as the sepulchre. Lucknow avails itself of this privilege. Its marble palaces, on approach, are magically transformed into brick, and the golden pinnacles of its temples into brass. The one thing in Lucknow that fears not the test of a close view are its gardens, and the one building that meets the candid eye of the sun unblushingly is the Chattar Manzil, or umbrella house—a chaotic obsession of stucco surmounted by a gilt cupola which glitters in the noontide light as many things do that are not gold.

'Eighty years ago this building harboured the harem of His Majesty Nasr-ud-din (the "Triumph of the Faith"),' said the Old Resident. 'It is now an Anglo-Indian club.'

I thought it deserved its fate.

Little else can be said of the other public buildings—their meaningless buttresses, tawdry domes, and pretentious pavilions. They are all characteristic of their builders.

The British rule has added nothing to these atrocities, but it has done its best to reveal them. The crooked lanes, which form one of the most mystifying traits of an Oriental town, have lost much of their mystery, and the maze of the bazaar no longer reeks of the picturesque prurience of the East. Space and light have been introduced with a ruthlessness only limited by the authorities' regard for local susceptibilities.

Yet Lucknow is a centre of provincial fashion and a high-school of Mahomedan theology, both fostered by the nobles and retainers of the extinct Court of Oudh, who still haunt these scenes of soft voluptuousness and royal vulgarity. These rich talukdars gave a fête to the Prince and Princess of Wales the other evening in the Kaisarbagh—an amorphous palace built by the last King of Oudh, half a century ago, at the cost of ten million rupees, and already in a state of promising decay.

There were great numbers of them, arrayed in silk, emeralds, diamonds, and nodding feathers of the bird of paradise, and in their address of welcome they expressed their cordial acquiescence in that decree of Allah which has converted their kingdom into a British commissioner-

ship. This resignation is apparently shared by the direct descendants of the ex-kings of the country themselves, one of whom paid his homage to the Prince of Wales.

His ancestors began as Persian merchants, and established their rule over Oudh in the latter days of the Moghul Empire. In a hall situated in the Huseinabad Gardens I have seen a collection of life-size portraits of these Persian adventurers, the line beginning with the founder of the throne in 1732, and ending with the man who lost it in 1856.

Even without any knowledge of history the mere sight of these portraits would be sufficient to explain the rise of the family and to prevent any romantic regret for its fall. On one side you see a row of real men, lean, stern, and alert, grasping their swords firmly in their wiry hands. These turbaned Nawabs are gradually succeeded by crowned figures which gain in bulk what they have lost in dignity, culminating in the dull and sensuous corpulence of the last King, who spent his declining years in a suburb of Calcutta, doting on his concubines and visiting the animals and birds in the Alipur Zoological Gardens. Such a dynasty deserves little sympathy.

And yet, as, some time ago, I gazed at the strangely-shaped scimitars once gripped by the early Nawabs and now kept in a glass case of an English museum, I could not quite suppress a sentimental little sigh, which grew almost into an imaginary tear, as my eye wandered to an incomplete, but deliciously pretty, romantic poem by Nawab Zib Mahal Sahiba, one of the wives of Wazid Ali Shah. It began with a formula which to the Western mind is very remotely connected with romance, but one that supplies a convenient prelude to all Eastern books—from the Bible to a text-book of elementary geometry or a mendacious almanac. It is the familiar 'In the name of God, the Compassionate and Merciful'; and over this pious invocation there floated the royal crown, supported by two winged creatures, half angels, half mermaids, the group, with the scroll spread beneath, forming a sublimated skit on a European coat of arms.

In the same museum I saw several yellow treaties, in parallel columns of English and Persian, whose broad seals had sealed the fate of the Kings of Oudh.

All these pathetic memorials of fallen greatness moved me that day, and the next I read in the local press, among the news of the day, a paragraph announcing that Prince Mirza Mahomed Askari, the son of the last King, was charged in a suburban police-court with neglect of his wife Ali Begum. An English lawyer appeared for the plaintiff and a native pleader for the defendant, and the intimate relations of the princely pair were settled by a police magistrate.

'What else can you expect from a family capable of such corpulence and such architecture?' asks the Old Resident unfeelingly, as we proceed towards the theatre of the drama which followed immediately upon the dethronement of the Kings of Ough.

We enter the grounds of the Residency and explore its ruins, led by one of them—a grizzled, hollow-cheeked survivor of the Mutiny. We find it impossible to summon any of those sentiments which are supposed to be appropriate to the occasion. We are in a delightful garden where the wind sighs in the foliage of the banyan, the peepul, the palm, and the pine, and the squirrels play merrily among their boughs. Here and there beds of roses blush in the sunlight, and the charred ruins themselves are almost gay under a purple mantle of bougainvillia creepers in bloom. I anticipated a cemetery and I find myself in a pleasaunce, and not even the veteran's tale of horrors, related in the manner of a quotation from an extremely tedious guide-book, succeeds in supplying a tone of mourning to the place.

As we bade good-bye to these flower-clad walls and to the grizzled veteran who had known them when they shook under the enemy's fire, we were pursued by sellers of photographs illustrating the scenes of the tragedy and the monuments raised to its victims. The sellers were Indians.

CHAPTER XVI

CALCUTTA

We are in the land of the lotus. The plain stretches to right and left, moist, boundless, and teeming with life. Here is a ryot irrigating his field in antediluvian fashion. On a perpendicular pole swings a horizontal beam, to one end of which clings a mound of earth balancing the thing which hangs from the other. This is a long log of wood hollowed out and suspended from the beam by a rope. He pulls at the rope, and one end of the trough plunges into the canal; he relaxes, and it emerges, pouring the vivifying stream into the channel which distributes it over the field. Up and down, up and down, comes and goes the primitive see-saw with a patient day-long creaking. How familiar it sounds! It is one of those notes which give the East its unity of tone. Spreading from the banks of the Nile to the banks of the Ganges, that dull, rhythmic creaking, day after day, joins the Egyptian fellah to the Indian ryot as by an invisible chain—the chain of a common culture and temperament.

Village follows village: tapering cocoanut palms, broad-leaved banana-trees, bamboos fluttering their delicate blades in the tepid breeze, pale green pines shivering in the sunlight, thatched huts and low-domed temples peeping through the thick foliage, and those still, mosquito-haunted tanks, with the white and red lilies asleep on them, which supply each village with its water and its malaria.

Here and there you see buffaloes—clumsy, empty-eyed, black brutes—wallowing ponderously in the mud of a way-side tank, and close by a little boy is swimming in the

same solid liquid. Boy and buffaloes form part of one picture. Man lives closer to Nature here than in the West, and has a deeper love for her creatures. The same friendly understanding between Nature's various children is seen on all sides. In yon meadow a sacred cow is grazing solemnly, and beside her stands a stork on one leg in an attitude of mute adoration. A little lower down another cow is grazing, and on her worshipful hump is perched a crow. It is all peace, rice, and sunshine. It is Bengal—a land whose human inhabitants would sooner shed ink than blood, and who derive a mysterious delight from hearing themselves talk.

Emollit gentes clementia cœli. Soft and blue is the sky above; beneath, the soil green and soft; and the two have conspired, with a smile, to fashion the well-to-do Bengalee's body and soul: so fat the one, the other so fatuous.

It is not hard to understand why in this home of fetid vegetation the unmentionable goddess, bowered in the lotus, should find her most ardent worshippers. There is hardly a hamlet in Bengal so lukewarm as not to boast one little shrine of intemperance, at which officiate priestesses dedicated to the service of the goddess by their parents in fulfilment of a vow. But the most palpable example of climatic influence is the Bengalee gentleman's voluminous personality: it breathes sleek voluptuousness. Voluptuousness also breathes the literature of the land. The very State documents of its ancient Kings sing at great length of the joys of love in language most picturesque and unfit for reproduction. In less abandoned language the modern poet, Bankim Chandra Chatterjee, has apostrophized Bengal as:

> 'Mother!
> Land of the glad white moonlit nights,
> Land of trees with flowers in bloom,
> Land of smiles, land of voices sweet,
> Giver of joy, giver of desire!'

I have been able to hear of only one Bengalee dis-

tinguishing himself as a soldier, and he achieved his distinction in South America.

We alight at Howrah—the Calcutta station—and find it disguised in cleanliness and palm branches. Thence we proceed down the busy river Hooghly, between rows of steamers and dinghies, all decorated with bunting, to the landing-place at Prinsep's Ghat, where the following programme is handed to us:

Public Arrival, Municipal Address, and Presentation of a Jewel to the Princess of Wales.
Small Dinner at Government House.
Levée.
Presentation of Colours to the King's Own Royal Lancaster Regiment and Medals for Thibet.
Races: Cup Day.
Dinner with the Lieutenant-Governor.
Divine Service at the Cathedral.
Small Dinner at Government House.
Proclamation Parade.
Steeplechases.
State Dinner. . . . . .

With many other items to the same exhilarating effect.

On glancing at this formidable list, I debated with myself whether I should devote my soul to the entertainments or to a study, however superficial, of Calcutta and its people. I chose the latter, for that might be instructive and even entertaining.

This, then, is the capital of the Indian Empire. It is known by many poetical names: the City of Palaces, the City of Dreadful Stenches, the City of Filthy Tanks, the City of Terrible Nights. It deserves them all, according to the time of day, the part of the town, the spectator's temper, and the mood of the weather.

It is a mild, well-meaning morning in what people here facetiously call the cold weather, and I am meandering through the European quarters—square blocks of stone or brick—each house suggesting unlimited space and

leisure; broad verandas resting on substantial pillars, and courtyards pleasantly perfumed with the smell of the stables. Like the Homeric mansion, each Anglo-Indian dwelling makes a point of parading the fodder and the refuse of its horses. So pertinacious are these features and so penetrating that one is reluctantly forced to the conclusion that the Anglo-Indian's real cult is hippolatry, and megacephalosis his favourite disease.

I emerge into Chowringhee—a long, bumpy road lined on one side with museums, art galleries, hotels, municipal offices, tailors' shops, and other monuments of Western culture. On the other side the green Maidan spreads its dreamy beauty to the sunlight—just now softened by a film of white mist hanging low over the grass, 'like a bridal veil,' says my platitudinarian friend.

Down this broad thoroughfare rattle the electric tramcars, clanging their bells horribly. It is a necessary noise, for the sleepy, speculative coolies and cows will not move out of the rails without a warning sufficient to stir an average European corpse to consciousness—nay, at times not even that warning avails. A few weeks ago a wretched old woman was neatly decapitated by the wheels, and her friends protested mildly. Even cows are sometimes immolated, but the natives behold the sacred brute cut in twain almost with the same apathy with which they regard the death of a human being, so great is their stoicism; but to their own lives they are tenderly attached.

Between the electric tramways and the museums creaks an endless procession of country carts, each drawn by two patient beasts—distressing combinations of lofty ridges and deep valleys. Between the pair—on the projecting bamboo bottom of the cart—squats on his haunches the driver, clad mostly in his coffee-coloured skin. He squats holding the bullocks' tails in his hands, and urging them on with cries suggesting the end of all things. The poor bullocks amble on, licking their humid lips resignedly, until an exceptionally painful twist of the

tail, administered alternately with deft celerity, goads them into a temporary gallop of extravagant grotesqueness and inefficiency. Not less grotesque or inefficient is the manner in which they are attached to the cumbrous vehicle. Between the hump and the head there is the hollow of the neck; in it rests the yoke, kept in position partly by a rope passed under the bullock's throat, but chiefly by the law of gravitation; and through the black, moist nostrils runs a string.

Thus the long-suffering cattle and the vehicle and the driver rumble slowly on, even as they did thousands and thousands of years ago, and as they will do thousands and thousands of years hence. The only concession to modern ideas is the grimy paper-patched lantern which dangles from the bottom of the cart, and at night gives some light by accident.

The bullock-cart is the natural vehicle of India. Yon yellow perils are only rickety, annoying caricatures of European carriages. Look at the drowsy coachman in his immense yellow turban, perched on his hams on the top of the box, with an umbrella spread above his head, wandering over the road whithersoever his wretched skeletons choose to stumble, unconscious of right side or left, sleepily contemptuous of other people's limbs. From behind each of these superlatively indecent things protrudes the immense yellow turban of the hanger-on. It takes two Bengalees to fail in managing one rickety solecism.

I stroll on, avoiding the sahib's motor-car on one hand, the ryot's bamboo-bottomed bullock-cart on the other, and wondering at the incongruity of things.

