looked at the Verandah I saw the Major Sahib (Muthwalah). "Great illuminations and commotion." He was spread out drunk, he struggled to his feet, and staggering from the Verandah into the compound, I thouht I would be discovered and then: Well! My heart become alarmed and I fled.

"(Our Burra Phunnus"). Great illumination and commotion. "Syce" came a loud voice from the club, "bring the trap," and hastily the horse was harnessed. For a few minutes the place awoke to activity, everyone getting their traps and driving home. One by one they departed, and one by one the lights went out. Silence fell, only made the more intense by the crocking of the frogs and the twittering of the various insects. You might almost have imagined the shadows peopled with those spirits of the departed, in which every oriental has a firm belief. Who knows but he may be right. "There are more things in heaven

and earth than are dreamed of in our Philosophy."—J.C.F.

THE INDIAN TOM-TOM.

Taking for its text the recent tragedy at Wano, where a sepoy of exemplary character suddenly shot one of his officers and explained that when he heard the drums beating for a dance he was seized with a mad impulse to kill an Englishman. the "Times" has a noteworthy leading article on the music of the drum. Every Asiatic, says the writer will understand the swift frenzy of the Wabiri sepoy at Wano. The Oriental acts only at intervals with the cold logic of the Northern races. He is far more prone to unpremediated and unaccountable outbursts. The trait is not confined to Pathans alone and all through the East the drum seems to exercise a strange fascination upon the people. There are few Englishmen in India outside the large cities who, do not hear nightly after sundown the dull

insistent throbbing of the tom-tom. To the western ear its sounds have a deadly monotony and madden in quite another way, but the Indian peasant seems able to listen to it engrossed for an interminable period. Sir Rudolf Slatin has told how during his captivity he sat and listened with apprehension to the booming of the great war drum of the Kalifa, but nowhere is the "rub a dub" of the drum so all pervading as in Asia. Deep in the jungle its note still penetrates at nightfall from some distant village. The Asiatic hears it even in the vastness of his central deserts. There are British officers to-day who say in all sincerity that they have stood at night outside their tents in High Asia, hundreds of miles from other habitations and listened to the tramp of invisible armies and heard faint strains of barbaric music and the known beat of drums. And the plain soldiers, not at all addicted to giving rein to their fancy, they stoutly refuse to accept Yule's

more obvious explanation that the sound of musical instruments chiefly of drums is a phenomenon really produced in certain situations among sandhills when the sand is disturbed. The drums of Asia, and the tendencies and passion they symbolise for myriads of people, may perhaps serve to conjure up vague dreams of future perils for the West, but the while races are probably better able to take care of themselves now. than they ever have been. The tragic incident at Wano is not, however, without a larger lesson. In considering Eastern issues the Western races, and especially Englishmen, are far too prone to assume that the Oriental will, in given circumstances, act precisely as they would do themselves. There could be no more mistaken assumption. It is no doubt true enough that the mystery of Asia is probably no mystery at all, and that the fundamental human emotion, the mainsprings of thought and action are very much the same all over

the world, but the Oriental mind moves along different planes and follows courses which to the European sometimes seem amazingly indirect. It includes factors which are often incalculable and undiscerned, and has impulses which are occasionally unfathomable. The seething races of Asia are liable to outbursts of volcanic wrath of a kind the less impulsive West has rarely shown, and when the tom-tom begins to reverberate they cannot always be quickly hushed.

SETTLEMENT OFFICER.

"The Settlement Officer"—so has ordained the watchful Government of India—"shall inspect and note upon every village before proposing revised Rents and Land Revenue for the same." With a light heart the Assistant Commissioner on whom has been laid the resettlement of an Indian District launches himself upon his new billet. The map of the District shows that half the to-

tal area is under hill and forest, sparsely settled with aboriginals' hamlets. Good! He buys a new cordite rifle, two new ponies, and a large Thermos flask, engages a score of camels for carriage of tents, joins the Bombay Natural History Society, and, one brilliant morning in early November marches out upon the long trail to "inspect and note upon" the two, thousand odd villages, which make up the District.

May, in Central India, four years later. The last of the two thousand and odd villages has been "finished" this very evening. The S. O.'s hair is rather long. His feet are very horny. The rifle is not with him. Long ago he has realised that Settlement work and big-game shooting each demand the whole of a man's energies, and so the shooting has gone to the wall. There has been no time for it, and he is not so keen on killing as he was. He is on foot No ponies can climb the precipices fencing the red-hot sandstone

plateau from which he has just descended. His clothes, but for the sambhur-hide rope-soled boots, the heavy back pad to fend off the sun, and the mushroom hat are a shabby travesty of those in which he stroked his college eight, centuries ago! His bare knees are the colour of his boots. Much he has forgotten, learned, perhaps, more. At all events he has his Theocritus by heart now, and long stretches of Lucretius have lightened many a weary mile.

