

his taskmasters ground them to the dust, made their lives bitter in hard bondage, and caused them to cry aloud for deliverance, but now that, like Israel, God has led them forth with a mighty hand and an outstretched arm, and has set them free from the power of their enemies, they stand upon the shores of the Red Sea, sing, in triumph, the new song of Moses and the Lamb, and render praise and glory to the God of their salvation.

The human sacrifices which Hindooism demands are frightful and appalling. Whatever may be the character of the people; and however quiet, and passive and submissive they appear, their superstition is the most cruel and barbarous that has ever been established. In Goomsoor, a province which has lately fallen into the hands of the British, the horrid scenes which have been discovered, are almost beyond credibility. Whenever a disease raged in the family of the monarch, a human sacrifice was demanded to appease the offended deity, and nothing less precious than the life of an only son would gratify the demon. Immured in houses and in dungeons, there were found hundreds of poor children who had been stolen from the adjoining territories; and for what purpose were they concealed and preserved? that they might be fattened like so many sheep and oxen for the slaughter, and might, at a suitable season, be offered up to the Moloch of the country.

At the seed-time, the farmers of a district would assemble together; a human victim was selected, was bound as a sacrifice, to the altar, and was devoted to the most barbarous death. While the priest proclaimed the omens to be propitious, one farmer would come, and with a large knife, would take a slice from the victim, would carry it away to his field, and would press the blood out of it while it was yet warm, and then bury it in the earth. A second, and a third, and a fourth, would come and act a similar part, till the wretched man was sliced in pieces while he was yet alive, and was consigned to various parts of the ground. But why this barbarity? That the favour of Maree might be obtained, and that no curse, nor blight might rest upon their land; and that a richer harvest might arise from fields watered by the blood of sacrifice. Oh! these dark places of the earth are still full of the habitations of cruelty.

Deeds of blood and atrocity are mixed up with the habits and customs of the people, and fail to produce any great sensation. In England, if a mother strangles her infant; if a father murders his son; if a brother puts a sister to death, a thrill of horror passes through the community; the public voice is lifted up, in loud and terrible denunciations, against such a diabolical act; and the wonder is expressed how such a monster is permitted to live. But in India, such deeds are so common that they

have failed to make any impression upon the community, and are often regarded by their authors as actions of merit, rather than of infamy.

In the province of Benares, two Bramins named Beechuk and Adher, lived on very bad terms with a man of the name of Goury and his confederates. The quarrel arose out of the general superintendence of the village, having been conferred on Goury. Unable to tolerate such an arrangement, the mother of the Bramins continued, by threats, to intimidate the government-officer, compelled him to revoke the appointment, and to transfer it to her sons.

While the Bramins were absent from home one day, the companions of Goury are said to have entered their house, and carried away forty rupees which belonged to them. As soon as Beechuk returned, his mother, his wife and his sister-in-law, related to him what had occurred. He delayed not his revenge; but how did he take it? Did he enter an action against the parties in the court of justice? Did he send for police-officers to apprehend the guilty?—No! He conducted his mother—his aged and grey-headed mother—to an adjacent rivulet, and joined there at the dawn of the morning by his brother, they shouted to the people of the village: “Now we can overlook the assault, as that cannot be remedied; but we cannot forgive the seizure of these forty rupees; restore them to us, or the blood of this woman be upon your heads.” The

shout was neither heard, nor replied to, and how did Beechuk take his revenge? He drew his scimitar, and at one stroke, severed his mother's head from her body, and consigned both to the ground, that her spirit, excited by the beating of a large drum, might continue to haunt and torment Goury and his associates, till they committed the crime of suicide, or till some fearful calamity befell them.*

Much as we should wish for the sake of humanity, that this was a solitary and a very uncommon case, yet experience and the records of history show that it is not. The horrid system which the Thugs have pursued, has been but recently discovered, but it is no new feature of Hindoo idolatry. Speak of the evils attendant upon slavery in the West! what are these? Speak of the ferocity and barbarism which characterize some of the tribes in Africa, who resemble more the lions and the tigers of the wilderness, than the race of man! what are these? Speak of the murders, the atrocities and the savage cannibalism for which the New Zealanders and such pagans are distinguished! what are these? No; such ferocity springs from the horrid depravity of man, and is to be accounted for by the sanguinary habits which they have learned from the beasts of the forest. But here is a system of wholesale murder and robbery, under the sanction



of religion, springing out of the laws and ordinances of the people, pursued by a sect who assert it to be of divine origin, and who think that, in strangling their fellow-citizens, they are discharging a duty to their divinity, and have committed no crime of which conscience can accuse them. Ye admirers of Paganism and of the Hindoo mythology ! listen to these men.

“ Mahan-Kallee—the wife of Sceva—the goddess who stands upon the body of her husband, who holds a scimitar in her right hand, and a head just severed from its body in her left, whose hair is dishevelled, whose eyes are like balls of fire, who wears, as a garland, a necklace of skulls, and whose tongue thirsts for the blood of her victims, is the divinity whom we adore, and who is our protector in the discharge of our duties. In former times, a demon destroyed mankind as fast as they were created. The Devi took her scimitar, and in wrath beheaded the monster ; but from every drop of blood that fell to the ground, there grew up a demon as wicked and as destructive as Rukut Becj Dhana himself. Still, their increase only gave power to her arm and edge to her weapons ; but her efforts were vain ; the demons multiplied in proportion to the number whom she slew. Her skill was more effectual than her power. She created two men, to whose hands she entrusted the sacred noose. ‘ Now,’ said she, ‘ strangle these demons for me, and allow not a drop of their blood to

be shed.' As soon as they executed her orders, she gave them the *romala** as a reward for their toil, with the permission to take the half of the race, and dispose of it for their own advantage, since through their efforts men were allowed to exist. Nay, more, so long as they attended to her will and were guided by her counsels, all whom they would sacrifice were to be regarded as victims, to propitiate her favour, while all the booty which might be realized, would become their inheritance."

Such is the origin of Thuggee—a system more cruel, more shocking and more barbarous, because carried on under the mask of religion and often under sanction of law. The Gooroo inducted the stranglers into their office; rites and ceremonies were performed to obtain direction in the sacred duties; it was only when the omens were favourable, the parties were permitted to act; many of the leaders and renowned men, are talked of as the most pious, faithful and devoted; the pickaxe was not only endowed with supernatural powers, but was consecrated to the service, and its votaries swore under the most fearful sanctions, to use it with fidelity; the victims were all certain of happiness eternal, in consequence of their being offered up, in sacrifice, to the goddess; many of the bands, living in villages, have been regarded as the most peaceful, quiet, industrious, and benevolent citizens;

* A native turban.

and so long as the Thugs were faithful to their Kallee ; so long as they attended to all the rites, the ceremonies and offerings by which they rendered to her worship and honour ; so long as the order remained pure, and was not contaminated by the low and disreputable castes who never fail to infect those with whom they are associated ; so long they prospered in their profession, and so long did they enjoy the favour and the protection of their deity. But now in consequence of these corruptions, they have fallen under her displeasure, and their system is likely to be exploded.

What a description do these assassins give of their murders ! The traveller was arrested on his journey ; the ascetic was strangled on his road to Jugger-naut ; the young sometimes have had their brains dashed out against a stone, and the old have had no mercy shown to them on account of their infirmities ; the beautiful female and the pregnant mother have been treated with the same ferocity as the bold and the daring : the wealthy merchant has lost his life as well as his gains and his riches ; and the Rajah, equipped for his journey, attended by his friends, his servants and his train of followers, accompanied by his elephants, his horses, his camels, his oxen, and all the paraphernalia of Eastern grandeur, has, with all his attendants, been murdered in a moment, and sixty persons have been consigned to one common grave. What to them was the kindness of friendship ; the claims of

refused to give up the number who had taken refuge in his territory; and had it not been for the firmness of Lord William Bentinck who ordered an army to assemble on the frontier of his dominions, and showed him that it was impossible the Joudpoor province should become the rendezvous of a banditti who would commit their depredations with impunity, upon the other states of the empire, the system would have flourished under such protection to this day.

“The following is a brief summary of what has been effected for the suppression of Thuggee. In nine years more than two thousand Thugs have been arrested, one thousand four hundred and seventy have been tried and convicted in one hundred and sixty-seven trials, for the murder of nine hundred and forty-seven persons. Of these, three hundred and eighty-two have been hanged, nine hundred and nine transported, seventy-seven imprisoned for life, ninety-two imprisoned for certain periods, and twenty-one acquitted. Besides these, eleven have escaped, thirty-one died before sentence, and nearly two hundred and fifty have at different times been admitted king's evidences, and exempted from death or transportation—first, to secure the conviction of those already in custody; and secondly to aid in arresting their associates at large. In Malwa, Guzerat, Rajpootana and Delhi, Thuggee has in a great measure been suppressed. Great progress has also been made in the Lower Doab, in Oude, Hydrabad,

and the Decan. In the Concan and Malabar, it appears never to have existed. But much yet remains to be done throughout the whole of Southern India, in the Carnatic, Mysore, and the Circars, also in Gwalior and Bundelcund, in Orissa, Behar, and Bengal. Captain Sleeman anticipates the greatest difficulty in dealing with the river Thugs of Bengal, who are supposed to be three hundred strong, and who he thinks will probably defy the efforts of our government, unless some special measure be sanctioned for their suppression. In the convictions of all the above trials, the Bhurtote, or strangler has been invariably executed, as the Bhurtote is the most experienced of the party, and must have given proofs of his judgment and skill, before he is permitted to undertake the office; he is always an exceeding villain. The Shumseas, or those employed to hold the hands of the victim, are considered to be a lower order of villains, and with these the sentence has often been commuted to transportation.”