On one side I pass a row of skeleton coolies perched on the tops of their inverted baskets. One of them rushes up to me, reaching his basket forth. He offers to carry for me the book I am holding in my hand! Labour is so abundant in the East, except when you want it. But I prefer to carry my own book, which, apparently, is very bad form. In this happy land the less you do the more highly you are thought of. It is one of the few articles of the native

creed' which the foreign resident has found sufficiently congenial to embrace. Another article of faith in which the native and the foreigner meet is the article of food, or, rather, its quantity. A Bengalee wit has well expounded the matter in the aphorism, 'The Indian eats as if he had never eaten before, the Anglo-Indian as if he would never eat again.'

Behold European clerks rattling to their desks, each clerk in a dog-cart with a sleek pony in front and a grim, turbaned groom clinging behind, how he only knows. The burra-sahib, or manager, drives in his brougham, and has two sleek horses and two grim and turbaned grooms hanging behind from the hood. Respectability in Anglo-India literally means a coach and pair. The more horses you keep, the more respected you are. When good Anglo-Indians die, they do not go to heaven, they drive there.

Meanwhile they drive on this earthy maidan, raising clouds of red-yellow dust, and casting glances of unutterable disdain on the disgusting wretch who has the bad taste to walk.

I am one of those disgusting wretches, and I can see how disgusting I am in the eyes of every anæmic, muslined mem-sahib who whirls past. Her very horses look mildly censorious, and as for the fat, bearded coachman and lean grooms, they look not at all: a sahib who walks must belong to a very low caste.

The bridal veil has been lifted, and the maidan smiles invitingly. Under the foliage of the trees which fringe its edge squat the native barbers, shearing and shaving the coolies with scissors and razors which make my flesh creep.

Between each pair of merciless hair-splitters squats a vendor of the clinging condiments of the East, and here and there a lonely Hindu widow is spreading on the ground sacred Brahmanic pamphlets for sale. Here and there, also, a ring of Baboos, in English shirts flowing over Indian loin-cloths, sit on the grass reading morning papers

in the vernacular, or in an English dialect presumably intelligible to them.

Past this peaceful crowd swaggers the native constable in a towering scarlet puggery and white tunic and breeches, which, in their spotless purity, form a vivid contrast to his character. The spindle-shanked creature struts along, extorting from the poor costers illegal toll for permission to hawk their wares—selling to them the shadow of a tree which does not belong to him. Verily, there is no tyrant like a small tyrant.

Herds of horned cattle, all afflicted with a hump, and flocks of shabby little sheep and melancholy little goats, are roaming over the grass, tended by shepherds in a dress consisting of a dirty loin-cloth. Calves there are, too, and lambs and kids, but not even these exhibit any of the levity of youth. It is the same with the foals and the chickens. As for the children of men, they must be born a century old. An infant Brahman sounds like a ludicrous contradiction in terms, and, as a matter of fact, does not exist. Look at that dusky little body by the roadside, clad in a waistband and silver anklets. As I pass by, he lifts up his eyes, and out of their black depths looks the apathetic, incurious gravity of a thousand years.

The maidan is studded with green, rusty statues of Viceroys and Commanders-in-Chief, warriors and legislators, high on their marble pedestals, their breasts covered with Orders, and their heads and shoulders with white badges conferred by the crows of the Indian Empire, which, as I walk under the trees, threaten me with the fate of Tobit.

Unlike most Orientals, the Calcutta crow is no respecter of persons.

And so by paths devious I reach the modern representative of Old Fort William. Though restored, enlarged, and altogether transformed, the fortress still is full of the gloomy memories of the great tragedy which it witnessed on the sultry night of June 20, 1756. I mean, as every schoolmaster knows, the Black Hole tragedy. It is a sad tale, and too often told to bear telling again.

On coming out of the Fort I was accosted by a long-bearded and turbaned Mahomedan, armed with a sheaf of dirty yellow slips of paper. He was anxious to tell me my fortune. Next to the fly, the cripple, the crow, and the native teacher of languages, the fortune-teller is, I think, the most irritatingly persistent pest of an Indian city. But he desisted when he heard me assert in tones of unmistakable sincerity that my time was valuable and my temper short.

Having inspected the Government House and adjacent squares—things of vast pretension and whitewash, in which green palms nod mockingly at Corinthian columns: incoherent, insincere, unreal, and unideaed—I returned to Chowringhee.

Among the better-class natives I see faces which impress me strangely by their look of sweetness and that obsolete virtue which the ancient Greeks called *αἰδώς*. Other faces impress me as strangely by their austere spirituality—long, thin faces, full of thought. But for their colour and dress, these men might be taken for cardinals of the Newman type—self-centred saints sure of their own salvation, benignly indifferent to the rest of the world. If there is any light in them, it is as the light of the Indian firefly—a light which, the wise man would say, gives no heat, and illumines nothing but itself.

The absence of native ladies from the streets is striking. On the other hand, there is no lack of women; honest enough, though they cannot afford the luxury of self-effacement. Viewed from behind, they all appear to have tired of growing at the age of ten—frail, diminutive things wrapped in a flowing veil, white or red, or edged with red, gathered in about the middle and thence drawn diagonally over the head—the most naïvely graceful garment I ever saw, save on Greek vases. But the Indian woman's capacity for graceful simplicity ends in her veil. Rings pierce the ears in rows, beginning at the top and ending at the tip of the lobe; rings surround each finger and toe, while arms and ankles alike are alternate stripes of brown

skin and silver band; and a large ring dangles from one nostril. It is probably not more painful than the string which runs through the bullock's upper lip, but to me it is equally repulsive. Despite their noble draperies, these coolie women, after all, appear to nourish no higher ideal of personal embellishment than our own earringed ladies.

But here comes a closed palanquin, in which one may be permitted to surmise a high-born Indian matron yawning in state. She is borne to the river for her ritual bath. In front of and behind the portable prison straggle attendants in gorgeous, dirty liveries of red and yellow. Some of them take their robes off, and deposit them over their unconscious mistress's head, remaining in brown semi-nakedness. The procession marches on, a good symbol of the mystery, the piety, and the superficial magnificence of the East.

And here is the shameless abandon, the ineffable filth and sickening misery of the East.

I have turned the corner of Chowringhee, and am at once in regions which the hyperæsthetic should shun like the plague—streets of ugly sights, evil smells, and sounds discordant. Here coarseness holds carnival. Here Vice is the coryphæus, and variety of villainy makes up the chorus: opium dens, grog dens, temples of gruesome gods, and shrines of the under-dressed, over-breasted goddess follow one another in demoniacal succession. The one exception are these rows of Celestial bootmakers' establishments. On the roof of one I see a real Chinese mother playing solemnly with her baby—a real baby Chinaman: wonderful! Many of these sad-faced bootmakers are working outside their doors, half naked, with their pigtails decorously wound round their heads. They are light-skinned and plump compared to the dark-skinned and emaciated Hindu coolies. I like them. A Chinaman, even when naked, looks decent. There is such an expression of thoughtfulness and self-respect in his face, and he makes such honest boots. Naked or not, Mr. Lai Fong looks as if he were born civilized, and had never got over it.

Next to these silent, industrious men from the Far East you see the matted mane and wild eyes of the holy madman of Hindustan: face and breast smeared with ashes, a long rosary dangling from his neck, his fleshless limbs and vacant stare testifying to his sincerity. Every temple harbours a number of such pilgrims, and an even greater number of another kind of devotees. The fanatics represent the cult of self-denial in excess; in no less excess the others represent the cult of self-indulgence. And they both are holy in Hindustan.

The Hindu priestesses conduct their devotional exercises within the precincts of the temple, their Mahomedan rivals next door to it. The latter are at this hour lounging in the crazy balconies over the shops, some in unaffected nudity, others emphasizing the coarse charms which they pretend to conceal. Here is a trio of these black Magdalenes robed in gorgeous simplicity: three broad splashes of brilliant colour—sky-blue, scarlet, and saffron—against a background of dingy whitewash, a group by some old Dutch master, much the worse for—no, it is not age. House and inmates alike proclaim the sad law which runs throughout the life of Southern Asia: precocious maturity and early decay.

I pass more temples richly endowed and in utter disrepair — crumbling, you might say, under the weight of wealth, for does not the venerable Vyâsa declare in the Vedas that the giver of land and gold to the gods resides sixty thousand years in heaven, but he who takes the gift away resides as long in hell? Does he not state that they who rob a temple of its dowry are born again as black cobras, and live in dry holes in the waterless jungles of the Vindhyas? Yes, it is not indigence these temples suffer from. Whence their woebegone appearance, then? I suspect the priests know that other saying of the venerable Vyâsa: 'The fruit of the earth belongs to him who possesses it.'

I go on. Now I pass a mosque, square, flat-roofed, many-domed, many-pinnacled, wholly uninspiring. Then

come the shops of Mahomedan barbers and wig-makers; of bone-setters, who invite you, with many-tongued persuasiveness, to walk quickly in and have your sprained ankles and broken spine made whole again. Outside each shop there sits cross-legged, or squats on his hams, a professional letter-writer, pen in hand. He must be the wretch who perpetrated the dozens of applications which I received the other day in answer to a harmless advertisement for a servant. They came like a plague of locusts from dozens of gentlemen who averred their anxiety to serve me in any capacity, apparently for the mere virtue of the thing. One of them declared: 'I have a prurient desire to serve you, and if you judge me worthy of your confidence I will never fail to belabour myself to this end.'

And as you walk warily through this redundance of filth, so infamous, yet so fascinating, dodging the bullock-carts and enjoying the struggle for giving and taking the wall, your nostrils are filled now with the drowsy fragrance of Eastern spices, now with the all-pervading pungency of the rancid cocoanut oil wherewith your incomprehensible neighbours love to anoint their bodies, and again you sniff the fumes of the everlasting hooka: *quot homines tot odores.*

A wretched beggar approaches me, whining. He addresses me in Oriental hyperbole as *Gharib parwar* ('Nourisher of the Poor!'). I am pleased at the title, undeserved though I know it to be, and give him two copper pieces, and he limps on his way blessing me. I thought I had given him twopence—it turns out to be two pice (= two farthings), but I hope the paucity of the donation will not affect the efficacy of the benediction. At all events, I have acquired a halfpenny worth of merit.

And so I move on, happy in the reflection that I have done my clumsy best to confirm an immortal soul in habits of sloth. Bah! one must be a hardened moralist, or worse, to think of such things in India. A Hindu

beggar is a species by himself, and has to be measured by a special ethical tape.

Then come shops surmounted by cryptic inscriptions—long lines of rigid, angular characters, all looking obliquely to the left. Some are provided with a Christian translation. In one of them I read, 'Holy Soap Manufacturing Co.' Holiness and manufacturing is a combination suggestive of much, but here it means, I suppose, nothing more abstruse than soap free from the fat of the sacred cow—for the cow, paradoxical though it may appear, is revered sincerely, while her tail is often pulled, and pulled off, quite as sincerely. Strange and inscrutable are the inconsistencies of the human heart!

While pondering over these matters, I am very nearly run over by a delirious vehicle. I stop it, step into it, and return by another route, feeling that I have earned the right of comparative rest.

I am jerked past several malarious tanks, and in their depths I see inverted native gentlemen in their flowing white shirts playing lawn-tennis. The poor in this country live naked, the rich in their nightshirts.

Now and again a fashionable equipage passes us: steeds of irreproachable magnificence; but the coachman and the two footmen who, fly-whisk in hand, cling to the hood behind are attired with a splendour which I am only prevented from describing as it deserves by an uneasy recollection of the Lord Mayor's Show.

Inside the carriage there sits an elderly gentleman and two youths, all clad in spotless white, bareheaded, and wearing an expression of modest nobility which many a robust, silk-hatted Lord Mayor might do worse than envy.

And so we rattle on through the crowds, my garry barely escaping collision with other delirious garries of the Black Maria type. But even delirium has its little compensations. To my eternal shame I will confess that I felt amused at the sight of many a flabby Bengalee Adonis skedaddling out of the way and into the mud. A

little leaping, methinks, will do him good. He seems to have appropriated more than his fair share of fat in a world made up so woefully of skin and bones.

Here and there, in the midst of all this squalor and tawdriness, the tumbledown shanties and general topsy-turvydom, I see a majestic building in the Greek style—Doric, Ionic or Corinthian columns, pediments and all! The delirium becomes tremens, and the noise and the smells, the hoarse cries, the rattling of wheels in the fast-gathering gloom, threaten abundant stuff for future night-mares. To complete the pandemonium, the crows are now settling on the trees for the night in their millions, filling the air with the one note that is not quite novel; they speak the same nerve-shattering jargon as English rooks, though with a foreign accent. . . .