And so it is all over, the drudgery, the treadmill of it, the daily double trudge, morning and evening, for seven months in every year. His bungalow at Headquarters has seen him only during the Rains, when it always leaked, and gave him fever. It is all over. He sits, in the sunset, by the side of a muddy jungle pool, some score of yards square. A half-naked aboriginal, scion of the royal Gond dynasty that held these passes against the advancing Moguls

three and a half centuries ago, beside him.

"Company Sahib Bahadur," explains the aboriginal, to whom Victoria, Edward and George are not even names, "conferred these five jungle villages on my great-great-grandfather, free of revenue, for all eternity, seeing that we were once kings."

Camp is two miles away on the red high-road. The mud at the edge of the pool is like an open book. The pads of a she sloth-bear, as it were those of a fat little man barefooted, and of her babies beside her, the track of a porcupine, half effected in the scrawl of his trailing quills, the round, deep pug of a large panther, the hoof marks of all horned beasts, from tiny gazelle to sambhur and nilgai, the two men read them in silence. Then the Gond speaks. "We are not afraid of panthers even of tigers. We meet them and cry out and they run away, even to their kills. But we fear the bear greatly. He is of

a sharp, bitter temper. He always walks along our paths, and when he sees us runs at us like a dog and stands on his legs and thrashes with his hands at our faces, I saw my brothers killed like that last year on his way to present a petition to you. Let us sit here to-night and kill a bear as he comes to drink." But the Settlement Officer's brain holds but one thought. "It is finished."

A bull nilgai bellows from half a mile away, and bellows again, the sound echoing against the precipice. A distant monkey chatters, then another, and another. The Gond stiffens. "Some clawed animal is on the move." The two rise, and walk with caution toward the noise which by now is incessant. There in an open salt-lick, thirty paces away, stands a splendid bull nilgai, iron-grey coat, towering neck and throat-tassel swinging to each defiant call. And straight from before the Settlement Officer's feet a heavy panther

To face page 136

RETURNING FROM SHIKAR.

springs up without a sound and bounds away into cover, like a tame cat among the flower-beds of home.

"Ah" observes the aboriginal, 'he was stalking the nilgai, the rogue! the rascal! the son of shame! and the bull saw him in time, yet dared not turn his back on him and so called on us for help; and the panther was saying in his heart, 'If I run at the bull shall I catch him, and if I catch him shall I be able to pull him down' My other brother, the one whom a pig lamed—"

But the Settlement Officer had turned his face to camp. His heart held but one thought. "It is over, it is finished I may rest now."

My Dear Daughter,

In this booklet you will find many mistakes in spelling and grammer some of them are due to myself but most of them are due to the compositors. The compositor's here in India are a phenomona. They set up the type by in-

stinct, or intuition, most of them cannot read or write English ohers can indentify the letters and words but have not the faintest glimmering of what they really mean. It is remarkable when you knew their work is only done mechanically that even with this serious handicap how wonderfully accurate they are. The following incident that happened in the Allahabad High Court recently will illustrate my point.

A remarkable statement was made by Theophilis, a compositor in the Government Press, while deposing at Allahabad High Court before Mr. Justice Walsh during the hearing of an application filed by Mr. Chiene on behalf of the Rev. Mr. Dharam Singh for probate of the will of Mr. Prem Masih, a well-to-do Indian Christian. The will was opposed by some of the children of the deceased. The compositor, who was one of the attesting witnesses, said he could read, write, and spell English words

but did not understand their meaning. His lordship was surprised and tested witness's knowledge of English. Theophilis spelled long words correctly and read fluently, but could not give the meanings of even simple words, such as "consent" or "guardian."

His lordship eventually granted probate.

When you have read and digested all these events that have happened and are still happening, in this mysterious land, it will probably bring more vividly to your mind, what an extraordinary country this is, but as for grasping all its problems its religions, its sects, its castes. Its Fakirs with their miraculous powers. Well! if you were permitted to have two lives on this earth, and one was spent in the study of Metaphysics, and the other this country and its people. I fear you would still be as far off mastering its amazing problems as we are. The

longer I stay in India the less I know about it. In fact I consider it a psychogical problem that passeth understanding.

I will conclude this somewhat disjointed and scrapy booklet by quoting you a few lines that arrested my attention some months ago in the "Englishman." As it will help to reveal to you my present frame of mind.

"As I sit out of doors in the evening,
Swift closes the brief Indian dusk,
And I think of that land o'er the water
Away from these spices and musk,
I believe I can smell the red roses
That grew in our garden, and I
Almost think that around me are blowing.
The scents of July.
As the bats round my head come low flying,
My thoughts back to England will roam.
And I think of the woods and the pastures
For now it is summer at home,
Over there are the gardens of England,

And here the moon climbs in the sky,
Over there are the sweetbriar and roses,
The scents of July.
And it may be some day I'll see England,
When India has finished with me,
Ah! her streams, and her trees and her mountains,
Over there with them all I shall be.
But to-night I am still in the East,
I only can sit here and sigh,
But I feel that a breeze has come wafting."
The scents of July.

D. G.

I am indebted to Messrs. M. Sain and Th. Parr, Darjeeling for granting me the use of their photographs and also to any author I may have quoted.

J. CAMPBELL FORRESTER.