What a system of horror does Hindooism appear to us now, when compared with the representations of other days! Very few years have elapsed since Satan and his emissaries attempted to deceive the church and the world, with the delusion that the Hindoos were a quiet, a mild, a harmless and a happy people; that their system of mythology was admirably suited to advance their welfare and pros-

perity; and that, by the introduction of Christianity among them, we should only disturb their repose. The hideous deformities of the system were concealed from our view, and Satan thus hoped to maintain his place in peace. But God, in his providence, has strangely disappointed the wicked designs, and time after time, has exposed the crimes and the diabolical deeds, of this monster of depravity. As the atrocious Pharaoh, as the cruel oppressor, and as the bloodthirsty despot of the East, this fiend has been seen causing the children to pass through the fire unto Moloch, he has made the lives of his slaves bitter with hard bondage, and has tried to overwhelm them in ruin. But what is the blood of infants to satiate his cruelty! No; he has been seen dragging the helpless, the aged and the infirm to the banks of the Ganges to be offered up as victims to his voracious and his murderous appetite. But what is the blood of the aged and the feeble and the dying to quench his insatiable thirst for human sacrifices! He has been seen mounted on the murderous car of Juggernaut, lashing his votaries to their task, driving, in fury his ponderous wheels over the bodies of his victims, and whitening the fields of Acceldama with their bones; he has been seen raising the funeral-pile, and compelling thousands of poor and wretched females to throw themselves into the flames; he has been seen standing at the shrine of Mahin Kallee, demanding his human sacrifices, and practising on the hecatombs the most barbarous cruelty. But as though

these victims were not numerous enough, as though his sanguinary chapter were not half unfolded, and as though he wished to consummate his triumph and consolidate his reign by multiplying the emissaries of his vengeance, he has scattered the Thugs through the empire, has commanded them to kill, plunder and destroy, and has given them a licence to execute in secret those horrible deeds which the voice of humanity, and public opinion, and good government, and the friends of society, were likely to exterminate, had they been rendered more public. But the villanies which he has thus attempted to perpetrate in secret, have now been published on the house-tops; providence has brought the system of infamy to light; the votaries of superstition themselves are alarmed at the accursed nature of his despotism; and the eyes of the Christian world are opened, and their sympathies are aroused, by the tremendous evils to which so many of their race and of their fellow-subjects are exposed; the strong arm of law and justice have followed his agents into their hiding-places; the system has been arrested in its progress and almost annihilated; and stronger and more determined bands of Christian heroes are advancing to attack an enemy whose villanies are so diabolical, and an empire whose inhabitants suffer such wrongs from the powers of darkness.

CHAPTER VI.

EFFECTS OF IDOLATRY.

THE GENERAL EFFECTS OF IDOLATRY DEPLORABLE—FEMALE DEGRADATION—THE PREVALENCE OF INFANTICIDE—THE SUTTEE—DESCRIPTION OF ONE—ABOLISHED BY LAW—GREATER EFFORTS REQUIRED TO ANNIHILATE SUCH ENORMITIES—FEMALE EXERTIONS GREATLY REQUIRED—THE SOCIETY FOR SENDING OUT FEMALES TO SUPERINTEND SCHOOLS.

SAD is the character of heathenism, and very deplorable are the prospects of its votaries. Their distance from God; their degradation; their prostration to dumb idols of wood and of stone, their services rendered to diverse lusts and pleasures; their strong delusions to believe a lie; their superstitions and abominable idolatries; and their exposure to the wrath and the condemnation of the Almighty; all are calculated to fill us with pity and compassion for their state, and to lead us to stretch forth the arm of deliverance for their rescue. But if there be one part of this system more cruel and diabolical than another, and which bears more the impress of him who has been a liar and a murderer from the beginning, it is the bearing which it has upon the female part of the community. Nothing

can be more evident, than that the demons who established this system intended to support the strong in their mirth, their revelries, and their debaucheries, while they determined to trample the weak and the timid and the helpless in the dust.

As soon, therefore, as a Hindoo female has entered into existence, it is to be frowned upon by her parents merely on account of her sex. Her whole life is a series of insults and of disgrace. In the days of her childhood, she is made the drudge of the family, and every one thinks he has a right to despise her. If she is betrothed to an individual who is to become her future husband, she is sold like a slave to a man who loves her not and who cares for her not. Should her intended happen to die before the marriage be consummated, then she is doomed to perpetual widowhood—that is to perpetual infamy. In case he should survive, and she should enter the state of wedlock, it is to repair to the house of her mother-in-law where she is scolded, and buffeted, and treated almost like a beast of burden. Let her be hungry, she is obliged to wait till her master is satisfied. Should she fall into an error, there is no correction but an appeal to the lash. When they undertake a journey, she is not suffered to walk by the side of her husband; she must come up behind him, bearing the burden, as well as the heat of the day. Every step is to her a step of degradation. Her very sex has disqualified her for giving her testimony in a court of justice,

and since no widow is there permitted to marry again, it is no extraordinary thing to see children of ten or twelve years of age, married to individuals of fifty or of sixty.

But these are mere trifles, and we might pass them by in silence, were it not that effects more diabolical remain behind. Speak you of the curse which in England rests upon the woman, it is a double—it is a ten-fold curse that rests upon her in Hindoosthan. For many a day, our ears were pained and our hearts were sickened with the tales of woe which reported to us the baseness of slavery, in heaping so many atrocities upon the female slaves in the West Indies; but what are these when compared with the calamities and the degradation which, according to law, and according to their mythology, fall to the lot of the daughters of India?

Infanticide, it is well known, still prevails to a very horrible extent throughout Hindoosthan. Among the Nairs upon the western coast; in Malwa and Rajapootan; in Oude and the northern provinces, it is impossible to calculate the amount of murder which is perpetrated upon female offspring. A few years ago, a gentleman belonging to the Bengal service was deputed by the government to make a tour through the northern and independent kingdoms, and to calculate the amount of evil which might arise from this source; and the report which he presented upon the subject, was sufficient to har-

row up the feelings of the most hardened man, and to rend the heart of the most profligate female. In all the provinces through which he passed, the principal chiefs, not only acknowledged that this horrid rite existed among them, but that it was rooted in the affections of the people; that, with their own hands, they had murdered many of their own children, and that they knew their neighbours had destroyed many of theirs.

The following is a list of the proportions which were found in many of the villages between male and female children under twelve years of age:—There were found in Barilahori in eighty-five families, fifty-one boys, only fourteen girls; Chotilahori in fifty-eight families, sixty-six boys, and only fourteen girls; Garoli in seventy-nine families seventy-nine boys and only twelve girls; Gurrumgarh in twelve families ten boys and only two girls; Manshargarh in seventy-one families fifty-eight boys and only four girls; Paprula in fifteen families twenty-two boys and no girls whatever.

Now, if the calculation be correct which shows that female births in our world, are equal, if they are not superior in number to those of the male; what an amount of murder is here committed upon female children! Oh! the vile and cruel parents, with what vengeance will the God of mercy find “in the skirts of their garments, the blood of the souls of these poor innocents?”

In riding through one of these villages, accom-

panied by his friend, this gentleman was clamorously attacked by a female who demanded of him to desist from making any further attempts to put down this horrible custom. As he turned to reason with her upon the subject, and show her the impropriety of her conduct, "No," said she, "it has existed from time immemorial; it has the support and sanction of the shasters; there are predictions upon record which show that female births must be calamitous to our tribe; and I demand of you, therefore, to desist from making any further attempts to put it down." Oh! what an infamous system must that be which turns mothers into monsters, which deprives them of all those feelings and affections which the brute creation never fail to exercise, and which robs so many hundreds and thousands of infants of life and of happiness? Such deeds of atrocity and blood are attributed, I am aware, to their high regard to *caste*, and to the superior rank which they imagine they sustain and which will not suffer them to give their daughters in marriage to those whom they regard as inferior in rank to themselves. But no; it is the system—it is this accursed system which has established this caste—it is this caste which generates this pride—it is this pride which begets this cruelty—it is this cruelty which steels the heart against compassion and which leads these parents to imbrue their hands in the blood of their female offspring.

No wonder that a system which is thus esta-

blished in murder, and which is watered with the blood of infants, should pursue its victim throughout her life, and then attempt to bury her in flame. It is so, according to precepts of Hindoo mythology. No sooner is a Hindoo female of any rank deprived by death of her husband, than she is immediately surrounded by her priests and Bra- mins; for what purpose? Is it to pour into her widowed heart, the balm of sympathy, on this occasion of sorrow and anguish? Ah no! Is it to invite her to their homes that they may there give her the comforts and the consolations which their own absurd system might afford? By no means. It is to give her the dreadful alternative, to have her head shaved and to retire into a state of perpetual infamy, or to go to the funeral-pile of her husband, and there offer herself in sacrifice. When we think of the shame and the degradation which are the sure attendants upon the one, we need not be surprised that so many thousands have embraced the other.

Never shall I forget the evening when, at Bangalore, I was called to be the witness of such a horrid murder. As though it were not a deed of infamy and shame, but one of morality and religion; as though there were not space and opportunity enough in their own burning-ground to perpetrate this deed of darkness; as though they would outrage the feelings of humanity and benevolence and

celebrate the orgies of their system in the face of day; as though they would insult the whole European community and show to British females to what a thorough degradation, they had reduced their sex, they brought forth their victims to the borders of the lake which is overlooked by the European cantonment; and there, in the face of day,—at a time when ladies and gentlemen were taking their drives for air and exercise—beneath the waving plumes and the scarlet dress and the golden epaulets which distinguish the general staff of the army, to give it the stamp and the sanction of British authority—and under the satrap of native power—and amidst thousands of spectators, they raised the funeral-pile. No words and no arguments which could be used by the writer, would prevail on the infatuated woman to relinquish her purpose. No. I saw her pacing her appointed circuits around that pile; I saw her ascend the bed of death and tied to the dead body of her husband; I saw her take her jewels from her ears, and her neck, and the various members of her body and distribute them as parting memorials to her friends; I saw her son—the child of her bowels—the boy whom she had nurtured and whom she had nursed, take the torch into his hand, and, in several places, kindle the flame that was to consume his mother; I saw the servants of iniquity cut the ropes to let the canopy of faggots fall upon her to crush her and to

prevent her escape ; and as these flames ascended, and as that pile became one mass of fire, I heard the horrid yell and the shout of exultation from the surrounding multitude, to drown the shrieks of their victim in the plaudits of their joy. Oh ! I thought I was standing on the borders of the infernal lake ; I wondered that the earth did not open her mouth to devour the perpetrators of this horrid murder !! ye mothers in Israel ! ye whom the gospel of Jesus has elevated to your proper rank in society ! pity your sex who are thus degraded in India, stand boldly forth for their relief, attempt to pluck them as brands from the everlasting burning.