Pleasant it is to lapse into a long cane-chair, and to watch the moon shedding her soft light over the world, subduing its incongruities into harmony. The pseudo-Gothic spire of yon cathedral and the pseudo-Doric pediment of that other monstrosity look almost inoffensive in the spectral moonlight; the cocoanut palms tower darkly against the white sky, and a firefly glimmers through their foliage, vanishes, and glimmers again. The crickets have set up their sweet tune—'Sweet!' exclaims my platitudinarian friend in amazement. Yes, my friend, sweet to one who has the temerity of his tastes—some chirping intermittently, others with a continuous shrillness; a neighbouring tank rings with the songs of the frogs, croaking in one chorus, deafening, yet to me strangely delightful; from far away comes the rumbling of the illuminated town—even that toned down into a rhythmic lullaby—and over all hovers the sacred spirit of the night. Ah, *si sic semper!*

Having already discussed the beggar, the Brahman, and the bull of India, I feel in duty bound to say something concerning another product of the country beginning with the same letter of the alphabet.

The Baboo.

Whether it was that the sound of the word, by a fatal association of ideas, reminded me of the vulgar saying, 'bo to a goose,' or whether I was the victim of some other subtle psychological hallucination, I know not. But, when I first heard the name, I candidly took it to be an opprobrious epithet applied by the arrogant European to the down-trodden and irrepressible gentleman of Bengal. Even when I saw it in print, affixed to polysyllables of unquestionable respectability, I could not quite dissociate it from the odious connotation, and felt nervous about using it.

Whence comes the Baboo? Whither is he going? Has he any other mission in life than that of supplying us with an object-lesson in the ludicrous? Has he got a soul? In brief, What is a Baboo?

In my perplexity I consulted a great indigenous oracle, which responded as follows: 'This is a euphonious Oriental title, suggestive of some amiable qualities which are eminently calculated to adorn and elevate human life.'

This definition I repeated to the Old Resident, who, being in an epigrammatic mood, condensed it into a single sentence wherein the Bengalee Baboo was tersely described as 'an ass.'

My perplexity, as will easily be imagined, was not lessened, but rather augmented, by so startling a discrepancy of expert opinion. Longer acquaintance with India has led me to the conclusion that in this, as in all other matters of moment, the truth lies between the two extremes.

In arriving at this original conclusion, I was materially assisted by the Bengalee oracle itself, which, on being again consulted, admitted that the Baboo has long since fallen from the pristine eminence suggested by his euphonious title; that at the present hour 'the Anglicized Baboos are certainly well-meaning men, instinctively disposed to move within the groove traditionally prescribed

for them, but the scintillation of European ideas and a servile imitation of Western manners have played sad havoc with their original tendencies.'

This calm and judicial anathema was corroborated by another native tribunal, which, in less lofty language, addressed me as follows: 'Just see, Baboo Ghosh, Tosh or Bosh enters the Civil Service, and immediately he takes a hat and coat and becomes a "mister." He cuts off all connection with his countrymen, and poses as a European in every way. Some of them even take the trouble to be born in England, oblivious of the adage concerning the cow which is born in a stable—or is it the ass born in a cowshed?'

Nor is this the whole of their degeneracy. The Anglicized Baboos, as a third Pythian oracle puts it, 'turn a deaf ear to the unmistakable admonitions of our occult inner selves, and run headlong to an unmitigated doom, only out of an innate perversity of our own nature—viz., the desire for imitating the external sahib even at the cost of health and life.' 'The groanings of the sick and the wailings of the bereaved, which shake the walls of every house in the country,' were shrewdly traced to this blind imitation of the 'youthful abortions of vaunted civilization'—namely, to the English habit of drinking tea and coffee:

'Our forefathers had the uncommon good sense of borning* and continuing Bengalees. Our society had excellent tone and health at the time, and tea and coffee would have been considered as gross violations of the article of faith.' (Time was when 'a Hindu would have left his bed a little before the break of dawn, performed his ablutions, recited his morning prayer, and then sat to a breakfast consisting of bits of cleansed ginger and water-soaked grain saturate with Saindhava salt.'

But those days of pastoral innocence and ginger-bits are, alas! over. Now it is otherwise. This *temporis acti laudator* vouches for the fact that he has actually seen 'in

* Bengalee English for 'being born

certain houses the kettle kept simmering all day long, and tea served out to several of its inmates three or four times a day!'

These are, then, the delinquencies of the Baboo from the point of view of his fellow-countrymen: he is too English. From the English point of view his great sin is that he is too native. They are both right. The Baboo, as I see him, is a soft, smooth, bare-headed and bare-legged mass of snuff-coloured rotundity in a starched English white shirt, flowing outside his loin-cloth, and an umbrella.

His greatest charm is his smile, and eloquence his least vice. He is eloquent even under chloroform. A short time ago a young Bengalee gentleman was placed under anæsthetics in a local hospital. Now, it is a well-known fact that anæsthetics bring a man's true character out even better than wine. An Englishman under chloroform swears; an Italian sings; a German shouts for beer; the Bengalee patient said, 'Ladies and gentlemen, I wish to say a few words. . . .'

Nevertheless, the Bengalee Baboos are a really intelligent race of men, and there are few Native States in India where you do not find them filling the highest administrative positions. They would also be a powerful one were they less firmly convinced that wisdom is only another name for words. They are a censorious race, too, and, though I should be the last person in the world to complain of criticism, the Lieutenant-Governor, I hear, finds it irritating at times. Personally, what I do resent is the superfluity of the Bengalee's eloquence and its stupendous futility. I dislike waste, if it be only of wind.

On the other hand, I am grateful to the Baboo for enabling me to behold, for the first time in my life, volubility combined with a total absence of vivacity. The Bengalee appears to me to have been created principally in order to refute the Shakespearean division of mankind into corpulent and discontented. He can be both.

It is easy to laugh at the Baboo's eccentricities—far

easier to laugh than to justify the laughter. But who is to blame for them? We have created the modern Bengalee. In our schools we have taught him to worship all that is English and, indirectly, to despise all that is native. He is the inevitable result of the new acting upon the old. His English shirt and Eastern loin-cloth represent a tragelaphic stage of transition which may lead far or to reaction. Meanwhile, he is a living page of history—one of history's hackneyed repetitions.

The spread in India of English culture, such as it is, reminds me vividly of the spread of pseudo-Hellenic culture, over Western Asia during the Macedonian period, and the young Baboo of Calcutta in his English shirt enables me to realize the impression which a Syrian youth of Antioch in the broad-brimmed hat, high-laced boots, and chlamys of a Greek *ephebos* must have produced on the visitor from Athens. His English to real English is what New Testament Greek was to the language spoken in contemporary Greece. An Athenian *Punch* of the time of the Seleucids, had such a brilliant institution existed in that benighted age, would, no doubt, have handed down to us the features and the fatuity of many a Greco-Syrian Mr. Jabberjee.

The parallel holds in every particular. To the Hellenistic theatre and its obscenities corresponds the Anglo-Indian theatre and its banalities; to the Greek gymnasium the cricket, hockey, or football field; to the Greek stoa our club; to the Greek agora our Parliamentary talking-place, so faithfully parodied in the Indian National Congress. All these things, by precept or by example, have been thrust upon the Indian, and the Indian, poor fellow, being an imitator by the grace of God, has tried to copy them as best he could, and to become Anglicized, just as the Oriental of twenty-one centuries ago became Hellenized—and not one inch more.

The same remark applies to our vices. We have taught the Indian to do and to drink all sorts of things that were foreign to his nature, without weaning him first from his

hereditary vices. He formerly indulged in opium; now he indulges also in cocaine. He formerly drank toddy; now he also drinks whisky. He was formerly only a flatterer by nature; our rule has made him both obsequious and disloyal. Formerly he had as many lawful wives as he could support decently; now he has only one lawful wife.

If the modern Baboo bears a double burden of sin, who is to blame?

The above reflections were suggested to me by a ceremony which took place in the Calcutta University. The object was to inflict upon his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales the degree of Doctor of Laws.

'It was a splendid performance,' remarked to me a Bengalee M.A. whose name is written Mr. Mukhopadhyay, and pronounced Baboo Mookerjee. He is a highly loyal Baboo, and a firm admirer of the Government of India, of which he is a typical, if somewhat subordinate, member.

'Whatever the shortcomings or deficiencies of our administration may be, my honourable friend and sir,' he said to me in the style of familiarity justified by our five minutes' acquaintance, 'you cannot but admire our futility of resource.'

As he did not look capable of a conscious anticlimax, I took it to be a slip for 'fertility.' It also was one of those pregnant truths which sometimes issue from the mouths of babes and Baboos.

But this was only a gala occasion, on which the Baboo appeared in his best clothes and holiday manners. A casual visit to some of the factories where he is actually made is most enlightening. You see at a glance that here penury is, as it should be, the cradle-mate of learning. Squalor and license rule jointly over a class which recalls strangely both the tub of Diogenes and an ordinary pig-sty—battered desks, crazy benches, floor reeking of immemorial bare feet, chairs creeping with innumerable secret life, and from the ceiling swings an ancient punka, squeaking sadly as it trails its tattered frill over the professorial head.

The benches swarm with a studious youth, loin-clothed, bare-legged, their unclean shirt-sleeves tucked up to the elbows, as though in preparation for the struggle for existence. Their shiny limbs and faces show that all the wisdom which these students cannot assimilate inwardly is instantly translated into oil. And the air is rancid with the aroma thereof.

The professor goes on droning, the pupils go on chewing betel, chatting, and expectorating diligently, the punka goes on squeaking sadly, and with these noises of work is agreeably mingled the idle plashing and jabbering of the servants, as they wash themselves or their clothes in an adjoining bathroom.

Then the bell rings cheerfully for the roll-call. This is the essential part of the lecture. Immediately, crowds that had deemed it unnecessary to enter the class, but spent the hour on the veranda, undisturbed by the lecturer's voice, rush eagerly in to answer 'Here, sir.' Thus the University by-law which requires students to keep a certain number of lectures is duly observed. As my Baboo friend has expressed it with his usual felicity, 'They are so intelligent and studious that one wonders at the progress they have made.'

When not attending his classes, the Calcutta undergraduate develops other than the intellectual side of his nature in private. As in many cases he comes from the interior, his Calcutta residence is either in, or in the immediate vicinity of, a temple of the demotic Aphrodite.

But when his giddy undergraduate days are over, and Mr. Bosh has become a hooded B.A., you hear him with his peers pleading eloquently in the small courts for a small fee, or, more often, you see him and them in all the public offices, sitting in serried ranks, clad in the regulation shirt and a smattering of curious English, scribbling and perspiring profusely for one or two pounds a month. You also recognise many of them in damp, dimly-lighted mercantile offices—cadaverous clerks with hollow cheeks and eyes sparkling with arithmetic and hunger.

There they sit chained to a desk, ten of them doing the work of one ordinary mortal. Or you see the exceptionally successful one—the one who has sold himself to a wealthy father-in-law—standing up in the National Congress and inveighing, in tones worthy of Demosthenes, against the Government's 'policy of retrogradation.'

But when I remember that Syria produced a Lucian, I cannot but think that the time may come when the Baboo will cease to be a passive spring of Western laughter. Meanwhile, our attitude towards him and his peers is singular. When the East refuses to imitate us, we call her savage; and when she attempts to do so, we call her simian. We denounce the Mahdis and Mullahs and Dalai Lamas and Boxers as fanatics, and we deride the Baboos as fools. It is an attitude that, methinks, speaks of an abundant lack of intelligence somewhere, for does not every Anglo-Indian echo, parrot-like, the mischievous and shallow platitude:

> 'The East is East and the West is West,
> And never the twain can meet'?

The difference between the two is not one of kind, but one of development. Asia is essentially Europe in her childhood—or is it second childhood?

In any case, we have been acting on that assumption. We have undertaken to teach the Hindus not to take their dying parents to the Ganges, but to the doctor; not to burn their widows, but to marry them; to bury and not to eat corpses; to cherish their wives, not to cut off their noses; to labour more and to beg less; to try to ward off famine by thrift, and not by prayer; to turn their eyes from heaven to earth, and to say 'No.'

What are our chances of success?

That the chasm which is supposed to gape naturally between the man of Europe and the man of Asia exists only in the prejudiced mind which knows nothing of the past history of either, and is invulnerable to the lessons conveyed by a serious comparative study of both at present,

I firmly believe. But, if the influence of Europe over India is to yield anything more useful than a frantic reaction, it must go beyond the school. It must be extended over the broadest area of Indian life, and made to permeate, through the surface, into the deep recesses of Indian nature.

This, however, though I hold it to be possible, cannot come to pass so long as our wives and our daughters disdain the society of Indian women, and so long as we refuse to breathe—in our clubs, railway-carriages, and houses—the same air as Indian men. But, before we give up our own aloofness, the Indians must also give up their customs of chewing betel, of nursing their toes, and of expectorating in our presence. Meanwhile, the abhorrence is mutual. If the European scorns the native, the native—the genuine, self-respecting Hindu—repays the debt with interest. At the present hour either of them might address the other, with perfect sincerity, in the words in which the medieval Jew addressed the Gentile:

'I will buy with you, sell with you, talk with you, walk with you, and so following; but I will not eat with you, drink with you, nor pray with you'—nor, highest barrier of all, intermarry with you.

And this barrier is daily growing higher, owing to the Anglo-Indian Government's self-contradictory persistence in looking upon the Indian as a curiosity belonging to another species, while, at the same time, it endeavours to train him according to the rules of ours. The Anglo-Indian cannot understand that it is hardly possible to educate the Indian on Western ideas, and yet to treat him as if he were a primitive Oriental. This attitude is, perhaps, due to mere stupidity. Another cause of alienation is the insolence of some Indian Civil Servants. I have seen young men springing from the London suburbs treating in public aged native noblemen in a manner which a gentleman would not have adopted towards his valet. In any other country these things would have begotten sedition long ago. In India they beget a bitter-

ness which is none the less ominous because it is rarely expressed in action. The recent agitation in Bengal and the boycott movement, I believe, would never have attained the dimensions which they did attain but for the fact that in this denunciation of English goods many Indians found an opportunity of expressing their antipathy to the English nation. If my advice were asked—a contingency happily quite remote — I would say, in my pedantic way: *Liberalitate subjectos retinere satius esse credo quam metu.* But the Olympians on whose knees these matters rest think otherwise. So long as things are as they are we may profess our anxiety to Occidentalize the Oriental. We may as hopefully strive to Occidentalize the man in the moon.

CHAPTER XVII

RANGOON

We left Calcutta on January 9 and snorted down the river Hooghly, an offspring of the Ganges, mild, majestic, and muddy. Gradually the factory chimneys and their smoke glided out of view, and their place was taken by green cocoanut palms, low, cattle-haunted pastures and fields undulating down to the margin of the stream, on whose yellow, sunlit waves dance the curved dinghies lazily.

Three days' voyage across the blue Bay of Bengal brought us to the mouth of the Rangoon River, an offspring of the Irrawaddy, no less mild, majestic, and muddy, its banks green with palms, pastures, and fields, its bosom dotted with boats as curved as the dinghies of the Hooghly, though more gracefully shaped and split at the stern. It was only when in sight of Rangoon City itself that the gilded points of two pagodas flashing above the tree-tops brought home to me the pleasant conviction that I was no longer in India.

I had often heard my platitudinarian friend describe Burma as 'the most picturesque portion of the Indian Empire,' and was therefore prepared to find it the dullest. But, for once, reality has proved even more extravagant than my friend's stupidity. A new country is like a new face. You either dislike it at first sight or you fall captive to its charm. Burma would stir to song the veriest Bœotian. Even Rangoon—this spurious portal to Burma proper—may inspire a prelude to the pæan. Its streets are broad, its trees are green, and

its people a patchwork of complexions and costumes. The dark-skinned, half-naked coolies of India are everywhere, carrying, sleeping, driving, and watering the streets out of two buckets slung from a bamboo pole across the shoulders, each bucket armed with a long bamboo spout. The shops swarm with the traders of India, the long-haired, effeminate sons of Ceylon, and the pigtails of pale Chinese, while in the more pretentious establishments may be seen the stiff black tiara of the enterprising Parsi. The Old Resident, as though anxious to raise my curiosity to the height of insanity, points out to me in rapid succession representatives of other communities—Surati, Khoja, Chittagonian—and enlarges with deadly deliberation on the subtle differences in dress and deportment which enable the initiated to distinguish the various subdivisions of each race.

By degrees you discover in this cosmopolitan medley the real Burmese—the clean, happy-go-lucky, aristocratic children of the land, content to leave the sordid pursuit of lucre to their more astute and prosaic competitors from East and West. In character and creed, dialect and dress, they form a beautiful compromise between the Indian and the Chinaman: brighter than the one, lazier than the other, more lovable than either. Men and women all lounge about clad in silken sunsets, smoking cheroots, cigarettes, or tubes filled with multifarious fragrance, and in size equal unto a policeman's truncheon.

It is an idyllic people, almost unreal in its delicate quaintness. It also is—the male portion of it—a trifle absurd. 'Nga Ba!' 'Maung Ka!'—such are the cries you hear in the street, and an elementary observation satisfies you that these inarticulate sounds are no crude imitations of the bleating of sheep and the cawing of crows, but everyday names seriously borne by real men who walk on two legs, who eat and drink and laugh like mortals. Nga Ba! Nga Ba! Manifestly, to ba or not to ba, that is the question in Rangoon.

Even the poorest of the people despise wealth, and,

though they will work with pleasure for a jovial task-master who takes the trouble to entertain them, they turn their backs disdainfully on anyone who has nothing more poetical to offer than money. Wit, in sober earnest, is of greater value to a Burmese labourer than wages. His love for his cattle is profound, and it extends to refusing to milk them for the benefit of the Old Resident. The scruple is not due to any narrow abhorrence of the foreigner or of milk. The tinned abominations of Western dairies are widely advertised on the walls and in the newspapers of Rangoon, and find immense favour in the palates of her sons and daughters. But the Burman does not like to rob the calf of its food. The same kindly feeling compels this most unpractical of Orientals to lavish on these creatures an amount of affectionate care which renders them a corpulent contrast to their much-suffering kin on the other side of the Bay.

These and other flowers of knowledge I draw from the Old Resident's inexhaustible cornucopia, as we walk down the broad thoroughfares on our way to the great Shwe Dagon Pagoda. We pass many Burmese ladies, dainty and diminutive, some bound for the same destination. They saunter along, thick-soled sandals, red or green, under their bare white little feet, paper parasols over their flower-wreathed knobs of glossy black hair, a short white jacket through whose transparent texture gleam the soft white arms, a pink sash thrown over the neck, and the lower part of the body wrapt in a bright drapery of pink or blue which clings fondly to the limbs, concealing not the harmonious curves which it covers. A rope of pearls round the slender little neck, a pair of diamonds or emeralds attached to the ears, and a bracelet of gold, add their own chastened glitter to the shimmer and rustle of silk, completing the conquest which the black almond eyes and warm red lips have begun.

And the self-possession of these ladies is as wonderful as their taste. There is no purdah in Burma. These sunny little nymphs of the rosy lips and pencilled eye-

brows are as free and fearless as the parrots. They have a friendly word and a smile for every male acquaintance, and for those whom the Fates blessed at their birth favours sweeter than empty words or smiles. They choose their own mates, these fairies of the East, bestowing themselves on mere mortals, even as did the divinities of old Olympus. And yet, such is the perversity of human nature, these privileged beings pray for no higher boon of the gods than to be reborn men.

They pray as frequently and fervently as they love. Here are several groups of them entering the great pagoda with us. We pass between the two great, hideous monsters of stone which gape on either side of the entrance, and traverse rows of stalls kept by powdered women, each exposing for sale the offerings which the gods of Burma love: beeswax tapers, flowers, real and artificial, toy umbrellas and fans of paper, bunches of aromatic wood, fruit, and so forth. Our little ladies pause before these stalls, and, having made their pious purchases, proceed up the marble flights of steps, which rise one above the other under the carved wooden arches, thronged by bare-footed worshippers ascending and descending through the dusk, slippers in hand, cheroot in mouth. We follow, and finally attain the open platform, from the middle of which shoots the conical pagoda, its face covered with gold, its apex crowned with a multiple mitre, round which hang many little bells tinkling in the breeze.

It was built by two brothers, Taphussa and Bhallika by name, who lived once upon a time in Ukkala, near the modern city of Rangoon, and who travelled to India in the pursuit of commerce. On their way they met a *nat*, or fairy, who directed them to the spot where the Buddha was meditating under the Rajayatana-tree. The rest of the story may be given in the Old Resident's own words:

'Arriving there, the two brothers respectfully saluted the Buddha, and presented him with offerings of rice and honey cakes. Immediately four celestial beings brought

four bowls made of stone, which the Buddha, by a miracle, converted into one. The two brothers then put their offerings into the bowl, and the Buddha, after partaking of the repast, presented them with eight hairs, which they enshrined in the cavity of a pagoda erected on their return to their native country. Successive concentric layers of bricks have been laid which have enlarged the size and height of the Shwe Dagon Pagoda, until the successor of Alompra, about the year A.D. 1770, completed the building as we now see it.'

It shoots from the midst of many trees, small shrines, and altars, each altar grimy with the smoke and gray with the drippings of countless candles, each pillared, gilt and ornate shrine enclosing a Buddha of smooth white marble or burnished brass, seated cross-legged with the left hand held in front, hollow upward, the right hanging down, calling the earth serenely to witness the truth of his gospel. Round each image are fixed the offerings of the faithful: fans, paper umbrellas, even a clock. Beside one of the images I see a little table laid out with cakes, oranges, jugs, napkins, and all the pomp of a doll's feast. Before each shrine kneel groups of worshippers—men, women, and little children. They kneel on mats, with their legs tucked underneath, their slippers ranged behind them, their hands uplifted in prayer, and clasping bouquets of roses. And above the murmur of prayer can be heard now and again the crowing of a cock, the cackle of hens, and the bark of a pariah dog, the whole concert punctuated by the deep, dull sound of a bell, not rung, but struck with an iron hammer like a gong.

All these shrines are erected by the piety of persons wishing to acquire merit. But at the foot of the great solid pagoda stand the four shrines which form an integral part of it. They are full of bronze-gilt Buddhas, great and small, ranged along the sides, and reflecting dimly the lights and shades of innumerable flickering candles. The roof above and the cornices of the pillars are hung with multifarious offerings, among them many tresses of black

THE SHWE DAGON PAGODA, RANGOON

hair dedicated by lovelorn maidens, and bunches of corn-ears, tokens of a farmer's troubles; and the sparrows peck at these ears, blessing the gods who have created man to sow and to reap for them, and scattering over the congregation grains which are joyfully picked up by the cackling hens. From the foliage of the trees outside comes the piping of other feathered things, and, you might say, the whole creation joins in one peaceful chorus of praise.

The scene is strange, and yet perfectly intelligible. The Burmese are obviously on terms of easy familiarity with their gods. Here is paganism in its most charming aspect—the paganism of Theocritus—sensuous, joyous, direct, charitable, sane, and sincere. The attitude of the human portion of the congregation bears out that view. They do not appear to labour under any kind of awe. There is no stiffness about their devotion. Their piety is equally free from the self-conscious ostentation of the Pharisee, and from the self-conscious fugitiveness of the Western saint. There is nothing of the corybantic or of the ascetic in it. It is the simple, unaffected outpouring of hearts longing or grateful. And the prayers for the happy reincarnation of all living things are diversified by frank puffs at the cheroot. This appears to be an inevitable article of a Burmese man or woman's apparel, almost of his or her faith. In brief, were I in search of a religion, I would gladly become a Buddhist—perhaps a Buddhist monk.

There are troops of them in this pagoda, stepping gravely along the corridors, bare-footed, bare-armed, face and head clean-shaven, their orange togas thrown over the left shoulder and thence flowing down in majestic folds, such as one sees only in ancient Greek and Roman statues. Men, women, and monks are all that the most fastidious dramatic critic could desire. The last-mentioned class would also satisfy the most melancholy of sociologists. The Burmese monk's vow is binding only so long as sincerity endures. A Burmese brother need not play the hypocrite.' When the orange robe begins to irk, he is at

liberty to take it off and to go into the world without incurring any reproach for his candour. This, at all events, is the theory on which Burmese monasticism is based. In practice, of course, the flesh, even in Burma, is weak. At times a brother, forced to choose between the spirit and the stomach, continues a monk after having ceased to be a saint. One must live, and how can he face life and its responsibilities who has been only apprenticed to its renunciations? For such failures a respectable Burman has as little respect as Boccaccio had for the frail friars of his time, and with as good reason.

But the vast majority of these yellow, silent figures deserve all the reverence paid to them. You hear that all the people of Burma, high and low alike, can read, write, and reckon. This elementary education is freely provided in the convents by the good monks and nuns, not from any practical desire of 'lifting up the masses' in this world, but for the pure sake of acquiring merit in the next. So sound, indeed, has this indigenous system of instruction proved to be that it has been adopted by the British authorities as the basis of Burmese education—no mean tribute of appreciation.