It may be said, that this custom has been abolished by law, and that the power and authority of government have been exerted to prevent the recurrence of such deeds in our own provinces. Thanks to a gracious providence for this boon. During the administration of Lord William Bentinck, this abominable suttee was frowned into its hiding-place. But this is not enough. Since that period, many instances of this horrid custom, have occurred in the independent provinces, and some females, instigated by the Bramins, have not long ago, left the British territories, and in order to evade the law, have gone into the adjoining districts to immolate themselves upon the funeral-pile. The British government has, I rejoice to learn, not only pro-

tested against such acts of perfidy, but have declared to the ruling powers in these districts, that such deeds will not hereafter be suffered to pass with impunity. But this renders it quite plain that, whatever may be the law, this atrocious custom is not destroyed in the affections of the people. No. The hour, I trust, will never come when the British power will be withdrawn, or overthrown in India, till we have given to her people our religion and Christianity, as well as a specimen of our rule. But what if the hand-writing upon the wall should be against us?—what if we should be weighed in the balances and be found wanting?—what if in consequence of running counter to the gracious designs of providence, that empire should be wrested from our hands?—what, then, would avail these rules and regulations?—what would signify these acts of parliament to put down this abominable rite? They would only resemble an embankment which had been raised to stem the torrent for a time; but behind which, the waters had accumulated in greater force and violence and abundance, and which, when overturned, would allow not a stream, not a current, but a cataract of blood to descend to deluge the land. There would be no public opinion to stop it; there would be no power of the gospel to retard it; and in proportion as strangers and foreigners had exerted their authority and influence to put it down, in the same proportion would the Bramins

and the priests and superstition riot in their freedom from restraint, and exult in their deeds of atrocity and blood.

What then, is necessary to be done? It is not enough that we abolish this horrid rite by acts of law and of parliament; we must destroy the system to which it belongs. It is not enough that we extinguish these flames; we must cause the waters of life and salvation to flow in such abundance through the country, that under any circumstances, they will never be rekindled. It is not enough that Hindoos are subject to the laws and ordinances, and statutes of men; we must disseminate among them the laws and gospel and injunctions of Jesus Christ, that when human power fails to uphold its acts, the power of the Bible may be there to enforce them. The enemy is not dead; it is only asleep. It waits for our missionaries, for the gospel, and for the distribution of our tracts and our scriptures; it waits for the establishment of schools, for the education of a native ministry and for the whole machinery of missions to be brought into operation; it waits for our fervent and importunate prayers and for the outpouring of the Holy Spirit from above to break its power and bring it into complete subjection. Let us not be afraid of the contest. The conscience of the world is now upon our side. Pity and compassion and all the best affections of our nature are in league with us. Humanity and benevolence

tender us their support; the past triumphs of the gospel assure us of victory; all the wise and holy and good upon the earth animate us onward in this struggle; angels bending from their thrones rejoice over every sinner and every heathen that repenteth; and God the Father the Son and the Holy Ghost have pledged us their assistance in the hour of need, and their blessing to every effort that is made in their name.

In a special manner will it devolve upon our mothers and our sisters, upon our wives and our daughters, and upon our female friends to labour in this sacred cause, with a zeal, a diligence and perseverance commensurate with the great undertaking. No laurels, may indeed, in this struggle, decorate their brow; the honours and awards of fame may not wait upon their achievements; their names and their labours may very speedily be forgotten; and neglect and disappointment and similar evils may even be their present reward. But if it be true that the righteous shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and they who turn many to righteousness as the stars for ever and ever; if it be true that the faithful servant to whose care five or ten talents have been entrusted and who has put them out to usury, will in the end be made ruler over as many cities; if it be true that the names of Clarkson and Wilberforce—men who stood forth, in the midst of scorn and contumely, as the advocates of the slaves, and toiled and fought for the de-

struction of slavery, will go down to posterity covered with honour and renown; will be held in everlasting remembrance, while the memory of the wicked shall rot; then, what will be the joys, what the awards of grace, what the exalted honours which await those pious and excellent females who will rise up like a host to extricate the daughters of India from their misery and their degradation?

I rejoice to find that a society has existed for some years, to send out ladies to superintend female schools in India, China, and the East. From the facts which are stated in this chapter, and from the utter neglect that is shown to female education in these heathen lands, no object can be of greater importance, and every one who desires the welfare of his race, must wish that great success may crown the undertaking. Difficulties will, no doubt, arise in the prosecution of the scheme, and such a society will, in its infancy, have to struggle with adversities similar to those which every benevolent institution has been obliged to submit to. Great wisdom, prudence, and devotedness will be required on the part of its directors and its friends to overcome prejudices, to surmount the scorn and contempt of the world, and to remove the fears and apprehensions which many of the best friends of Zion entertain respecting it. But should it outlive, as I trust it will do, all the anxieties of its friends, and all the scandals of its foes, what a heavenly spectacle will it present to

our view of pious and devoted females—not only overcoming the weakness and timidity natural to their sex—not only leaving their homes, their friends and their country to which their warm affections render them so attached, and casting themselves almost without protection, and without guardians, upon the care of their Heavenly Father to pursue a career of mercy—but exposing themselves to the storm and the tempest for the sake of their Lord, braving the dangers of the ocean, and the toils and difficulties of a foreign clime to bring back the wanderers to the fold, and venturing to contend, on a dangerous strand, with the powers of evil, to rescue their sex from infamy and shame. My heart warms to this sister band. May they never want the protection, the friendship, the care, and the superintendence of their Almighty friend; and since theirs is a cause beset with greater trials, privations and sorrows, than ours, may grace and strength and power continually rest upon them from above. I hail them, with delight, on their career of benevolence. What though there should be no earthly reward! the Lord will be their inheritance. What though no honour nor favour, nor applause of men should animate their minds in the day of exertion and trial! the light of heaven, the approbation of their Master and a harvest of precious souls will be a higher recompense. What though peculiar temptations, and disasters and sufferings should threaten sometimes to overwhelm their spirits!

yet goodness and mercy will follow them all the days of their life; their dwelling-place will be in the house of our God for ever; and an entrance will be administered to them abundantly into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Saviour.

CHAPTER VII.

ON CASTE.



CASTE—ITS DIVISIONS—CONNECTS EVERY INDIVIDUAL WITH THE PAST AND THE FUTURE—A BRAMIN AT BELLARY—THE BANEFUL INFLUENCE OF CASTE ON TRADE AND COMMERCE HAS KEPT SOCIETY STATIONARY—THE GOOD EFFECTS OF IMPROVEMENT—THE GOVERNMENT MIGHT DO MUCH TO ABOLISH CASTE—PERNICIOUS EFFECTS UPON THE PRINCIPLES OF THE PEOPLE—A GREAT OBSTACLE TO THE PROGRESS OF THE GOSPEL—EXPOSES THE CONVERTS TO GREAT WORLDLY LOSS—HOW SUCH CONVERTS SHOULD BE REGARDED BY MISSIONARIES.

WHAT is caste? is a question which is often put to a missionary, in his visits to the churches, at home; and it is one which is really difficult to answer, since its ramifications, in the Hindoo system, are so deep, and its evils so numerous and appalling. Some have considered it a civil rite, while others have maintained that it is a religious one. But the truth is, it is so incorporated with the whole superstition, that it is both civil and religious, as ~~far~~as Hindoo society can be said to partake of the one and the other. It is the adamant chain which binds the distinct masses of the community to-

gether, and links them to their gross superstition ; it is the foundation on which the fabric of their idolatry rests, and without which it must fall ; it is that fatal, that retributive, that irresistible destiny which connects them with the life that was, the life that is, and the life that is to come. In the division which Bramha has made of mankind, the Bramins are the priesthood—the first order among men—the most sacred and divine of the race—and the most fortunate in securing every right and privilege to themselves ; the Cheitras are the nobility to whose care are entrusted the kingly office, the affairs of government, the military and civil departments of the state ; the Veishas are the merchants, the farmers, and those who, in England, would be denominated the respectable classes of society ; the Shoodras are the great body of the people, and constitute the artificers, the tradesmen, the inferior agriculturists, and the working classes of all kinds. But these four tribes are divided and subdivided into many other castes who eat and drink together, intermarry among themselves, and have little intercourse with their kinsmen of the same general order. In addition to these, there are the Pariars who are esteemed the outcasts of society, the refuse of mankind, the serfs of the soil—the men of infamy and degradation—the beings who are unworthy of the divine protection, and of a name or a dwelling among the offspring of Bramha, and who are consigned to ignominy and subjection for ever.

This, they say, is not the appointment of man, but the decree of the Creator; and woe be to the individual who would be dissatisfied with the arrangement and would venture to disturb it. The present state of existence is not regarded as one of probation—it is, one of rewards and punishments. The Bramin is happy in his present lot, but it is the fruit of some meritorious actions which he performed in a former birth; while the perpetration of some dreadful crime has consigned the Shoodra to his labour, and the Pariar to his degradation and vassalage. For a Shoodra to aspire to the rank of a Veisha, or for a Veisha to envy the caste of a Cheitra, or for a Cheitra to wish to become a Bramin would be an unpardonable crime. Fate has fixed the position of every one in the universe. So pure, so rich, so honourable and excellent is the blood which flows in the veins of the Bramin, that it is a dignity conferred upon the monarch sitting upon his throne, and surrounded by his nobles and his senators, to have the feet of the most abject and worthless of the tribe upon his head; and happy indeed is the day in which a Shoodra is permitted to drink of the water where a Bramin has bathed his feet. Let the descent of the individual be high or low, noble or contemptible, his destiny has fixed it; his future history is written upon his forehead; the decrees of Bramha are inevitable; and to the control of fate he must submit. At Bellary, I once visited a Bramin who was under sentence of death.

For a trifle of money which he knew his friend possessed, and while he entertained him as his guest, he had risen in the night and murdered him. I endeavoured to bring home the crime to his conscience; but it was of no use. "Bramha," he said, "has written it all in my forehead; it was my fate to murder my friend, and to be hanged for it; it is no concern of mine. I must suffer, it is true; but the Creator must account for it all." His destiny had given him his birthright; had allotted him his career, had exempted him from his responsibility, had made him what he was, and would make him what he would be.