Furthermore, the monks of Burma exhibit none of the priest's jealous exclusiveness. Though not given to proselytism, they realize that there is room in heaven for other men besides themselves, and they readily welcome into their ranks any stranger—a liberality of which European adventurers eagerly avail themselves, and the sight is not uncommon of a broken-down drunkard from the West seeking the wherewithal to quench his spirituous yearnings in the company of the fallen saints of the East.

Not long ago such a neophyte was found hatless, speechless, and senseless under a tree in West Rangoon. When he recovered sufficient consciousness to crawl, he applied at the neighbouring *kyaung* for admission to the monastic Order. His request was granted without delay, and the representative of European civilization woke up to find himself a yellow priest of Buddha. Unfortunately,

a respectable Burman heard of this conversion, and, as a result of his efforts on behalf of Buddha's reputation, the newly-fledged monk was stripped of his orange toga and put into the *pothado* robe instead; but the change of raiment effected no corresponding change in character, and the neophyte continues a favourite disgrace to the brotherhood. In the same *kyaung* there are other riotous Europeans, enjoying the hospitality of the monks and sharing their revels; but they are only lay brethren in spirits.

Such is the standard of sacerdotal morality in some of the convents of Rangoon at the present hour. In this respect, at all events, the East has nothing to learn from the West.

But the sensuality of a few among its priests seldom affects the piety of the people. The Burmese are an essentially religious race of men, and Rangoon is the citadel of a very exhilarating form of Buddhism, tempered by spirit-worship, which has its centre in this famous pagoda of the Shwe Dagon, with its lofty crown of gold, on which the sun-rays linger early and late, diffusing over the city a light which is not entirely of this world. The air of Rangoon is at times as full of rumours, portents, and omens as was the air of ancient Rome on the eve of great events. Not very long ago a tiger strayed from the open country into the middle of the town, and, alarmed by the crowds, it climbed up the wavy tiers of the pagoda, where it was shot dead. The phenomenon produced a deep impression on the susceptible Burmese mind. 'Surely,' everyone whispered unto everyone else, 'there is more in this than meets the eye,' and the soothsayers were busy.

Among the myriad interpretations, the most generally accepted was the one which described the brute's visit as a hint that the lower parts of the pagoda, which are bare, should be immediately covered with leaf of gold down to the spot where the tiger had stood. But the hint was ignored, and the people blamed the trustees of the temple

for their culpable negligence of so plain a premonition sent by the gods. This negligence filled the pious with mysterious apprehensions, which found utterance in the dark prophecy: 'The tiger, then the lightning.' Everyone repeated the oracle with misgiving, because none could tell what it meant.

But not many moons waxed and waned ere the meaning flashed from heaven. The pagoda was struck by lightning on the very spot where the tiger had stood. Nor was this all. When the lightning 'paid homage' to the pagoda, as the pious euphemistically described the disaster, some plates of copper fell down, and the name for copper in the Burmese tongue is *gyi*. 'What is in a name?' says the sceptic, jesting. But wait, my friend of little understanding, and you will see. During the same storm, in addition to the pagoda, was struck the cook of the Dufferin Hospital, and his name was O Zah Gyi. Lastly, on the same day, not far from the hospital, five crows were killed, and the name for a crow is *gyi*. Now know that the sound *gyi* comprehensively means 'great, portentous,' and then tell me if the three synchronous calamities do not constitute a portent.

The best authorities were at once consulted, and unanimously responded: 'Woe unto Rangoon, her sons, and her daughters, if the shrine of Shwe Dagon be not forthwith clothed in gold from the top down to the spot where the tiger stood and the lightning struck. If this warning is also disregarded, the city shall be afflicted by a water famine which shall beget the twin pests of small-pox and plague. The first shall sweep off one-third of the population, the second shall mow down another third, and the remainder, shrunk to skin and bones, shall wander over the empty city, among the dead, like the unhappy ghosts of those who die in sin. All these things shall come to pass if the pagoda be not immediately given a coat of gold.' The pagoda was not given such a coat, and the city was visited by the twin pests, which still afflict the poorer quarters, despite the various exorcisms

of Hindu, Chinese, and Burmese priests, and the official persecution of rats.

We leave the dusk of the pagoda and its spiritual atmosphere and pass out into the fresh air and the sun. We meet Burmese school boys and girls with their books under their arms and cigarettes in their mouths, walking gaily home, and under a banyan-tree in a grove by the roadside we see a youth and a maiden reclining side by side in two couches naturally formed by the serpentine stems of the tree. He is a mere boy and she, no longer a little girl, not yet a little woman, but in that stage of tremulous semi-consciousness which, in Burma as elsewhere, marks the hour that divides the deep slumber of childhood from the tumultuous awakening of the feminine soul to the realities and the joys of life.

Yet a while and her ears will be pierced ready to receive the rings of wedlock, and she will have to go, demure and alone, to the temple, to register such vows as maidens make and, maybe, to lift timidly one of the wishing-stones which I have seen in the Shwe Dagon Pagoda. In lifting the stone you express a wish, the realization or not of which depends on the lightness or heaviness which you feel in replacing it. These things she will do day after day, and many prayers will she murmur until he has come in whom all prayers find their fulfilment, and the flower vanishes in the fruit. Meanwhile she reclines under the shade of yon banyan-tree by the roadside, flirting frankly with her friend. Verily, if there be on earth such a region as a fairyland its name is Burma. But I am no Theocritus, and it would ill become me to rival Mr. Swinburne.

CHAPTER XVIII

ON THE ROAD TO MANDALAY

RANGOON and its illuminations are behind us. Presently the only part of the city visible from the railway carriage is the golden Shwe Dagon Pagoda, a pillar of yellow light, shining weirdly against the black night. Now even that beacon has died out, and we dash noisily through the palpable darkness of the open country.

The trees rise dimly from the fields, and here and there a wood fire glows red. Up above throng the stars—a mighty host marching westward, slow, majestic, silent. Here they scintillate in groups, there they gleam in solemn isolation. Some burn with a steady, penetrating brilliance which pierces your very soul, others twinkle in unison with your own thoughts.

Then a white light suffuses the sky-line faintly. It grows and glows. Suddenly a sickle of gold emerges above the eastern hills, and the round face of the moon soars into the heavens.

The stars have sunk around her, extinguished by a diviner light, and she floats in the serenity of the night alone, detached from the blue depths beyond, suspended in the void. The blades of the palms glint keen and curved like the edges of scimitars, the village pagodas loom spectral from amidst the thatched roofs, and the cattle sleep in the moonlit meadows.

When the train stops, the cricket's chirp is heard through the solitude of the night, supreme—permeating all, haunting all, giving a voice to the moonlight. It is

ON THE ROAD TO MANDALAY

melancholy, dreamy, and infinite, like all the songs of the East. It sounds as if it had been ringing from the beginning, and were destined to go on ringing to the end of time. 'Tch, tch, tch,' it seems to din into your ear the eternity and, under all variations, essential sameness of things. At first it irritates, then it depresses, but in the end it dominates you. Struggle as you will, you are doomed to succumb to the fatal strain, and thought gradually fades into dream. . . .

The sun is up. On the east a chain of massive blue mountains crawls along the horizon. On the west spreads the plain—a vast garden of golden field and green forest, with the palms fanning and the pinnacles of countless pagodas piercing the blue sky. Here and there we pass clusters of cottages, nestling among the trees, their thatches pointed, their walls of plaited bamboo. They all stand high on posts; for, if India dreads the drought, Burma is the favourite victim of deluge.

Large tracts along the banks of the Irrawaddy yonder have recently been washed clean of their rice crops, and others lie fallow on account of cattle disease. The regions on either side of this railway line are now in receipt of eleemosynary aid; and yet the land and her people, to the superficial observer, betray not the least sign of distress. The former is green with the crops of to-morrow, or yellow with those of yesterday; the latter smile with the chastened gaiety of the East.

Here are little brown Burmans bathing in the wayside ponds, boys and girls floating together in the sunlight, among the white lotus and the other blossoms of the water. There a group of grown-up women fill their pitchers from the river, and then march proudly off—a procession of little fairy queens, each with a round vessel on her erect head; and the cattle are the sleekest I have ever seen. Yes, despite periodical inundation and occasional disease, the country presents a picture of tranquil rural happiness such as would have made glad the heart of my friend Theocritus. The Old Resident complains

of taxation. He tells me that the Government squeezes all classes of the people with painful impartiality.

'But,' I protest, 'they look so contented!'

'Oh,' he admits reluctantly, 'they are happy—in comparison with their former condition.'

And he grudgingly informs me that since 1893 the population of the Irrawaddy delta has been multiplying so rapidly that a new administrative district had to be created last year, and two new townships have sprung into being; that agricultural settlements are daily reclaiming waste land; and, according to the officials at all events, there is no checking the rapid progress of a province whose prosperity is eloquently witnessed by the income-tax returns.

This Pindaric ode requires, of course, unofficial toning down. But the Old Resident is inclined to be just according to his lights. 'If the people are not quite so well off as the Government would have us believe,' he says, 'the fault is partly theirs.'

He tells me that an official has recently visited a large area affected by scarcity, and found the people possessing pigs, goats, and fowls, which they would on no account sell, while they were glad enough to receive as a free gift all the rice presented to them.

'It is difficult,' says the prosaic Old Resident, 'to sympathize with men who prefer to starve rather than part with their domestic animals.'

He speaks as if these people were ordinary peasants! They are not. Like all noblemen in embarrassed circumstances, they would rather die than declare their poverty to the world by selling their cherished pets. The Old Resident cannot see the romantic side of things, and brands these people as foolish and lazy rascals, abundantly deserving their lot.

The truth is that the scarcity from which they are suffering is in some measure due to their own improvidence and acute disinclination for plebeian labour. These are precisely the qualities which prompt certain

novelists to choose their heroes from amongst the haughty, hungry, and happy dons of Spain. I fail to see how an attitude of mind which we admire in a Castilian prince can be condemned in the Karen peasant.

For my own part, I require no other evidence of the high stage of civilization already attained by these interesting folk, under British tutelage, than the *taungya* system of cultivation of which large numbers of the hill peasants are so fond. It consists in burning a hill-side clean of the jungle, and planting it with paddy, cotton, tobacco, and vegetables, in such quantities as are sufficient for the day. After a few seasons, when the surface of the soil is exhausted, this spot is deserted, and another is chosen, burnt, planted, and deserted. It is a simple process, and in perfect accord with Nature. It is the Burmese conception of the Simple Life.

The same suggestion of Arcadian simplicity is conveyed by the statistics of mortality caused by wild animals. The Government spends some 30,000 rupees a year in rewards for the destruction of such enemies. None the less, the number of persons annually killed in Burma by beasts of prey and snakes is over 1,000, and that of cattle over 12,000. The Old Resident, however, is by no means impressed by these figures.

'Considering the enormous area of jungle in the province and the careless way in which the Burmese look after their cattle when in the pastures,' he says, 'it is surprising that the number of deaths is so small.'

But when not interfered with the Burman is capable of living almost for ever. One hundred and a hundred and twenty years are quite common ages. Sometimes he even carries his longevity to the extreme of indecency.

At this moment, for instance, there lives in Lemyethna a beggar said to be no more nor less than two hundred years of age. According to his own account, he is a Shan by birth. He cannot remember when he was born, but he was about ten years old when he left his native land to follow in the steps of a holy monk, whom he met on the

platform of a pagoda. His subsequent career had better be given in his own words:

'I travelled together with the holy man for nearly eighty years, and the places and mountains we had been to were considerable. On many occasions he took me to the sacred temples in Ceylon and India. He lived upon fruits only, and, failing to get me to do likewise, good-naturedly served me with duly cooked rice and curry. How he could get them at all times and places I could never conjecture. Every day he gave me something in the shape of medicine to take, saying that it would prolong my life. One day we were resting in a *zayat*, and, being thirsty, I went to a well in the vicinity to drink water. On my return to the *zayat* after about a "betelchew" in period of time, he was not to be seen. All efforts made to find him bore no fruit. But at night I was told in a dream that I should not exert myself to find him, that he was gone to a place inaccessible to human beings, and that I should not be afraid of anything now, as I could get easily into the big towns. So, on the following morning, I lost no time in repairing to the nearest village, which I afterwards found to be Moktama. It was during the time of the first Burmese War (A.D. 1824) when I reached Rangoon, and I must then have been over one hundred years old.'

The Old Resident, with perhaps pardonable scepticism, verified this statement by independent inquiries, in the course of which he came across a man, now ninety years of age, who declared that he was a baby of five-and-twenty when he first saw the old Shan in these parts, adding that since then he could perceive no change in the ancient beggar's appearance. He seems to be as vigorous as ever, carrying home his own rice, frequently walking a distance of sixteen miles in four hours, and satisfying his few wants by the practice of medicine, for he enjoys the reputation of being the master of an elixir which has kept him so long in this world, and which may keep others also.

He, it is true, is a native of the semi-wild Shan Hills. But even in the less primordial plains one sometimes meets with examples of general behaviour which can only be described as fit for a lunatic asylum.

Only a few months ago a man committed a double murder in—a dream. The accident occurred thus: In a small hut in the village of Nabayibu lived Maung So Bon and his two nieces. On the full moon of Thadingyui, when all good Buddhists rejoice in the Pavarana festival, Maung So Bon purchased a fowl for the evening meal. His nieces protested against the shedding of blood on such a holy day, but their protests were of no avail, and the fowl was killed and eaten. Before the meal the nieces begged their uncle to offer food to the *nat*, or guardian spirit, of their field, according to immemorial custom. But Maung So Bon angrily refused, saying that the *nat* had never done his ancestors or himself any good, and why should he feed it?

Half an hour after the meal Maung So Bon began to feel very uncomfortable, but the girls prepared some cooling substance and rubbed his skin with it, and this relieved the pain. Maung So Bon went to bed early and dreamed that he had become a king, but that two policemen barred his way to the throne. This was more than he could stand, so he seized his *dah* and began to attack his sleeping nieces under the impression that they were the two policemen. He slashed them so savagely with his *dah* that both speedily succumbed, and Maung So Bon returned to his bed, still sleeping.

Shortly afterwards he awoke to find the mangled bodies of his nieces and himself covered with blood. He proceeded to the village *lugyi* and, handing over his *dah*, begged the man to cut him down, as he had unwittingly killed the two beings he loved most.

The Burmese explain the incident by saying that the deed was perpetrated under the baneful influence of the slighted field spirit, and as a punishment for the crime of killing and eating a fowl on such a holy day.

After these sober facts what need for me to unfold the wonderful old wives' tales of 'the Burmese girl who became a statue' or of 'the Lily Princess who married a mortal,' and all the other precious gems of avowed anile lore that I have in my possession?

The Burmese, thrice-fortunate beggars, still move in the mythopoetic age. Their everyday life is a fairy tale. Their marvellous faculty for confusing fact with fancy is the most engaging trait in their character, and the best excuse for their sins. They belong to the times when everyone rhymed and no one reasoned. They are heroes, hot-headed, hot-blooded, unpractical, and impracticable, like those of Homer, and their unveracity is as multicoloured and charming as their garments. It is a gift of the prodigal sun of the East—that past master of splendid mendacity and prince of all poetry and intemperance.

CHAPTER XIX

MANDALAY

It was in this philosophically tolerant frame of mind that I reached Mandalay—a great city scattered at the foot of a wood-clad hill, which stands detached from the eastern range as though with the special object of supplying Mandalay with a background and a name. It is a new city, built on strictly mathematical lines by the father of the last King, who lost his crown and his capital to the British twenty years ago. This is the official history of the affair: 'The aggressive attitude of the King of Upper Burma, and his obstinate refusal to redress the wrongs done by his servants to British subjects, compelled Lord Dufferin, at the close of 1885, to send an expeditionary force to Mandalay. The King was dethroned, and deported for safe custody to British India.' Upper Burma was annexed by the proclamation of January 1, 1886, and one of the Burmese pagodas was taken bodily to Calcutta, where it now stands in a public garden for the admiration of black nurses and their white charges.

Poor deported majesty! He dwelt in this square fort, situated in the centre, precisely, of his capital. It is an enclosure of red-brick walls, low and loose, surmounted at intervals by watch-towers of dark wood, most efficient as ornamental kiosks, most useless for any other purpose. And both walls and kiosks and the trees which shoot above them are at this moment mirrored in the still waters of the broad moat which enframes this habitation of a royalty that has failed.

How could it help failing? I wander through the palace—a number of great wooden dovecots raised on posts, each pointed roof and cornice festooned with delicate lace, now all awry; pillars and walls and ceilings all covered with gold leaf, now faded; doorways, elaborately carved and gilt, and toy staircases, leading from one windowless apartment into another, and everywhere minute mirrors glittering through the gloom. It is all pretty, suffocating, ginger-bready, and now, in its desertion, profoundly sad.

I walk from one empty hall to another, and they all are fast asleep amid the trees of the park and the still, lotus-sprinkled ponds, none disturbing their silence but the carols of the birds and the wheels of the visitor's carriage as it crunches over the gravel. And, as I wander to and fro about these abodes of an extinguished splendour, I notice that one of them is now used as a museum, another forms part of Government House, a third serves as a club.

In the grounds of Government House there is a garden-party, and among the guests assembled to greet the Prince and Princess of Wales I see many ladies of the ex-royal family—elderly matrons, full of memories and wrinkles, telling their beads of resignation, and tender maidens born since the fall of their greatness. They are all attired in the splendid simplicity of the Burmese woman, and they preserve the statuesque decorum befitting their birth. In Burma she is most highly bred who is most like an image of Buddha.

They sit composedly in a square, and, as they shake hands with the Prince and Princess, they smile the inscrutable smile of the East. It is pathetic that high gifts, intellectual and æsthetic, like those of the Burmese, should so often be accompanied by an utter incompetence to defend them. There seems to be a brutal law, unwritten and unrelenting, that those who can feel must serve those who can fight. We live in the iron age.

But a truce to sentimentality. It is morning, and I sally forth to see how the common people of Mandalay

BURMESE MAIDENS CARRYING WATER MANDALAY

begin the day. The town is a great chess-board of rectangles, in which the light bamboo houses rest on posts like thousands of bathing-sheds strayed inland, each habitation surrounded by a bamboo fence daintily festooned with flowering shrubs.

And amidst these indigenous dwellings rises the brick and mortar of the foreign interloper—solid, prosaic, and, like its owner, contemptuous of all that is aerial and unprofitably beautiful. These are stains on the landscape, accentuating the qualities which they despise, and I ignore them as I go down the broad, straight, tamarind-shaded streets, now mildly astir with the banalities of life.

In the courtyard behind each bamboo fence burns a small wood fire, and over it simmers the breakfast pot. Close by squats the housewife or her daughter, puffing quietly at her morning cheroot.

In one shop I see two men grinding corn under a millstone attached to a long pole, and from another issue last night's fumes of opium, stale and repulsive, like all orgies of last night.

Brown glossy goats roam about, browsing on the grass by the roadside; black pigs roll in beatific squalor; and the girls comb their black tresses in the doorways, or draw water from the wells at the corners of the streets.

But the most interesting figure in the whole panorama, and the most frequent, is the orange-robed monk who has left his cell early to forage among the faithful. He stops at any house he likes, and the housewife fills his round bowl with rice. He embraces the bowl and walks away, hugging it to his breast, and the pariah dogs follow close behind, tugging at the holy one's robe.

The most favoured among them need not even carry their breakfast. A little boy carries it for them—two scales suspended from an artistically-curved beam. One of the scales is a large tray containing a number of small bowls, the other is one great bowl, and to both are fastened trivets intended to support the dishes over the fire.

I follow a number of these saints to their home of holy

idleness—the great Arakan Pagoda, which tapers into the blue heavens, culminating in three superimposed tiaras of gilded iron, the symbol of the Buddhist Trinity. It reminds one of things which one had hoped one had left behind in the West; but otherwise, in common with everything Burmese, this triple crown of glittering metal is deliciously unsubstantial, and, what I like even better, wholly unaggressive. It seems to tinkle gently: 'Take me or leave me. There is no missionary zeal or other petty sadness about me. I know that there is more than one road to heaven.'

And, in truth, the pagoda may well despise vulgar proselytism. Though the spirit of doubt is abroad, it is as yet a spirit that can be ignored. Revelation still rules over the Burmese mind; speculative discontent is as yet unknown to it, and the theological interpretation of things is the only interpretation acceptable to it. Sky and heaven still are synonymous terms here, and the air, woe is me, is dense with demons.

Only two months ago the Archbishop of Mandalay sent forth an encyclical, announcing to the people of Burma that this year will bring upon them famine, pestilence, and other gifts, and therefore beseeching all true believers throughout the land to raise in each town and village a pagoda 7½ feet in diameter with twelve gradations, and to make in each place an offering to a hundred holy men, after the manner of the old Kings of Burma, assuring them that if this is done the anticipated sorrows may yet be averted. Nor did the Archbishop prophesy in vain. For is not the miraculous an everyday occurrence here?

In the enclosure of this pagoda I see a middle-sized elephant of cast iron, its fat little tusks smooth with the handling of millions, and the Old Resident explains that it is the best cure for toothache. Close by stand some giants of cast iron, and their breasts, navels, and knees are equally well worn, for by rubbing them well you safeguard yourself against the ailments pertaining to the respective parts of the body. There also are, of course,

wishing-stones, which I lift with a most hopeful facility, though, I am assured, there are pious people over whose muscles imagination has so strong a hold that, if in a desponding mood, they find it impossible to move the stones at all!

In the temple itself I pass between the usual stalls of acrobatic dolls and flowers, of gongs, elephant bells, candles, etc., and I reach the holy of holies: a narrow, smoke-begrimed cell, with a great bronze Buddha sitting on a pedestal in the middle, his body covered with gold, his conical headgear scintillating with precious stones. His face is honestly brazen, and he looks down serenely upon me.

Then I find my way out again, and, leaving a great crowd of smaller pagodas on one hand, each guarded by monsters and human figures not incapable of seeing a joke, I enter the monastery which stands on the opposite side. I enter through a narrow aperture between the two leaves of a great wooden gate, one of which has lost its hinges and is supported by a beam. In the enclosure I find many kiosks raised on posts, each kiosk provided with a balcony and a low door, through which the orange monks creep on all fours. The irreverent simile at once afflicts me of a colony of kennels. Ordinary dogs there are, also, in great numbers, roaming over the courtyard below and snarling suspiciously at me. There are fowls, too, and among them I observe two cocks fighting in a most worldly fashion for a highly unascetic prize.

But the monks are good, and they smile upon me in a reassuring manner. Cheerful they are not. How can he be cheerful who has renounced the world? Yet their faces exhibit none of the dismalness of their creed, if the latter may be judged by the pictures which stare on the walls of the pagoda. Most of these are coloured representations of hell, innocent of perspective, but otherwise elaborately horrid. In one I observe a group of souls dragged by black demons to torment. Let us follow their career. They are stretched on the ground and carefully

flayed. They lie for a while with their skins spread out and nailed to the earth. Further on I find them speared by the demons and pitched into flaming lakes, where they weep amid the broad leaves and white blossoms of the lotus. In another picture the sinners are boiling in a great pot over a fire, which is fed with their fellow-sinners, and near the pot stands a demon keeping both pot and fire supplied. In conception as well as in execution there is something startlingly familiar about these works of infernal art. I suddenly recall that I have seen their exact parallels on the walls of Byzantine monasteries. There is nothing new even under the earth.

And yet I leave Burma with a feeling akin to regret:

'A pleasing land of drowsy-head it was,
Of dreams that wave before the half-shut eye,
And of gold temples in the clouds that pass,
For ever flushing round a summer sky.'

CHAPTER XX

MADRAS

We have once more crossed the blue bay on whose waves the flying-fishes play, and we are in Southern India, the home of the elephant and of perennial summer. We landed at Madras—a level expanse of red brick, white stucco, and green foliage, spreading indefinitely along the dull coast-line on both sides of the mouth of the river Cooum, a mouth kept locked by the sands of the sea—so low lies the land on which sleeps the city of Madras. It is a city of considerable mediocrity, owing its birth to Fort St. George, founded in 1640 by an Agent of the East India Company on a spot which once belonged to a subject of the decadent Raja of Chandragiri. Round this flat citadel there grew a flat colony of Europeans, called the White Town, in contradistinction from the native, or Black Town, which gradually sprang up to the north of the fort. These old settlements, with the adjacent rural suburbs, constitute collectively this great, stupid city of Southern India, with the crooked Cooum meandering through the middle of it aimlessly. Let us do likewise.

I step into one of the dozen rickshaws which assaults me as soon as I appear in the street, and set forth through the sun. There are trees on both sides of the street, but their sole purpose seems to be to afford shade to the crows, which haunt their foliage, filling the hot air with their hoarse cawing.

And so the rickshaw rolls on, and I in it. It is not a very dignified conveyance, this two-wheeled perambulator, and it makes one feel partly babyish and partly brutish.