On the same principle, the caste of the individual determines his trade, or his profession. Whatever his father is, that is the employment which the son must follow, to which through life he is bound to adhere, and in which it is his duty to instruct his posterity. This plan would seem, at first view, to secure the advancement of the arts and sciences, and the greater perfection of the trades and manufactures. But it is not so. They are only carried as far as could be expected, without taste and imagination, which flourish only in more congenial climes. Under such oppressive enactments, there is an end to emulation, there is a stop to all skill, ingenuity and improvement, and there is no stimulus to excel even in those branches of industry which the individual may pursue. In England and in China, the humblest peasant, may, by his learning,

his genius, his diligence and talents work his way to the greatest honours, and to the highest offices in the state; but the caste of the Hindoo forbids his attempts to rise out of the condition in which he was born; and while trade and commerce have been changing society in Europe, and are now, with the power of steam on their side, propelling it with accelerated speed, society in India has been almost stationary for two thousand years, has withstood all the storms, and changes and revolutions to which it was exposed, and will unquestionably continue the same, till the present combinations be broken to pieces, that, out of the confusion, there may arise a public order more in accordance with freedom, improvement and prosperity.

No doubt, at Calcutta, at Madras, at Bombay, and at some of the large stations in the interior, where numbers of Europeans are collected together, the natives are surmounting their former prejudices. It begins to be understood that caste has been a great barrier to improvement; the manners, the customs and habits of Europeans, and the order of society as existing among them, are producing a salutary influence; and it would only be necessary for the government to adopt a liberal line of policy, to hold out encouragement to genius, to enterprise and to industry, and to introduce into India, all the improvements which are performing such wonders in England, to inflict a blow upon caste from which it will not speedily recover.

But the Capitals are not the country. The towns, the villages and the distant provinces are far behind; and an individual looking at Calcutta, and alleging that the leaven which is working there, is operating, in the same degree, throughout the whole empire, would commit a grievous mistake. But even there general knowledge, the success of the gospel, and new laws and European government are producing similar effects; and let the British authorities lay aside that great partiality which they have invariably shown to the prejudices, the usages, and the extravagant pretensions which prevail in Hindoo society; instead of looking at the natives with pride and hauteur, let the civil and military officers treat them with kindness and condescension; let office and rewards be conferred upon merit, and talent and service and integrity alone; instead of frowning upon the Shoodra in his hut, and scowling the outcast Pariair to a distance and compelling him to prefer his complaint in court, through the medium of another, let them understand that they are men, and that they are deserving of law and justice and right as much as the highest Bramin in the land; let a system of education, on proper principles, and suited to all classes, be established throughout the provinces, and the day must speedily come when the sons of India will vie with those of Britain in the career of civilization, and improvement. The government and all classes of Europeans have it in their power to do much, and while the progress

of knowledge and true religion must crown the triumph, education, the press, public opinion, and equitable laws, and measures of amelioration may do a vast deal to hasten and to secure it.

No system could be more the reverse of the gospel, than that of caste, as established by Bramha. According to the letter and the spirit of the Bible, it is our duty to love our neighbour as we do ourselves, to love our enemies, to do good to those who hate us, and to pray for those who despitefully use us and persecute us. While it holds up to reprobation the conduct of the priest and the Levite who, very probably on the ground of caste and their own superiority, looked upon the poor man who had fallen among thieves, and passed him by on the other side; it holds up, as an example to all, the conduct of the good Samaritan who bound up his wounds, and took charge of him. But the spirit and temper which caste generates and maintains in its votaries, are, to leave all, except their own immediate kindred, to starve and perish in their calamities, and to make them unkind and malevolent. A stranger may lie at the door, may writhe in agonies, may die, and become the prey of the jackals or the vultures, before a Hindoo would render him any assistance. To give him a cup of cold water to relieve his thirst, or to administer medicine to him in sickness would be violation of his caste, and would expose a Shoodra to the anathema of his kinsmen. Shortly after our

arrival at Bangalore, the roof of our house was under repair; and one of the bricklayers fell from a great height, and was very much injured. In his agonies, the poor man was fainting away, and we called upon his fellow-workmen to run to the well, and fetch some water. Not one of them would stir; and what was the hard-hearted reply? "That man, sir, is not my caste; I cannot touch that man, nor give him water to drink." Hindooism dries up all the human sympathies, and renders its devotees, misanthropes. It is true that the love of fame, and the desire of merit, will occasionally preponderate, and triumph. To dig a well in the desert, to plant a grove or an orchard, to erect a temple, to build a tank, to give presents to the Bramins and alms to the poor, are deeds the most meritorious, and are sure to raise the individual to immortal life and blessedness. But as to real philanthropy, as to the genuine benevolence which the gospel inspires, as to those feelings of compassion and of kindness which are to be found among the poorest classes of our own society, they are scarcely to be found; the system robs the people even of the social affections, inasmuch as it allows them to carry their aged, sick, and infirm parents and relatives to the banks of the Ganges, to stuff their mouths with its soil, and to immerse them in its waters, that their end may be hastened, and they may cease to be a burden.

No institution could be more rigid in its enactments, and more severe in its penalties, than caste. To be turned out of the synagogue among the Jews, was bad; to be under the anathemas of popery, and be exposed to its pains and penalties in the dark ages, was worse; but to be deprived of caste, and to be subject to all the evils which its loss involves, is worst of all. An individual may be wicked, profane, devoid of every good principle, and an abandoned profligate, and yet, as a Hindoo, may enjoy all the privileges of his caste; but the moment that he violates any of its rules, the moment that he would venture to eat and drink with a person of another grade, he exposes himself to the most dreadful denunciations. No person can receive the miscreant into their house, or hold any intercourse with him; every one agrees to cover him with ridicule, contempt and disdain; to be seen with him, would be a crime deserving of reprehension; the woman to whom he was betrothed, would not be allowed to marry him; he is deprived of the protection and immunities to which his caste might have given him a claim; all denounce him as a Pariah, as a Chandala, as the veriest vagabond that ever lived, and his parents, and relatives and friends must be the first to disown him and to shower curses upon his head. No wonder that this system should be regarded as a great barrier to the truth. If the fear of man can bring a snare, well may

it operate here. It has, no doubt, kept back thousands from making a profession, who would otherwise have become formalists and hypocrites.

To show how the fear of losing caste operates, I may refer to the case of a brother missionary. He once thought that he had made deep impressions upon the mind of his pundit. So candidly and so meekly did the man appear to drink in the word, that the missionary could not but rejoice. After many professions made by the pundit that he was a Christian in heart, that he believed as firmly in the gospel as any member of the church, and that it was only the fear occasioned by his relatives, which kept him from making the avowal, the missionary pressed upon him the necessity of publicly declaring his attachment to Christ. The man as often tried to evade it, by some dexterous excuse, till on one occasion, he promised that he would, at all risks, receive the ordinance of baptism on the following sabbath. On Saturday evening, he came to the missionary, told him that he was in the greatest difficulties, and knew not what to do; his relatives were so opposed to his baptism, that he did not think his life would be safe; and as to his wife, she had become so frantic that she had thrown herself into a well. The missionary sympathized with him, and replied that it would perhaps, under such circumstances, be as well to defer his profession of Christianity. But some persons in the mission family suspected the truth of his story; went to his

house, and found it was all false. The dread of what he would be called to suffer in the loss of caste, and the calamities which it would inflict, there was no doubt, led him to forge this story, and chained him to his heathenism,

But whatever may be the influence which caste exercises over multitudes in keeping them back from an open and a bold avowal of the truth, it visits the weak, the humble and unoffending convert with terrible vengeance. If bonds and imprisonments do not await him, his friends and relatives are sure to cast him out; threats, calumnies, and persecutions attend him at every step; daily is he obliged to take up his cross, to deny himself, and stand prepared to suffer the loss of all things. By the Hindoo law of inheritance, every outcast, forfeits his right to his patrimony; and since every Christian becomes an outcast, he must, on his profession, agree to surrender his claim to all the property which a gracious providence has given him, for his own comfort, and for the good of others.

Of this, Naraputsingh—a convert in Bengal, was a striking instance. During the days of his heathenism, he was able to live like a Nabob, could command his train of servants, and travelled in oriental style. But the moment he submitted to the ordinance of baptism, and embraced the truth, his relatives seized upon his property; he lost, by his profession of the gospel, the sum of eight

thousand pounds; he was reduced to absolute poverty, and has laboured, in the service of our society, at the rate of twenty rupees per month.

Many cases of a similar kind have occurred, and have shown how much the natives, whatever may be their caste, have to suffer, when they come out from among the heathen, separate themselves from their idols, and have the boldness to join themselves to the Israel of God. How patiently should we bear with their weaknesses, and their infirmities? How tenderly should we reason with them, and take them by the hand to lead them, like the lambs of the flock, through the terrible wilderness? But what if, instead of being satisfied with the sacrifices they are obliged to make, we should bind burdens upon their shoulders, which, in their infancy, they are not able to bear! What if, instead of being satisfied with their communion among all classes of their brethren at the table of the Lord, we should set up a new test of our own, and compel them to eat and drink with all classes in our own houses! What, if instead of reasoning with them, and winning them over, with love and kindness, to our own views, we should exact from them the same degree of knowledge, and the same measure of Christian experience, as are to be met with among believers at home, and in defect thereof, drive them from the fold, and induce them to think that heathenism, with all its accumulated ills, is better, than such a religion as ours? Will the Lord hold us guiltless? Shall we,

on the ground of reason, of revelation, of experience, or of common sense, be justified in such conduct? Most assuredly not. "From this confession," writes an intelligent, an experienced, and a devoted missionary, "the writer would remark, that if great imperfections attend the most enlightened Christians who have, from their very infancy, been trained up in the ways of God; how much more may this be expected to be the case with the first converts from Paganism, who cannot be supposed, in a short time, to divest themselves entirely of the influence of native prejudices, or completely to break the force of former habits?—To object to first converts, because they are less perfect than Christians who have enjoyed greater privileges, discovers great ignorance of human nature, and great inattention to the history of past ages. None but narrow-minded bigots who take up subjects by halves; insipid moralists, swollen with pharisaical pride; and sceptics, in whose eyes religion and vice are mere relative terms, which may be changed and rechanged, according to the tempers and circumstances of mankind,—none but such will sneeringly object to them."*

After an experience of twelve years in the missionary field, I can most cordially agree with such sentiments. There is no one who has a greater abhorrence of caste, than I have; nor is there one who has done more to exterminate it from the minds

* Dr. Milne's Retrospect of the Protestant Mission to China.

and from the conduct of those who have made a profession of Christianity. But to adopt a system that would reduce every convert, whatever might have been his caste when a heathen, to the level of a Pariar, and to the lowest scale in society; to compel the Jews to eat with the Gentiles, or one class of converted Gentiles to eat and drink with another, as a test of religion, is to set up a standard which, I conceive, is unknown to the Bible, and which, if applied in Christian countries, would spread anarchy, disorder, and ruin through our intelligent and prosperous, and long-established churches.

If it is still contended that such a measure is *lawful* to show an abhorrence of caste; I would reply that all things are not *expedient*. Never should such a test be *forced* upon the converts. Are the believers to dine or to sup with the missionaries and with the Pariars in common? then such an entertainment ought surely to be held up as an honour and as a privilege to which they ought to aspire, and not as a criterion of piety. While such civil disabilities and penalties are visited by the government authorities upon Pariars and upon all who eat and drink with them, missionaries ought to encourage the Christians who believe that, in their baptism, they have renounced their caste, and who are so treated by their heathen kinsmen, to take up this heavy cross to please all their brethren; missionaries ought to exert themselves to obtain the repeal of all those enactments which bear so oppressively upon outcasts

of every name and every class ; and if such a test is absolutely necessary to prove that the converts have abandoned caste, and have reached an indispensable perfection, missionaries ought to be agreed upon this point, and ought to adopt at every station throughout India, the same system, that the grievances of native Christians may be one, their honours and privileges be one, their hopes and fears be one, and their joys and sorrows be one. Show me a native convert who has been baptized and who has communed with his brethren at the table of the Lord, but who has, by such a test, been driven from the fellowship of the faithful ; and I will show you a convert whom I would follow as a lost sheep in the wilderness, and whom I would use all the pity and all the love and all the exertion of which I am capable, to find, and to restore, as I feel convinced that, in renouncing his idolatry, and in avowing himself to be a follower of the Lamb, he made greater sacrifices, and endured more trials to prove the sincerity of his faith, than those who have had the temerity to deprive him of the rights and privileges of a disciple.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE LITERATURE OF INDIA.

THE LITERATURE OF THE HINDOOS—SANSKRIT LANGUAGE—SIMILAR TO THE LATIN IN ITS RISE AND DECLINE—NOT THE MOTHER OF THE VERNACULAR TONGUES—EVIDENCE THAT IT IS NOT—THE VEDAS—THE SHASTERS—THE POORANNAS—THE RAMAYANA—HARISCHUNDRA.

IN the literature of India, there is, no doubt, a great mass of romance, and absurdity ; but not more perhaps than in that of Greece and of Rome. While some have agreed to hold up Indian literature as a model of perfection, as excelling in wit, in eloquence, in poetry, in tragedy, and in all that is agreeable to taste, as well as imagination ; others have denounced it as a tissue of extravagant fancies, and pernicious dogmas which have no foundation in fact, and no practical bearing on society. I cannot agree with either of these opinions ; and think it may be shown that, amidst a mass of rubbish, there are some facts, some laws, some proverbs, some poetry, some general principles, some philosophy, some grammar and language which are not un-

worthy the consideration of the scholar and the philosopher.

In all probability, the language in which the greater part of their literature was originally written, was the Sanscrit, and from thence it was, afterwards, transfused into all the vernacular dialects of the empire. But whatever the *original* may have been, one thing is certain, that there is scarcely a book to be found in the one, which has not been written in the other. It is impossible to conceive of a language existing, and arriving at the stage of perfection which the Sanscrit has acquired, without concluding that it must, at one period, have been the language of a people, and have been usefully applied to all the purposes of life. The most probable conjecture is, that it was the language of the Bramins, that they were a race of conquerors who came from the north, that they easily overran and subdued the continent of India, that they engrafted their system of superstition upon the idolatry which they found among the people, and that, as the sons of Brumha, they have retained in their hands, the key of knowledge, and the reins of government.

A great similarity may be traced between the progress and the decline of empire in the East and in the West, at the same periods of time. The Roman power which, in the ages of obscurity, grew up in Latium, swallowed up the adjoining provinces, extended its arms over ancient Europe, tried to

amalgamate the customs and the superstitions of the conquered countries with its own, fell a prey to violence in its turn, sank under the weight of its own grandeur and greatness, and, while in the dissolution of the rule which it exercised over the nations, its power was lost ; what became of that language of which the Romans were so proud, which they tried to impose upon the conquered provinces, and which was to become universal and be a substitute for all the tongues of the earth ? that *language* was expelled from the seat of its nativity, ceased to be the dialect of a people, and was the victim of the dominion to which it aspired. So, and most probably during the same period, the Bramins and the real Hindoos descended in swarms upon the continent of India, spread their despotism and influence among the aboriginal tribes, and established their law, their superstition, and even their language, as far as their power and policy could accomplish it ; but one revolution after another annihilated their power, broke up this confederacy, brought them into a closer alliance with the ancient inhabitants, and, whatever may be the hold their superstition had maintained over the empire, their language has almost expired ; its students and admirers all speak the vernacular dialect of the provinces in which they reside, and, instead of becoming universal, and taking the place of those which might be deemed inferior, it is the one which is the most likely to sink into oblivion, and to be entirely forgotten.

When we remember the veil which is cast over the earlier history of India, we need not be surprised at the cloud in which the origin of this beautiful language is enveloped, and that all efforts hitherto made for its discovery have failed. As the Sanscrit in the East, so the Latin in the West, is still a distinct language. But were our ancient histories involved in as much romance, and obscurity as those of Hindoosthan, I can easily conceive of a Hindoo arriving in Europe, sitting down to learn German, or French, or English, studying Latin as a learned language which is to afford him great assistance in his work ; and what are the questions that would naturally occur to him ? What is this Latin ? Where did it originate ? Was it ever the language of a people ? And yet, without the knowledge which we have of the Roman empire, there would be as much difficulty in giving him an answer, as our Orientalists have found in ascertaining the origin of the Sanscrit.

Much as I venerate the names of Sir W. Jones, and Dr. Carey, and other Oriental scholars, I cannot agree with the opinion that the Sanscrit is the parent of all the vernacular languages. To say that it sustains the same relation to the tongues of India, that the Latin does to those of Europe, is perhaps saying too much. As the Italian and the Spanish are more allied to the Latin than are the languages of Celtic origin, so there may be, among the dialects of India, some that are more allied to the Sanscrit,

than others. But nothing can be more certain than this, that the Tamul, the Telloogoo, and the Canarese which are the cognate dialects of the peninsula, are of a different family, and have no more connexion with the Sanscrit, than they have with the Persian, or Arabic. In these three languages, there is an ancient and a modern dialect. Nearly all their works are written in poetry, and in the higher tongue, and as we peruse the translations that have been made from the poems of Vyasa and Valmееkee, and all the more ancient classics, the purer does the Canarese, the Tamul, and Telloogoo become; there is scarcely a Sanscrit word to be found; the whole record is in the original language of the country, whereas the modern and vulgar dialects are more replete with Sanscrit terms—a full and convincing proof to my own mind, that the Sanscrit is not the parent of these languages.

All native grammarians too have agreed that these three dialects are radically different from the Sanscrit, and have no dependence upon it whatever, and have therefore divided their words into the respective heads of the language of the land, Sanscrit derivatives, Sanscrit corruptions, and provincial terms. All words expressive of primitive ideas and of such things as are used in the early stages of society; all words denoting the different members of the body, the various kinds of instruments in common use, and the different sorts of cattle; all words describing their food, their dress,

their ornaments, their dwelling, their relations in life, and the productions of the ground—belong to the vernacular tongue, while the Sanscrit terms in use belong entirely to law, literature and religion. In addition to this, the conversation of the Bramins, abounds much more with Sanscrit terms, than that of the other classes who speak their own colloquial dialects best, and who, in attempting to use Sanscrit words, often excite the scorn and derision of their more learned superiors. Nor is it unworthy of remark, that the Telloogoo which is spoken by the tribes of the north, is more replete, in the vulgar dialect, with Sanscrit words, than the Tamul and the Canarese which are spoken further to the south, and to the south-west, and since the lower classes of the people are now considered the aborigines of the land, since there is a more intimate alliance between Shin Tamul, and Hulee Canada, and ancient Telloogoo, than there is in the modern dialects, and since the Bramins are considered a race of conquerors who emigrated from the distant north, it would be evident that the dialect nearer to the seat of the aggressors, would be more likely to be affected by the foreign language.

The adoption of such a general principle as that against which I am contending, to account for the division and variety of Eastern languages, is, at first view, very imposing, and has so often been reiterated by the admirers of Sanscrit philology, that scholars have readily taken it for granted; but

every European who has studied the vernacular languages, knows that it is destitute of proof. Indeed! it might be contended with equal propriety, that our own language is derived from the Latin, or from the Greek, because a number of their words are incorporated with it, to express many of the technicalities of law, science, and literature; as to contend that these and other vernacular languages were derived from the Sanscrit.

The Vedas are four in number, and are the most ancient, and the most sacred of the Hindoo writings. The Rig—the Yajur—the Sam, and the At-hurwana Vedas are said to have proceeded from the mouth of Brumha, are, therefore, reckoned divine in their origin, and infallible in authority, are esteemed too sacred for the lower classes to hear, and are the books on which the Bramins rely for all their power and pretensions. According to the general belief, they were compiled by Vyasa, and as they do not enjoin any worship to Rama, to Crishnu and to other deities which have long been popular among Hindoos, their antiquity must be very great. But however ancient they may be, they can make no pretensions to divinity. After giving some account of the creation as the work of Brumha, they chiefly consist of prayers to the Supreme Being, to the sun, to the stars and to the elements; and descriptions of various rites, ceremonies, and incantations. The practical parts inculcate their idolatrous duties, advance arguments

for their system of mythology, describe the sanguinary chapter in which the sacrifices both animal and human, and the manner in which they are to be offered, are revealed, and give the fearful curses and imprecations which are to be denounced against enemies. In the exercise of their ingenuity to discover resemblances between the true religion, and the Hindoo mythology, some have gone so far as to find in these books, some analogies to the Books of Moses. Because one gives some account of the creation of the world and of man, *THAT* they imagine corresponds with Genesis. Because another contains laws and ordinances to regulate their worship, *that* is thought to resemble Exodus. Because another has enjoined sacrifices of all kinds and describes minutely the manner in which they are to be offered, *that* is thought to be similar to Leviticus. Because another teaches lessons of morality, and unfolds the blessings and the curses which the priests may pronounce, *that* they maintain must be analogous to Deuteronomy; and since the notion prevails that these Vedas were given by Brumha from Mount Meros, they trace, in this circumstance, the delivery of the law from Mount Sinai. These are, no doubt, strange fancies. But minds of a certain order delight in such researches and in drawing such analogies; it is enough to ordinary minds that they hear of such enquiries and contemplate the results.