The latter feeling is due to the black, long-legged youth who trots between the shafts, a small piece of red cloth tightly drawn round his loins, his back glittering with beads of perspiration. But *he* does not seem to consider the part of a draught animal unworthy of a human biped, and I smile at my own quixotism as I see many fellow-sahibs rolling in their rickshaws unblushingly. In this fashion I reach the quarters of my pony's people and perspire through them, collecting what my platitudinarian friend calls 'interesting impressions.'

All the men appear to have turned into women: their long raven hair gathered at the back into a knot *à la grecque*, their ears pierced with rings. But these are the gentlemen of Madras. The lower classes are content with a white loin-cloth and a black skin. Here is one of them, a long bamboo stick across his shoulders, with two round pitchers swinging from either end. Next comes a carrier of higher rank, turbaned and white-tunicked, a skin bucket in one hand, with the other leading a long-horned bullock, which sways solemnly under two great water-skins. A little way off a musician, dishevelled and ragged, sits by the roadside, blowing at a flute inserted into one nostril. It is not surprising that the music is nasal. Lower down I see a group of coolies on the ground, turning spinning-wheels. Further off squats a naked potter on his haunches, with one finger on the lip of a jar, whirling it into shape. And here is the everlasting snake-charmer, shrill *kalabash* in mouth, a number of cobras coiled in front of him, and his accomplice beating the dull tom-tom beside him. He is a man of many tricks, some extraordinarily clever, others too crude to earn him even the admiration of an American tourist.

Nor are the women idle. Here I see two of them standing up with enormous pestles in their hands, pounding rice in a stone mortar; there a solitary matron kneels down, crushing curry on a marble slab with a heavy roller of marble; and further off two maids, with red patches of questionable beauty between their black brows, are grind-

ing wheat between two millstones, to the accompaniment of a monotonous chant, perchance not unlike the mill-song which the maidens of Lesbos sang in the days of old.

It is one of those strains, weary and weird, which for the Western ear possess no melody, save the melody of an infinite sadness. You hear the wail first in the Balkans; it pursues you through Greece, Egypt, and Syria unto the utmost confines of India. The words vary; the cadence, in the main, is the same. It is the song of the East—the dirge of an ancient dame lamenting her long-departed youth and its divine illusions. It is a song full of a mournful, unutterable dreariness, and it puts me in mind of Lord Avebury's 'Pleasures of Life.'

In that hymn, so spiritless, so tuneless, and so endless, I hear the servitude of millions—millions of men and women who have learnt in suffering what they try to express in song, and fail so pathetically; immemorial ages of abject slavery and ruthless tyranny—ages of stunted manhood and of dull, silent endurance—striving to speak in one dreamy, plaintive note. But the singer is apparently happy. And that, after all, is the main thing.

There are among these people worshippers of Vishnu, the all-preserver, and worshippers of Siva, the all-destroyer, the former distinguished by the vertical trident—one red prong between two white—painted on the brow; the latter by many white stripes painted on brow and breast and arms horizontally. There are also worshippers of Allah—men in fezes, who, I hear, revere the Sultan of Turkey as their pontiff, and take a profound and unintelligent interest in the Macedonian question. They are not picturesque.

Fortunately, here is a temple tank in which thousands of Hindus are bathing, for holiness rather than for health; not to clean the body, but to purify the soul. The rite consists of three parts: plunging into the water, drinking a few drops, and washing the loin-cloth in it, each act

being scrupulously accompanied by the gestures and prayers consecrated by the tradition of æons. Ablutions over, the bather carefully disfigures his brow with the respective mark of his sect, or with a simple red dot. Should he, after this ceremony, pollute himself by contact with the unclean, he must undergo a new purification. Thus cleanliness develops into a mania and godliness into misanthropy.

In the course of my perambulation I pass by many an open, tile-roofed cottage, the lintel of which is armed with a string of mangosa leaves—averters of evil—and the walls are pierced with small triangular niches intended for the lamps which are lighted on the feast of Dewali. I begin to think that I have at last reached the heart of Hinduism, genuine and unalloyed, when I perceive over the niches on either side of a mangosa-armed door the sign of the cross. It reminds me that among these black Madrasis there are many Christians, autochthonous and curious, some claiming spiritual descent from the sceptical apostle Thomas, others tracing their salvation to ancient heretics, Manichæan or Nestorian, and still paying homage to the Jacobite Patriarch of Antioch. But this old stream has received many tributaries from the West in more recent times, through the Jesuit missionaries of Madura and St. Francis Xavier, who is revered by the Madras fishermen as their patron saint. There are Protestant communities, too, small in number and rich in nothing but hope, yet sufficient to add to the bewilderment of the native soul, sorely at a loss in face of so many apostles, who have only one thing in common—a profound inability to understand each other's doctrine. It is, therefore, not to be wondered at that the Christianity of Madras is of a highly picturesque character.

As in Europe, so here, the Church has prudently adopted the gods whom she proved unable to expel, and many an ancient idol survives under a new name. This is especially the case with the communities of old standing.

They flourish in proportion to their adaptability. But neophytes are almost as rare as unicorns. Most of the modern converts are children, or the children of children, rescued from famine and, pardonably enough, brought up in the faith of their preservers.

Hunger, indeed, everywhere in India seems to be the most potent instrument of enlightenment. It is the one theological argument that appeals to the native mind, and it is deeply to be regretted that the Government, by striving to abolish this ancient institution, favours the interests of humanity at the expense of sound divinity.

In addition to persons who are too young or too hungry to argue, there are occasional proselytes from among the outcasts of Hindu society. Those who have nothing to lose in heaven sometimes think it worth their while to improve their condition on earth. With this object in view they embrace a creed which recognises no distinction of caste or colour—in theory. The results are interesting. The Old Resident tells me that a servant belonging to this class embodies in his person the villainies of all his neighbours, while he is severely purged of their virtues, and is a person scrupulously avoided, not only by his own prejudiced fellow-countrymen, but also by the European residents, including the missionaries themselves, who in matters temporal prefer to deal with the heathen.

I have recently had an opportunity of fathoming the cause of this strange inconsistency. The Hindu servant of a friend of mine received the other day from his wife a letter in which the lady threatened that, if he delayed much longer sending her money, she would be reluctantly compelled to turn a Christian or a priestess of the demotic Aphrodite.

Now and again these earnest seekers after truth succeed in raising theology to the height of the picturesque. In the latest report of the work of the United Free Church of Scotland Missions in Madras, one of the workers tells of a pariah lady who adopted an exceptionally subtle

method of coming to a decision in her choice of a creed. She had been a zealous worshipper of her own gods for many years, but when she heard of the new religion she determined to give it a fair trial. So she set a hen upon a number of eggs, and vowed that if, when they were hatched, the chickens were found to be cocks, she would continue to worship her own gods, but if they were hens she would adopt the gods of Europe. They providentially turned out hens.

Beneath this crust of Christianity, ancient or modern, of Hindnism and Mahomedanism, there extend abysmal and hitherto unexplored layers of belief which go back to the dateless ages long before Christ, Brahma, or Mahomed were heard of. The invasion of each new light has, as usually happens, resulted in the invigoration of the older realms of darkness. The greater deities were destroyed or disguised, but the lesser gods, too obstinate for conciliation and too powerful for extermination, have gone to swell the ranks of primitive demons.

You observe that more especially as you move further and further from the centre of the city towards the outlying suburbs. The streets develop into roads lined by green rice-fields and palm-groves, amid which nestle clusters of primordial huts thatched with loose dry leaves. The inmates plait baskets outside or idle candidly among their pigs. As you go on you see here a peasant tilling the soil with the rudest of ploughs, and there another climbing up a palm-tree collecting toddy in an earthenware jug. These black people, with matted hair, stout of limb and thick of lip, belong to the dark races known as Dravidian, whatever the term may mean.

Aryan, Moghul, and Mahratta came, conquered, and went away, and the Dravidian peasant has remained through all vicissitudes the same, rooted to the soil and to his Tamil and Telugu tongues and traditions. His immobility is curiously shown by two little things: King Solomon's peacocks are in the Hebrew Scriptures

mentioned by the Tamil name, and the word for 'rice in all the languages of Europe has its origin in the same uncouth tongue.

The ordinary Hindu's theory as to the origin of this mysterious folk is derived from the 'Ramayana,' in which the monkey tribes are described as assisting the god Rama in his struggle with Rawana, the ten-headed demon King of Ceylon. This lively legend is popularly regarded as commemorating the conversion, such as it was, of these poor Dravidian tribes to the new faith. Educated Hindus do not, however, share this prejudiced view. They argue that the individuals mentioned in the epic, though appearing simian to Aryan eyes, were really human beings, inhabiting the jungle land of Southern India, whence they were gradually displaced by the Aryan invaders. The conquerors, naturally enough, depicted these poor children of the soil in the blackest colours, for they found them hostile to their own cult and inclined to disturb the Brahmani hermits in their devotions. They also found them to be enthusiastic eaters of meat. What wonder, then, asks my rationalist Hindu friend, if they ridiculed their features and libelled their characters? Thus, the Dravidians, hitherto maligned by orthodox faith, threaten to be rehabilitated by scepticism.

Whatever their origin may be, these dark pre-Aryan men preserve, among the countless gods which Hinduism annexed on its southward progress, and which are now worshipped as members of the Vishnu or Siva family, or as incarnations of the one or the other, all the fetishes of their antediluvian fathers, and all their veneration for natural forces in its crudest form. Here, under that tree, close to the bank of the river, you may see a figure bent in adoration before a mound of earth, which he drenches with a libation of milk, and adorns with cocoanuts and camphor and other good things—offerings to the snake supposed to dwell beneath the mound.

It is one out of a thousand rites, most of which have for their object the propitiation of the spirits of disease.

But it is not only the physician who suffers from divine competition in this part of India. The gods here still perform a variety of functions which in civilized lands have long been usurped by other officials. For instance, the goddess Kulanthai-amman enjoys an immense and most lucrative practice as collector of bad debts. If you cannot recover the money which you have lent, all that you need do is to record your claim on a scroll of palmyra leaves, and to promise the goddess a share of the sum when it is paid. This offer being duly registered in the archives of heaven, you proceed to hang the scroll up on an iron spear in the enclosure of your heavenly partner's temple. Says the Old Resident: 'If the claim is just, and the debtor does not pay, he will be afflicted with sickness and bad dreams. If, however, he disputes the claim, he draws up a counter-statement and hangs it on the same spear. Then the deity decides which claim is true, and afflicts with sickness and bad dreams the man who has lied. The goddess may sometimes make a mistake, but, at any rate, the process is cheaper than an appeal to an ordinary court of law, and probably not less effective as a means of securing justice.'

For the rest, the Dravidian peasant's daily life is largely made up of love and murder, thus proving that he is a genuine, if somewhat queer, member of the human race, and not, as mendacious legend pretends, a monkey. Does not man spend one half of his energy in the reproduction of his species and the other half in its destruction?

But the Dravidian, besides this ordinary passion for killing, differentiating man from the lower animals, exhibits in its gratification a cold-blooded impartiality which raises him above the common herd of humanity. Numerous illustrations of this superiority are to be found in the official reports of the Chemical Examiner to the Government of Madras. In many parts of the province murder is so regular a feature of religious festivals that the authorities have to issue periodical warnings to pilgrims to protect themselves against it. The favourite

procedure consists in scattering upon the ground, where the fair is held, packets of poisoned sweetmeats. The poisoning of toddy-pots in punishment of those who steal the liquor from the trees is another source of fatal accidents. In one case twenty regular customers at a toddy shop were found affected by aconite, two of them dying of the effects. The toddy-grower in this instance had set a trap for a marauder, and forgotten to remove the poison from the pot before using it for the liquor he was to sell.

Love-philtres concocted of the charred remains of a mouse and a spider, seasoned with arsenic, are not unknown. An example of the perversion of maternal love is to be found in the case of a woman who sent to an undesirable but attractive young person, to whom her son had taken a fancy, a supply of sweetmeats mixed with arsenic and mercurial salts. The recipient of the gift was too experienced in the ways of South Indian mothers to try it upon herself, but callously gave it to a boy, who died from the effects, some poultry which came in for a share of the repast also paying for their greediness by premature dissolution. Another pretty story told by the official recorder is of a young girl found struggling in convulsions under a tree. She had taken a dose of strychnine to avoid marrying an old man who had a wife already. The case of an aged father who killed himself with opium to escape the ill-treatment of ungrateful sons was another dramatic incident which came under his professional observation during the same year. But enough.