Next in importance to the Vedas, the various

Shasters hold a place. In the estimation of the Bramins with whom I have conversed, they have not, as some have asserted, the same claims to divinity as the Vedas. Their rishes and their sages are their authors; but they are not esteemed as inspired, and, should you sweep away the whole circle of their sciences, the Vedas would remain unimpaired, and would be regarded as sacred as before. The Selpée Shaster teaches the science of architecture; the Dhurma Shaster that of law and logic; the Neetie Shaster that of moral philosophy; the Jotee Shaster that of astrology; the Weidya Shaster that of medicine. The sciences are described, are expatiated upon, have the rules by which they are brought into use, are taught in their schools and colleges, and present to the student a formidable array of metaphysics, and of philosophy, and of science falsely so called.

The Poorannas occupy the next place in the Hindoo literature. As mythological poems, they are perhaps the most popular and the most interesting of their writings. The Maha Bharta, and the Bagwuta describe the exploits of Chrishnu; and the Ramayana those of Rama. As it may not be uninteresting to the reader, I shall just give an outline of the latter.

At different times, Bhoodevi or the earth is represented as oppressed with monsters and with demons. Unable any longer to bear their enormities, she enters the presence of Vishnoo, entreats his in-

terposition, and receives a promise that he will become incarnate and destroy her enemies. Hence so many incarnations. After glancing at the six which have already taken place, in the form of a fish, of a tortoise, of a boar, of a man-lion, of a dwarf and of an ox, Walmeekee proceeds to describe that in the form of Rama who is born as the son of Dhusharutha, king of Oude. His wife is born a princess, and in process of time they are united in marriage. His father Dhusharutha becomes old and infirm, and wishes Rama to take the reins of government into his hands. Rama replies "It cannot be. I have not been born for such a worldly purpose as this. I must call my wife, Seeta, along with me, we must reside, like ascetics, in the desert; and it will presently appear for what purpose I reside amongst men." He does so. They build a hermitage, and spend their time amongst the beasts of the forest. The giant Ravanna—the king of Lunka in Ceylon—the monster with ten heads and as many arms, and to destroy whom, it is the design of the incarnation, hears this intelligence, and is determined, in the struggle, to give Rama as much trouble as he possibly can. Having the power of changing his form, he assumes that of an ascetic, and while Rama is absent from the hermitage, he appears at the door, and intreats Seeta to give him an alms. The moment of bestowing her bounty, upon the traitor, he embraces an opportunity of seizing her, of carrying her off, and putting her in prison. On his return

to the hermitage, Rama cannot find his wife, sinks into a sea of grief, utters the most piteous cries, and passes through those deep emotions of sorrow which characterize eastern nations. To assist him in his conflict with the giants, the angels are represented as becoming incarnate in monkeys, and Hunumunta is their leader. Since the latter is worshipped in every town and almost in every village in India, it is evident that he is a deity of no small consequence. Finding Rama in a state of despondency, he becomes his prime-minister, and undertakes to visit Lunka and find out the circumstances of Seeta. He assumes the form of a rat, and pursues his circuitous route, through the houses of the enemy, till he discovers the prison where Seeta is confined. Like a faithful servant, he delivers to her the message of his master, and receives from Seeta her answers in return. After having emerged from the prison, he assumes his proper form, is seen scampering over the walls and the houses, and excites considerable alarm among the giants in Lunka. Whether his visit was an omen of good or of evil they could not understand. At length, they seized him as a prisoner, and brought him to the court of Ravanna to be examined. As they would not give him a seat, but compelled him to stand, he took his tremendous tail and coiled it, as a sailor would a cable, till it rose to such a height as enabled him to sit down on an equality with the throne of Ravanna. In reply to the ques-

tions which the king put to him concerning his name, his parentage, his design in visiting Lunka, he gives such clever and ingenious answers, that he sets the whole court in bursts of laughter against their sovereign. Ravanna is frantic with rage, and asks what is to be done with this monkey? Some proposed one thing, some proposed another, but all agreed in the suggestion that as he made such a boast of his tail it ought to be set on fire. Accordingly, all the old clothes, the rags, and paper that are to be found in Lunka, are put in requisition to make a flambeau of this tail. They cover it with tar and pitch and other combustibles, set it on fire, and then liberate the prisoner that they may have a day of frolic. No sooner does Hunumunta regain his liberty than he pursues his race—now through the fields of corn and sets them on fire—then through the farm-yards, and over the hay-ricks and puts *them* in a blaze; then over the walls and through the houses and kindles a flame which is not easily extinguished. Never did such an incendiary visit Lunka before. To save their city from destruction, the giants now pursue him to put out the torch which they had lighted. Hunumunta ascends the tower of a temple and hides himself in its summit, and when he finds it well filled with giants, he throws it down with violence and destroys them all. He makes his escape, and dips his tail in the sea, and returns to Rama. After reporting the exploits of his embassy, they assemble the armies

of monkeys, throw a bridge across the sea from the continent to Ceylon, and lay siege to the fortress of Ravanna. The war is commenced, and prodigies of valour are performed on both sides, till Rama kills the monster Ravanna, liberates his wife Seeta, and delivers the earth from the giants whose enormities cause her to groan.

Such is the substance of their Epic Poem the Ramayana; but the poetry, the figures the illustrations, and the descriptions with which it abounds are often interesting and splendid; and while we cannot but deplore that such powers should have been wasted upon such absurdities, we cannot but admire the genius, the spirit, the eloquence, the splendid talents with which its author must have been endowed.

But there is another work which I have read several times, and which though not so renowned as the Ramayana, was always more pleasant, interesting, and useful to me. The history of Harischundra-Raya is almost a counterpart of the history of Job. In the heaven of Indra, there is an assembly of the gods, and moonees, and most meritorious sages. The question arises, "whether there be a righteous prince on the face of the earth?" Vishwamittra asserts that there is not one. He is opposed by Vasishta who declares he knows and he can prove that his disciple Harischundra is a prince in whom there is no fault, that he is a perfect man. In a terrible rage, with a

haughty and imperious temper, like a perfect fury, and more in the spirit of Satan than any thing, that I have seen recorded, Vishwamittra declares it is false; challenges his antagonist to the proof; and pledges to lose half of the merit which he has obtained, should he not succeed in showing to gods and to men, that the declaration which Vasishta has made cannot be sustained. Let the gods forsake Harischundra, and let them deliver him into his hands, and he engages to show that this prince is unworthy the praise which has been bestowed upon him, and that he is frail and unrighteous as any of his brethren. Poor Harischundra becomes the victim of this controversy, and is delivered into the hands of this malignant and persecuting sage. The dreadful campaign commences. As though all the power of heaven and earth was committed to this diabolical agent, he assails the virtue of the prince by strong and numerous temptations, and he is foiled in one stratagem, only to commence another that will entwine his victim in his folds, and render him more secure. He reduces him to the most abject poverty, deprives him of his kingdom, drives him from his home and his subjects, covers the road upon which he and his wife and child are to travel, with thorns and briars to lacerate their feet, and make their journey intolerable, compels him to sell his wife and brings trouble and death upon his son. Still the virtue of Harischundra is triumphant. His accuser cannot establish his

charge. He makes him a grave-digger, and the prince labours at his occupation with as much diligence and zeal, as when he administered the affairs of state. The mind of man cannot contemplate a more wretched, and pitiable object, than Harischundra in a grave-yard which is described as being hideous, frightful and disgusting as the Gehenna of Judea, or as the Tartarus of Roman mythology. But the prince retains his integrity to the last. His accuser is confounded, and is obliged to confess his defeat. The gods themselves do honour to the virtue of the prince; Vishwamittra loses his stock of merit, and gives it to his antagonist; and Vasishta bequeaths it to Harischundra; and as a triumph to the ordeal through which he has passed, the king is reinstated upon his throne, his queen is restored to him, his son is raised to life, and, as it was with Job, so it was with this eastern prince, his latter end was better than his beginning.

Whatever toil and labour it may cost him, and however dry and uninteresting the study may be, every one who wishes to obtain a knowledge of the native language, must apply to the classics. At first, he may, perhaps, peruse a translation, or a work written by a European with advantage; but if he rests satisfied with this, and with conversation and similar methods, he will never be a scholar, and he cannot expect to advance his own usefulness, and to live to the greatest benefit

of others. Nothing is so easy as to obtain a smattering of two or three languages, and to gratify the vanity of the mind, with the name of being a great linguist. But the writer has no sympathy with such childish pretensions. In attempting to gain too much, the student gains comparatively little. Far better that the missionary should give his whole time to *one* language spoken by eight or ten millions of people, and so master it, that he might use it as his own, apply it to all practical purposes, and that he may be rendered a blessing to the multitudes who understand it, than to have a superficial knowledge of *many* and not be able to use any of them with efficiency. It is too much like those who are always learning, and never coming to the knowledge of the truth. Were the life of man to be devoted to such pursuits only, it might be pardonable. But as a missionary only studies language as the means of accomplishing the most glorious end; his energies ought not to be wasted; his short career ought to be improved to the noblest purposes; and his own reputation and fame should be nothing to him, when compared with the interests of humanity, with the prospects of usefulness, and with the glory of God.

CHAPTER IX.

THE SYRIAN CHRISTIANS.

THE SYRIANS LAND ON THE COAST OF MALABAR—THEIR PRIVILEGES UNDER HEATHEN PRINCES, CONTRASTED WITH THE INTOLERANCE OF THE PORTUGUESE—THE VIOLENCE OF THEIR PERSECUTORS—THE EFFECTS OF THESE OPPRESSIONS—A REMNANT LEFT—THE EXERTION OF SIR T. MUNRO FOR THEM—WELCOME THE CHURCH MISSIONARIES—THEIR CONNEXION WITH THE SEE OF ANTIOCH DISSOLVED—ARCHDEACON ROBINSON'S REPORT OF HIS VISIT TO THEM.

ON the coast of Malabar, and among the hills of Malayalla, there exists a colony of Syrians. Whence they came, and how they have contrived to remain a distinct people, seems to be involved in considerable mystery. Some regard them as the disciples of St Thomas who, in his journeys of benevolence, visited the coast of India, established churches among the people, and afterwards fell a martyr to the truth, on the coast of Coromandel. Others imagine them to be a colony of Nestorians who, in the fifth century, fled before the persecuting violence of the second Theodosius, and who, while many of their brethren settled in Persia, and others

were driven to various parts of the East, took refuge among the heathen in Malabar. Their colour, their names, their manners and customs, their style of architecture, the use of the Syrian language, the rites and ceremonies used in their worship, and their subjection, in former as well as in modern times, to the see of Antioch, would go far to establish the validity of the latter opinion; while the legendary tales of Romanists appear to be the only support which can be rendered to the former. Under the guidance and direction of their first Bishop Mar Thome, they secured a resting-place in Malayalla, and derived from him the name of *St. Thome Christians*—a designation which the Portuguese tried to affix to them, on the ground that they must, therefore, belong to the Roman Church, and be submissive to the authority of the pontiff.

At their first settlement, they were successful, history affirms, in making converts to their religion from among the Nairs, and the Bramins; had great honours and privileges conferred upon them by the native princes; have always been esteemed for their truth, their honour, and their integrity of conduct: and were regarded by their sovereigns as the most faithful and courageous in war, and the most quiet and industrious in peace. But the arrival of the Portuguese in the beginning of the sixteenth century, was the signal for anarchy and confusion among this interesting people. At that time their

number must have been large, as they reckoned a hundred and ten churches under the Rajahs of Cochin and Travancore. So long as their intercourse, their commerce and their political subjection were confined to idolatrous Hindoos, they lived in peace; veneration and respect fell to their lot; liberty of conscience was fully enjoyed; converts were added to their communion without enkindling any jealousy in the breasts of others; their metropolitans passed from Antioch to India, and returned if they wished to their native country unmolested; the honours and privileges granted to them, by the Peramals, were enjoyed in tranquillity; and the prince who could number most of them among his subjects, was looked to with greatest respect by his neighbours. But the moment that Europeans landed on their shores; the moment that Portuguese Christians—then the rulers of the ocean—established their marts, their factories, and their power in Malabar, the spirit of the West began to blow, in pestilential breezes, over the peaceful abodes of the Syrians. On hearing that such a colony of Christians existed, the Portuguese, asserted dominion over their faith; bribes, intrigues, treachery, and jesuitical arts of all kinds were employed to bring them into subjection to the Roman see; divisions were sown in the camp; commerce was converted into an instrument of temptation and of evil; and the power and influence of the Rajahs were engaged to win them over to

a system which their ancestors had learned to despise.

But the Syrians resisted such efforts. They determined to adhere to their primitive faith. The *respect* which they had for the cross was better to them, than the favour of the Virgin, and the long catalogue of saints which adorned the Romish calendar; and they preferred the word and the service of God, to the nostrums and the traditions of men. Still, the craft and the power of the Jesuits were not to be resisted with impunity. In proportion to the steadfastness of the Syrians, the Portuguese became more violent; the thunders of the Vatican rolled in frightful peals, among the hills of Malabar; and the inquisition established at Goa,* was brought to bear upon the stubborn and

* "During the months of November and December," says Dr. Dellon, "I heard every morning the shrieks of the unfortunate victims who were undergoing the question. I remembered to have heard, before I was cast into prison, that the *auto-da-fé* was generally celebrated on the first Sunday in Advent, because on that day is read in the churches that part of the gospel in which mention was made of the last judgment; and the inquisition pretend by the ceremony to exhibit a lively emblem of that awful event. I was likewise convinced that there were a great number of prisoners, besides myself; the profound silence which reigned within the walls of the building, having enabled me to count the number of doors which were opened at the hours of meals.

On the 11th of January the great bell of the cathedral begun to ring a little before sunrise, which served as a signal to warn the people of Goa to come and behold the august ceremony of the *auto-da-fé*; and then they made us proceed from the gallery

refractory heretics. Whose pen could describe the miseries that followed? The tranquil habitations and peaceful villages of Travancore were converted

one by one. I remarked, as we passed into the great hall, that the inquisitor was sitting at the door with his secretary by him, and that he delivered every prisoner into the hands of a particular person, who is to be his guard to the place of burning. These persons are called parrains or godfathers. My godfather was the commander of a ship. I went forth with him, and as soon as we were in the street I saw that the procession was commenced by the Dominican friars, who have the honour, because Saint Dominic founded the inquisition; these are followed by the prisoners, who walk one after another, each having his godfather by his side, and a lighted taper in his hand. The least guilty are foremost; and as I did not pass for one of them, there were many who took precedence of me. The women were mixed promiscuously with the men. We all walked barefoot, and the sharp stones of the streets of Goa wounded my tender feet and caused the blood to stream, for they made us march through the chief streets of the city, and we were regarded everywhere by an innumerable crowd of people, who had assembled from all parts of India to behold this spectacle, for the inquisition takes care to announce it long before in the most remote parishes. At length we arrived at the church of St. Francis, which was for this time destined for the celebration of the act of faith. On one side of the altar was the grand inquisitor and his counsellors, and on the other the viceroy of Goa and his court. All the prisoners are seated to hear a sermon. I observed that those who wore the horrible carrochas came in last in the procession. One of the Augustine monks ascended the pulpit and preached for a quarter of an hour. The sermon being concluded two readers went up to the pulpit, one after another, and read the sentences of the prisoners. My joy was extreme when I heard that my sentence was not to be burnt, but to be a galley-slave for five years. After the sentences were read they summoned forth those miserable victims who were destined to be immolated by the

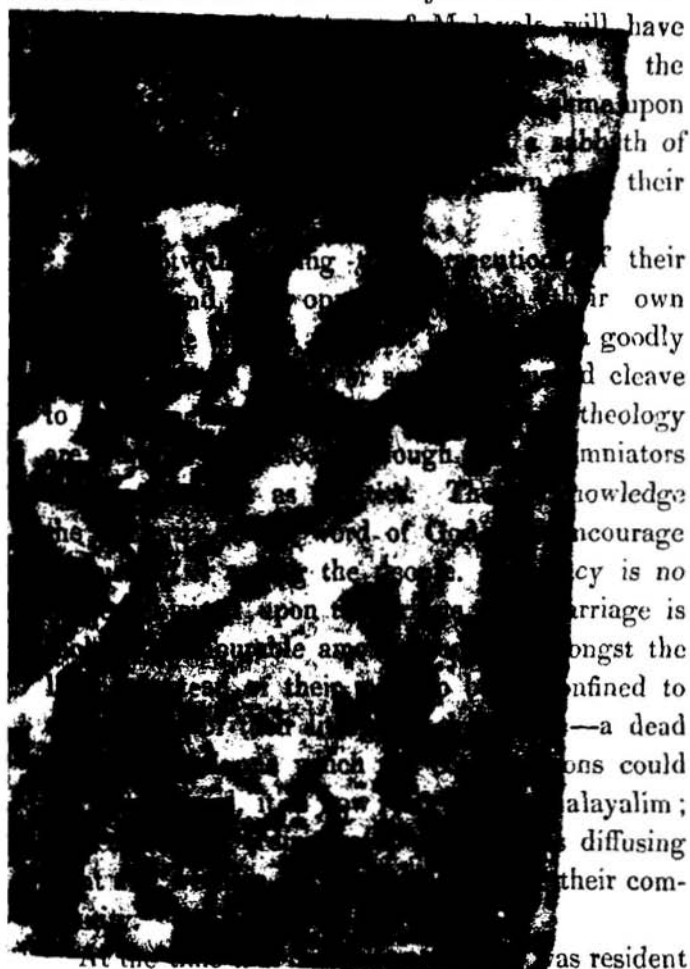
into scenes of violence, spoliation and fiendish barbarity; the Syrian metropolitans were imprisoned, and transported—one to Lisbon, and the other to Rome, till they submitted to the Pope; all the authority and influence of Portugal, were employed to rouse the Rajah of Cochin to oppress, to imprison, and to persecute his unoffending subjects; and the navigation of the western coast was so arranged, as to prevent all intercourse between India and Antioch, and to deter any bishop from coming to supply the place of the persecuted brethren, and to watch over the interests of the suffering churches.

At length, Menezes—the archbishop of Goa—determined to carry the citadel by storm. After summoning the Syrian priests to a council at Odi-

holy inquisition. The images of the heretics who had died in prison were brought up at the same time, their bones being contained in small chests covered with flames and demons. An officer of the secular tribunal now came forward and seized these unhappy people, after they had each received a slight blow upon the breast from the Alcaide to intimate that they were abandoned. They were then led away to the bank of the river, where the viceroy and his court were assembled, and where the faggots had been prepared the preceding day. As soon as they arrive at this place, the condemned prisoners are asked in what religion they choose to die; and the moment they have replied to this question, the executioner seizes them and binds them to a stake in the midst of the faggots. The day after the execution the portraits of the dead are carried to the church of the Dominicans. The heads only are represented (which are generally very accurately drawn, for the inquisition keeps excellent limners for the purpose) surrounded by flames and demons, and underneath is the name and crime of the person who has been burned.

amper, and laying down the laws to them, with the authority of a judge, as well as a bishop, he consigned all their ancient manuscripts and books to the flames; transferred the bishopric of Angamalee to Cranganore; brought the whole districts of the low country into subjection, and drove their more invincible clans of the mountains to arms to defend their liberties, their religion and their lives. No wonder that when Dr. Kerr, and Dr. Buchanan and the Church missionaries visited them, they found them in a low and a destitute condition! Without Bibles, without instruction, and without suitable ministers, what was to be expected but that they would be depressed in spirit as well as in circumstances, and be prepared to welcome the English and true Christians as their friends and deliverers! Trample upon the liberties of a people; attempt to bend their consciences to your opinions, as well as deprive them of their immunities, and you, no doubt, make them your slaves; but rest assured that retribution slumbers not. If there is not a power on earth to avenge, there is one in heaven; and "Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord! I will repay." The oppressors of these poor Syrians are already humbled, and laid prostrate. The nation that afflicted them, has long been visited with indignation. The system that heaped upon them so many calamities, is shorn of the splendour which it once boasted in the East; and while a long train of judgments await it in every part of the earth, while

Babylon the great will be thrown down from her eminence, like a millstone into the midst of the sea, while heaven and earth will rejoice at her destruc-



At the time Sir Thomas was resident at the Court of the Rancee, he exerted himself, in a most commendable manner, on behalf of the Syrians.