I end my tour on the beach, where the waves sparkle in the fading sunlight, kissing the yellow sands. Far away the line which divides sea from sky bristles with dark sails, and here along the shore the bare-skinned fishermen and their womenfolk are mending their nets or overhauling their craft—deep ugly boats with stem and stern pointed alike, the interstices calked with ropes of straw patiently stitched between the planks. Even more primitive is yon catamaran or raft of logs which that

youth is shoving into the surf. And while the grown-up people are working, their children are playing on the sands, black boys and girls, all innocent of dress, and the white sea-gulls hover up above, in gradually diminishing circles, then dive swiftly after their prey, and the sea goes on, rolling backwards and forwards with a great music. . . .

The breeze has freshened, and the waves in the distance advance, capped with snow. As they draw nearer, their crests curl over, and they rush wildly on, climbing and leaping over one another's shoulders, till they fall exhausted on the beach. And as they rush on, rank after rank, a new foam-crested legion rising where its forerunner lies prostrate, rumbling and roaring, you fancy you hear the cries of a myriad spirits in rebellion, striving to tell the mournful tale of labour without end or visible purpose. But on the land side the sun has sunk behind the palms, and the west has thrown open the golden gates which lead to darkness and to rest.

ON THE TIVER AT MALTA

CHAPTER XXI

MYSORE

'A BEAUTIFUL and prosperous country, under a clever and promising young ruler,' says my platitudinarian friend ecstatically.

'Yes, a fairly decent Indian State as Indian States go,' concedes the Old Resident cautiously.

For my part, I see a spacious green plateau rising to wood-clothed ridges or sinking into shady ravines, down whose dark depths leap the waters over the boulders, laughing. Here and there stands up a rock of granite, gray, gaunt, and grim, its brow bent sullenly upon fields of bright sugar-cane, coffee, and rice piled up in conical heaps of gold. Here and there also we traverse teak and sandal woods, haunted by the melancholy note of the koel and the music of rushing waters, or we skirt broad pastures over which roam herds of bulls, greatly horned and humped, *lowly cows, flocks of shaggy sheep and silly goats, and* legions of clumsy buffaloes. At intervals the thatch of a hut peeps shyly through a thick copse of gold mohur, peepul, and banyan, under the arches of which play the long-tailed monkeys; or the tiled roof of a cottage smiles amid the mango and plantain trees of an orchard, while up above sway the slender columns of date and cocoanut palms, sweeping the blue of the sky with their leafy mops; and the air is full of sleepy scents and the songs of strange birds.

The road on either side bristles with the gray-green sabres of the prickly aloe, from whose centre shoots up a colossal stem crowned with bunches of drooping seed;

and trees and hedges alike are a tangle of creepers blossoming red, purple, white, or yellow.

Close to the trunk of many a tree rises a mound of red earth, tall and many pinnacled, marking the habitation of a colony of white ants and their architectural skill, and not far off a flower-decked altar, a phallic symbol, the stone image of a snake, bull, or some other deity, bears witness to the piety of a peasantry which has some reason to be thankful to its gods.

It is a contented-looking population of long-haired men and of women dressed in dark red or yellow veils of many folds, with rings of silver glinting on ear and nose, arms and ankles. Some of these peasants appear to enjoy what in India constitutes prosperity, as is shown by the large vases of yellow brass which their women carry on the left shoulder; but others bear poised on their heads bundles of dry palm boughs and aloe leaves—cheap fuel for the fire which will cook their frugal supper.

Now and again we see on the road a bullock-cart creaking slowly along on round discs of wood—primeval progenitors of our wheels—and under the arched mat which constitutes the roof of the vehicle crouch many dark faces of profound interest to the anthropologist. Yet, though uncouth, these primitive fellow-creatures are not unclean or inactive, for the climate, which, even at this time of year, appears terribly enervating to a European, is for the native neither hot enough to produce lethargy nor cold enough to make washing a penance. They are healthy, too, despite the gruesome 'isolation' camp which greets me at the entrance to the capital. After all, we must all die, and the plague is as good an excuse as any.

The capital forms a curious anomaly on the face of the land. Not quite a village, not quite a city, it consists of a palace, a few public buildings, and several streets of what may be called houses by way of contrast with their next-door neighbours. These are mere unaffected mud huts, with a hole for a window, or even without one. The palace and the chief buildings stand within a square

THE PALACE IN THE FORT, MYSORE

surrounded by feeble walls and, therefore, nicknamed 'fort.'

Inside the same square the Maharaja, not content with this dwelling, whose tawdriness time was beginning to ennoble, is now building a colossal pile of marble, granite, and porphyry, conceived by an English genius and constructed by native prodigality and patience. It will cost, when finished, over thirty lakhs of rupees; but it will not be finished very soon, for I have seen one of the workmen cutting a block of granite with a piece of wire for a saw. He is paid fourpence per square inch, and on every inch he spends one week. Thirty lakhs of rupees for the dwelling of one man, and ninety-nine per cent. of his five million subjects living in mud huts! There is in this distribution of things a quaint sense of proportion which does not fail to impress even the callous Old Resident, who doubts whether any prince, from the wise Solomon to the Kaiser, ever was, soberly speaking, worth so much money to his subjects. He speaks as though a prince existed for his subjects! However, such heretical doubts have never yet occurred to the Maharaja's subjects who cut the stones for his new palace at the rate of one square inch and fourpence a week.

Just opposite this pile rises the Chamundi Hill—a great solitary rock covered imperfectly with stunted weeds, and crowned with a holy shrine, wherein His Highness worships once a year, climbing up the thousand steps of granite which lead to the summit of the hill. I ascended 720 of these steps, till, breath and interest being exhausted, I stopped under the nose of the giant bull of stone who lies couchant at that point upon a large whitewashed pedestal. He is, of course, a sacred bull, much sculptured, necklaced, and otherwise ornamented, and exceedingly black with the smoke of sacrifice. And the steps which lead up to him are worn smooth by myriads of pious and bare feet. Behold the pilgrims: elderly men, with fresh caste-marks on their brows, panting up the 700 steps to pay their devotions to Siva's sacred animal; wrinkled old

ladies and young girls, their faces and limbs assiduously disfigured with yellow powder; and mothers bearing their naked infants in their arms, all toil up the steps, full of a quiet fervour, and the blind beggars swarm on the landings calling upon the pilgrims for bakshish, and the bull looks down stolidly upon all.

He seems to be more highly revered in this part of India than in any other, and the Old Resident thinks that the name Mysore itself means 'the city of bulls.' Well it may, for, assuredly, there are as many bulls as men in its streets—live bulls roaming at random, and bulls of stone reposing calmly over the doorways of the temples, but none of them is so big or so black as the sacred bull on the Chamundi Hill.

Such is the modern capital of the State of Mysore. Its old capital, Seringapatam, lies ten miles off beside the river Kaveri, which embraces it, or what is left of it—for at the present moment this ancient city, once alive with the noise of 150,000 men and women, is but a village of one main street lined with cottages and poor shops and a few lanes lined with mud huts, the whole still encircled by a ring of walls no longer formidable. From the midst of modern poverty rises the ancient temple of Vishnu, its upper parts covered with sculptures, its lower whitewashed, and in the courtyard outside stands a heavy smoke-begrimed cart, heavily carved, and resting on solid, spokeless wheels. It is, I presume, the chariot on which the god takes his annual drive through the city. Not far from this Hindu shrine stands a Mahomedan mosque built by Tippu Sultan, and in the walls here and there you discern the fragments of Jain temples.

All these things speak of the past of a land famed in story and legend alike. Both the great epics of the 'Ramayana' and the 'Mahabharata' tell how, once upon a time, there reigned here a certain king who had a certain general who aided Rama in his campaign against Lanka. But these things happened, or did not happen, a long time ago. During the first centuries of our era the

Buddhists tried to sow their seed in this soil, and tradition says that the 'Enlightened' himself preached in this Hindu temple. Later the Jains succeeded where the Buddhists had failed, but their supremacy also passed away, and the gods of India re-established their rule.

Then came the Moghuls, and with them many calamities, out of which sprang a new Hindu dynasty, to fall, after two centuries' sway, before a coalition of four Mahomedan kings, until, in 1610, one of the small chiefs who had meanwhile asserted themselves in various parts of Mysore defeated his rivals, seized this fort of Seringapatam, and founded a family. These new rulers played their game so well that when the Mahrattas were overthrown by the Moghuls they were able to help in plundering the plunderers. In 1687 they purchased from the Moghul Emperors additional territory, and twelve years later they obtained from the Emperor of Delhi the privilege of sitting on an ivory armchair, which still continues to be the emblem of sovereignty in Mysore.

It is of figwood overlaid with ivory, and several steps lead up to the seat on which the old Maharajas of Mysore used to sit for the adoration of their subjects. This armchair has followed all the adventures of the family. In the middle of the eighteenth century the Maharajas of Mysore were forced to yield their armchair to Haidar Ali, whose victory over the British is so humorously depicted in the native paintings preserved in yon old summer-house built by the conqueror's son. He was a great man, Haidar Ali, and his name still lives, not only on the printed page, but on the lips of the people whom he subdued. They have many stories, more or less apocryphal, concerning his birth, his childhood, his conquests, and his death. The Old Resident is full of this local lore, and the following is one of the stories current in Seringapatam itself:

'One evening an astrologer came to the palace, and all the officials clustered round him, anxious to have their fortunes told. Haidar, disguised, joined them, and when the astrologer looked into his hand, he exclaimed that it

was the hand of a corpse-bearer! Haidar withdrew his hand quickly, and retired for the night in great perturbation of spirit. Next morning, the astrologer was ordered to appear before the great Sultan, and, to his surprise, in the Sultan's hand he recognised the hand he had examined the evening before. He again pronounced it to be the hand of a corpse-bearer. Whereat Haidar was mightily wroth, and threatened the wretched fortune-teller with many ingenious deaths as an impostor. The astrologer defended himself as follows: "What can come from the clouds but rain; what can come from the mountains but the life-giving herb; what can come from under Mother Earth but the all-nourishing seed; and what can come from my ever-victorious lord but the wisdom of his fathers? Truly, the wise shall be rewarded, and the wicked shall be punished. Grant, O King, thy humble servant some beeswax, and he shall soon demonstrate the truth of the science of his ancestors." Haidar granted the astrologer's demand, and the latter pasted the wax in circular patches all over the King's body. Then, taking the patches off one by one, he carefully examined them, and, behold, those patches which had been pasted to the roof of the royal mouth bore the imprints of the regal emblems! "Here are the signs that made my lord the Lord of Mysore," cried out the astrologer triumphantly, and Haidar sent him away loaded with shawls and shekels. So useful it is to be an astrologer.'

After Haidar's death the ivory armchair passed to his son Tippu—stern, sober, and brave defender of the faith—who was so richly endowed with all the virtues and all the vices of a man who mistakes himself for a minister of God's will on earth. No wonder that in hating the British he fancied that he hated the enemies of Heaven, and in fighting them that he defended the kingdom of God from the encroachments of Satan. But the struggle was unequal. Satan prevailed. In 1799 Seringapatam fell, and with it Tippu Sultan, fighting to the last. He fell even here at the gate of his palace, now in ruins, where his

body was afterwards found under a heap of corpses, and was accorded the honours due to a brave enemy beaten. He lies buried in this great mausoleum, built by himself for his father Haidar. It is a square mosque, with a low minaret at each corner, and a lofty dome in the middle, adorned with doors presented by an English viceroy.

Father and son sleep side by side here amidst the ruins of their capital, and far away, in the capital of their conquerors, may be seen some pathetic memorials of their greatness. Among these are a little dagger, now lying so innocent and impotent in a glass case, with its silver-clothed scabbard, all in rags, once gripped by the mighty Tippu Sultan's hand; his note-book, quaintly illustrated with stiff little soldiers such as one played with in the days of long ago; a volume of his correspondence; a bulky manuscript catalogue of his library; and other things, showing that Tippu was as good a student as he was a soldier.

Among the treasures seized by the British on the capture of Seringapatam there also was the ivory armchair. They found it in a lumber room, and, having covered its ivory with gold and silver, they put upon it the four-year-old representative of the ancient Hindu line. In the restored Raja's minority the State was wisely governed by a Mahratta Brahmin. But when the young Prince assumed the reins, he ran the Mysore horse with a recklessness which induced his patrons to relieve him of all responsibility in the matter, in 1831. For fifty years Mysore remained under British control, and was administered as a British province until 1881, when the native rulers were restored for a second time to their inheritance.

It was, on the whole, a wise step. The Maharaja who was placed on the throne of his ancestors had been taught not to imitate the conduct which had necessitated their deposition. And he showed that the lesson had not been wasted. By his devotion to duty he became a model of a monarch, thus fulfilling the hopes of his well-wishers and confounding those prophets who, confident in the dogma