He wrote an address full of power and eloquence, to the British government, in their favour; he persuaded the Queen to establish and to endow a college for the education of the Cattanars as the ministers and instructors of the people; and he obtained for many of them places of trust and emolument under the government of Travancore. Through his kind arrangement also, the missionaries of the Church Society were located among the Syrians, and have carried on their labours of love among them for many years. Under the oppressions of their foes, the people were reduced to extremities; their spirits were broken; they became indolent and inactive, and seemed to be lost to society, as well as to the church; the greatest ignorance prevailed among them; and there was no education in the land. But the Lord is giving them a revival in their bondage. As the depositories of the scriptures in the Syriac language for so many ages past, they have now received the Bible published in that tongue, and also in the Malayalim—the vernacular dialect of the people, and under the kind, the superintending and fostering care of so many devoted missionaries, the work of reformation is advancing, and will, I trust continue to advance, till their hills and their dales resound with shouts of praise and gratitude to the Lord our God.

In consequence of the great disorders which were occasioned by the despotism and persecutions of the Portuguese, and in consequence of the poverty into

which the people were plunged, and which disqualified them to send messengers to Antioch, and to support their foreign metropolitan in that style which was deemed necessary to his dignity and authority, the Christians in Malabar had for a long series of years, chosen their bishops and metropolitans from among themselves, had submitted to their authority, and had no correspondence with the see of Antioch. But after the establishment of the college in Travancore, and the settlement of English missionaries among them, very considerable interest was created about them in England; great attention was drawn to their state and circumstances; and greater efforts, it was evident, were likely to be made for their emancipation and their prosperity. This intelligence was received in Antioch, and the patriarch whose zeal and regard for his flock in India had slumbered for fifty years, thought it was time to supply the necessities of his diocese. Having appointed a metropolitan and an archdeacon, he sent them to India with full powers to rectify all disorders, and to unite the Syrians in Travancore more closely with their original see. On the arrival of Mar Athanasias and his ramban in Malabar, they commenced a most fierce and alarming conflict with all parties, excommunicating their predecessors, dissolving the marriages which they had celebrated, making alterations in the churches, and conducting themselves with any thing but the humility, and the meekness of Christ.

Their conduct was represented to the Resident, and to the Court of Travancore, as most mischievous, and measures were adopted for their removal; and they were banished the country. Whatever difference of opinion may exist on the propriety of making an appeal to the civil power for their banishment, every Christian must rejoice in the hope that the Syrians of Malayala will no longer be associated with Antioch. The doctrines and the practice of the Maronites seem to be paramount in that patriarchate, and as it is evident, according to accounts received from many parts of the East, that there are no greater enemies to the truth, and to Protestant missions, than the votaries of this sect, we cannot but feel grateful to God that the Syrian Christians are likely to be rescued from their hands. The ecclesiastical authorities chosen in India, seem to have been on the very best terms with the Church missionaries, and wish to co-operate with them in every plan for the removal of evils, and for the spiritual welfare of their people; and should these dear brethren be the means of causing the streams of life and salvation to flow among the hundreds of youth committed to their care, and whom they are called to instruct in the great principles of the gospel; and should many of those youths become the ambassadors of reconciliation, and diffuse these waters of life and immortality among the lukewarm congregations of Syrians, our hearts may ere long be

gladdened with the tidings that the wilderness and the solitary are made glad and that the desert rejoices and blossoms as the rose. I cannot better conclude this notice of the Syrian Christians than by an extract from a report given of his visit to them by Archdeacon Robinson in 1830.

“My visit to the society’s mission at Cotyam, among the Christians of St. Thomas, was productive of the greatest pleasure; and I beg leave to request the earnest attention of the committee to this most interesting establishment. I had formerly an opportunity of visiting them in the year 1818, when our intercourse with the venerable church was in its infancy; and since that time, peculiar circumstances have led me to regard them with increasing interest. It was highly gratifying therefore to witness the great progress both of sound learning and religious feeling among the Syrian youth who are destined for holy orders, the great desire for education which has spread throughout the country, and the confidence and affection with which the brethren at Cotyam are regarded generally by both the clergy and laity. The improvement thus produced, especially among the candidates for priesthood, gives us the best ground of hope for the future, and that probably for many years, it must be the object of hope rather than of exultation, of earnest prayer and wise counsel.

“My attention was chiefly directed to the actual state of the college and the degree of proficiency which the pupils have obtained, and I have great pleasure in assuring the committee that the result of my examination was highly satisfactory and most honourable to the Rev. Mr. Doran, to whose judicious superintendence and unremitted instruction it is indebted for its present improved and flourishing condition.

“On May 3, in sixty-four catechist districts, comprising two hundred and forty-four towns and villages, more than two thousand families, consisting of above seven thousand five hundred souls, were under direct Christian instruction ; in one hundred and fifty churches, ninety-four smaller houses of prayer, sixty-two schools, a seminary of thirty-six pupils, and a class of preparandi containing about thirty young men, the number of scholars was one thousand four hundred and fifty, of whom one hundred and twelve were girls.

“My principal object, however, was to ascertain the progress of the students in religious knowledge, and I therefore catechised them very carefully in the chapter 1 Corinthians x. ; which they read in English and translated verse by verse into Malay-alim. The result was highly satisfactory, of course with a very perceptible difference of the younger boys ; but in the higher classes there is a knowledge of the doctrines, history and scheme of Divine Revelation, which shows that the main object of the

college, their preparation for the church is sedulously kept in view. When I saw *one hundred and three boys* thus educated by one clergyman, in so many different branches of learning almost all of which were totally unknown to them a few years ago, I could not help viewing it as an institution of incalculable value and importance."

CHAPTER X.

THE DANISH MISSIONS.

MISSION TO TRANQUEBAR—EUROPEAN SOCIETY—REGARD FOR THE HEATHEN—TAMUL LANGUAGE—ROMAN CONVERTS—DAILY STUDIES—PECUNIARY EMBARRASMENTS—CHRISTIAN KNOWLEDGE SOCIETY—LETTER OF GEORGE I.—DEATH OF ZEIGENBALGH—GRUNDLER'S EFFORTS AND DECEASE—HOPES OF THE ENEMY—NATIVE ASSISTANCE—THE EXERTIONS OF EUROPEAN MISSIONARIES—SUCCESS—BAPTISM—ARUNASALAM—SWARTZ—CASTE—BISHOP WILSON—REFORM.

At the time that Asia was laid open to the zeal and enterprise of the western nations, an East India Company was established in Denmark ; and some of its citizens tried their fortune at Tranquebar. Though the speculation did not succeed, and the company were obliged to resign their charter into the hands of the sovereign ; the factory thus established was maintained by the state ; a governor and other subordinate officers were appointed ; the undertaking continued to flourish under more powerful auspices ; and many of the subjects of Copenhagen became rich, in consequence of their commerce with their settlement on the coast of Coromandel.

Frederick, who reigned at the beginning of the eighteenth century, appears to have been a wise and a benevolent prince, and at the suggestion of Dr. Lutkens, he determined on establishing a mission for the conversion of the heathen at Tranquebar. Though many difficulties arose; Providence evidently favoured the design by raising up two young men, endowed with eminent zeal, piety, self-denial, and devotedness to take the lead in the arduous work. No Christian soldiers were more fitted, by gifts and grace, for their sacred enterprise, than Zeigenbalgh and Plutscho; nor could they be excelled in the spirit with which they entered upon the field.

After their arrival at Tranquebar, discouragements soon attended their steps. Like all Europeans who visited India in those days, their own countrymen were more intent upon making fortunes, than on setting examples of virtue to the heathen. They scorned, they calumniated, they persecuted the missionaries; they hated them for the truth's sake that was in them, and for the testimony which they bore against their works of darkness; and on one occasion, the governor arrested Zeigenbalgh, and confined him four months in prison. Such scandalous conduct would have been little to the missionaries, had it only affected themselves. But alas! it had most injurious effects upon the cause of God among the heathen, and it therefore wounded them the more. The language of the

natives, expressed in their bad English, used then to be, "Christian religion, devil religion; Christian much drunk, Christian much do wrong, much beat and much abuse others." "Truly," says an author of that day, "it is a sad sight there, to behold a drunken Christian, and a sober Indian; a temperate Indian, and a Christian given up to his appetite; an Indian that is just and square in his dealings, and a Christian that is overreaching and exorbitant; a laborious Indian and an idle Christian, as if he were born only to fold his hands. O what a sad thing it is for Christians to come short of Indians, even in moralities! come short of those who themselves believe to come short of heavcn."

Nor was this all. But these very Danes who ought to have supported the truth, scoffed at Christianity, laughed at the heathen who became anxious about their salvation, and told them often that they were better in their own religion, than to make themselves mean and contemptible by embracing ours. But amidst evil report and good report; troubled on every side, yet not distressed; perplexed, but not in despair; persecuted, but not forsaken; cast down, but not destroyed; always bearing about in their body, the dying of the Lord Jesus; the brethren persevered in their course; they were willing to suffer all things for the *elects'* sake, and continued therefore, to preach the word in season, and out of season. It does one's heart

good to record their sentiments amidst the howling of the storm.

“At this rate,” say they, “the word of God runs on amain. Our congregation consists of sixty-three persons, and another is to be baptized to-morrow. We hope more will shortly come over; there being a pretty many up and down, who have already received a favourable impression of the Christian religion. There is a blind man in our congregation, endued with a large measure of the spirit of God, who begins to be very serviceable to us in the catechising of others. He has such a holy zeal for Christianity, that every one is astonished at his fervent and affectionate delivery in points of religion. We cannot express what a tender love we bear to our new-planted congregation. Nay our love is arrived in that degree, and our forwardness to serve this nation, has come to that pitch, that we are resolved to live and die with them. I am sure you would wonder, if we should give you an account at large of all the oppositions we have met with hitherto. Yet all these engines set on work by the devil, have only served the more gloriously to display the works of God, and to unite us the nearer to him who is the only support of all the distressed. *Heathens* and *Mahometans* are kind enough to us, notwithstanding we have all along laid open to them, the vanity of their idolatries, and superstitious worship. But those that *pretend* to be Christians and are